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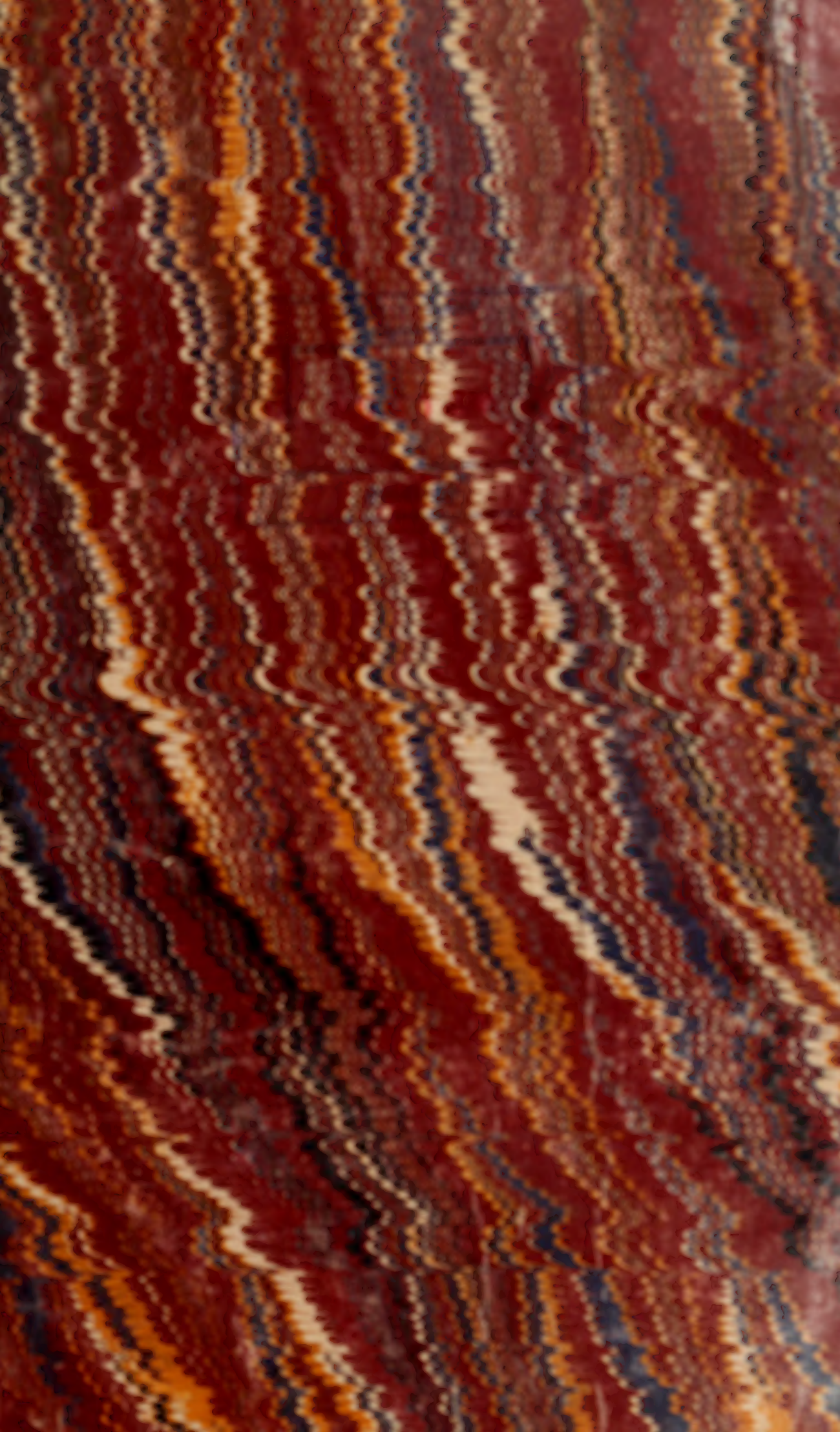
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HARPER'S

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXIII.

JUNE TO NOVEMBER, 1866.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
327 to 335 PEARL STREET,

FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1866.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXCIIL.—JUNE, 1866.—VOL. XXXIII.



THE TWO-FACED SHIELD.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR. BY A VIRGINIAN.

[First Paper.]

IT is with unfeigned reluctance that I have undertaken to write upon subjects which have been so recently and exhaustively treated by contemporaneous pens and pencils; to pass over ground which has been illuminated by the calcium light of the American press; or to touch on questions which have been subjected to the intelligent scrutiny of Congressional Committees; yet I am encouraged by the hope that views taken from an original and somewhat peculiar stand-point may still possess sufficient attraction to justify their publication, and that a personal narrative, with all its incidental trivialities, errors, inconsistencies, and egotism, may find an acceptable apology in the superior interest of the grand historic drama with which it is interwoven.

A native of the valley of the Shenandoah, I have passed the greater part of my life on the Northern border of Virginia—a region which, from its geographical position and mixed population, has always been debatable ground between the contending opinions of the age, and which eventually became a most important theatre of the war, resulting from these opinions. It is thus that I became, almost from

necessity, an interested observer of many of the opening scenes of the contest, and subsequently an active participator in its armed solution.

During the winter of 1860–61 I was residing at my father's house in Martinsburg, occupied with my private affairs and arranging plans for a future of peace and seclusion. These dreams were disturbed from time to time by the indications of the approaching storm, but I resolutely closed my eyes and stopped my ears, determined not to be disturbed. I had never taken any active interest in the party politics of the day, and was the less disposed to mingle in the present strife, as I sympathized with neither of the extreme factions which, from opposite quarters, seemed to be mutually intent on breaking down the Government and destroying the peace and prosperity of the country. I saw nothing in the contest but the rage of adverse dogmatisms, sharpened by the baser lust for official plunder—that party spirit, which, Addison says, “robs men, not only of all honor and decency, but of every particle of common sense.”

In the rapid progress of events, however, it became manifest that the questions before the country were not to be put aside with this cyn-

ical and superficial observation. Under a monarchy a subject may be permitted to seclude himself from the political storms that shake thrones and menace dynasties. Even amidst the fury of war he can calmly pursue some favorite science with reasonable assurance that his motive and character will be respected. The citizen of a free Republic can claim no such privilege. "The price of his personal liberty is eternal vigilance." Under whatever pretext he may seek to hide himself or evade the responsibilities of his condition, when the storm rises he is sure to feel his neighbor's hand upon his shoulder, and hear the cry of warning and reproach: "What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise and call upon thy God."

It was, indeed, high time that the Border Virginians should awake, for the gulf that was opening between the adverse sections yawned beneath their very hearths; and the sword which was drawn to divide the nation must also cut their hearts in twain. When, at length, impelled to the serious consideration of the impending crisis, I can not boast, as many do, that I clearly appreciated the merits of the quarrel or foresaw its results. Preferring to preserve a reputation for frankness to the doubtful honor of being enrolled among the *ex post facto* prophets, I am fain to acknowledge (in the phraseology of tobacco planters) that I had very few opinions "ready cut and dry" for the occasion. I heard nothing but a confusion of tongues such as followed the destruction of Babel. I saw nothing but political chaos which seemed about to swallow up government, law, life, and property together. There had been a prevalent and growing conviction among what were called Conservative men, especially at the South, that the experiment of popular Government was a failure. Macaulay had written a letter to some one prophesying that the American system would break down on the first serious trial. I shared this belief to some extent. The revolutionary anarchy which was spreading like a fire from State to State, the seeming helplessness of the General Government, the chaos of opinion—all combined to convince me that the predicted day of trial had arrived, and that it needed no Daniel to interpret the handwriting on the wall.

Impressed at the same time with the belief that we were entering upon an era which would figure in history, I determined to take advantage of my position to observe the progress of events and to keep a Diary.

This promise, however, was but negligently performed at first. During the winter of 1860-61 I find nothing recorded beyond an occasional comment, opinion, or anecdote suggested by the current news, and these jotted down hastily, without date or continuity. In time my journal became more methodical, and after I entered the military service was as full and accurate as possible under the circumstances.

In preparing these notes for the press I have

endeavored to preserve all the freshness and personality which pertain to the original manuscript. If some things have been omitted (that might be worth the telling, in place and season), and certain obscure passages made clearer by the light of after-knowledge, in the main the recorded facts and opinions of the day remain unchanged. There will appear the uncertain gropings, the vacillations, the inconsistencies of opinion, the errors of hasty and partial observation, the vain hopes, the causeless fears, the embittered prejudices, and excited passions which necessarily accompany the progress of a political revolution, so radical and comprehensive, accomplished through a social war so bloody and vindictive as that which has recently ended.

It will be also seen that in writing these individual experiences it is not proposed to emulate the dignity and comprehensiveness of History, but to give closer and more detailed views of characters and events, a series of photographic pictures hastily caught, during the action of the changing drama. Scenes where the greatness of little things, and the littleness of great things, will sometimes be strikingly illustrated by juxtaposition, where tragedy and comedy, laughter and tears, frenzy and farce walk arm in arm together. And it may be that a more thoughtful class who would look behind the creaking machinery and dimmed actors of the drama, may find in these crude and unskillful observations suggestion of queries which will be found as difficult to answer as those of the poet laureate:

"Shall error in the round of time
Still follow truth? Or shall the longest chain
For some blind plumes of freedom work itself
Through madness, hated by the wise, to law,
System, and empire?—Sag itself to found
The cloudy path, oft opening on the sun?"

Having thus indicated the geographical and political standpoint from which my opening views of the war were taken, I commence transcribing from my Diary.

.....South Carolina has actually seceded! and what of that? South Carolina is a great way off, and has been threatening Secession for thirty years or more. The Toryism of 1776 has never died out in South Carolina, nor have her gentry ever fully acquiesced in our republican form of government. It is high time the questions between her and the country were settled. I wish she had made up her mind to try conclusions with Andrew Jackson, when she had her hand raised to pluck the forbidden fruit. Does she think it more nearly ripe now? or that the present "Old Man" won't throw stones? I'll vouch for it, that if he does not, somebody will.

.....I am rather glad South Carolina has taken this decisive step. Her arrogance and rashness have arrayed even her Southern neighbors against her. She will not be supported by a single State. I have not heard a voice raised in her behalf. Even those who have

heretofore been most vociferous about Southern rights unite in condemning her premature presumption. A ship of war in the harbor of Charleston, and a battalion of national troops thrown into the forts, will quench South Carolina as briefly as one may snuff out a tallow dip with his thumb and finger.

.....“Sedition is like fire, easily extinguished at the commencement, but the longer it burns the more fiercely it blazes.”

.....South Carolina is not quenched, and there seems to be no disposition on the part of those in power to put the extinguisher on her.

.....As she pursues her course of presumptuous madness with impunity other States are following her example.

.....Each day brings tidings of fresh outrages and humiliations heaped upon the Government, seizures of arsenals, arms, forts, dockyards, and vessels—of traitorous officers surrendering their charges without defense—of faithful officers arrested and thrown into prison, besieged in forts where they are cut off from supplies and assistance—our national flag hauled down and trampled in the dust, with all its glorious historic memories, to be replaced by some tawdry rag flaunting an obscure device known only to local office-holders and militia-men.

The effect of this state of things is distinctly perceptible in the tone of opinion around us. State Sovereignty dogmatism is becoming daily more open and arrogant. County court metaphysicians are modifying their Unionism with *ifs* and *ands* and *peradventures*—small anglers in the mud-puddle of village tavern opinion are drawing in their lines and changing their bait—petty politicians are craftily trimming their sails that their cock-boats may run with the rising wind. But while the weak-kneed are thus tottering, and trimmers fluttering in the breeze, the storm serves to fan to fiercer flame the indignation of all true men. All eyes and hearts are now turned toward Washington, expectant, eager, hopeful. There centres the power which in its infancy has met and twice foiled the giant of Great Britain, which in the very wantonness of its lusty youth made a holiday frolic of throttling poor Mexico. What will the Government do in this crisis?

.....Is it secret sympathy with treason or mere driveling that tells the American people “the Government has no right to coerce a State?”—a nation that for more than eighty years has maintained fleets and armies, has waged wars and made peace, has collected customs and coined money; whose commerce covers the globe, whose flag is known and honored wherever the sun shines; whose power and civilization are acknowledged by the proudest and most enlightened peoples; whose future promises to surpass in grandeur all that history has yet recorded. Such a nation has not the right to suppress domestic insurrection! So vast an aggregation of power, prosperity, and hope must submit quietly and unresistingly to

perish at the bidding of a local faction, a confederacy of visionary schemers, conceited dogmatists, self-deluding and self-stultifying economists—base huxters, who unblushingly pretend to barter the national honor and safety for the advantage of cheap negroes and a good cotton market; unprincipled politicians, whose vulpine instincts have warned them that the power and places which they have so long abused and so deeply corrupted are about to be withdrawn from their keeping!

Is nothing lawful or constitutional but the outrages of revolutionary mobs, the violation of solemn oaths, the plundering of national property, and the babbling of seditious orators?

Is the Government we have loved and trusted indeed so pitiable and impotent a sham? Have the founders, whom we have been accustomed to regard as wise and good men, really put such a scurvy trick upon us? Have we built houses, laid up wealth, begot children, acquired honors, and recreated in boasting and self-glorification under the delusion of a Political Idea that would disgrace a council of Pottawatomies?

Such are the questions that loyal Virginians in the bitterness of their humiliation now ask each other, as the daily mails bring in the accumulating details of rebel outrage, arrogance, and menace, responded to only by governmental acquiescence, deprecatory remonstrance, and despicable compromise.

“Ah, God! for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by—
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, Democrat, Autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.”

.....The proposition to call a Convention in Virginia is opposed by all discreet men. The people of the State are opposed to Secession, or even to the consideration of the subject. This idea of a Convention is only a scheme of certain Richmond conspirators to get the representative power of the Commonwealth under their hands into a more compact and convenient form for manipulation.

.....In the recent election for members of the Convention the people of Virginia have expressed their determination to remain in the Union by an overwhelming majority. Gloriously has the good old State vindicated her honorable traditions and the memory of those noble sons whose effigies fill the chief places in the National Pantheon.

We have been wrong in doubting the solidity of popular government. Solomon says: “Many are in high place and of renown, but mysteries are revealed to the meek.” So it seems in our day—while our statesmen are turned drivellers, our honorables colloquing with treason, the wise and crafty mazed in a labyrinth of foolishness, the simple faith of the people is steadfast, and is alone sufficient to save us. While those learned in the law and subtle expounders of constitutions are choking

us with the metaphysical doubts and twaddle, comes forth the plowman from his field, the grimy artisan from his shop, the meek, unlettered citizen, without Latin enough to translate "*E pluribus unum*," and barely English enough to decipher the vernacular "*United we stand, divided we fall*." This comprises all his knowledge of statesmanship. He never has read any Constitutions, or Bills of Rights, or Resolutions of '98, or Congressional Debates. It is well for the country, perhaps, that he has not, or they might have addled his brains as they have those of many others; yet, though his political creed is so simple, he understands it, not so clearly with his head as with his heart. He learned it from his father, who fought under Jackson in 1812; who learned it from his father, who marched with Washington in 1776. He has taught it to his bare-legged boy, who tends the plow or blows the bellows at the forge. He has faith in it, and will stand by it when the day of trial comes. We, the people of these United States, will not be divided. I have never seen our people so serious on the occasion of an election. They seem to have had an instinctive warning of coming evil, and, distrusting their old political leaders, have spurned the party trammels and personal prejudices which have heretofore influenced them. They seem every where in the State to have chosen the best men that were offered. Virginia is safe. I thank God for this signal rebuke to those degenerate Virginians who would have sold this glorious old Commonwealth as a convenient tool to the weak and selfish schemers of the Gulf States—a tool to be worked with, ruined, and scorned.

.....We have vexatious news from Richmond. The tone of the Convention seems to be giving way. The pressure brought to bear against the Unionists is said to be very heavy. The oily blandishments of a wealthy and polished society are spread to catch the lighter flies; the weak and cowardly are taken with wordy subtilties; the venal are bought by promises; the timid assuaged with insult and menace. Hired bullies and howling mobs besiege the Convention in its sittings, and follow the Union members to their lodgings, threatening assassination and lynch law. Some have yielded with a facility which indicates that their treachery was premeditated. Simultaneously with these proceedings at Richmond I perceive the State is flooded with letters, printed documents, and oratorical emissaries, circulating the most brazen impostures, backed by the most insistent threats, intended to bring the people over to the support of the proposed action of the Convention in favor of Secession.

It is declared that if the State can not be carried out by an ordinance of the Convention it shall be by armed revolution, and war to those who oppose it!

It is frankly asserted, moreover, that of the voting population of Virginia not more than thirty thousand are uncompromising Secessionists, against about an equal number of decided and unconditional Unionists; the weak, timid, and vacillating of the remaining one hundred thousand conservative, vacillating, and undetermined citizens would belong to the victors in the contest, vying to swell their triumph and secure their power. They boastfully claim that the Secessionists have in their ranks all the



PARK FOREST.



A HAPPY FAMILY.

active fighting element, all the available political ability, arms, organization, and a determined purpose, besides complete control of all branches of the State and municipal government. The domineering insolence of their tone seems to give assurance of triumph before it is actually achieved.

The Unionists, they say, on the other hand, are conservative, timid, unprepared, deprecatory, without organization or positive purpose. They must therefore succumb or leave the State. This is Richmond opinion; but Virginia is a State of imperial boundaries, and these James River people will find out ere long that

"There are hills beyond Pentland
And streams beyond Forth."

.....I have just returned from a visit to Charlestown. The politicians and tavern loungers are very full of Secession talk, but, as far as I could learn, the more solid men and rural gentry are decidedly adverse to it.

In returning I called at Park Forest, the birth-place of my father. The white family was from home, but the clouds of high-bred poultry which surrounded the establishment gave an idea of the bountiful and succulent

hospitality of rural life in Jefferson. All the surroundings betokened easy and plenteous living. In the kitchen I found the cook—a picture of abundance, shining with greasy contentment, all unconscious of the coming wars, and unambitious of the glorious future destined for her race.

With hospitable alacrity she brewed me the needful cup of coffee, and I pursued my solitary way. The road I took was through a wooded and secluded region traversing the Opequan pine hills, so my time was occupied with melancholy musings: "There will be war. Thirty years of political wrangling have made war inevitable. 'As the smoke and vapor of the furnace goeth before the fire, so reviling before blood.'"

There must be war. Four-score years of unchecked and unexampled prosperity has made the nation drunk—"Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked."

There must be war. These convulsions are essential to the political as storms and tornadoes are to the physical world. We have gone a very long time without one. That of 1812 was superficial. The war with Mexico a mere joke. The restless and growing energies of

our people have for eighty years been turned toward the subjugation of nature. The continent has at length succumbed. Our pioneers return disappointed and checked from the shores of the Pacific. The continuity of the nation's dream has been interrupted. There are no more El Dorados to explore, to waste and cast aside like broken toys. These vast and ungovernable energies are now thrown back upon us like a distemper driven from the surface into the blood. They are about to break out in civil war. A great foreign war would answer the purpose much better. What a pity we can not get up a foreign war! Yet Uncle Sam for some years past seems to have been trying (like the hero of Donnybrook Fair) to induce somebody to tread on his coat-tail. But other people know him better than he knows himself.

When this war comes we are to be the borderers; whether it takes the form of a regular and organized contest between governments and sections, or the more dreadful shape of social and anarchic butchery, this region will be the debatable ground. These fair and fertile fields will be laid waste. Bleak chimneys rising from an ash heap will mark the site of these pleasant homes. Kindred will be divided by the sword. Ancient friendships changed to bloody feuds; peace, security, and plenty give place to war, watchfulness, and famine. And yet no upright and sound-thinking man can give a human reason why this war should be. There is not an interest involved which will not suffer shipwreck by a resort to arms. There is not a moral or political principle insisted on by either party which can not be more advantageously settled by reason and forbearance—

"We are puppets, Man in his pride and Beauty fair to her flower,
Do we move ourselves, or are we moved by an unseen hand at a game?"

.....The party press of the country is helping on the quarrel famously, while our gray-beards at Washington are tapping their venerable cocoa-nuts with the hope of extracting a few drops of the milk of human kindness wherewith to assuage the flames. The newspapers are standing at either end of the furnace heaving in tar, pitch, rosin, petroleum, and bacon-sides, with most indefatigable and intelligent industry. Chateaubriand, who had seen revolutions enough to give his opinions some weight, was asked the cause of the periodical revolutions in France. He replied, "Journalism."

This is certainly an efficient and virulent agent in the revolution which is brewing here.

.....The New York papers speak of the Southern people as "effete;" and there seems to be an impression prevailing generally in the North that the physique of the Southern people is deteriorated by a life of luxurious and disso-



late illnesses. If the dapper ideologist who entertains such an idea should happen to come in contact with some hardy Southern mountaineer carrying a hundred and fifty pound pack on his shoulder—some stark and stony swampster with his sword of a docking-gun—some hard-riding Tony Lumpkin of the rural gentry, the *poor creature* of tournaments, cock-fights, and quarter-races, he would presently find out who was "effete."

There is probably not a population to be found who, by their habits of life, occupations, and amusements, are better fitted for soldiers than that of the Southern States. Horses and fire-arms are their playthings from childhood. Impatient of the restraints of school-houses and work-shops they seek life and pleasure in the soil, and thus early learn the topography of nature, the ways of the fields and forests, swamps, and mountains. Their social and political life, but little restrained by law or usage, develops a vigorous individuality. For the most part, ignorant of the luxuries and refinements of cities, they prefer bacon and whisky to venison and Champagne. Tall, athletic, rough, and full of fire and vitality, the half horse, half alligator type still predominates in the lower and middle classes of the South,

while a more elegant but equally vigorous physique characterizes the polished, proud, subtle, ambitious, warlike, domineering class who will lead them.

The Southern editors, on the other hand, jealous of assumed Northern pre-eminence in silly and brazen imposture, make haste to assure their readers that the people of the late United States are now a frantic mob of Yankees and abolitionists, manufacturers of wooden nutmegs and patent apple-peelers, seedy pedagogues and brain-sick ideologists, and won't fight. Now if these adverse utterances are any thing more than the ravings of partisan passion—if the people of the sections do entertain such opinions of each other, it is high time they had a war. It will then be shown satisfactorily to both parties whether or not the hardy pioneers who have subjugated a rugged continent to the sons of the Vikings, who have driven the whales from the high seas, will fight, and whether or not the domineering lords of Southern soil and serfs are effete.

.....Although this people has been chiefly occupied in talking politics for eighty years or more, I can not perceive that they have made any advance toward enlightenment on the subject. Not one man in ten of those I meet seems to have the slightest idea of where his duty or allegiance lies in the present crisis. This condition of things reminds me of Italy in former times, when popes, emperors, dukes, freebooters, municipalities, miracle-mongers, and dogmatists disputed for empire and the right of fleecing the distracted masses. Our people choose sides positively enough sometimes, but they seem to be decided more by passion, prejudice, or interest than by any clearly-defined principle. The masses are certainly adverse to the secession movement, yet they seem to be yielding to the revolution—yielding to arrogant assumption, terrorism, rather than a sense of right.

.....Fort Sumter surrendered; the President calls for seventy-five thousand men to suppress the insurrection. This is a great relief, as it brings the question to a decision, and puts an end to foolish speeches and arguments. It is at least a consolation to know that the Government will not perish ignobly of inanition.

There is a great amount of sentiment about brothers imbruing their hands in each other's blood, as if it was not the most invariable of natural laws that both love and hate attain their fullest measure by reason of propinquity. One who loves his neighbor's daughter and hates his rival over the way attains to a sublimity of passion which could never be awakened by remoter objects.

.....A border war at home—we have romance and ruin staring us in the face. Ten years ago I should not have thought it so great a misfortune. For me it comes too late; I have nothing left but to let the world wag—

"I shall bury myself in my books,
And the devil may pipe to his own."



PROPINQUITY.

.....I had hoped the decisive results of the recent election would have quieted the ferment about secession in Virginia, but it seems not. The people appear uneasy and distrustful of those they have chosen to represent them. The reports from Richmond are unfavorable, they say. The Union delegates are parleying with their adversaries, arguing questions of States rights, and considering compromises. This does not satisfy the people. They wish the Convention to vote down the question of secession conclusively—to emphasize the adherence of Virginia to the Union under all circumstances—then to adjourn and come home. They insist that unless this is done presently they will be betrayed and sold.

.....It is reported that certain Secessionists in a neighboring county are arranging a plot to seize upon the Government arsenals at Harper's Ferry. Several members of the Union Association at Martinsburg have applied to me to take command of five hundred volunteers, who are ready to march to the defense of the place against any unlawful attempts whatsoever. I assured them that the United States, forewarned, would certainly take care of the place. It would also require a large sum to provision and maintain so many men for an uncertain time; and it would be more judicious to hold themselves in readiness and not attempt to act until called on by the Government. In that case I promised to command them.

April 18, 1861.—This morning I took the cars at Sir John's for the purpose of visiting Charlestown on personal business. A stranger from the West who sat beside me opened conversation on the all-absorbing subject: Would Virginia secede? I replied, somewhat dogmatically perhaps, "That she would not, and could not." I then went on to explain to him the grounds for my assertion, the immense popular majority in the State opposed to it, the decided majority in the Convention against

secession under any circumstances. The high personal and political character of that body. The impossibility of their betraying their constituents. Their pledges, their interests, their common sense forbid the supposition. They would never dare to face the people of Virginia with the stain of so dark a treachery on their souls. By the time the train reached Harper's Ferry I had quieted the apprehensions of my fellow-passenger, and had argued myself into a very contented frame of mind.

As we passed the Armory shops I observed they were closed. And the United States soldiers there on duty (fifty or sixty men) stood in groups about the grounds apparently awaiting orders. As the train stopped opposite the hotel I missed the mob of idlers that usually crowded the platform, but remarked a collection of half a dozen gentlemen standing near the steps which led to the telegraph office. While engaged in getting my baggage I heard my name called by one of the group, and on approaching recognized several acquaintances, whose presence there at that time struck me as ominous. Among them were Captain H. Turner Ashby and a stranger whom I afterward ascertained was Mr. J. A. Seddon of Richmond. I felt assured, from the anxiety expressed in their faces and the restlessness of their manner, that some extraordinary occasion had assembled them here; but I was not allowed much time for speculation, for as Ashby advanced to shake hands with me he said,

"We are here in the name of the State of Virginia to take possession of Harper's Ferry. Three thousand Virginians are marching to support us, and I am expecting their arrival every moment. They should have been here ere this. An Ordinance of Secession has been passed by the Convention, and the Navy-yard at Norfolk is already in our hands."

I was so stunned by these revelations that I had scarcely breath to utter the usual and appropriate ejaculation of astonishment—"The Devil!"

Ashby further stated that he had taken possession of the telegraph office, and then walking to and fro and looking at his watch at every turn, gave vent to reiterated expressions of impatience at the non-appearance of the expected forces.

As I rallied from the surprise into which I had been thrown by these sudden developments I began to wonder what the authorities at Washington were dreaming of, and why the Government troops were lying idle in their barracks. I saw but half a dozen men who seemed to be arranging their plans and awaiting reinforcements at their leisure. Why were they not immediately arrested or shot down?

I also began to feel annoyed at finding myself the recipient of these quasi-confidential communications from persons with whom I had formerly had agreeable social relations and some affinity in political sentiment, but whose present position was abhorrent to me. The frank and

unreserved manner in which they detailed their plans seemed purposely designed to implicate me, at least by approval, and I was glad when a direct question afforded me the opportunity of undeceiving them.

R—— asked, "How many men can we bring from Martinsburg to sustain them?"

I answered, "None at all; we are all Union men at Martinsburg." This reply appeared to startle them, and was followed by an interchange of significant glances among the party.

Ashby then said that he had always been a sincere Union man heretofore, but as the action of the General Government had already destroyed the Union he now felt bound to stand by his State.

R—— said that he too always had been a Union man, and was one now, but felt himself driven into the present movement as the only means of preserving the Union. Although I could not perceive the adaptation of the means to the end, I wished him success.

The whistle of the Charlestown cars terminated a conversation which had become embarrassing, and I took leave of my acquaintances with decidedly less of cordiality than had been exhibited at our meeting.

In passing around to the platform of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad I became aware for the first time that the street in front of the Armory-yard was crowded with people, a number of whom were engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight, accompanied with the usual noise and hubbub appertaining to this Democratic anarchy.

A by-stander informed me that the crowd was composed chiefly of Government employes, citizens of the town at large and from the surrounding country. Lieutenant Jones, in command of the United States troops, had been endeavoring to enlist the Armory men in the defense of the place, while Barbour, late superintendent and member of the Convention, was there with other secession demagogues, endeavoring to induce them to join the State troops, or at least to remain neutral during the expected attack. The artisans in the employ of the Government had for several years past been organized and equipped for military service, and could have reinforced the guard to the extent of three hundred men well drilled and skilled in the use of arms.

As the great majority of these men were not native Virginians, but citizens of the country at large, depending upon the General Government for their means of support, and the perpetuity of the Armory for the continued value of any local property they might have acquired, it is natural to suppose they would have eagerly volunteered to resist a movement which menaced them with total and immediate ruin. But Harper's Ferry had been for a long time little other than a political stew, more occupied with the intrigues of district politicians than devoted to the objects for which it had been founded and maintained. The United States

officer found that he could not rely on any considerable number of them for assistance. Division of opinion, drunkenness, confusion, and fisticuff fights were the only results obtained. The sight of this tumultuous crowd, however, explained to me why the small guard was kept quiescent in the Armory grounds. Without delaying longer to unravel this entanglement I took the train and proceeded to Charlestown. Here there was as much excitement as at Harper's Ferry, but among a different class of people, and consequently less noisy and vulgar in its demonstrations.

The Jefferson Volunteer Battalion, organized and armed under pretexts founded on the John Brown affair, stood paraded in the street, in marching order. As almost every family in the county had one or more representatives in the ranks, there was a hurrying to and fro of mothers, sisters, sweet-hearts, wives, and children of the Volunteers, showing their agitation and excitement in the most varied and opposite forms. In a community so secluded, and so essentially Virginian, there could not be found many uninterested spectators on an occasion like this. Every body was neighbor and cousin to every body else, and political dissension had not yet reached the point where it sears hearts and poisons the fountains of social sympathy. Even the negroes were jubilant in view of the parade and unusual excitement among their masters and mistresses. Yet I thought I could discern in the eyes of some of the older and wiser woolly-heads a gleam of anxious speculation—a silent and tremulous questioning of the future.

There were also some among the white citizens who stood aloof in silence and sadness, protesting against the proceeding by an occasional bitter sigh or significant sneer, but nothing more. I recognized in the ranks some that I had known as Union men, whose restless and troubled looks seemed to question me as I passed.

I had scarcely got through greeting the friends I had come to visit when I was waited on by Captain Lawson Botts, an officer of the regiment, a citizen highly esteemed for his general intelligence and probity, and known as a decided and uncompromising opponent of secession doctrines. Calling me aside, in a manner which evidenced great and painful excitement, he asked "what I thought of the present state of affairs?" I replied by asking what was the meaning of this martial array, and why I saw him armed and equipped as a participator? He said that Ashby and Seddon had arrived that morning from Richmond, and, in the name of the Governor of Virginia, had ordered the regiment to which he belonged to assemble and march immediately on Harper's Ferry, to take possession of the United States armories and arsenals there, and hold them for the State. I then gave him an account of my conversation with Ashby and his colleagues, and what I had seen at Harper's Ferry.

As these gentlemen had unadvisedly, perhaps, communicated their plans to me, I might under ordinary circumstances have felt averse to saying or doing any thing calculated to thwart them. I had determined not to meddle with public affairs, and did not care to exhibit any officious zeal in a matter respecting which the Government was doubtless better informed than myself. Yet there was a nearer view of the subject. If any thing I could say would prevent Captain Botts, or any of my young friends and kinsmen whom I had seen under arms, from taking a step which I was assured would be fatal to them, I certainly would not permit any trifling punctilio to interfere with a full expression of my views. I told him that I considered the whole movement an atrocious swindle, contrived by a set of desperate and unprincipled conspirators at Richmond, who, fearing that their treasonable schemes would be denounced by the people at the polls, had determined to plunge the State irrevocably into a war with the General Government without allowing an opportunity for the expression of popular opinion on the question.

I did not believe the statements made to me at Harper's Ferry in regard to the passage of an act of Secession by the Convention and the seizure of the Norfolk Navy-yard. There was no public information that either of these events had occurred, and it was impossible that these gentlemen, who had come by the inland route from Richmond, could have knowledge of occurrences at Norfolk in advance of the telegraph. On the other hand, it was clearly evident that they were agents of the Revolutionary Committee, whose business it was to precipitate the events referred to by accomplishing the seizure of Harper's Ferry. Moreover, what does it signify if all the agencies of the State—Governor, Legislature, and Convention combined—should order you to draw your sword against your country. Can you feel yourself in any manner bound to obey such an order? Does it not rather prove to you that those whom the people have intrusted with the management of their State affairs have themselves turned traitors and are conspiring against our common Government? So far from feeling it my duty to obey under such circumstances, I would, if I had control of these troops, march them to Harper's Ferry and, without hesitation, arrest and imprison every man I found there engaged in this infernal business, and then offer my services to the United States Government for the defense of the place. I believed that such action would be not only right and justifiable in itself, but would be highly applauded by the people of Virginia. Unless this rebellious movement was immediately met with some such decisive counteraction we would presently find both our State and country involved in revolutionary anarchy, with a future of irretrievable ruin.

Without hoping to obtain his acquiescence

in my extreme views, I was nevertheless gratified to perceive that what I said made its impression upon Captain Botts. Educated at a Southern college, the narrow political ideas so sedulously inculcated at those schools still combated the more liberal and national teachings of his maturer life. His social sympathies and soldierly pride were also enlisted in the struggle against his clearer and higher sense of duty to his country. Thanking me courteously for my frankness he left me for a time, and I saw him engaged in earnest and excited conversation with some of his brother-officers. Presently he returned and asked if I would repeat to the field-officers of the regiment what I had said to him.

I consented without hesitation, and accompanied him to a private room, where I met Colonel Allen and some others. I here repeated substantially what I had said to Captain Botts—with somewhat more of reserve in language, however, as I was not so well acquainted with the gentlemen present. I was heard with respect and evident emotion. A printed proclamation, which had been circulated by the Richmond emissaries, was brought in and subjected to critical discussion. It was a call upon the volunteer military and the people generally to rise and protect their honor, their property, and their rights, by seizing the national arsenals at Harper's Ferry. It recited the passage of the Secession Ordinance and the seizure of the Norfolk Navy-yard, and was signed by Turner Ashby, claiming to act by order of the Governor of Virginia. On examination it was pronounced unsatisfactory, and Colonel Allen declared that unless he had some better authority his regiment should not move. He, moreover, became excited at the suggestion that there was an attempt to practice deception by the State agents; and declared that if they had dared to deceive him he would hold them to personal account.

Acquaintances of Messrs. Ashby and Seddon insisted that they were honorable men, and that their personal statements had been more clear and conclusive than the printed circular.

I asserted broadly that I did not believe either what they had said or what was published, and that in times like the present I would trust no man's word or honor who was acting with the revolutionary junta, whatever might have been his previous character.

After some further discussion it was determined by the Colonel that the regiment should move to Halltown, the appointed place of rendezvous, but they should go no further unless he obtained more satisfactory authority from the State Government.

I was disappointed at this conclusion, for I felt assured that, once at the rendezvous, inducements would be brought to bear which would carry Colonel Allen forward in spite of himself; and as he was disposed to acknowledge the validity of an order from a State officer commanding him to make war on the United States,

I did not doubt he would be speedily furnished with such authority.

Although apparently acquiescing in the Colonel's decision, I could perceive that Captain Botts was as much disappointed as myself, and before parting he urged me to accompany them to the rendezvous, with the expression of a vague hope that I might use some influence, even there, to avert the commission of a deed which he abhorred from his inmost soul. I promised to follow them. The regiment moved off, and after dinner I walked down the turnpike to Halltown, four miles distant from Charlestown. Here I found the troops halted, awaiting reinforcements, which were reported on the march from various quarters to join them.

By this time I had satisfactorily weighed the elements by which I was surrounded, and concluded not to meddle further with the business unless formally called upon for counsel. So I sat apart and amused myself sketching the animated and picturesque scene. In the course of the afternoon several of the expected companies arrived. Captain Ashby and Mr. Seddon had come up from Harper's Ferry, while Dick Ashby, a brother of the Captain, had arrived from Fauquier with a small squad of cavalry. An earnest and excited discussion among the leaders was kept up for a long time, and while some countenances appeared veiled with doubt and indecision, others beamed with anger and dissatisfaction. I was not invited to join the council, but could easily divine the trouble. Ashby, who had greeted me so frankly in the morning, now passed with averted face. As we supped together at a neighboring farm-house he studiously avoided exchanging words or looks with me. I was glad that we had understood each other without the scandal of an open quarrel. This seed, however, bore evil fruit at a future day.

While we were at table a courier arrived from the direction of Winchester, man and horse bespattered with mud and reeling with fatigue. On opening his dispatch Ashby's cloudy brow cleared, and rising hastily from his chair he handed the paper to Colonel Allen. As he read it Allen also sprung to his feet, and turning to me said, cheerily, "Now I can act with a clear conscience. Here is a paper I can recognize, a peremptory order to seize Harper's Ferry, with the official indorsement of the Adjutant-General of the State."

The arrival of this paper seemed to have satisfied all scruples and dispelled all doubts. Spurs jingled, sabres rattled, horses neighed, and the voices of officers were heard in every direction marshaling their troops. The men, flattered with the idea of being foremost in the enterprise, sprung to arms and formed their column with alacrity.

It was quite dark, and as I passed out of the house Captain Botts took my arm, and in an agitated manner inquired what I thought now of the posture of affairs.

I asked if he was sure the order which had

arrived was not a forgery. He was fully assured of its authenticity. I then went on to repeat the views and arguments I had exhibited in the morning, urging them with still greater vehemence of manner, and, if possible, in stronger language.

Admitting that he chose to recognize a right which I did not—the right of the Convention to pass an act of secession—this act could have no validity, even under the assumption of legality upon which it was based, until accepted and confirmed by a formal vote of the people. That vote had not been taken. It could not lawfully be taken for thirty days after the passage of an ordinance of secession by the Convention. The people of Virginia would never confirm such an act by their vote. The proposed movement on Harper's Ferry was therefore not only a treasonable attack upon the Government of the country, but it was also a most atrocious outrage and fraud upon the people of Virginia. In electing the Convention the people had demanded the right to consider and pronounce upon its action. By this rash and unauthorized move the people were betrayed, their rights trampled upon, and by those whom they had trusted with their guardianship.

"Yet I hold my commission from the State, and am bound to obey the orders of the Governor," said the Captain. "What would you have me to do?"

I answered with heat: "Can any miserable local functionary have the right to order a free citizen to commit a crime against his country? Can you feel bound to obey an order which involves so flagrant a violation both of State and National law; of all faith and honor both to Government and people? Does your commission bind you to this extent? If so, you should tear it to shreds and throw it to the winds."

My friend listened without essaying to reply, but sat with his elbows resting on his knees and covering his face with his clenched hands.

When I concluded he rose, and in a voice of anguish exclaimed: "Great God! I would willingly give my life to know at this moment what course I ought to pursue, and where my duty lies!" With this he hurried to join the column, which was already in motion.

I had intended to go no further than Halltown, but the entrancement of curiosity and interest was irresistible, and I continued to follow the march of the troops at a short distance. The stars twinkled clear and chill overhead, while the measured tread of the men and an occasional half-whispered word of command were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the night. It was an awful opportunity for reflection.

The column was suddenly brought to a halt by the peremptory and startling challenge of a sentinel in the road. It was too dark to see what was going on, but I presently heard the order given to load with ball-cartridge, followed by the ringing of ramrods and clicking of

musket-locks. The leading company then fixed bayonets, and forming across the turnpike, swept forward at a double quick. The challengers had retired, and the column resumed its march. At the toll-gate near Alstadt's they were again challenged and halted, with the same result.

Here I overtook an acquaintance who was following the column in a buggy, and feeling fatigued from my walk, accepted the vacant seat beside him. He professed himself greatly distressed at the proceedings, and said he had done all in his power to stop them, but without avail. I told him I had "said my say," and did not intend to meddle further with the business, yet, from present appearances, it was possible there would be a fight. I suggested that during the tremor which immediately precedes decisive action men are sometimes more willing to accept reasonable counsel, and conjured him to use his influence (which I knew was great) to stop the movement.

He said it was useless to attempt further interference, as every thing had been ordered and determined by high authority. He was doubtless better informed than I, at that time, of the power and deep design which directed the movement.

The troops were now marching up the southern slope of the hill, since called Bolivar Heights, the crest of which was covered with pine woods and dense thickets of undergrowth, and furnished a favorable position from which to resist their advance. From certain unmistakable symptoms I concluded that very little force would have been required to drive back the raw soldiers and morally irresolute men who composed the advancing column. I expected momentarily to hear the opening volley from the summit, and advised my companion to drive his wagon aside from the line of fire. To my surprise the march was unmolested, and they moved on to the cemetery at the forks of the road above the village of Bolivar. Here another challenge halted them for the third time.

Meanwhile emissaries from the town had brought information that the Armory employes and citizen volunteers had joined the United States troops, and would assist in defending the place. Taking advantage of this unreliable report I again urged my companion to attempt some interference which might avert the impending calamity. The defenders would now have the advantage in numbers as well as in the superior skill and hardihood of the men. An attempt to seize the national property must surely result in bloodshed and disaster, filling our whole district with mourning, and entailing upon those engaged the double dishonor of unsuccessful treason. While we were talking a group of the leaders came riding to the rear, engaged in high discussion. I heard Colonel Allen say, in a peremptory tone, that his men should not move another step.

It appeared that instead of three thousand men expected by Ashby, only three hundred

and forty had been assembled, including the cavalry and some artillerymen, with an old iron 6-pounder from Charlestown. At Halltown the paucity of numbers was overlooked in the eagerness to seize the virgin honors of the enterprise. Now, when within musket-shot, more prudent counsels were entertained. A little less glory and a few more men would answer the purpose quite as well. It was not a fight they were seeking, but the possession of Harper's Ferry, with its supplies of arms and valuable machinery. If this purpose could be better accomplished without bloodshed, why not wait for the reinforcements now on their way? Colonel Harman, of Augusta, who had arrived since dark, reported them to be hastening forward from all points up the Valley. Mr. Seddon said, as he was not a man of war he could not advise in the premises. But as Allen's command comprised nearly the whole force present his decision was generally acquiesced in. Ashby alone seemed impatient and dissatisfied with the proposed delay. While the officers were thus discoursing and looking toward the town there was a sudden flash that illuminated for miles around the romantic gorge where the rivers meet. Then followed a dull report, reverberating from mountain to mountain until it died away in a sullen roar. The flashes and detonations were several times repeated; then a steadier flame was seen rising from two distinct points, silently and rapidly increasing in volume until each rock and tree on the Loudon and Maryland Heights were distinctly visible, and the now overclouded sky was ruddy with the sinister glare. This occurred, I think, between 9 and 10 o'clock p.m. For the moment all was excitement and conjecture. Some thought they had heard artillery, while others declared the Potomac bridge had been blown up. The more skillful presently guessed the truth, and concluded that the officer in command had set fire to the arsenals and abandoned the town. Ashby immediately dashed down the hill at the head of his cavalry to reconnoitre and ascertain the facts. The idea that there was to be no fight seemed to afford very general relief. My sympathy with this feeling was mingled with a deep sense of humiliation, in knowing that my Government had yielded so rich a prize to the revolution upon so feeble a demonstration.

Quietly withdrawing from the circle of acquaintances with whom I was conversing, I walked down to the town alone, by the Ballbar Road. The Old Arsenal buildings on Shenandoah Street and several of the shops in the Armory inclosure on Potomac Street were in full blaze. The road was alive with men, women, and children hurrying to and fro, laden with spoils from the work-shops and soldiers' barracks. There were women with their arms full of muskets, little girls loaded with sheaves of bayonets, boys dragging cartridge-boxes and cross-belts enough to equip a platoon, men with barrels of pork or flour, kegs of molasses and

boxes of hard bread on their shoulders or trundling in wheel-barrows.

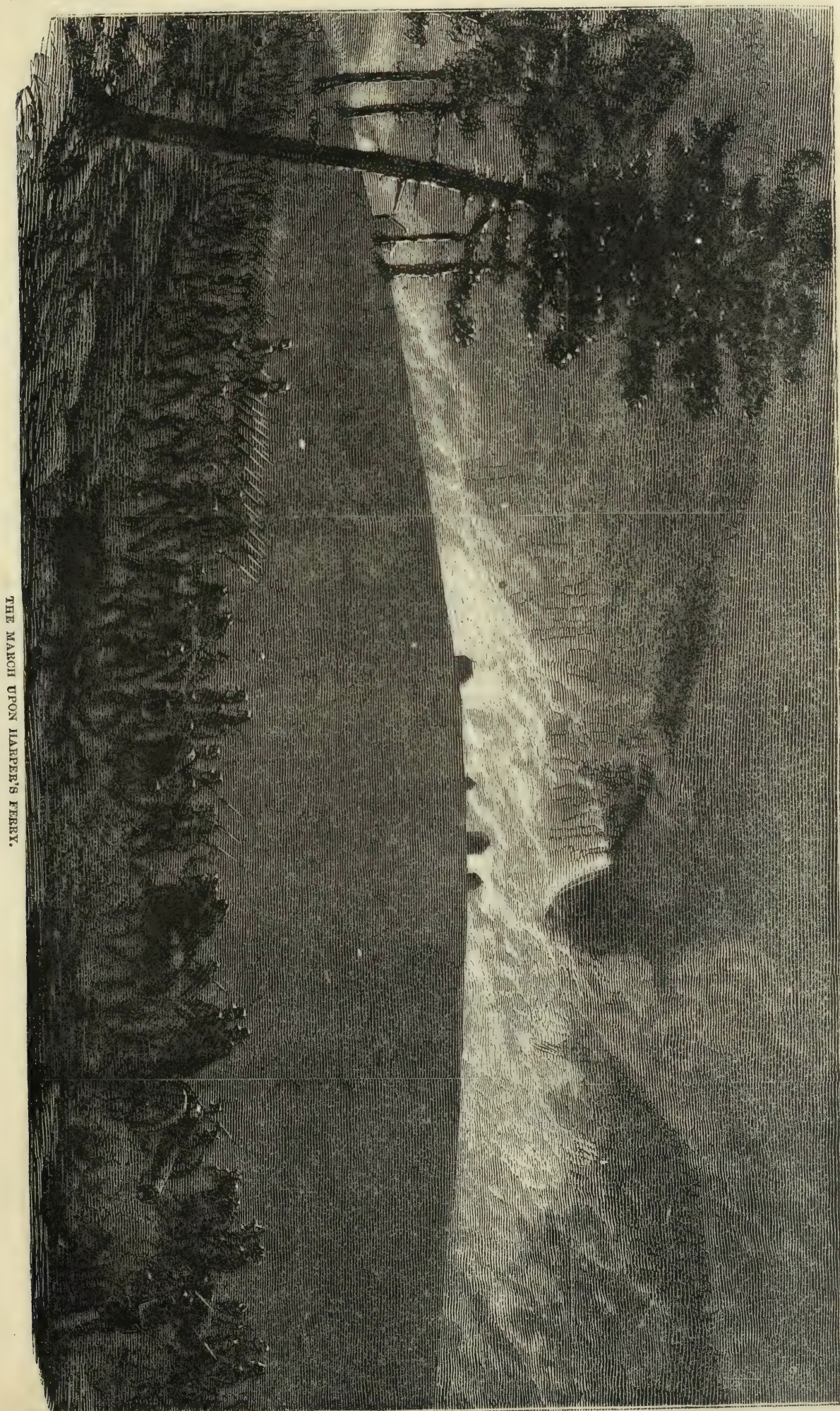
Taking advantage of the first opportunity that had offered during their lives perhaps, these people seem to have entered upon the work of sacking and plundering as promptly and skillfully as veteran soldiers could have done, wherefrom I conclude that this propensity is inherent in the human character, and only awaits opportunity for development. The ground around the burning buildings was glittering with splinters of glass which had been blown out by the explosion of gunpowder used to ignite the fires. The streets in the vicinity were silent and vacant, the train of plunderers from the shops avoiding the route. I took my seat upon a barrel and commenced sketching the scene by fire-light, when a man called to me from a distance advising me to leave, as the whole place was mined and would presently be blown up. I thanked him, but concluded to take my chance, as I thought all the powder was already burned.

This impression accounted for the loneliness of the neighborhood when I arrived. As I kept my position in apparent security the dread of a general explosion gradually disappeared and the reassured inhabitants began to move around the fires. Some of the workmen got out the engines and succeeded in extinguishing the flames at the stock factory.

The people were for the most part tongue-tied with terror. Overwhelmed with ruin, they either did not know who was responsible, or were afraid to speak their thoughts. Gradually a woman would use the privilege of her sex and open her mind partly freely, abusing Yankees and Southerners alternately, and consigning both parties to the bottom of the river.

When at length it seemed to be definitely ascertained that there were no mines to be exploded a noisier and more demonstrative company of actors appeared on the stage. These were the chronic loafers who used to crowd the bar-rooms discussing local politics and strong drinks, who were regular attendants on the platform on the arrival of the passenger trains, and prominent men about elections. These fellows were armed to the teeth, and ran hither and thither in high excitement, threatening blood and thunder against whomsoever it might concern. Chief among them was a late civil functionary of the county, well known in former times. Reeking with dirt and whisky this worthy paraded the streets armed like a war mandarin of the Celestial Empire, carrying a rifle with sabre bayonet on either shoulder, and girt about with a belt containing several additional bayonets of the old pattern.

For some time I was in doubt as to which side of the question these fellows had espoused, but at length the tendency of their sympathies was developed by a furious discussion as to whether they should pursue Lieutenant Jones, who was said to be retreating with his men toward Hagerstown, or whether they should go



THE MARCH UPON HARPER'S FERRY.

down to Washington forthwith and "jerk old Abe Lincoln out of the White House." The majority in council having determined on sacrificing the Lieutenant, they started for the Potomac bridge with frightful yells and many formidable gesticulations.

A by-stander happening to suggest that the bridge might possibly be mined, they considered the question and concluded that Jones was not a bad fellow after all, and had only obeyed the orders of his rascally Government. Whereupon they retired, in search of more ammunition perhaps.

As the night advanced the streets became more crowded with people from the town and neighborhood, but up to the hour of midnight no troops except Ashby's squad of horse had made their appearance. By one o'clock the fires had sunk in ashes, when, gloomy, chilled, and fatigued, I sought a bed at the house of an acquaintance.

As I ascended the hill I met Colonel Allen's regiment coming down. From over-exertion and excitement I did not sleep soundly, and was frequently disturbed during the night by the sound of drums and the tramp of passing squadrons.

April 19.—On going down into the town this morning I found that there had been considerable accessions to the State forces, seven or eight hundred having arrived during the night and morning, while as many more were reported on the way.

Confusion reigned supreme, ably seconded by whisky. The newly-arrived troops having nothing to eat, consoled themselves as usual by getting something to drink. Parties were detailed to search the houses for the arms and public property which had been carried off the evening before. This search was stoutly resisted by the women, who skirmished after their fashion with the guard, with tongue and broomstick, holding them at bay while their husbands endeavored to conceal the spoils they had acquired.

A rough estimate of the night's work showed that about sixteen thousand muskets had perished by the burning of the arsenals, and that one building (the carpenter shop) of the Potomac Armory had also been destroyed.

On the other hand, several thousand new rifles and muskets complete, with all the costly material and machinery of the National Armory, had passed into the power of the revolution without a blow.

Such were the visible and material results, but the social and political consequences who could estimate?

I must confess that I felt this morning like a man wandering in a maze. The future exhibited but a dim and changing vista. Was the experiment of popular government indeed a failure, as our conservatives had been predicting from the commencement? Was Macaulay right when he said that our system would crumble into anarchy upon the first serious trial?

If the present Government of the United States, as many maintain, and as its own attitude of late seems to admit, has neither the right to punish privy conspiracy, nor the power to defend itself against factious aggression, then why should we regret its overthrow? Let the impotent imposture perish, and the American people will speedily establish a more respectable and manly system on its ruins.

While indulging in these speculations my attention was directed to the flag-staff which stood in the yard of the Old Arsenal. The national standard had been lowered, and in its place floated the State flag of Virginia.

It would be difficult to describe the mingled emotions excited in my mind by this simple incident.

Once in my early youth I visited the crater of Vesuvius, and, venturing down the interior slope for some distance, I found myself upon a projecting cliff of lava. Here I stood for a time looking curiously down upon the sea of smoke that concealed every thing around and beneath, when a sudden breeze rolled the clouds away and for a moment my eyes beheld the hideous gulf that yawned below. A pit whose sulphurous horrors and immeasurable depth were revealed only by the glare of lurid flames and boiling lava—whose appalling aspect paralyzed the senses like the grasp of a nightmare. A sight which memory never recalls without the shudder that accompanied its first revelation.

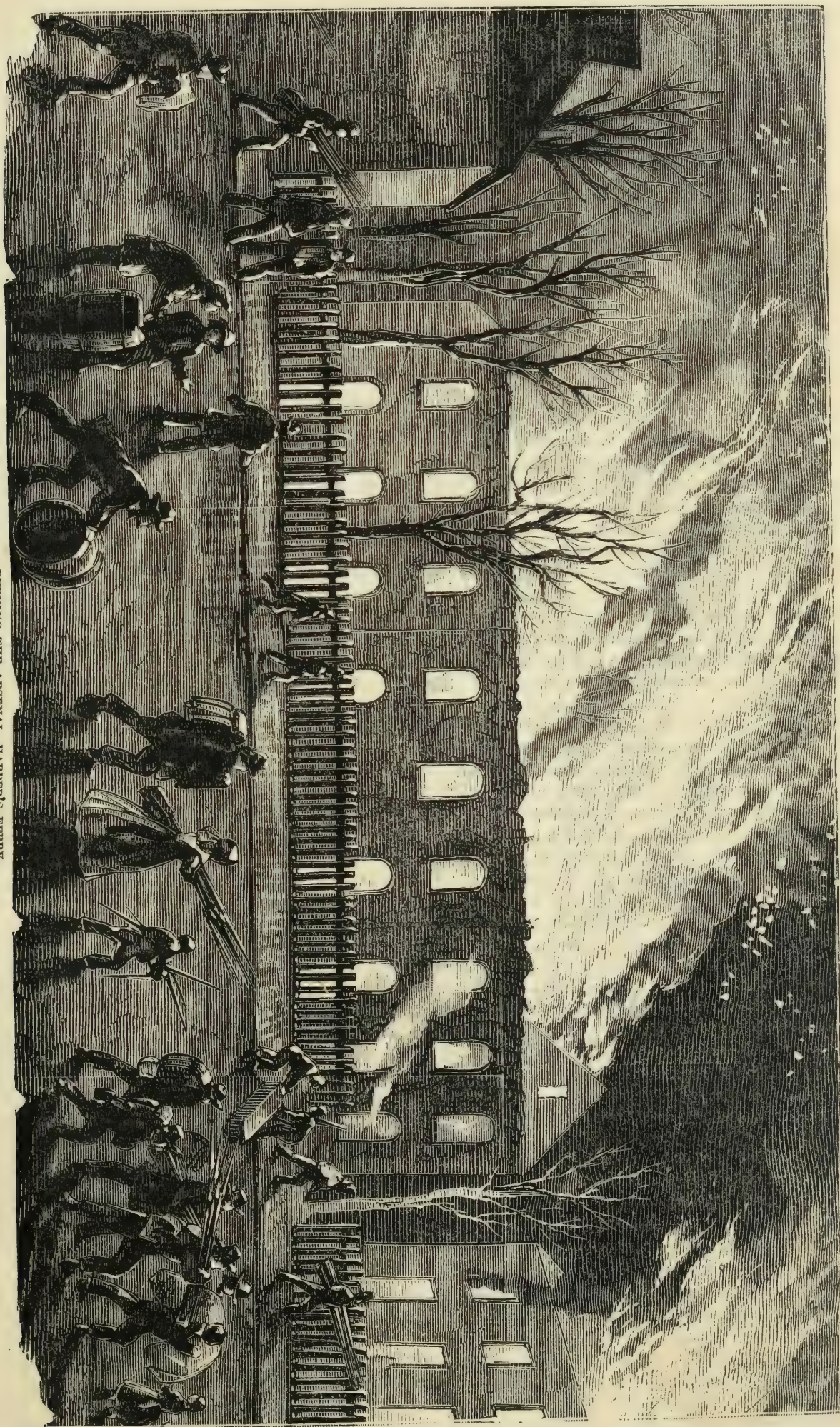
So it seemed that the sudden gust of emotion, excited by the lowering of our starry flag, had swept away the mists of speculation and revealed in its depth and breadth the abyss of degradation opened by secessionism.

Yesterday I was a citizen of the great American republic. My country spanned a continent. Her northern border neared the frigid zone while her southern limit touched the tropics. Her eastern and her western shores were washed by the two great oceans of the globe. Her commerce covering the most remote seas, her flag honored in every land. The strongest nation acknowledged her parent, and the most enlightened honored her attainments in art, science, and literature.

Her political system, the cherished ideal toward whose realization the noblest aspirations and efforts of mankind have been directed for ages. The great experiment which the pure and wise of all nations are watching with trembling solicitude and imperishable hope. It was something to belong to such a nationality. Something to be able, in following one's business or pleasure, to travel to and fro without question or hindrance, to take red-fish in the Mexican Gulf or trout in the great lakes, to chase deer in the Alleghanies or adventure among grizzly bears in the Rocky Mountains, and every where to remember, as you inflated your lungs with the free air, "This is my country!"

It was something, when questioned of one's

BURNING THE ARSENAL, HARPER'S FERRY.



nationality in foreign lands, perhaps by the subject of a petty monarchy or obscure principality, the impoverished and degraded fraction of a once powerful empire, ruined by the madness of faction, local ignorance, and secession. It was something, in replying to such inquiry, to feel one's heart swelling with imperial pride such as moved the ancient Roman in the days when he could quell the insolence of barbaric kings with the simple announcement, "*Chris Romanus sum.*"

This was yesterday. To-day, what am I? A citizen of Virginia. Virginia, a petty commonwealth with scarcely a million of white inhabitants. What could she ever hope to be but a worthless fragment of the broken vase? A fallen and splintered column of the once glorious temple.

But I will not dwell longer on the humiliating contrast. Come harness up the buggy and let us get out of this or I shall suffocate.

On our way to Charlestown we met great numbers of persons afoot, on horseback, and on wheels, hurrying to the scene of excitement. Some attracted simply by curiosity, others armed and demonstrative, eager to claim a share of the glory after the danger was over. My friend and I discoursed mournfully of the prospect before us and the country. Indeed there was nothing in the subject calculated to promote cheerfulness. He hoped that the great change might be accomplished without war. I neither believed in the possibility of such a result, nor did I wish it. Of the great twin governing powers in human society—Firm and Force—I decidedly preferred the latter. I was wearied and disgusted with the reign of subtle phrasemongers and empty babblers, and hailed the dawn of an era which promised to develop the latent manhood of the nation, and sweep away the cobwebs of tricky and compromising politicians with sword and fire.

April 20, Charlestown.—To-day we received confirmation of the passage of the ordinance of Secession by the Virginia Convention. This was followed by news of the riots of the 19th in Baltimore, and the destruction of the Navy-yard at Norfolk.

Under these accumulating proofs of the inability or unwillingness of the General Government to defend itself the arrogant confidence of the Secessionists continued to increase, while the Unionists exhibited a corresponding depression. Every hour brought accessions to the forces at Harper's Ferry. The volunteer companies from the adjoining counties were gathered in without the slightest regard to the political views of officers or men. The Border Guard of Martinsburg, a fine company, whose Captain and seven-eighths of whose members were decided Union partisans, at first made some difficulty about obeying the Governor's order; but at length, mystified by subtle counsels, they agreed to march to Harper's Ferry with the United States flag flying. As may be supposed the flag was soon furled after their

arrival; but the opinions it typified rankled for some time after and bore troublesome fruits.

On Sunday, April 21, in pursuance of important private business, I went from Charlestown to Harper's Ferry, and thence by the train to Baltimore. As Maryland was at that time supposed to be one of the quiet, and Baltimore, by the acts of the 19th, had earned the right to be regarded as a true Southern city, the railroad communication was uninterrupted.

At the stations near the city we heard the wildest rumors of fights going on and battles impending. The conductor told me that a large body of Pennsylvania volunteers were advancing on the town by way of Cockeyville, and that the Baltimoreans, six thousand strong, had marched out to meet them.

At the Camden Street depot I met Captain K— of the United States navy, with whom I exchanged salutations. He seemed in a good deal of perplexity, and, after some hesitation, told me he was about going to Washington, and asked if he could trust me with a message?

I replied with warmth that he might rely upon me, even if the message involved a question of life or death.

He frankly apologized for the implied doubt, but said that every thing was in such confusion that he did not know who to trust. He went on to state that the city was in the hands of a revolutionary mob, and he wished to send a message to the officers in charge of the Naval Depot not to display the United States flag as usual on the next morning. There was no time to protest it, and, if displayed, it might bring the officers into trouble and would be torn down by the mob.

The Captain's eye flashed and his lip quivered as he spoke: "If I had any means of defending it it should wave in the face of the whole city; but as we are helpless I do not wish the flag exposed to insult." We clasped hands, and I promised the message should be duly delivered. As I walked up street carrying my travelling sack I was accosted by men and women who, perceiving I was a stranger, beset me with questions and repeated the most startling rumors. Harper's Ferry was occupied by fifteen thousand Virginians, with thirty pieces of artillery. Lee was on Arlington Heights preparing to bombard Washington; while Jeff Davis, at the head of fifty thousand men, was marching on that doomed city—these were the jubilant gobemouches; others in mortal terror followed me to learn when the Virginia army was coming to relieve Baltimore, now threatened by a hundred thousand Abolitionists, determined to sack and burn it in revenge for the affair of the 19th. I said what I could to chasten the hopes and soothe the fears of these good people, and kept on my way.

Throughout the town every thing evidenced alarm and excitement. Men and boys were running wildly about armed with swords, horse-

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WEISER, IDAHO

pistols, fowling-pieces, bowie-knives, and every imaginable weapon of offense. At first I saw them singly or in small parties, anon they marched by in organized companies and even battalions. On Baltimore Street crowds were collected in front of hardware stores and shops, where fire-arms are sold, crushing in the doors and helping themselves to every thing that would answer for a weapon. Axes, scythes, hatchets, sword-canes, pitchforks, were distributed to the eager and half-frantic mobs. In addition to the weapons and utensils thus violently obtained there was a reasonable amount of promiscuous stealing of matters pertaining to the commissary rather than the ordnance department. Tobacco, whisky, jewelry, and, an article which in all civilized countries is recognized as the main-spring of war, money.

To these proceedings the city police appeared to make but a demonstrative resistance, occasionally firing a volley from their revolvers in the air, which only served to increase the turbulence of the mob, and evidenced that these guardians of law and order were either too timid to act, or were themselves in sympathy with the rioters.

In following up Captain K——'s directions for the purpose of delivering the message with which I was intrusted, I at length found myself at the head-quarters of the volunteer medical staff, hastily improvised to succor those who were expected to fall in the great battle that was to be fought. There were two or three wash-tubs full of lint, a barrel or two of rolled bandages, splints, tourniquets, and cases of baleful knives, hooks, and probes lying open and all ready for use. The cruel and cold-blooded aspect of these apartments was softened by the presence of tables covered with sandwiches, cold fowls, sliced tongue, and pickles, flanked by decanters of whisky and baskets of Champagne.

Ignoring the patent lint and scientific cutlery I took a young surgeon's advice, gratuitously proffered, and helped myself to Champagne and sandwiches. I here learned that all communication with the North had been cut off by the burning of the railroad bridges, and that the city had risen in arms to drive back the Pennsylvanians "en route *via* Cockeysville" for Baltimore and the Federal Capital. No collision had yet been reported, but the surgeons waited in momentary expectation of a call for their services.

After some further search I at length found an opportunity to deliver the message with which I had been intrusted, and thus ended the adventures of the day.

Owing to the condition of the city, and the stoppage of communication with the North, I found it impossible to conclude my business as speedily as I had hoped. I therefore took quarters at the house of a friend, determined to bide my time, and meanwhile to amuse myself observing the march of events.

On Monday, 22d of April, the excitement

still continued, the mobs occasionally breaking into shops in search of arms.

The battle of Cockeysville did not take place as was expected. The Pennsylvanians, who were for the most part unarmed and altogether unprepared for a warlike encounter, had received warning of the proceedings in Baltimore, and prudently halted. The Baltimoreans suspended their attack until the result of certain negotiations with the authorities at Washington should be known. It was finally conceded that these troops should turn back and reach the Federal city by another route. The immediate cause of the popular outburst having been removed by this acquiescence, the excitement began visibly to subside; and although the revolutionary faction had still absolute control of the city, symptoms of a sweeping reaction had begun to manifest themselves. Nevertheless, during the week that followed, the national flag was nowhere displayed, and on the street every body talked secession if they expressed any opinion at all. Around Barnum's were congregated a number of sinister-looking fellows, who publicly boasted of the part they had taken in the affair of the nineteenth. Among these I recognized several border ruffians of Kansas notoriety. Volunteer companies still paraded the streets under the State flag of Maryland, yet it was evident that more discreet and methodical heads were directing affairs. Disorder and violence were repressed. The wild volunteers were organized and shut up in barracks where they could do no immediate mischief, and where their superfluous enthusiasm might be cooled off by hard drilling, guard-duty, and uncomfortable beds. For this judicious management of these dangerous elements I believe Maryland was somewhat indebted to Colonel Huger of South Carolina, then of the United States army.

Meanwhile the under current of loyal feeling was becoming every day more decided. The best men in Maryland were known to be unswerving in their determination to support the nationality, while hundreds, who, under the sudden excitement and confusion of ideas incident to the times, had seemed to acquiesce or had actually joined in the late movement, believing they were called upon to defend the city from attack, now, upon reflection, perceived the ruin to which they were inadvertently hastening, and turned their backs on it. The leaders of the movement began to be alarmed at this aspect of affairs. One of them, a local politician, meeting an acquaintance from Virginia on the street expressed himself thus despairingly, "Damn it, the excitement is going down, they are all caving in; if something is not done to keep it up we are all ruined. Can't you tell me some exciting news? something that I may publish to keep the people moving? I don't care a damn whether it is true or not—if it is only sufficiently stimulating."

It was thus easy to perceive that Baltimore

was in the hands of the same sort of people who had played so successful and so fatal a game in Virginia and other Southern States; and notwithstanding these indications of a popular reaction, it was evident that the Maryland conspirators did not intend to relinquish their grasp upon the authority which they had seized by surprise and violence, or slacken in their efforts to drag their State into the vortex of secession. Shortly after the affair of the 21st a quantity of small-arms were forwarded to the city from Harper's Ferry. The revolutionary forces were strengthened by volunteer companies from the rural districts, and imposing reviews were held daily; while the most absurd and incredible reports of the conduct of the national troops moving through Maryland *via* Annapolis were industriously circulated to keep up the irritation of the popular mind.

On the 27th of April I met a friend who was on his way to Annapolis for the purpose of visiting his son, then a cadet in the Naval Academy. I was easily persuaded to accompany him, and at an early hour we took the steamer for that place.

As we passed Fort M'Henry the national flag was displayed from the boat in response to that which floated over the fort, while three cheers were given and returned with unction. The emotion excited by this incident awakened historic memories. It was the sight of the flag floating over the ramparts of Fort M'Henry during its bombardment by the British that suggested to Frank Key the verses that have since become our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Arrived at Annapolis, we found that city occupied by the national forces under the command of Major-General Butler. The Navy School had been shipped bodily to Newport, Rhode Island, while its premises were used as barracks and drill ground for the volunteers arriving daily by ship loads. My companion, on ascertaining that the motive of his visit was removed, returned immediately to Baltimore. Finding in the quaint antiquity of the city, and in the military activity of the surroundings, an attractive field of observation I determined to remain for several days.

Through the politeness of Captain Rodgers, of the navy, I obtained a permit from General Butler to visit the academy grounds at pleasure. Here the work of organizing and equipping the troops hastening to the defense of the national capital was going on with all the promptness and efficiency that the occasion demanded. Vessels were continually arriving with supplies, arms, and recruits in the raw. These recruits generally had to be renovated from the epidermis outward, and then drilled into soldiers all in a few days. So far as external appearance went this was satisfactorily accomplished. Outside the military inclosure the city of Annapolis was as quiet as a New England village on a Sabbath morning. A few officers and curious country gentlemen hung

about the hotels. A few well-mannered volunteers (fellows who had never borne arms) dawdled about on their good behavior, trafficking at stores and candy-shops, and slyly sounding for forbidden stimulants. Few citizens were seen on the streets, and a number of the best residences were closed, the inmates having abandoned the town in terror or disgust. While strolling about the streets of rural aspect I frequently fell into conversation with citizens of the planter class, and found them generally in sympathy with the rebellion, and stuffed with unobtrusive rumors of the most miscreant character. One man told me that since the advent of the Yankee troops several of his acquaintances had disappeared mysteriously, and he had satisfactory information that they had been kidnapped and hung by Butler in the academy grounds. For himself, he avowed that he never went to bed at night with any certainty as to where he would find himself hanging in the morning.

From conversations here with officers of the army and navy I became satisfied that the National Government fully intended to assert and maintain its supremacy by arms, and for the first time since the commencement of our troubles I felt clothed with a hope for the future of my country.

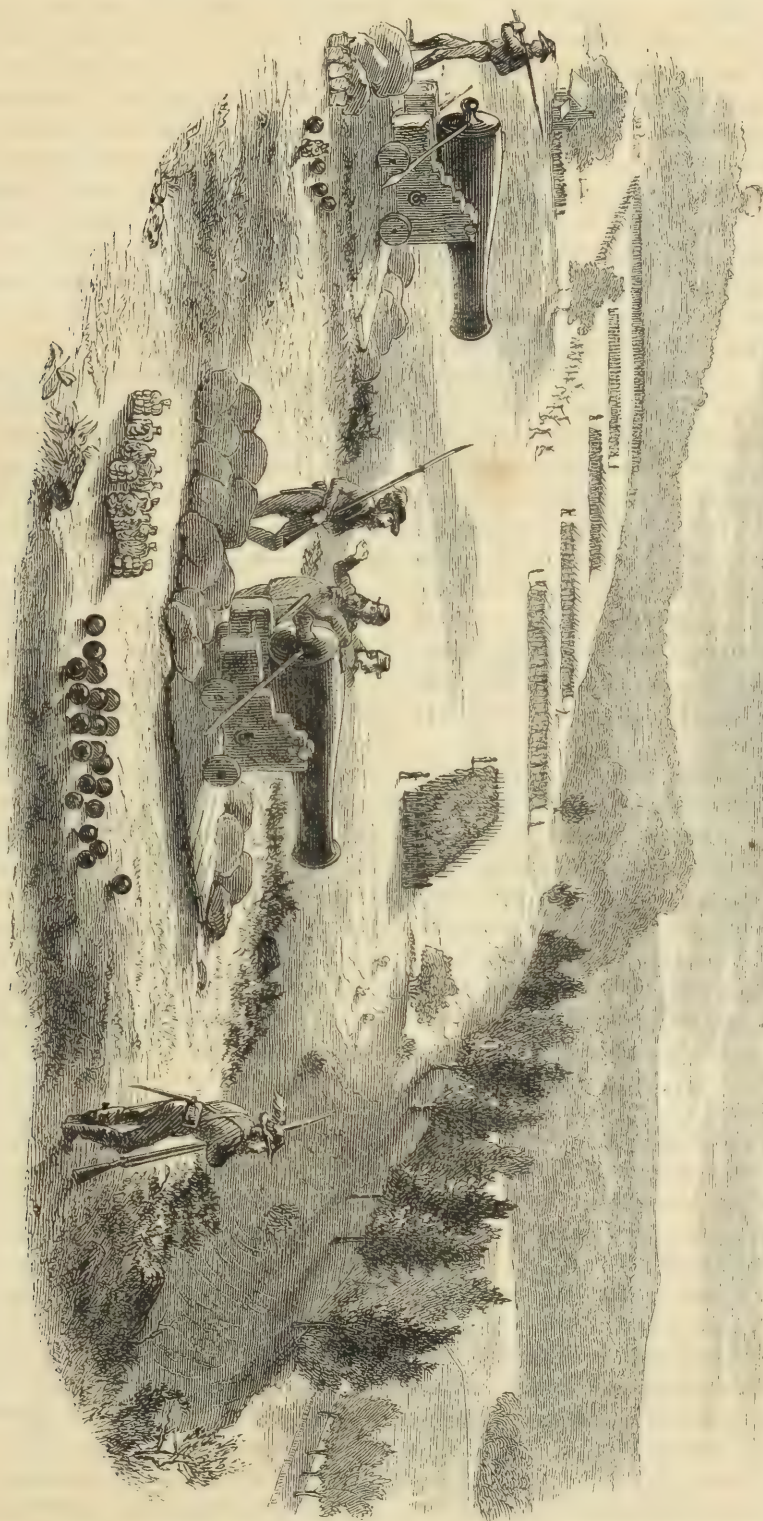
April 30.—In the afternoon I took passage on the steamer *Zodiac*, and after encountering a severe gale on the bay arrived at Baltimore about ten o'clock at night.

On my return here I found the tide of revolutionary opinion decidedly ebbing. The national flag had reappeared in some places, communication with the North had reopened, and men no longer boasted in public of their complicity in the proceedings of the mob.

Having at length succeeded in concluding the business for which I came, on the 2d of May I returned to Charlottesville, Virginia.

In returning through Harper's Ferry I found the plot had thickened considerably during my absence. The militia ground, Harper, had been suspended in command by a Colonel T. J. Jackson, formerly of the United States Army, and latterly a professor at the Virginia Military Institute. There were probably at this time five thousand men assembled here, including regiments from several of the Southern States. A regiment of Kentuckians, under a Colonel Duncan of Louisville, had arrived, while detached companies and individual sympathizers from Maryland were being organized into a battalion. Several field guns were in position commanding the railroad approaches, while batteries were exhibited on the neighboring cliffs in localities which struck me as more picturesque than judicious. Although still very imperfect in organization and discipline, and deficient in arms, ammunition, clothes, and equipments, the troops already showed the presence of a military head. Among the volunteers from Berkeley and Jefferson I perceived a good deal of discontent and disaffection. Two weeks

THE BATTERY, HARPER'S FERRY.



of soldiering had already told on the enthusiasm of the feeble, while many of the more thoughtful, who had been decided Union men, found themselves in an awkward position between their political views and interests and their implied military engagements. Some with whom I conversed hoped to be delivered from their difficulties by the rejection of the Act of Secession by the people, and expressed their determination to vote against it if the opportunity was allowed them.

I talked freely to a number of acquaintances, and earnestly advised several young men, in whom I felt an especial interest, to get out of it while there was yet time.

Captain Botts looked haggard and care-worn, like a man who felt the force of the classic epigram, "*nolentem trahunt fata*." He evidently avoided conversation with me, and I did not press it.

May 6.—This morning the business which had taken me to Charlestown was concluded. I was married to a lady of that place, and immediately thereafter started for Berkeley Springs *via* Duffields Dépôt.

At Berkeley we found the Judge and lawyers assembled to hold the spring term of the Superior or District Court. Amidst the turmoil of arms on all sides it was consolatory to find this vestige of established forms. The

court was thinly attended, however, and there was little or no business transacted, it being painfully apparent to every one that the reign of civil law in this region was approaching its end, and the elements of social order rapidly resolving into armed anarchy.

Practically the revolution had not yet reached Morgan County. Except a few petty politicians, and some who held civil or military commissions from the State, the people of the county were almost unanimous in their loyalty. In maintaining their position against the entangling influences of State and county organization they were counseled, encouraged, and assisted by my father, who from the beginning had exhibited the most uncompromising and defiant opposition to the secession movement. In oral or written arguments he asserted without reserve the paramount authority of the National Government. He maintained that he was born, and had always lived, a citizen of the United States, and regarded as insolent presumption the action of any local assembly which pretended to dispute this claim or absolve him from his true allegiance.

He scorned all ideas of compromise or concession to such local assumption, and scouted at every suggestion of doubt or timidity in regard to the result of the approaching contest. While elsewhere every thing seemed to be yielding, deluded by the specious falsehoods or overawed by the terror of armed treason, all within the influence of this strong spirit seemed to partake of his courage and steadfastness. At Berkeley loyalty still enjoyed freedom of speech in public places, while it was secession that sneaked about, silent, apologetic, eaves-dropping, and meditating treachery.

For my own part I had become disgusted with the course of public affairs. I had been disappointed both in Government and people. All my prognostics had failed. The delay and indecision still manifested at Washington chafed my impatient zeal, and I turned resolutely to the accomplishment of the personal plans which I had formed. I had been for some time engaged in fitting up a house at Berkeley and making arrangements for a future that pleased my fancy. These plans I developed to my wife as I brought her home and installed her in the cottage. For the present we have enough of social life around us, composed of the nearest and dearest of our kindred, while during the summer heats the baths of Berkeley will always attract a brilliant and cultivated society.

But the war?

The war will not reach us here. This region is poor, sparsely populated, and difficult of access. The armies will avoid so inconvenient and unprofitable a field, and fight it out elsewhere.

Literature and the beautiful arts will furnish me with interesting and remunerative occupation. Here is my library—a pretentious name perhaps for the few hundred volumes I have

collected; but in a county where an almanac and a Bible are considered a very creditable literary aggregation I may be allowed to call mine a library. There are some rare and valuable books in the collection well worth the perusal, under the trees of a summer morning, or at the winter fireside by the light of a kerosene lamp.

But the newspapers will be filled with exciting news of the war? It is to be hoped the mails will be stopped, and we will get no newspapers; or, in any event, we need not read them.

Here is the parlor, decorated with paintings and furnished with musical appliances—piano, violin, and guitar, with choice selections of music from the classic composers of Italy, Germany, and France. A parlor organ is all my ambition covets in this direction. I will get one some day when—

Hark, was that the sound of cannon?

No—it was only a book that struck the piano by accident.

My studio is also well supplied with materials for work—crayons, oils, and water-colors. Here are drawers filled with sketch-books, papers, engravings, photographs, and a mass of unburned trumpery—the results of lazy beginnings, labor-saving contrivances, and experimental failures, such as in time will accumulate upon the hands of every artistic amateur.

There are still some theories unexploded that haunt me—some sequestered paths in the paradise of Art yet unexplored. A few years of uninterrupted quiet will afford me the long-coveted opportunity of solving these problems.

Alas! before those years of quiet are attainable, there are other and greater problems to be solved. What is this?—a collection of engravings—"Bastille of the French Revolution." That is ominous.

There will be no war. Civilization has advanced since that day. A people may rise against despotism, but not against a free government. The people of Virginia and the South will not be sold and trampled upon with impunity. The descendants of free generations of freemen can not be shackled like hereditary serfs.

Is that one of your unexploded theories?

Here are my trees and flowers. What more delightful relaxation from the weariness of books and penitils than the cultivation of flowers and the planting of trees?

The man who is digging the borders thrusts his spade in the ground and relieves himself of the burden of his thoughts: "I say, Captain, what are we going to do if these secessionists want to force us to serve against the United States? I'll die first."—"They will hardly dare to push things so far in this region, Sam. If they do attempt it, you understand?"

A walk through the adjacent woods and along the hill-sides develops even now more floral beauties than the cultivated garden; but in June there will be an exhibition that will put to shame all exotic collections.



"WHAT NEWS OF THE WAR?"

But even these covert rabbit paths and secluded dells, where the pheasant hides its young, afford us no refuge from the omnipresent thought. Some axe-bearing mountaineer, sitting upon a prostrate log across our walk, propounds the inevitable question, "What news of the war?" We visit the village store to purchase a skein of thread, or stop at the post-office to inquire for a letter—at each place we find the little news mongering conventions holding their daily sittings, assembling early and adjourning late, questioning all comers, and repeating the most exaggerated rumors.

Here is a room which seems to have been purposely avoided; mysterious and double-locked, like Blue Beard's fatal chamber. Ah! this room contains some rubbish; in truth, this room is my armory. That my health may not suffer from too much study I have arranged to indulge my taste for rural sports, for which the neighboring mountains and rivers afford ample opportunity. This neat English double-barreled piece is for birds, and this quaint and richly-ornamented jäger rifle is for deer and bear. Here, too, are several jointed fishting-rods, with a complete outfit of lines and flies.

And those grim-looking muskets in the corner—what are they for? They are for defense. When the worst comes—and perhaps

it will come soon—we'll gather our mountaineers together and fight it out with these brazen tricksters who have dared to sell our native State to treason and dishonor; bullet for bullet, and life against life. And that will be war after all—civil and social war in its most dreadful shape.

And thus it was. Whether we looked upon the pages of a book or the petals of a flower, the steadfast features of a picture or the countenance of a sympathizing friend; whether studying the tender tints of the budding forests or the richer and more evanescent glories of the clouds, by sunlight or moonlight, alone or in company, sleeping or waking, there was the shadowy face of the Gorgon staring with its sleepless, stony eyes.

The cherished plan of philosophic seclusion was acknowledged a failure at the end of a fortnight, and I was glad when my wife proposed a visit to her friends in Charlestown.

May 21.—To-day we took the cars at Sir John's and returned to Charlestown. It was painful to remark the progress which the revolution had made during our absence. Joe Johnston had taken command at Harper's Ferry, and, it was said, had ten thousand men assembled there. Trains of cars loaded with troops were passing continually from Winches-

ter to Harper's Ferry. The war spirit was in full blaze, and all traces of Conservatism or Unionism seemed to be rapidly disappearing before the terror of armed force and the irresistible current of social sympathy.

May 22.—I visited Harper's Ferry to-day. The adjacent hills are covered with camps, and all the work-shops and public buildings converted into barracks. There were regiments from Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland, and from various sections of Virginia. States that have seceded and those that are still loyal are here represented. How does this appear to those who insist on State sovereignty? These troops seem to be well equipped and fairly armed. They drill most industriously from morning till night. I am informed that Maryland Heights is occupied by a regiment of Kentuckians, while a company of Ashby's cavalry is established on the Maryland side, guarding the bridge at the Point of Rocks.

I observe, however, that the construction of stockades and block-houses on the Maryland and Loudon Heights, commenced under Jackson's orders, has been discontinued, and that no further steps have been taken to mount and locate the heavy guns brought up from Norfolk. A farmer also told me that Johnston had made a requisition on the country for two hundred wagons. I also noticed that they were removing the armory machinery and material from Harper's Ferry as rapidly as possible—to be set up at Richmond, it was rumored.

It required very little military sagacity to interpret these signs, and I became convinced that Johnston would abandon the place as soon as the Federal troops moved.

Considering the character of the force thus hastily collected, the degree of order and discipline already attained is astonishing. Whiskey-shops, those great enemies of social order and military subordination, were mercilessly suppressed. A sense of soldierly pride that would have been creditable to veterans seemed to govern the conduct of both men and officers. Indeed, the orderly and business-like earnestness of the camp, to those who still dream of peace or cherish hope that the thing will blow over, is far more disheartening than all the menace and bluster of the world outside.

It was worthy of remark, too, and contrary to our ordinary experiences with raw troops, that in all these camps one never heard the report of fire-arms by day or night. It was understood at the time that ammunition was very scarce; and I afterward found a letter from Colonel Jackson, wherein he states that they were at that date especially deficient in percussion caps. He had managed to procure thirty thousand from the North—about three rounds per man—and was much in need of money to purchase a larger supply.

May 23.—To-day the polls were opened for the purpose of taking the popular vote on the Ordinance of Secession. As the State is al-

ready at war with the Government this seems to be a work of supererogation. So far as the County of Jefferson was concerned the polling was a farce. Troops were sent to the precincts where the force of the Union sentiment was expected to display itself, and violent threats were made against the persons and property of those who should dare to vote against the Ordinance. The result was that about one-half the voters of the county did not appear at the polls at all. A respectable minority registered their voices against it in face of the threats, and, with the assistance of the soldiers' vote at Harper's Ferry, there appeared but a small majority in this county sustaining the Ordinance.

In the adjoining County of Berkeley the troops sent to overawe public sentiment had to be shut up in their barracks to prevent their being attacked by the infuriated populace; while out of two thousand votes this county gave a majority of eight hundred in favor of the Union. In Morgan, where my father was then residing, the Ordinance was repudiated by a vote of six to one.

Whether the act of the Convention was confirmed by the popular vote of the State I do not know to this day; nor did I ever think it important to know, it being evident that all the agencies of the State Government were in the hands of conspirators who hatched up nothing which might serve to accomplish their ends. Without the knowledge or consent of the people the State was already involved in a war with the National Government. Under the pretense of asserting State sovereignty the Richmond Junta had already violated all law and trampled on popular rights. Their usurped authority was maintained and enforced, not by Virginians, but by the bayonets of strangers—gathered in from all parts of the South and West, from States that had seceded and those still supporting the Union; in short, from any quarter that could furnish the requisite supply of such reckless, adventurous material.

The proud and sensitive Virginians already saw the sword with which he was so jealous troubled by the rule that of strangers with whom he had no affinity, social or moral; the honor of his family, his property and person at the mercy of power without law; villages occupied by swarms of looting and burning Kentuckians; the oldest and most respected citizens insulted on the streets, for opinion's sake, by half-civilized Mississippians; civil rights at the mercy of the military telegraph; and free opinion cowering under the menace of *ad Arkansas howls*. Virginia, so beautiful of her history, so jealous of her independence, so captious in regard to her sovereign rights, now lay prostrate at the feet of the Cotton Confederacy.

It is not surprising, therefore, that so little interest was felt in the result of the voting on that day; and when the Governor of the State,



WATERING HORSES—ALLISON'S TAVERN.

some time after, proclaimed a considerable majority in favor of Secession, very few persons thought themselves at all enlightened on the subject.

During the ensuing week I visited Harper's Ferry frequently, and amused myself sketching the picturesque scenery and the dramatic groups in which the camps abounded.

May 27.—To-day met an old acquaintance

in a field-officer of one of the Alabama regiments, and took a camp dinner with him. When I came out of the dining-tent I found a dragoon waiting with orders for my arrest. Accompanied by my friend, I went to Provost Marshal's office to ascertain the nature of the charges against me. While awaiting that officer's arrival I had a view of the adjoining guard-house, densely populated with the sweep-

ings of the camp. By reversing the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, it might have been termed a "select company," and very judiciously selected.

It appeared that I had been denounced by some fellow as a Union man and a correspondent of a Northern paper. I denied that I was a correspondent of any paper; stated that I was a native and resident of the district, and sketched for amusement, as had been my custom from childhood. I showed my sketches, and the Marshal, fully satisfied, released me, with many polite apologies.

I then resumed my drawing; but



THE GUARD-HOUSE.

perceiving that I was still jealously watched, and being advised by some of the officers that I might be mistaken for a Yankee and get into further trouble, I put up my pencils and returned to Charlestown, determined to visit Harper's Ferry no more.

Another incident occurred about this time which indicated the direction in which we were drifting, and revealed the precarious tenure upon which life and personal liberty would depend hereafter. One morning General Johnston, at Harper's Ferry, received a telegram from Beauregard, at Manassas Junction, in these words: "Arrest Abraham Herr."

Mr. Herr was a citizen of Harper's Ferry, a wealthy manufacturer, and universally esteemed. His Union sympathies were not doubted; but as he was uniformly acquiescent and obliging, and seemed only interested in saving his property, the most truculent Secessionists respected his position. Johnston had him arrested immediately; but as no charges were preferred, and there appeared no reason for detaining him, his case was turned over to the civil authority. On his trial before a magistrate's court, although there appeared no charges written or oral, neither accusers nor witnesses, yet Mr. Herr was put under bonds for thirty thousand dollars, to answer generally to any thing that might turn up. Such was already the zealous subserviency of a civil tribunal to a remote military whisper.

When it came to be understood among the troops at Harper's Ferry that Virginia had been transferred to the Southern Confederacy the dissatisfaction was so serious that mutiny was apprehended. This feeling was especially strong among the Border companies, in which were found so many Union men who had been deluded and dragged into a false position.

They had hitherto clung to the desperate hope that a refusal of the people to confirm the ordinance of Secession would deliver them from their embarrassment. When it became apparent that there was no hope from this quarter, many threw down their arms and went home. It was said that one-half of the Border Guard from Martinsburg left their colors, declaring they would not serve in such a cause. As most of these young men went to their homes in Martinsburg, a force was sent to arrest and bring them back. For better assurance in finding them the order was executed at midnight, and the victims were dragged from their beds amidst the shrieks and protestations of their families. That night Martinsburg recalled the words of Jeremy the prophet, "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning."

The prisoners were carried to Harper's Ferry and tried for desertion. One who was contumacious and defiant was condemned to be shot. This, however, was only intended as a menace. The time had not arrived when such extreme measures would have been judicious. Some of these men were persistent, and finally

made their escape. Not a few finally joined the United States army.

In the midst of the difficulties, both civil and military, which surrounded him I could not but admire the deportment of the Confederate commander; his reticence, calmness, firmness in essentials, easy acquiescence in non-essentials, his avoidance of all needless irritations of hostile political sentiment, of all needless severity in dealing with men not yet accustomed to arbitrary rule. In short, his judicious management of a power, not yet secured by the habits of military discipline and continually disputed by adverse opinion, marked him as a man of uncommon ability, and one likely to be dangerous to the Government against which he had taken arms.

May 28. — This afternoon I received some information which filled me with alarm and distress. A young kinsman, an officer of the Second Virginia Regiment, told me that on yesterday, while in Martinsburg, he was accosted by a stranger who named himself Lieutenant Colonel Flagg, of the Morgan militia, and who boastingly informed him that he had just returned from Harper's Ferry, whither he had gone to denounce old Colonel Strother, of Berkeley Springs, charging him with having several hundred muskets in his possession, and inciting the citizens of the county to organize and take arms against the Confederacy. He further stated that, at his suggestion, a body of troops had already been dispatched from Harper's Ferry to crush the movement and arrest the traitors. My cousin, to whom these statements were made, did not disclose himself to his informant, but immediately on arriving in Charlestown related them to me.

In view of my father's age and feeble health I could scarcely believe it possible that he had committed himself by so rash and premature a movement. I was aware that not long before he had visited Washington and offered his services to President Lincoln. But as he was too old for active service, I construed this only as a jocular declaration of loyalty to the Government — a zealous demonstration, in short, amidst the general defection, that there was, at least, one Virginia gentleman who felt the dishonor done to his State, and the danger with which his country was menaced by the late proceedings.

Yet I knew the Western Virginians were organizing and arming, and seriously apprehended that my father had received arms and become involved in some movement from that quarter. Knowing the extent and quality of the force at Harper's Ferry, I felt that an attempt of the sort in Morgan, without external support, must necessarily be fatal to those who engaged in it.

An officer, just from Harper's Ferry, confirmed the report that troops had been sent to Berkeley Springs, but he was enabled to give no details.

May 29. — During a sleepless night I made my plans. Arming myself with a revolver I rode over to Duffields Dépôt, and there took

the cars for Berkeley Springs. I determined first to take summary vengeance on the wretch who had denounced my father, and then to join him and share his fortunes whatever they might be.

At Sir John's I ascertained that the Confederate troops had actually visited Berkeley, and returned, carrying with them several hundred old muskets, which had been sent from Harper's Ferry two years before to arm the citizens during the excitement which followed the John Brown raid. There had been no collision between the troops and citizens, and no one could tell whether or not any arrests had been made. Arrived at home, I entered the house with breathless anxiety. My sister met me with her accustomed cheerfulness, and, thus reassured, I had the courage to inquire for my father. At the sound of my voice he entered from an adjoining room, looking well and calm as usual. He said the officer commanding the State troops had quietly marched over from Sir John's, got the arms which were stored in the court-house, and returned without questioning or interfering with any one.

I did not tell him what alarming information had brought me up, but felt altogether so much relieved that I modified my plan of vengeance. Having quietly prepared a written paper, I took a friend and went in search of my Lieutenant-Colonel of militia. We overtook him walking out with a companion. Ordering him to halt, I confronted him, and taxed him with his treacherous conduct. He responded by an absolute denial of the whole matter, declaring, on his honor, that he had not even visited Harper's Ferry. I silenced him, and went on to state when, where, and to whom he had unbosomed himself. He was struck dumb.

After heaping upon him every outrageous insult that could be expressed in language, I produced the paper previously prepared, containing an acknowledgment of falsehood and an humble apology therefor: presenting it on the top of my hat with a pencil, I ordered him to sign it. Laying aside a large club which he carried, the stalwart Colonel obeyed the order with an alacrity that was creditable to his military education.

I then told him that I intended to publish this note at army head-quarters and elsewhere,

and would be content for the present with having disgraced him; but I assured him that if he offended again in like manner he would not be allowed the opportunity of purchasing his life by ignominy.

In the public square of the village I called together such persons as were in sight, and read the paper to them, after relating the circumstances under which it was exacted.

I took the trouble to enact this little comedy with the hope that it might protect my father from treacherous dealings, which I apprehended from other quarters.

From further conversation I learned that there was no foundation whatever for the reports which this pragmatical scoundrel had set afoot. In full confidence that the General Government was preparing an adequate force to crush the rebellion, my father had been using all his influence to prevent local disturbance, counseling the elders to pursue their avocations quietly and the young men to join the United States army, where their fighting propensities might be lawfully gratified and their prowess turned to better account than it would be in private brawls.

Having satisfactorily disposed of this "*ridiculus mus*," the product of the mountains, I started next morning (May 30) to return to Charlestown. At Martinsburg I found every thing in confusion and excitement. The Second Regiment of Virginia Volunteers had been for some time stationed at a point opposite Williamsport to observe the National forces concentrating at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and whose advance already occupied Williamsport. Upon some alarming indications from the other side the Second Regiment was ordered to retire, and being composed of raw material, it passed through Martinsburg in a condition bordering on stampede. The Union citizens were jubilant in expectation of an immediate advance of the National army, while many Secessionists, in their terror, packed up their household goods and fled southward, with their families and negroes.

Owing to detentions from this and other causes, I did not reach Duffields until after nightfall, and was obliged to make my way to Charlestown, five miles distant, on foot, through mud and darkness.



FORAGING.



DEMONSTRATING THE VALUE OF LUMBER.

THE REESE RIVER COUNTRY.

I WILL not subject the reader to the perils of another trip across the mountains. The road is familiar to him by this time. He has seen it in winter, spring, and summer—by daylight and by moonlight—on foot and from the front seat of a pioneer stage.

On a pleasant morning in the month of May last, I took my seat in the stage for Austin. My fellow-passengers were a couple of Israelites in the ready-made clothing line; three honest miners, deep in ledges; and a motherly female, with five small children, including one at the breast. We were not to say crammed, but there were enough of us for comfort, considering the heat of the weather and the length of the journey. I do not wish to convey the idea that there is the slightest inconvenience in sitting bolt upright on a narrow seat between two heavy men, one of whom persists in telling you all about a patent amalgamator; and the other in smoking bad cigars, going to sleep at brief intervals, punching you with his elbows, and butting you with his head; or any thing to complain of in the boots of your opposite neighbor which have a propensity for resting on your toes, ranging over your shins, getting up on your seat, and airing themselves on the adjacent window-sill; or cause of mental disquietude in the suspicion of being greased all over the back of your only coat by a numerous family of children whose hopeless attempts to appease their appetites by means of sausage,

broad and butter, and mince-pies, are constantly impressed upon you; or any thing short of agreeable sensations in breathing clouds of alkali-dust, and fighting whole armies of gnats. With special reference to stage-passengers who travel along the banks of the Carson in the early part of summer these afflictions are of too serious and complicated a nature to fall within the range of ordinary comprehension, unaided by an enlarged practical experience.

A trip to Austin is something to look back upon with pleasure in after-life. It is always a source of happiness to think that it is over; that there are no more gnats and alkali-clouds to swallow; no more rickety and forlorn stations to stop at; no more greasy beans and bacon to pay a dollar for; no more jolting, and punching, and butting of heads to be endured on that route at least. And yet it has its attractive aspect; the rich flood of sunshine that covers the plains; the glorious atmospheric tints that rest upon the mountains, morning and evening; the broad expanse of sage-desert, so mournfully grand in its desolation. The whole journey of a hundred and seventy miles from Virginia City may be summed up thus: Forty miles along the Carson, picturesque and pleasant, though rather dusty and somewhat obscured by gnats; station-houses built of boards, posts, and adobes where the horses are changed; occasionally lard and bad whiskey; lard and beans, with a strange dilution of coffee three

times a day; excellent drivers and the best of pioneer stages; sage-deserts and alkali-deserts, varied by low barren mountains; teams with heavy wagons, heavily laden with machinery and provisions for Reese River, slowly tugging through the dust; emigrant wagons filled with women and children, wending their way tediously toward the land of gold, and empty freight wagons, coming back from Reese, such are the principal features of the journey.

Of the country I shall only add that it is the most barren, desolate, scorched up, waterless, alkali-smitten patch of the North American continent I have ever yet seen—a series of horrible deserts, each worse than the other. Parallel ranges of naked mountains running nearly north and south, with spurs or foot-hills running east and west, form a continuation of valleys through which the road winds. These valleys sink in the middle, where there is generally a dry white lake of alkali in which even the sage refuses to grow. Very little wood is to be seen any where on the route—none in the valleys, and only a few dwarfish nut-pines on the sides of the mountains. I know of no reason at all why any human being should live in such a country; and yet some people do, and they seem to like it. Not that they are making money either, for very few are doing that, but they get a sort of fondness for alkali in their food and water, and seem to relish flies, gnats, bacon, and grease as standard articles of diet.

After two days and a night of concentrated enjoyment in this kind of travel, our last driver cracks his whip, and our stage makes a dive into a little rut and out again. There is a faint show of water on the wheels. "What's that?" cries every body in astonishment!

"Gents!" says the driver, "I didn't like to alarm you; but that's REESE RIVER, and there's Jacobsville!"

No wonder we were startled, for Reese River is a source of astonishment to every traveler who passes over the road to Austin for the first time. It derives its name from an emigrant, who must have had a humorous turn of mind when he called it a river. That it is not so long as the Missouri or so majestic as the Mississippi is very generally understood; but when the expectant traveler comes to a sort of ditch in the desert about six feet wide, with the slightest glimmering of a streak of water at the bottom, he is naturally astounded at the frolicsome audacity of Reese. A jolly old Reese he must have been, to embark his name on the smallest river in the world, which sinks in the desert a few miles below the crossing, and thus undertake to float down the stream of life into an enduring fame! May you never be forgotten, Reese, while Reese River flows through the sage-deserts of Nevada! May you never be thirsty, even in the thirstiest region of futurity, when you think of that noble stream which bears your name forever onward over the upper crust of earth!

Seven miles more in the pleasant glow of a

sunshiny afternoon takes us rattling up the slope of a cañon, near the mouth of which stands the famous city of Clifton, or rather its ghost; for Clifton was the father of Austin, and died a sudden death about two years ago. All that remains of it now is a broad street flanked by the wrecks of many frame shanties, whose lights are fled and whose garlands must be dead, for they are nowhere seen, unless the everlasting bunches of sage that variegate the scene should be regarded in that metaphorical point of view.

It is said of the citizens of Clifton that they were blind to their own interests when they started the city. With florid imaginations in reference to the future, they established florid prices for town-lots, and thus drove honest miners higher up the cañon. The nucleus of a new town called Austin was formed; but the way to get to it was hard—like the way of the transgressor—and the Cliftonites chuckled much, believing they had the thing in their own hands; when lo! the Austinites suddenly went to work and built a magnificent grade, and down went Clifton, as if stricken by the fist of a mighty pugilist, with a cloud of mourning around its eye!

But we anticipate history. It behooves us first to explain why Clifton and Austin ever came to be built at all, there being nothing in the general aspect of the country to encourage settlement, from any indication it presents of social, agricultural, or commercial advantages over other parts of the world.

The present site of Jacobsville, seven miles from the mouth of the cañon, was an overland station prior to the discovery of the silver mines. Its principal feature was then, and still is, a fine spring of water, which is a notable attraction in that dry country. The town of Jacobsville was started on speculation after the Reese River excitement commenced; it being the only place within a hundred miles where whisky could be had in any considerable quantity. Like Clifton, however, it received a black eye when Austin was started; and now stands a melancholy monument of human hopes frustrated.

In May, 1862, William Talcott, an employé in the Pony Express service, went to look for his ponies in the nearest ranges of mountains, which, as fortune ordained, was the Toyahe range. He took with him an Apache boy, purchased by James Jacobs in Arizona for a jack-knife and pair of blankets. Talcott and the Apache thus became the pioneers of civilization. They struck for the nearest cañon—and they struck up this cañon in search of the ponies—and while they were looking about them they struck a streak of greenish quartz, which Talcott thought resembled some quartz he had seen in Gold Hill. It was of a bluish green color, with a strong suspicion of mineral in it, but what kind of mineral nobody knew up to that date—not even the Apache who was born in a mineral country, and whose range of observation had been confined almost exclusively

to mineral deserts from the time he was born up to the date of his purchase by Jacobs for a jack-knife and pair of blankets.

It is a remarkable fact that Frémont might have distinguished himself by this discovery many years before, had he not passed a little too far to the south. His route lay through Death Valley and the southern rim of Smoky Valley, crossing by Silver Peak to Walker's Lake, and thence up the Walker River Valley. He left some of his men at Owen's Lake and crossed the Sierras into California. The great Pathfinder, unfortunately for himself, took the wrong path and missed the Reese River Mines by about 170 miles. Of course no Idahoan can be attached to him for that, though there are people in Central Nevada who, having availed themselves of other people's discoveries, rather incline to the opinion that Frémont ought to have gone the Reese River route and opened up the mines. If mining speculations be a test of merit, is it not enough to have opened up and sold out the great Mariposa estate? And yet there may be people in New York who could wish that the famous Pathfinder had missed the Mariposa trail by 170 miles north or south, east or west—so it seems quite impossible to select a path that will suit every body.

On the 10th of July, 1862, the first miners' meeting in the Reese River country was held, and the district of that name was established. William Talcott, James Jacobs, Wash Jacobs, and a Mr. O'Neill located a claim on a ledge, which was called, in honor of the pony express, the "Pony Ledge." It is a mooted question whether Talcott or the Apache boy can justly claim so much as the ponies they were in search of, which were thus summarily disposed of with a name and the four feet they happened to carry about them. This company located three other claims in the lower foot-

hills, but none of them turned out very well. The ores first discovered were chiefly antimonial. Mr. O'Neill had a ranch on Truckee River, where he lived when he undertook to live in any particular locality. On his return from Reese River he took home with him some of the ores from the newly-discovered mines.

Mr. Vanderbosch, an intelligent Hollander, who had some knowledge of minerals, happened to see these specimens at the house of O'Neill, and immediately pronounced a favorable opinion as to the "indications of silver" contained in them. They consisted, in great part, of the metals usually found in connection with silver—copper, iron, antimony, and galena. The traces of silver were but slight, still sufficient, with the indications mentioned, to encourage the idea that there were deposits of rich silver ore in the vicinity. Specimens were subsequently taken in Virginia City and tested by assay, with such results as to attract immediate attention.

In October, 1862, Daniel F. Buel, an enterprising trader and frontiersman, who had spent much of his life among the Indians of California, started for the Reese River country with two friends, William Harrington and Fred Baker. Buel was a man of indomitable spirit, great energy of character, and superior intelligence. He had served in various official capacities in California—for several years as Indian Agent in charge of the Elbow Lake Reservation, where I first met him. And here let me say, as Ex-Special Agent of the Government, that I found Buel a remarkable man in most respects than most. He was an honest Indian Agent—the parent work of Buel that I know of.

The party prospected about two miles south of the present city of Austin, in the foot-hills. Nothing that could be properly designated a ledge had been found at that time about the

Pony Ledge. The only work done was the running of a tunnel, called the Highland Mary, which failed to strike any thing except a good place for burying money. San Francisco parties, I believe, were engaged in this.

Buel and his friends made several locations, some of which turned out well. They had a hard time of it, without shelter and with little food. The town of Austin was named by Buel, who, if not its only father, was at least its biggest and ablest father.

As an independent historian I am greatly



CITY OF AUSTIN



OREGON LEDGE.

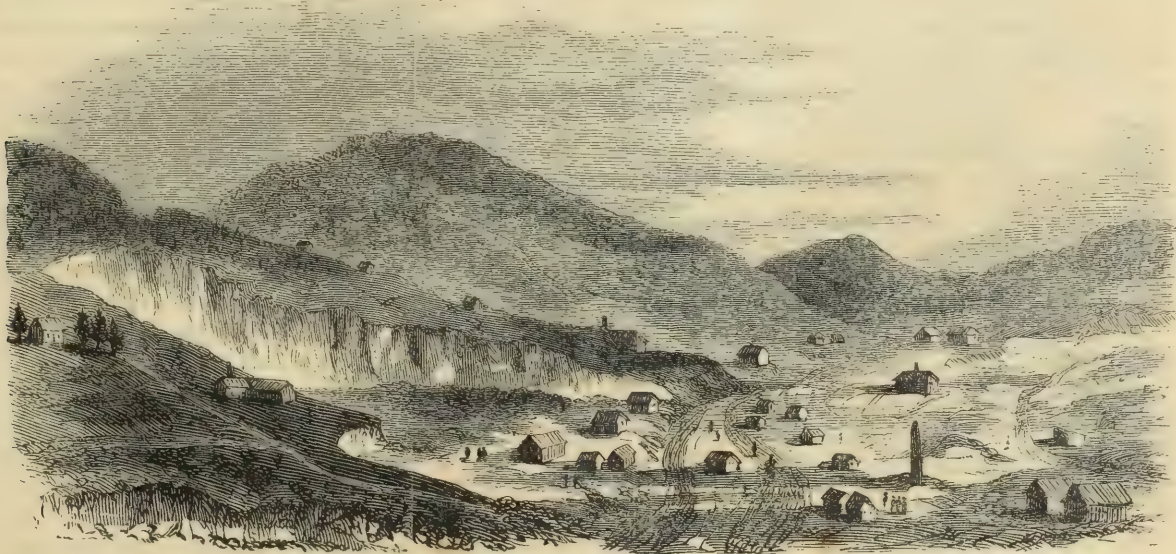
at a loss on this point. During my stay of nearly three months in the Reese River country I think I saw the first man who started Austin (according to his own account) in fifty different aspects. Sometimes he was tall and sometimes short; sometimes thick and sometimes thin; occasionally old and occasionally young; sober by turns and drunk by turns; always with a different name, and never concerned about his own fame, but merely desirous of setting me right and preventing interested parties from imposing on me. As a stranger, of course I could not be expected to know who built the first house—there it was, built by my informant; which accounts for the fact that fifty different houses were pointed out to me as the nucleus around which the famous city of Austin sprang up.

Mr. Vanderbosch, having satisfied himself as to the value of the ores, started over from Virginia, and arrived in December, 1862, with a small party. Up to that date little had been done except in the way of prospecting. Wherever blue rock was found locations were made;

but their value had not yet been determined.

The first locations of importance were made by Vanderbosch and his party. On the 19th of December the Oregon Ledge was discovered and located, near the upper end of the cañon, where now stands that part of the town called Upper Austin. Ten days later the "North Star" and "Southern Light" were located. These were the first true discoveries of rich silver ores in the Reese River district. All that had previously taken place was uncertain and conjectural. Six miles south, in the so-called but now abandoned district of Simpson's Park, Andrew Veatch, an enterprising explorer, who had been all through the Humboldt country, had discovered and located a claim called the "Comet," which attracted some attention. Veatch and his party went vigorously to work to develop their ledge. It went up like a rocket, and then came down like its stick.

Vanderbosch obtained his first specimens of ore from the Oregon Ledge. They were found in a quartz vein three feet wide, with granite casings, showing silver chlorids, fahlertz, antimonial, and ruby silver. These specimens were sent to Virginia City to be assayed. The yield was so extraordinary—several thousand dollars to the ton—as to cause the most intense excitement. Nothing so rich had yet been discovered in our mineral possessions. Numerous as the frauds and disappointments had been in mining speculations, there could be no doubt as to the wonderful richness of these ores. There were the ores and there were the assays to speak for themselves. What if the veins were narrow? Nobody wanted a very wide vein, when a narrow one yielded six or seven thousand dollars to the ton. The Comstock was prodigiously big and wide, but it looked poor in comparison with this. These assays were made in the latter part of December. Immediately the news spread—it flew on the wings of the wind, north, south, east, and west.



THE PRINCIPAL MINES.



THE GREAT MOUNTAIN LADDER.

Then came the great rush of January, 1863—the Washoe excitement over again! I flattered myself I had helped to put an extinguisher on these crazy mining speculations; but when will people learn any thing from experience? Kern River, Gold Bluff, Finner River, Washoe—these were not enough! Time unspent and money misapplied only whetted the public appetite for the precious metals. Failure never yet disheartened the American nature, or quenched its individual members. General Grant was no more defeated by numerous repulses at the siege of Vicksburg than these hardy adventurers were by suffering, loss of means, loss of time, and constant failure to realize their expectations. Ever cheery, ever hopeful, they were up and at it again after every knock down—knowing no such thing as defeat.

I am sorry for this trait in my fellow-countrymen. It is so annoying to our neighbors across the water. Englishmen can't understand it, and won't believe it; and yet we do these things in our own self-confident style, as if the British Lion were of no consequence whatever. Even the London *Times* never stopped us from winning a battle or opening up a new country, or emptying our pockets in any new speculation that offered the slightest symptom of a "pay streak."

Ho, then, for Reese River! Have you a gold mine? Sell it out and go to Reese! Have you a copper mine? Throw it away and go to Reese! Do you own dry goods? Pack

them up for Reese! Are you the proprietor of lots in the City of Oakland? Give them to your worst enemy and go to Reese! Are you a merchant, broker, doctor, lawyer, or noke-driver? Buckle up your blankets and off with you to Reese, for there is the land of glittering million!—there lies the pay-streak! So, at least, every body thought in the winter 1862-3. The season was told; the mountains were covered with snow; neither food nor shelter was to be had at Reese, but what at that? Did lack of food or lack of houses ever stop a Californian from going any where he pleased? Sage-bunch was plenty, at all events, and lunch-grocery; and if horses and mules and men could live on sage and grass, men could live on meat. The only houses in the valley was a small stone cabin, situated near the Pony Lodge. Vanderbush and party, Bond and party, and other leading pioneers, camped all the winter in open tents; and I am told they had a jolly time of it. Every body was wonderfully rich—in fact. Tents and wigwags of all kinds came to sprinkle the hill-sides. Then came great freight-wagons with lumber, and whisky, and food and raiment, which brought fabulous prices; and up went Clifton and Austin like magic. About five thousand people gathered in and around Austin during the spring and summer of 1863. They came from California, from Washoe, from Idaho, from Salt Lake, from every quarter of the compass—some with money, most without, but all with the brightest hopes of sudden wealth. Speculation soon reached a



SHEEP-CORRAL LODGINGS.

pitch of extravagance to which all previous mining excitements were tame. Lander Hill, Central Hill, and Mount Prometheus, soon became riddled with claims, looking like naked giants, lying on their backs, sprinkled with small-pox. Every man who had a pick or a shovel dug a hole two or three feet in the ground, and called it the "Grand Magniff," or the "Great Stupendous Ledge;" and thereupon he took to speculation. It was all feet—but little or no mining. Every body wanted to realize the grand result without delay.

This was the memorable period to which I alluded in a former article, when lodgings in a sheep-corral had to be paid for at the rate of fifty cents per night in advance; when no man could safely undertake to sleep under the lee of a quartz-boulder, in consequence of that claim being guarded by a prior occupant armed with a six-shooter; when it was a luxury to sit all night by a stove, or stand against a post behind a six-foot tent. I have heard of men who contrived to get through the coldest part of the season by sleeping when the sun was warm, and running up and down Lander Hill all night; and another man who staved off the pangs of hunger by lying on his back for an hour or so at meal-times with a quartz-boulder on his stomach. Of the wild speculations in mineral ledges it is needless for me to speak in detail. The subject is a sore one for some of my friends in San Francisco. A notable instance was related to me as characteristic of the spirit of the times. An adventurer, with nothing to sus-

tain him but his own sanguine anticipations of the future, was one day engaged in digging a post-hole, when he struck something blue. It was a ledge—rich in mineral. He at once per-



POST LODGINGS.



OREGON MILL, UPPER ARIZONA

ceived that the ore was the best kind of chlorid silver; and he staked off his ledge, putting down himself and numerous friends as locators. But speculation was too keen and too grasping for him to profit by the working of his mine. An immediate offer of \$60,000 was made him for his discovery, and he was fool enough to sell out, pocket his money, and retire from the mining business. At least every body thought he was a simpleton, till an assay of the ore was made. It was not chlorid of silver, it was only chlorid of lead—which may be valuable some day, when lead rises to a dollar a pound. The

"Post-hole Ledge" attracted much attention at the time. I am told the purchaser does not place much confidence in the honesty of the discoverer, whom he at first regarded as a singularly verdant man to sell out at such a price, but now considers a cunning rogue.

Foreseeing that mills would be necessary to work the ores, Messrs. Reed and Dorney took time by the forelock, and in June and July, 1862, erected a five-stamp mill in the cañon, which is now known as the California Mill. During the same summer the Rhode Island, Union, Pioneer, and Clifton mills were built.

The Oregon Mill was commenced in May, but not finished and in running order till January, 1864. This and the Pioneer were ten-stamp mills. All the rest had but five stamps each.

The work of building mills in this new country was attended with enormous labor and expense. Suitable timber for joists and beams was exceedingly scarce. Labor of every kind was high. Lumber was from \$250 to \$500 a thousand. The cost of transportation from California was a heavy item—freight being eighteen cents a pound from Sacramento. To get the necessary machinery across the mountains was a most laborious and expensive undertaking. There was scarcely any thing in the country but the stones upon which to build the foundations. The mines had produced comparatively nothing as yet, and the greatest difficulty was to procure the capital for the prosecution of these enterprises. Besides, little was known of the quality of the ores or the proper manner of treating them. It was a mere experiment—but a very bold one.



ABORIGINAL CITIZENS.



ONE OF THE CANDIDATES FOR MAYOR.

By the rude process of crushing and amalgamation the wastage was great, and the result by no means encouraging.

Mr. Vanderbosch, finding from the working of the first ores that it would be a losing business, and that a different plan must be adopted, erected a roasting furnace in March, 1864, which was a perfect success. It was the great event in the history of Reese River. Many had begun to despair of getting any thing out of the ores; but the roasting process proved at once that they could be successfully and profitably worked. The experiment was made under the most discouraging circumstances. The weather was so cold that the bricks of the furnaces had to be covered with blankets to keep any heat in them; and the machinery was of the most primitive kind. Still it was a success. The yield was remarkable considering all things—ranging from \$150 to \$1750 to the ton. The first class chlorids averaged from \$300 to \$500; second class from \$150 to \$300; and the third class would have yielded from \$100 to \$150; but it was not considered profitable to work them so long as there was an abundance of superior ores. The cost of working

was about \$80. It is now, as announced, somewhat less.

During the latter part of 1863 the natural result of the wild speculations which had been going on during the year became apparent. Little or no work had been done on the ledges. Miners had expended all their means, and nothing was coming in to keep them in food and raiment. Outsiders began to feel their pockets and wonder if there was any thing in this Reese River country. The success of the Vanderbosch's mill, and the development of the Oregon ledges during the ensuing spring, had an encouraging effect. Things began to brighten up; and San Francisco capital began to flow in. About \$2,000,000 were invested in mines, mills, etc. during the year 1864.

The total amount of bullion shipped to San Francisco in 1863 was \$50,000; in 1864, \$600,000. The shipments during the year 1865 up to August averaged about \$100,000 per month.

Very little, so far, came from the outside districts.

Before the close of 1864 a panic took place in the Reese River stocks. Some of the lead-

ing mines, which had been opened to the depth of sixty or seventy feet, had reached poor or barren rock, and a general impression prevailed that the ledges were not permanent. A fearful state of depression followed. Money was scarce, and it was impossible to go on working without capital. The supplies from San Francisco stopped. Those who owned stocks became tired of paying assessments; and now that there seemed no hope of returns in the future, many allowed themselves to be sold out.

The miners themselves remained confident—never for a moment losing faith in the mines. Such of them as were able continued to work on the ledges, hoping in time to get through the barren streak.

It is a leading peculiarity of the American people that they carry with them into every new territory their municipal and political institutions. A "city" of two houses and half a

dozen inhabitants must have its Mayor and Common Council, its primary meetings, and election excitements. An American could no more live without making speeches or hearing them, holding office or voting somebody else into office, participating in a torch-light procession, or flourishing his hat over it, than he could without his newspaper or his daily "mail."

Austin was not exempt from this notable feature in American life. The city charter was passed with due solemnity in April, 1864. Public rejoicings followed as a matter of course. There was immense excitement at this time touching the political issues of the day. Republicans and Copperheads were pretty evenly divided; and the state of feeling between them was exceedingly lively, if not hostile. A great deal of betting took place on the test questions, the chief of which was the election of Mayor. Every man felt not only a local and personal but a national interest in the result. The two candidates were well matched.

On the Democratic side was my friend David K. Buel—"Uncle Dave," as his fellow-citizens familiarly called him—a man of imposing presence, six feet four, and large in proportion, without a fault save that of being always on the wrong side, and with a frank, generous, off-hand way about him that was wonderfully attractive to the honest miners. Buel was a minor himself, and enjoyed a high reputation for energy and honesty. A more popular candidate could not have been chosen to give strength and respectability to a bad cause. It was expected that he would carry a large portion of the Republicans, and doubtless he would have done so at any other time. The other candidate was Charles Hollbrook, a young man of excellent character and fine business capacity. Hollbrook had just opened a handsome store, built of cut granite, and was one of the leading merchants. His integrity was undoubted, his intelligence of a superior order, and his political faith ultra-Union. The gladiators went heart and soul into the fight. Betting was the order of the day. Each party was perfectly confident of success. Among the bets made was one of a somewhat eccentric character. Dr. H. S. Herrick entered into an agreement with R. C. Gridley to the following effect: If Buel was elected, Herrick was



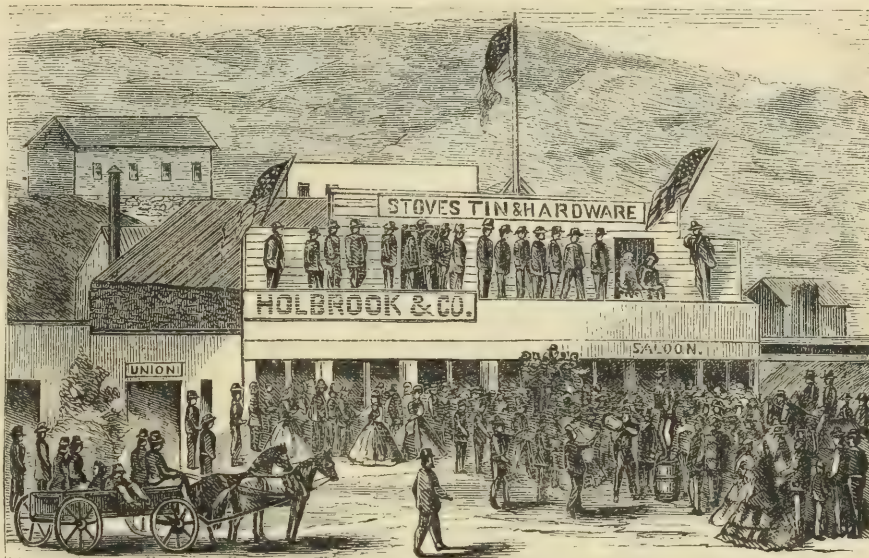
to carry a sack of flour from Clifton to Upper Austin, the distance being about a mile and a half, and the grade up-hill all the way. If Holbrook was elected, Gridley was to carry a sack of flour from Upper Austin to Clifton, having the advantage of the down-hill grade.

The battle was exciting, but it was bravely and honorably fought on both sides. Holbrook, the Republican candidate, was elected by a fair majority. The sentiment of the people was sound when it came to the great question of maintaining the Union.

Gridley, true to his engagement, was on hand at the appointed time with his sack of flour. An immense concourse of people had assembled in Upper Austin to witness the novel performance. Laughter and good-humor prevailed on all sides. The best feeling existed between the victorious and the defeated candidates. Winners and losers enjoyed the scene with equal gusto. A grand procession was formed, headed by an excellent band of music. The newly-elected officers, including his Honor the Mayor, followed the musicians, mounted on horseback. Next to them came the hero of the day, the redoubtable Gridley, with a sack of flour on his back. On each side marched a standard-bearer, carrying high in the air the flag of the Union. Gridley stood up to his task like a man, never flinching before the glorious emblem of liberty. If the truth were known, he worshiped it in his heart, though he had an eccentric way of showing it. Friends, citizens, and strangers followed. Never was there seen such a lively crowd in Austin. "Go it, Gridley!" "Stick to it, Gridley!" "Never say die, Gridley!" were the encouraging words that cheered him on all sides.

Arrived at Clifton, it was suggested by some enterprising genius, whose speculative spirit kept pace with his patriotism, that the sack of flour should be sold for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. The proposition was received with unbounded applause. In a moment an empty barrel or a dry-goods box was found, and an auctioneer mounted upon it. The bidding was lively; but the crowd were not quite warmed up to the joke, and the flour only brought five dollars.

It was then determined that there should be another auction held in Austin. The sack of flour was taken up again, and the procession started back with it—this time marching to the tune of "Dixie." The most uncompromising Copperhead was won over; and all united in



THE GRIDLEY SACK OF FLOUR AT AUCTION.

common sympathy for the suffering soldiers. It was a clever stroke of policy for the Republicans. The procession halted in front of the store owned by his Honor the Mayor. By this time the crowd was immense. Every body turned out to see the fun: miners from their holes in the ground; Reese River capitalists from their shanties; business men from their stores; women and children from their cottages and cabins.

The sack of flour was once more put up at auction with a general hurrah. This time the bidders were in earnest. They bid by the hundred, and by fifties and by twenties, many bidding against themselves. Republicans and Democrats bid without distinction of party. The best feeling prevailed; and \$3000 was the grand result! The last purchaser always donated his purchase back to the Sanitary Fund. A third auction was held on the following day. The result on this occasion was \$1700. The nucleus of so large a fund thus formed aroused the patriotic fire in the soul of Gridley. It was a glorious cause that could thus win the sympathies of every party. Henceforth Gridley was with it, body and soul. He would make an institution of this sack of flour. He would immortalize it—make a magnificent donation to the sick soldiers and a reputation for himself. So Gridley set forth with his sack of flour. It was sold at Virginia City for \$8000; at Sacramento for \$10,000; and at San Francisco for about \$15,000. I was witness to the procession in San Francisco. It was the memorable event of the times. Never did Montgomery Street present a more imposing appearance. The beauty and fashion of the city were there; and so was Gridley, decked out in glorious array, the observed of all observers. Who would not have been Gridley then—gazed at as the great man of the age? What would Grant or Sherman have amounted to when Gridley was in view? Thus did Gridley draw the surplus cash from the pockets of the generous public; and thus did he do good service

in the cause of freedom. All honor to Gridley!

Of the career of this distinguished gentleman on the Atlantic side I have read wonderful newspaper accounts. He was fêted, and gazed at, and admired, and hurrahed, and printed in weekly pictorials, and puffed, and joked—was the irrepressible Gridley; and the grand finale was \$100,000 to the Sanitary Commission! Ever praised, ever sung in song be Gridley! It was a noble speculation, based upon a sack of flour and the popular sympathy for a noble cause. It commenced in Austin and ended with a net profit of \$100,000 to the suffering soldiers, and immortality to the name of Gridley.

On the strength of his fame Gridley became interested with Mr. John W. Harker and other experienced financiers, and raised sufficient capital in New York to return to Austin and start a bank. The great banking establishment called the "First National Bank of Nevada" is now one of the prominent institutions of the country.

Buel, after his defeat for the Mayoralty of Austin, concluded to run for the Governorship of the State. He was nominated by the Convention at Carson—alas for Buel! The State was gloriously Republican. My worthy friend was sanguine to the last; he had many votes, but failed for want of votes enough. May he have better luck in his choice of party next time! He is a good fellow, and deserves to win in a good cause. Morally, he still lives; politically, he is a dead Buel.

I now come to a stand-point, from which I think we may take a general view of the country with special reference to its resources and future prospects. The elaborate reports of Professors Silliman, Jackson, and Adleberg, who visited Reese River during the year 1865, leave me but little to say, even if I were competent, in relation to its geological features; and the admirable detailed reports of Mr. Clayton on the individual ledges have quite exhausted that branch of the subject. A summary of what I saw myself in my unlearned way, with what I gathered from practical miners and experts, may enable the general reader to form a more vivid and comprehensive idea of the country than could be derived from purely scientific reports.

The district of Reese River lies on the western slope of the Toiyabe range of mountains, and is distant from Virginia City, by the Overland Mail Route, 170 miles. It embraces a tract of hilly country some eight miles in length by four in width, bounded on the north by the Yankee Blade Cañon, on the west by the Reese River Valley, on the south by Simpson's Park, and on the east by the summit of the Toiyabe range. Within these limits are situated, in close proximity to the main cañon which runs from Reese River Valley to the summit, those spurs or hills of the Toiyabe range known as

"Lander Hill," "Mount Prometheos," and "Central Hill," in which the principal discoveries of silver-bearing veins have been made. Austin, the chief town and county seat of Lander County, lies high up in the cañon, extending along it for a distance of more than a mile, with a broad main street, intersected by cross streets running up to the left over the lower slopes of the hills. It contains at the present time (January, 1866) a permanent population of about five thousand. The buildings are principally frame, well constructed, and ornamented in front by rows of scrubby pines stuck in the ground. Among them are some pretty cottages, evincing a growing taste for the comforts and even the luxuries of life. The best private residences, such as Major Hanson's and Mr. Rankin's, are substantially built of stone.



THE HOTEL, AUSTIN.

In the business part of the town, on the main street, are many fine brick houses; also several handsome stores and saloons built of stone. The general aspect of Austin is cheerful and picturesque. During the period of my sojourn—from May to August—it presented every indication of prosperity. The population is one of the best I have seen in any mining town—active, industrious, hospitable, and orderly. In point of morals I do not believe there is a better condition of society in any community of equal number on the Pacific coast. This is mainly attributable to the fact that a larger proportion of the population consists of women and children than in most new mining towns; and in part to the prevailing scarcity of surplus means. Every man has to labor for a living. There is not much chance for gamblers or idlers; consequently there are few of them.

The Toiyabe range of mountains, in which most of the discoveries of silver ledges now attracting attention have been made, commences near the Humboldt River, about 100 miles north of Austin, and extends in a southerly course, trending slightly to the west, a distance of 175 miles, where it terminates in the high desert plateau, which forms the southern rim

of the Great Basin. Formerly the Overland Telegraph and Mail Routes crossed it a few miles to the north of Pony Cañon; but since the building of Austin both telegraph line and overland stages pass directly through that city and across the head of Big Smoky Valley.

The characteristic appearance of the Toyahe Mountains is that of extreme barrenness. The cañons and a few of the open slopes are dotted with a scrubby growth of nut-pine, juniper, white-pine, and a hard, scraggy kind of timber called mountain mahogany. In the vicinity of Austin most of the wood has been cut away for fuel and other purposes in the progress of mining; but north and south, from eight to ten miles distant, there is still a sufficient supply to last for several years, probably five or six. In the Smoky Valley districts the quantity of wood is much greater; and it will probably be many years before any difficulty will be experienced on that score. The barren aspect of the mountains arises more from the extreme dryness of the climate than from any want of fertility in the soil. During the rainy season bunch-grass flourishes all over the hill-sides, affording a fine pasturage for stock; and wherever there is water for irrigation the land is highly productive. The valleys are entirely destitute of timber, presenting a singularly desert-like appearance, except in those portions which are sufficiently moist to give a tinge of green to the everlasting sage-bushes by which they are covered.

Although it is not my purpose, as before stated, to attempt an elaborate description of the geological features of the Toyahe range, the great interest felt throughout the East in the development of the Reese River and adjacent districts, will justify me in making a brief summary of the prominent points. In doing this I take pleasure in acknowledging my indebtedness to Mr. W. C. Prescott, who has done more perhaps to encourage the introduction of Eastern capital than any person who has yet visited the country. Mr. Prescott is well known throughout the East, not only from his connection with the family of the distinguished historian—the late lamented William H. Prescott—but from the high reputation which he has achieved by his reports on the mineral resources of Central Nevada. As representative of the “Sterling Mining Company” of New York, whose possessions lie in Smoky Valley, he first visited that region in January, 1865, and subsequently made a thorough scientific reconnoissance of all the adjacent districts.

Mr. Prescott is of opinion that the rocks composing the Toyahe range belong to the earlier geological periods, as in all productive argentiferous regions. The ore-bearing ledges repose in these rocks, all of which are highly metamorphic, and many of them stratified. At and around Austin the numerous parallel veins are well disposed, with smooth and fine lateral faces, separated by a clayey seam of variable thickness, from a wall rock which is popularly

called granite, and which has been received as such by some geologists. One theory is, that this district is a granitic basin, rupturing the transition series, and affording the anomaly of rich silver veins reposing in primitive or Plutonic rocks. Mr. Prescott thinks this granitic rock is transition in character, being the product of older granite, which has been pulverized and re-cemented, forming a highly metamorphic and altered granite, akin to gneiss and the earlier slates and schists of the Azoic period, and conforming fully to the series in which is found most of the other minerals of the range, of which, in addition to the slates, porphyry, gneiss, transition limestone, calc-spar, sandstone, and a variety of magnesian rocks, are the most important. Considering the granite deposit in this light, the geology of the Toyahe range is not only harmonized, but also in agreement with the corresponding Mexican ranges. The veins in Lander Hill, Mount Prometheus, and Central Hill, and in fact throughout the district of Reese River, are narrow, ranging generally from fourteen to twenty inches in width, and rarely exceeding three feet. This characteristic has given rise to the term “razor-back ledges,” so much in vogue among the Washoeites, who profess a contempt for the Reese River ledges as compared with the great Comstock. Their exceeding richness, however, compensates in a great measure for their lack of width. I have taken out ores myself from a mine in Lander Hill which assayed upward of \$7000 to the ton; and I saw an assay of ore made which yielded at the rate of \$10,000 per ton. One, two, and three thousand dollars are results which scarcely attract attention. The Austin ledges seldom show distinct or prominent croppings on the surface as in neighboring districts.

In that part of the Toyahe range which slopes into Smoky Valley, the quartz ledges lie boldly above the surface, in compact form, showing great width and strong traits of depth and permanency. As a general feature they have no clayey or slaty partitions, but lie in direct contact with the smooth faces of the granite formation already described. These silver-bearing veins at times protrude far beyond the slates, and at the surface are much leaner than below.

One of the advantages claimed for the ledges near Austin is the facility with which they can be worked. The granite formation in which they lie is soft, and blasting is but little required in getting out the ores. They are all true fissure veins, with well-defined casings. The clay seam between the quartz and the casings renders the excavation of the ores comparatively easy.

The chlorid ores reach from the surface to a depth of 60 or 70 feet. Then comes a lean or barren streak, extending down from 20 to 30 feet to what is called the water-level. It was this unproductive stratum which caused the extraordinary depression of mining stocks in



NEW YORK SPECULATION.

1864. But experience has demonstrated, in every case where the excavations have extended below the water-level, that the vein continues unbroken, and with every promise of permanency, to an unknown depth. The experience of the Oregon, North Star, Southern Light, Diana, Savage, Morgan and Munsey, Washington Irving, Providentia, Scottish Chief, General Hooker, St. Louis, Hubbard, and other leading mines which have been worked to any considerable depth, is sufficient evidence of the richness, depth, and permanency of the lodes. Splendid ruby and antimonial ores are now being taken out of all these mines, the lowest grade of which seldom falls short of \$150 to the ton, while from \$300 to \$500 is a common yield. Insufficient machinery for pumping and hoisting has hitherto been the great drawback to the profitable working of the mines. The miners, who have held on to their claims through all the fluctuations and alarm of the past two years, are now reduced to the necessity of calling in the aid of capital. This, in part, accounts for the extraordinary number of claims now flooding the markets of New York.

That many swindles have been perpetrated, and many worthless claims palmed off on a credulous public, is beyond dispute; but it is both unreasonable and unjust to condemn the whole country because dishonest men engage

in nefarious speculations detrimental to its interests. If there are no good mines in the Reese River Country, where can we look for them? The man who is cheated in a horse would be laughed at if he complained that there are no good horses. Mining speculations are much on a par with speculations in horse-flesh. Brokers and horse-jockeys generally make their profits from the credulity of their fellow-men. If every purchaser personally examined the mines offered to him, or availed himself of the services of an experienced agent, there would be less disappointment in the investment of capital.

The general direction of the veins in the Toiyabe range is north-northwest and south-southeast, with a dip to the east. The pitch is from 30° to 70°, the average inclining from 35° to 45°.

From May to October the climate is mild; seldom too warm, and the sky almost invariably bright and clear. The extreme rarity of the atmosphere at this elevation, 6500 feet above the level of the sea, and the absence of moisture, give rise to a peculiar form of intermittent fever, called by emigrants and miners the mountain fever. Otherwise it would be difficult to find a more healthy climate. The winters are cold, though sometimes open and pleasant. On the north side of the hills the snow

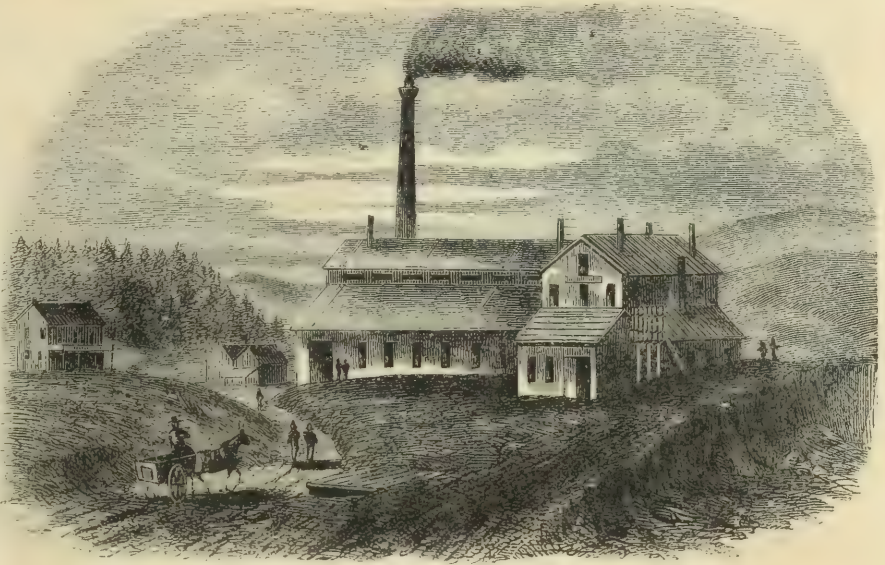
usually lies from November to May. In the valleys it seldom remains more than a few days at a time, and rarely interrupts communication by the public highways.

Some idea of the wonderful progress of Central Nevada may be formed from a glance at the number of mining districts which have been established since the discovery of the Reese River mines. Austin may be considered the central point from which these districts

radiate. Mills have already been erected in many of them, and active operations in the way of developing the mines are now going on in most of them. The following are the principal districts, located within the past three years, with the distances from Austin, viz.: Yankee Blade, 4 miles; Amador, 6; Big Creek, 12; Geneva, 15; Santa Fé, 22; Bunker Hill, 30; Summit, 20; Ravenswood, 20; Washington, 35; Marysville, 45; Union, 63; Twin River, 65; Mammoth, 63; Diamond, 80; Cortez, 60; San Antonio, 100; Silver Peak, 125; Ione, 75; E. Walker River, 120; Egan Cañon, 160.

These do not by any means comprise all the valuable districts which have been opened throughout the interior, and on the confines of Nevada. I refer to them as having intercourse with Austin, and contributing in a great measure to the importance of that place as a market for the trade of the mines.

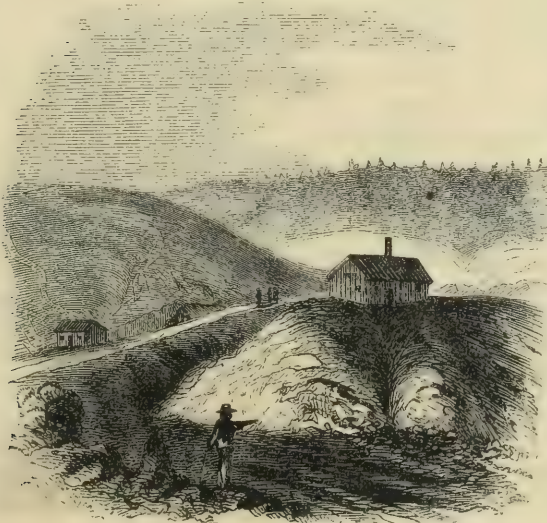
An important step toward the encouragement of investments from the East was made in September, 1864, by the Midas Silver Mining Company, of New York. Colonel J. V. Robbins came over to Reese as agent of the Com-



THE MIDAS MILL.

pany, and commenced the erection of a large mill on the left side of the old Telegraph Cañon, about three miles distant from Austin. In three months and nine days it was completed and in running order. The building is of brick, with a handsome brick smoke-stack, and contains a battery-room with fifteen stamps; an amalgamating-room, with eight Freiberg barrels and the necessary pans, separators, retorting furnaces, etc., and a large roasting-chamber, with the best fire-brick furnaces, all admirably arranged for convenience of access and economy of labor. The Midas Mill is, in all respects, one of the most perfect establishments of the kind in the State of Nevada. The machinery is of the latest and most approved kind, and works with wonderful steadiness and precision. It is no unusual thing to crush, roast, and amalgamate ten tons of rock per day. Under the careful management of Colonel Robbins, the result has been an average yield of \$300 to \$400 per ton of first-class ores; \$150 to \$200 of second-class; and \$80 to \$100 of third-class. The Midas Company own several valuable ledges in the vicinity, chief among which is the Midas, situated near the entrance to Yankee Blade Cañon. The yield of this mine has of late been such as to give great confidence to mining enterprises in this region. Already the Company have declared a handsome dividend; and the probability is, still larger dividends will be declared during the present year.

The success of the Midas Company's operations has demonstrated the value of good mill and mining property. Recently a magnificent mill has been erected on the southern slope of the old Emigrant Cañon, within a mile of Austin, by some Pennsylvanian capitalists, under the title of the Keystone Silver Mining Company. The work was done under the personal supervision of Captain Addison L. Page, Superintendent of the Company, and is admirable of its kind. The mill is of brick and stone, with the latest improvements in machinery. It contains a splendid battery of twenty stamps,



MIDAS MINE.



THE KEYSTONE MILL.

an engine and boiler-room, an extensive roasting chamber, and an amalgamating department second to none in the country. The Keystone Mill has sufficient capacity to crush and amalgamate twenty tons of ore per day. The Company owns three or four mines in connection with its mill property. Among these the "Scottish Chief," situated on Lander Hill, is at present the most promising. The ores from this mine run from two to five hundred dollars to the ton.

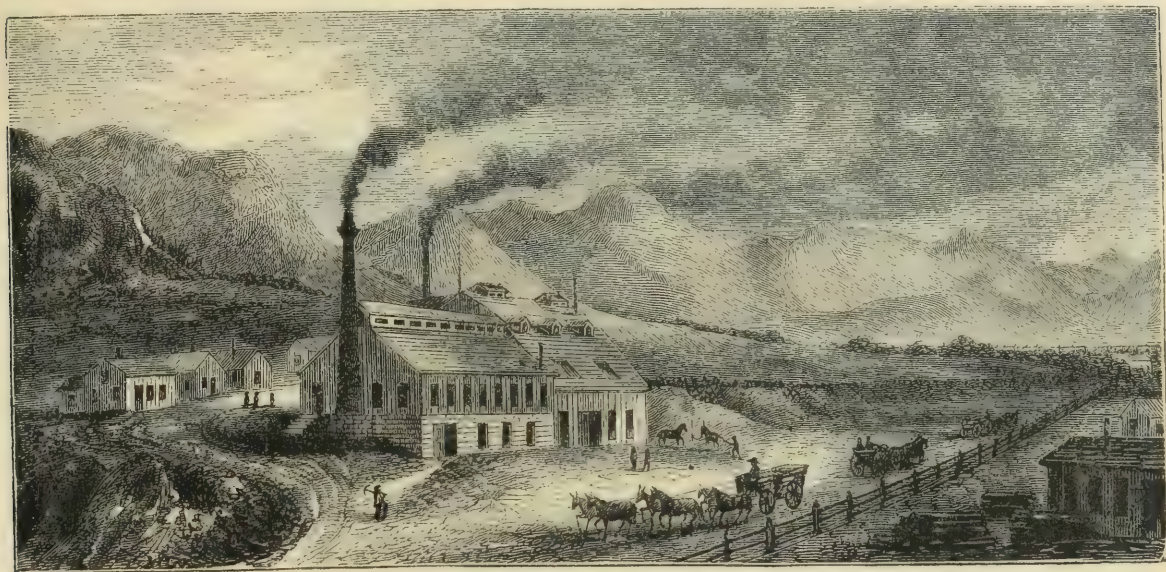
Another wealthy and enterprising Eastern company has erected a fine mill, about three miles farther to the north, at the entrance to the Yankee Blade Cañon—known as the "Confidence Mill." This is of the same capacity, and built upon very nearly the same general plan as the Keystone. Situated near the centre of a belt of rich mineral ledges, several of which are owned by the Confidence Company, it enjoys the prospect of an unlimited supply of ores. Two gentlemen from New York, Mr. Fearing and Mr. Boyden, have greatly distinguished themselves throughout Central Ne-

vada by their able management of this enterprise. The "Confidence Ledge," upon which the principal work has been done, outside of the mill, is now yielding some excellent ores. A powerful engine, well protected by a frame building, has recently been erected at the entrance of the main shaft for pumping and hoisting purposes. I can see no reason why, under judicious management, the Keystone and Confidence properties should not yield handsome returns to the owners during the present summer. Each of these mills cost over \$100,000. Add to this \$20,000 for offices and outbuildings, and \$120,000 for the cost of ledges, and the investments will not fall short of \$320,000. I make this estimate upon my own judgment, and not from any information derived from the parties concerned.

The Parrott Mill, on Big Creek, nine miles south of Austin, furnishes another instance of the growing interest felt in this region by Eastern capitalists. Mr. John Parrott, the San Francisco banker, was the chief originator of this enterprise. The Company is known as



THE CONFIDENCE MILL.

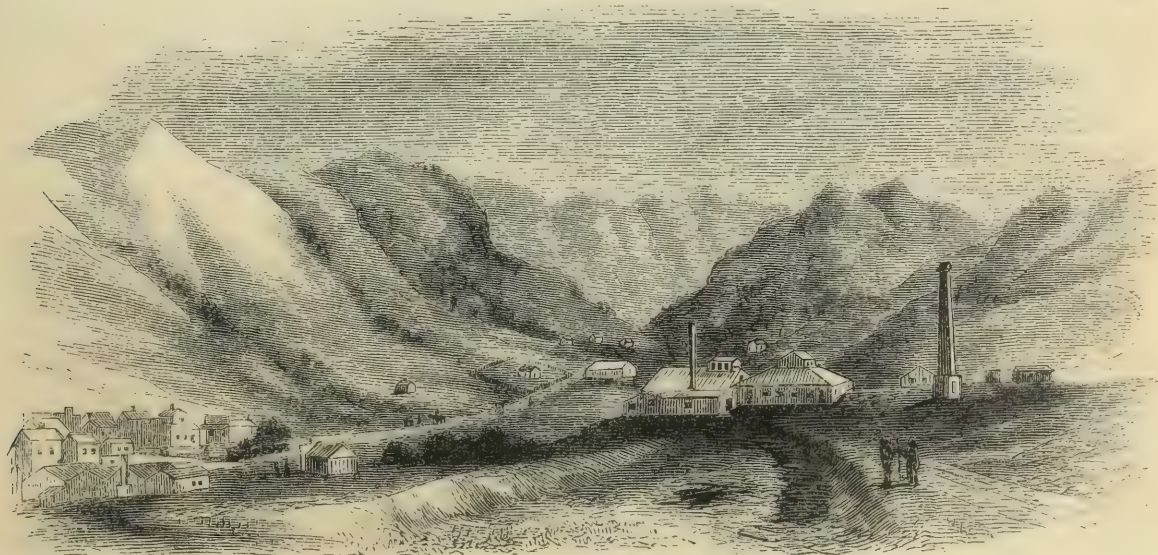


THE PARROTT MILL.

the "Reese River Mining Company"—and Messrs. Duncan, Sherman, and Co., bankers, Messrs. Hitchcock and Darling (of the Fifth Avenue Hotel), Treanor W. Parke, Esq., and John Parrott, are supposed to be the principal owners of stock. The mill has just been completed under the superintendence of Captain Gager. It is a magnificent building, with strong wood frame-work and boarding, substantial stone foundations, and all the conveniences for working the ores by the most approved system. The Reese River Company owns a number of ledges in the adjacent hills, a large tract of wood-land, and a fine saw-mill, which has already paid for itself. Among the valuable ledges also owned by this Company in Lander Hill is the Providentia, in which some extraordinary "strikes" have recently been made at a depth of 300 feet. The vein is not wide—ranging only from two to three feet—but the ore is wonderfully rich. I saw average specimens taken out which assayed at the rate of \$2000 to the ton.

Buel's Mill at Big Creek, three miles above

the Parrott, is another specimen of the improved class of mills. The battery consists of ten stamps, and the furnaces and amalgamating department are of corresponding capacity. Connected with the mill is a fine town property, possessing the advantage of a plentiful and never-failing supply of water. Cañon City is situated at the entrance of the cañon, and Watertown immediately below. Two years ago there was an extraordinary degree of activity in town lots at this place. Every body thought it was the proper site for the great mining capital; and forthwith a town sprang up, with an express office, numerous stores and saloons, and a branch telegraph line. When the town was built and filled with inhabitants the question arose—What was it all about, and what were they to do? No valuable ledges had yet been discovered in the vicinity. Water was plenty, but the citizens could not live exclusively on water. So the town was as quickly abandoned as it was built; and now it stands—a long street of empty houses. The truth is, people were insane about that time. The property is really



CANON CITY—BUEL'S MILL.



INTERIOR OF MILL'S HILL.

valuable. It embraces the best water privilege any where in the neighborhood of Austin. Within a few years, when the country becomes settled, it is destined to be the centre of an industrious farming and manufacturing population. It is one of the few places where vegetables can be abundantly raised, and where mills can be run by water-power—a valuable consideration in a mining country.

The high cost of reducing the ores has hitherto been a great drawback to the prosperity of the mining interests. While the Washoe mills can make handsome profits on ores ranging from \$20 to \$100 per ton, the Reese River mills are compelled, in consequence of the additional cost of roasting, to charge from \$80 to \$100 per ton. None but very rich ores can bear such costly working. A large amount of the labor and expense of working the mines is lost. Mills that could reduce \$40 and \$50 ores, with advantage to themselves and the miners, would soon make handsome fortunes. There is plenty of that grade of ore now lying waste over the hills.

In this connection a brief description of the process of reduction, under the improved system, may not be uninteresting.

When the ore is delivered at the mill, it is placed in a kiln and

the moisture evaporated. It is then crushed and dry in the batteries and taken from them in cars, upon a railway leading to a series of hoppers in the furnace room. From the hoppers it is shaken down into the vases, where it is roasted. While the process of roasting is going on, it requires to be constantly stirred so that the most minute particles may be subjected to the action of the heat. This is continued from four to eight hours at a charge, according to the quality of the ore. Rich ores and heavy sulphurets require a longer time than poor or light

ores. Salt is added, according to the greater or less amount of sulphurets to be reduced to chlorides. The percentage of salt used is from eight to twenty, varying with the quality of the ore. Its effect is to develop through the heat a chlorine gas, which has a strong affinity for silver, and forms after desulphurization a chloride of silver. The base metals are mostly volatile, and thus separated from the silver. As soon as the ores are sufficiently roasted they are removed from the vases to the roasting and screening room, where they are sprinkled with water to prevent wastage in the transportation to the amalgamating room. The next process is to collect the silver by amalgamation. Some of the mills use the Fredding or barrel process.



BATTERY AND AMALGAMATING ROOM.

which is conducted by means of revolving barrels. Wheeler pans are also extensively used. Differences of opinion exist as to the relative advantages of the various methods of amalgamation. A common practice is, to precipitate the chlorid of silver by means of copper arms revolving in tubs. Steam is injected through small holes in the bottom of each tub, disseminating the quick-silver through the revolving mass. The silver chlorids, by con-



ROASTING CHAMBER OF MIDAS MILL.

tact with the copper arms, are precipitated in the form of metallic silver, leaving as a residuum a chlorid of copper, which flows off into the tailings when the tubs are discharged. This process usually lasts from three to four hours. The silver thus collected is then placed in retorts and smelted. The best mills produce bullion ranging from 900 to 1000 fine.

A brief reference to the great mining enterprise of the "United Reese River Company" must close my remarks on the present condition of Austin and its neighborhood. This Company was organized for the purpose of securing leading interests in the best mines. The main principle upon which it is based is, to concentrate capital upon the development of all meritorious ledges, and furnish the mills with a steady and ample supply of ores. The Company have already leased a mill at Austin, and are now working it on their own account, besides furnishing work for custom mills. Where machinery is necessary for hoisting or pumping, or new shafts or drifts have to be run, they co-operate with other stock-holders in the labor and expense of development, giving the weight of their influence and capital to the prosecution of the work, with the aid of reliable experts, and drawing a pro-rata share of the proceeds. Mines that would otherwise be unproductive are at once placed in a paying condition. The Company starts with a capital of two millions of dollars, of which sufficient has been paid in to secure the practical control of some of the best mines in the Reese River district. By drawing their supplies of ores from so many different sources, under the general supervision of an experienced agent, any failure in a particular ledge is not apt to affect the average result. At this time active operations are in progress on several ledges of established reputation. Valuable interests are held in the Diana, North Star, Oregon, Apollo, Jo Lane, Blue Ledge, Black Ledge, Governor Seymour, Chicago Southern Light, Whitlatch Union, and many others well known as pro-

ductive mines. The Whitlatch Union enjoyed for a time an extraordinary reputation. The width of its ledge and the richness of its ores gave it a speculative value beyond all reasonable estimate. Last year the vein suddenly broke off, and the stock-holders expended \$40,000 in trying to find it again. All other stocks became depressed in consequence of this unexpected event. The utmost confidence, however, prevailed among experts that the ledge was somewhere near. It had not "petered out," but seemed to be cut square off by some convulsion of the earth. Recently a remarkable discovery was made. The dislocation, instead of causing the ledge to drop down, had thrown it up, and all the explorations had run below it—in some cases following it, in a parallel line, within three feet! It is now opening out as rich as ever, with unquestionable evidences of permanency. The Board of Managers, under the control of Mr. Harker as President, and Mr. N. C. Fasset as Secretary, have their office in San Francisco. Mr. Raymond is general agent at Austin. The business of the Company is conducted with fidelity and judgment, and there can be no reasonable doubt as to the success of this important enterprise. Large interests are held in New York. There is a sufficient surplus of earnings now in hand to commence the payment of dividends; but the experience of the Washoe mines has deterred the managers from undertaking to pay dividends until there is a sufficiency of ore ahead to insure the continuance of payments for at least twelve months ahead without abatement. Such enterprises as this, judiciously and economically managed, can not fail to promote the best interests of the district, and encourage investments in mines of demonstrated value throughout the State.

In summing up my impressions of this portion of the Reese River country, I must not omit to mention a few of the leading mines, which have already yielded large results, con-

sidering the limited amount of labor and capital expended in working them. The "Diana" is down 118 feet by perpendicular shaft, with an incline of 40 feet below. It now averages in antimonial ores and sulphurets \$200 to the ton. A new engine of 30 horse-power has been erected upon it. The "Morgan and Munsey" runs parallel with the Diana at a distance of 150 feet, and is considered one of the best ledges in Lander Hill. This mine is down 250 feet by incline, has a 3 feet vein, and has yielded over two hundred thousand dollars. The Savage, Oregon, North Star, and Southern Light are all splendid ledges, yielding the richest class of ores. The General Hooker, St. Louis, Governor Seymour, and Washington Irving are in active operation with excellent results. The Hubbard, a rich ledge in Central Hill, near Upper Austin, has not only paid for the labor and capital expended upon it, but within a few months returned, in clear profit, the snug little sum of \$19,000 to the owners. The Eagle Mill and its mining property is paying handsomely.

After nearly three months of hard experience, during which I scarcely passed a day without exploring one or more of the mines, I am thoroughly convinced this is the richest of our mineral regions. Whether all the mining enterprises now in progress will pay is another question. I think Eastern people are too easily imposed upon by specious representations, and have too great a tendency to expend large sums of money in the erection of mills and offices before they fully develop their ledges.

This evil will cure itself in time. Undoubtedly there will be heavy losses in individual cases; but I am fully satisfied there will be a large average of success where capital is judiciously invested, and mills and mines economically managed.

Senator Stewart, on his way back from the States last summer, took occasion, in the course of a speech at Austin, to dwell upon the great advantages that would be derived from the speedy construction of the Pacific Railroad. There was only one part of the honorable Senator's speech to which any of his auditors could take exception; and, as I happen to be specially interested in that, I will mention it. Mr. Stewart said the people of the East had no idea of Nevada except what they derived from certain caricatures in *Harper's Magazine*. Every body read *Harper's*, and, as a matter of course, every body thought the mines were a humbug; the miners a race of savages, armed to the teeth with pistols and bowie-knives; and the climate so boisterous that it was necessary to cling to awning-posts to keep from being blown away. Now, Mr. Stewart knows very well Virginia City is not Nevada; but it was a good point to make before an audience of his constituents. He intimated that if the writer would be serious for once in his life, and devote his pen to the true interests of the country, he could do as much through the pages of *Harper* toward the building of the Pacific Railroad as any man living. Mr. Stewart will admit that there is a reformation in the present article, which, it is hoped, will be found serious enough.

CHATTANOOGA.

A KINDLING impulse seized the host
Inspired by heaven's October air,
Their hearts outran their General's plan,
Though Grant commanded there—
Grant, who without reserve can dare;
And, "Well, go on, and do your will,"
He said, and measured the Mountain then:
So master-riders fling the rein—
But you must know your men.

On yesternorn, in grayish mist,
Armies, like ghosts, on hills had fought;
And, rolled from the cloud, their thunders loud
The Cumberlands far had caught;
To-day the sunlit steeps are sought.
Grant stood on cliffs whence all was plain.
And smoked as one who feels no cares;
But mastered nervousness intense
Alone such calmness wears.

The summit-cannon plunge their flame
Sheer down the primal wall;
But up and up each linking troop
In stretching festoons crawl—
Nor fire a shot. Such men appall
The foe, though brave. He from the brink
Looks far along the breadth of slope,
And sees two miles of dark dots creep,
And knows they mean the cope.

He sees them creep. Yet, here and there,
Half hid 'mid leafless groves they go,
As men who ply through traceries high
Of turreted martlets show,
So dwindle these to eyes below,
But fronting shot and flanking shell
Sliver and rive the inwoven ways;
High tops of oaks and high fourths fall,
But never the climbing steps.

From right to left, from left to right
They roll the rallying cheer—
Vie with each other, brother with brother
Who shall the first appear—
What color-bearer, with colors clear
In sharp relief, like sky-drawn Grant—
Whose cigar must now be near the stump
While, in solicitude, his back
Hears slowly to a lump.

Near and more near: till now the flame
Runs like a catching flame;
And one flares highest, to peril highest—
He means to make a name.
Salvos! they give him his fame.
The staff is caught; and next the rush,
And then the leap where Death has been
Flag answered flag along the crest,
And swarms of rebels fled.

"ARE THERE OTHER INHABITED WORLDS?"*

ARE there on any of these globes which seem to be moving around us beings formed like ourselves, or animals, or any plants? Do people on the Moon contemplate our Earth, a glorious orb in their firmament, and spy out our actions through telescopes as we attempt to spy out theirs? Before the evening is finished I hope to be able to answer these questions in a satisfactory manner.

Let us examine, in the first place, the conditions essential to the existence of the organized beings with which we are familiar, and then we will try to discover whether such conditions are found on any other celestial body. It will only be necessary to investigate a few of these conditions, because if we find any that are absolutely essential to life, whether animal or vegetable, missing on other globes, our purpose will be fulfilled. They can not be inhabited.

To sustain the life of an animal three things are necessary. It must have air, water, and food. Why is this the case? We all know how soon life is extinguished if the supply of air to the lungs be cut off; the person turns of a livid blue, becomes insensible, and soon dies. Or by breathing the noxious gas that arises from the burning of charcoal the same result occurs. One of the elements of the air, a fifth part of its bulk, is a gas—oxygen. It possesses the power of sustaining the operation of burning. In a stove, for example, if we desire the burning to be accelerated, we increase the draught and let in more air—that is, more oxygen; if we desire to reduce the rate of combustion, we diminish the access of air. If we shut off the supply of air altogether the fire goes out.

So it is in a human being. A burning is continually going on in him, and this it is that enables him to keep warm in spite of the cold of winter or of the night season. No animal can possibly exist without a supply of air to carry on combustion in its body. When we are about to die, and our interior production of heat is ceasing, we grow cold. That air is essential to the life of even the lowest animals is shown by the fact that, if water be taken in which animalculæ are swimming, and cold applied so as to cause it to freeze, a drop remains unfrozen around each of these little animated forms for a certain time after the rest has congealed. Heat is being produced by the animal—to liberate that heat it must be consuming air and burning its body.

Again, in an instance with which many of us are familiar, the respiration of a small animal is shown. If on a cold day you watch a fly that has lighted on a dry window, a collection of moisture, the results of his respiration,

will soon be seen in his neighborhood. It is the analogue of the larger condensation of vapor that would be produced were one of us to breathe on the same window. The fly is burning away and vaporizing water with the superfluous heat.

To illustrate the necessity of air to the well-being of animals, a bird may be put under a glass bell jar standing on the air-pump. By the aid of the pump the air can be removed to a large extent from the bell jar, and as soon as the exhaustion is commenced, the bird shows signs of discomfort and becomes more and more restless as the action continues. He would eventually die if kept under the exhausted jar.

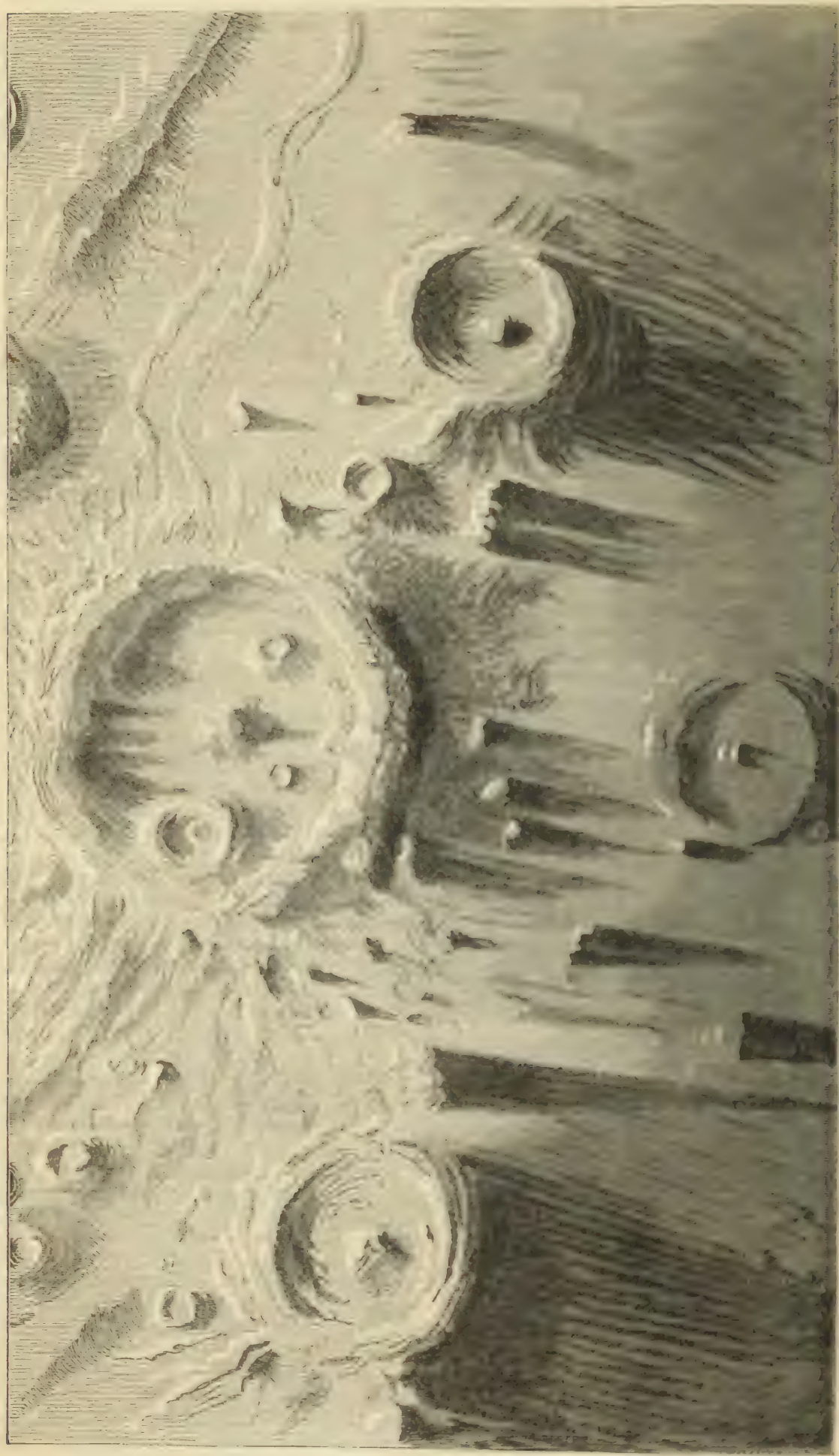
To plants air is just as necessary as to animals, although we can not easily demonstrate this by a lecture-table experiment. The larger part of their substance is derived from the atmosphere by the aid of the Sun's beams; but a small portion comes in through the roots. Nature has so arranged the relations of plants to animals that they take out from the air the impurities that have been imparted to it by animals and replace the ingredients that are necessary to the latter. If in any planet we could detect the traces of vegetable life, it would at once be a strong argument for the existence of animals there, and *vice versa*.

But you may think that I have omitted the case of aquatic animals and water plants altogether. They seem to have no access to air, and might be fairly supposed not to require it. You will sustain yourselves in that opinion by citing the case of a man submerged in water who drowns, and by that of a fish brought out into the air that dies. Nevertheless air is necessary to all fishes; for if you boil water and so expel the air from it, and then when cool put a fish into it, he can not live. He is in the same condition as the bird in the bell jar.

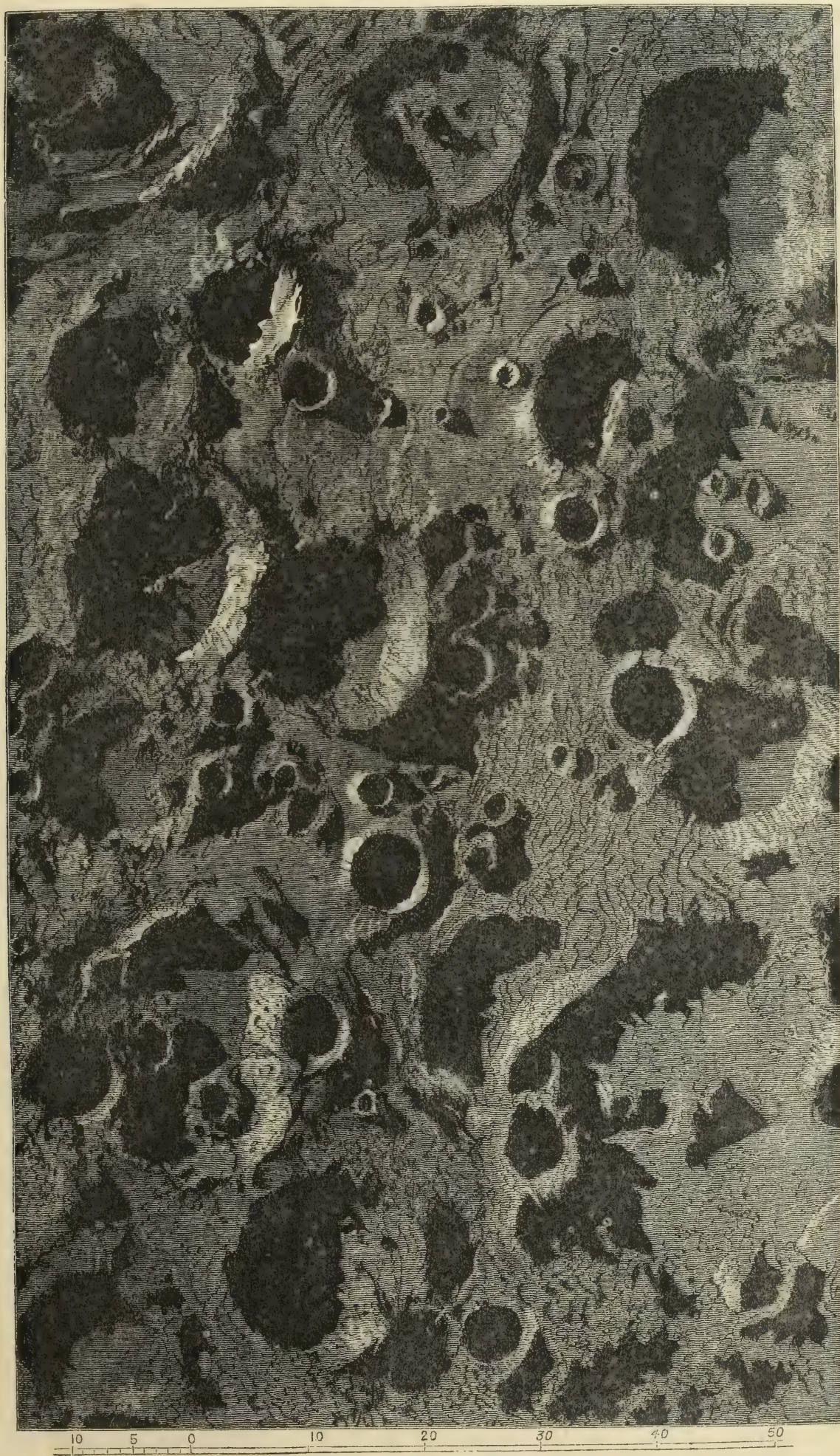
The other case, that of a fish dying in the air, is as readily explained. A fish is not provided with lungs as we are, but breathes the air dissolved in water by the aid of its gills. When taken out of water the gills dry up, and the little tufts of blood-vessels, of which they consist, adhere to one another so as to be unable to act any longer. Some fish, as the eel, have, however, the means of keeping their gills wet by causing the mouth to remain partly filled with water, and these can be retained on land for many hours and yet live.

Water in its turn is just as essential as air. By its aid food is carried into the body and distributed, and it also acts as a regulator of heat. If we tend to become too warm, as in the summer season, water escapes rapidly from the lungs and skin, and by its evaporation keeps us cool. That such evaporating processes cause a cooling may be proved by an experiment with which many of us are acquainted. It is often

* A Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association of New York by HENRY DRAPER, M.D., Professor Adjunct of Chemistry in the University of New York.



THE MOON AT SUNRISE.



THE MOON DURING THE FORENOON.

desired, when in the woods, to ascertain the direction from which the wind is blowing. We may need it as a guide. There may not be sufficient air stirring to drift away a light object like a straw. Under these circumstances foresters, having wetted the finger, hold it upward at arm's-length. A gentle breeze causes the moisture to evaporate more rapidly on the side it first strikes, and the direction is at once indicated by the coldness of that side. So also in the case of the porous earthen-ware vessels used in southern climates for keeping water cool. The fluid that soaks through the earthen-ware, evaporating from the outside, keeps the temperature of the water much below that of the surrounding air.

Lastly, as regards food but little requires to be said. All know from hard experience how necessary it is. If we do not eat we soon become emaciated and die after a short interval. What is the cause of this wasting away, and why can we not resist it by the will? We have already learned that air is essential to our well-being, because we must have a burning continually going on in the body. But we must also have a fuel to burn, and this fuel is either the food or portions of the body that have been made out of it. If we do not eat and resupply the parts that are consumed our weight becomes daily less and less, as we are in wasting fevers, until, when a certain point is attained, we die of cold.

The food we require is produced by plants, the remark applying even to meat, which has been extracted from plants by oxen, sheep, etc. That it is combustible can be proved by experiment. A piece of meat or bread, if placed in the fire, burns away, leaving only a little ash; the mass of it having united with oxygen and disappeared in a gaseous form. The same would have happened had it been eaten, though the burning would have been slower and without flame.

It is the combustibility of stimulants, such as whisky and brandy, that renders them valuable in low fevers. Nowadays the treatment in such cases is to give the patient as much liquor as he can bear without becoming intoxicated; it burns away within him to produce the animal heat he requires, and so saves him to a certain extent from the emaciation that would be produced by the burning of his body. For the healthful performance of the functions of the system a temperature of nearly 100 degrees must be maintained by man; if he becomes much cooler than this he will die of cold. The sensation of cold piercing to the very marrow of the bones, so keenly felt by those ascending high mountains, is due to the attenuated state of the air in such localities; not enough can be taken in by the lungs at each breath to keep the body burning at a proper rate.

We are now ready to glance for a few moments at the construction of the solar system.

Around the Sun, a sphere 880,000 miles in diameter, there revolve a number of globes; some, the more important, called planets; some the moons or satellites of these planets; and the rest asteroids, or else, if very small, aerolites or meteors. The planets are, of course, the bodies most likely to prove interesting to us, and they may therefore be profitably enumerated. The nearest to the Sun is Mercury, 37 millions of miles distant; next comes Venus, 28 millions of miles distant; then the Earth, 95 millions of miles. Outside of us, or farther from the Sun, are Mars, 142 millions of miles from that luminary; Jupiter, 485 millions; Saturn, 900 millions; Uranus, 1,900 millions; and Neptune, 3,000 millions.

An idea of the comparative size of these bodies and their distances from the Sun may be gained from a table constructed by Sir John Herschel:

<i>The Sun</i> , a globe two feet in diameter.
<i>Mercury</i> , a mustard seed, diameter of orbit 164 feet.
<i>Venus</i> , a pea, diameter of orbit 104 feet.
<i>The Earth</i> , a large pea, diameter of orbit 437 feet.
<i>Mars</i> , a large pin's head, diameter of orbit 594 feet.
<i>Jupiter</i> , an orange, diameter of orbit 644 miles.
<i>Saturn</i> , a small orange, diameter of orbit one and one-half miles.
<i>Uranus</i> , a cherry, diameter of orbit a mile and a half.
<i>Neptune</i> , a plum, diameter of orbit two and a half miles.
<i>The nearest fixed star</i> , Semiramis (Aldebaran) is 100.

If we can succeed in rendering it probable that on any of these bodies there is life, we shall be led at once to extend the sphere of animated nature infinitely. For we know that each of the countless multitudes of fixed stars, which delight our gaze on a clear evening, is a sun, shining, as our sun does, by virtue of its own light. At distances vastly greater than these are collections of stars, which, though they may in reality be separated as far from one another as the nearest fixed star is from us, yet seem to be closely packed together. These, the resolvable nebulae, are stellar systems of prodigious extent. Many are not bright enough to affect the naked eye; and who shall say what immense numbers there may be invisible even with the telescope?

We may argue from analogy that all these suns, many of them larger than ours, are surrounded by trains of planets, revolving around them at various distances. If on any of the planets of our solar system life can be maintained, why not on those planets too? And does it not seem reasonable to suppose that all those bodies have been created for some other purpose than merely occasionally to illuminate our skies? Is this little speck in the universe where we are existing, and which is visible to only two or three of its immediate neighbors, the only seat of life?

¹Each of these stars is a religious tower:

I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise,
And heard harmonies ring through every space;
The great Prophet's all-beautiful words
Leaves nothing want, but now those *Great Gods*
With words of reason, which no vision sees
Beneath his genial ray."

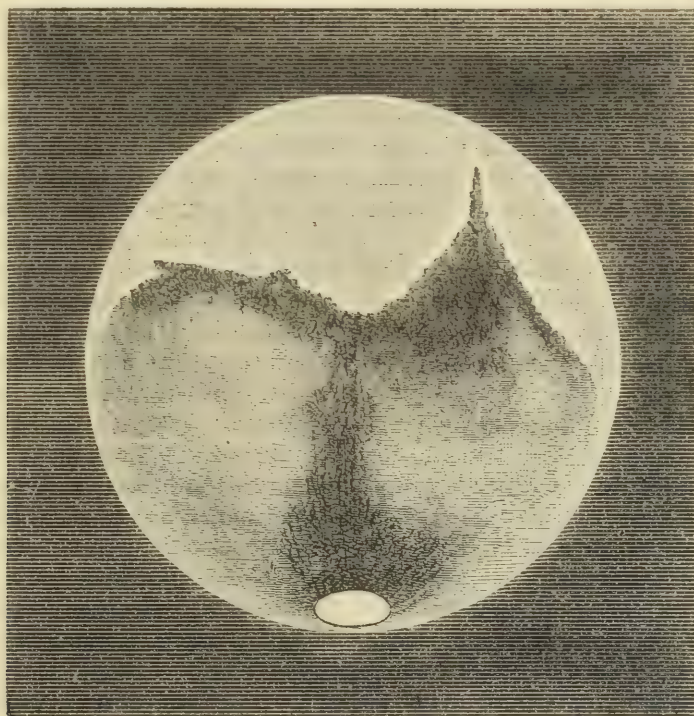
But you may say, How do you know that those other worlds are not composed of such materials that life is there impossible? Science has within the last few years stretched her hand across the almost immeasurable distances which separate us from the fixed stars, and told us that there are in them many of the substances with which we are here familiar. It would lead us too far from our subject to indicate the manner in which so grand a result has been reached. I can only tell you that we are able, by examining the light coming from the stars by a prism, to detect their composition, just as if we had fragments of them in our laboratories. Spectrum analysis has made the chemist's arms millions of millions of miles long.

Let us examine our planetary neighbors, and ascertain what are the chances of inhabitation upon them. The two planets that are nearer to the Sun than the Earth may be dismissed at once. The most reliable researches lead astronomers to suppose that Mercury and Venus are too hot to permit of either animal or vegetable life. Venus is regarded as being red-hot, and Mercury even hotter. If such be the case,

we must of course presume that they are uninhabited.

The first planet outside of the Earth—Mars—is 50 millions of miles more distant from the Sun than we are. When it is favorably situated its surface can be closely scanned through the telescope. It seems to me to be by far the most interesting object in the heavens from its similarity to the Earth.

In the summer of 1862, when my large telescope had been completed, Mars was often observed, and showed appearances some of which are represented in the adjoining cut drawn by Professor Phillips. There was visible, in the first place, an expanse of water covering a large proportion of the Southern hemisphere, and of a greenish hue. The remaining parts, at the upper portion of the picture, are land of a reddish tinge, assuming the figure of continents. In addition—and this is a point of peculiar interest—at the north and south polar regions there are accumulations of snow, presenting appearances strictly analagous to those at the arctic and antarctic regions of our globe. The snow spot at the South Pole is here shown; the North Pole is invisible.



THE PLANET MARS.

Let us recall the condition of our Northern Hemisphere. In winter snow falls and covers it with a white envelope, extending for six months, to a latitude certainly as low as the northern border of the United States. If the earth were viewed from a distance, there would seem to be a white spot surrounding the north pole. As summer came on this white spot would begin to disappear, melting away at its southern border, and to the distant observer would seem quite insignificant at midsummer. Precisely a similar phenomenon is witnessed at the poles of Mars, and hence we see that he too has seasons similar in their nature to ours,

a warm summer and a cold snowy winter. As his year is almost equal to two of ours, each season is twice as long as with us.

There is still another point of resemblance. On watching the planet Mars carefully through a large telescope, we observe that his surface is not always the same in appearance, but that dark spots occasionally are visible, and cover large parts of it. They are variable in extent and outline. These are obviously clouds floating in his atmosphere, the source whence falls the winter's snow and, doubtless, though we do not see it, the summer's rain.

There is then another body, revolving as the

Earth does around the Sun, as far as we can judge suited to the abode of sentient beings. It has air, water, alternations of seasons, snow, rain, and, possibly, vegetation. It is, to be sure, half as far again as we are from the Sun, the source of light and heat, but is not cold enough to be perpetually frozen and therefore sterile.

The question at once arises, do you discover upon its surface any traces of the works of man, are there tokens of great cities and visible lines of road? As our telescopes are at present, we are too far off to see any of these things, even if they are there. No power yet applied would enable us to distinguish at this distance an object 50 miles square. What we may do in the future it is, of course, impossible to predict. One of the greatest obstacles to distinct vision is our own atmosphere. Its currents and motions tend to confuse the outlines of objects, and, according to my experience, a whole year may pass without the occurrence of more than one good night. The only remedy is to carry the telescope as high up on a mountain as possible, so as to leave below the more injurious portions of the atmosphere. It might be possible to work 15,000 feet above the sea in the neighborhood of the equator.

In the list of planets given, four large ones were placed outside of Mars, that is, farther from the Sun. But with these we have not time to deal. The only remark necessary to be made is, that on two of them, Jupiter and Saturn, there is reason to believe both air and water exist.

But you will say why is the Moon overlooked all this time? She is close to the Earth, and must possess similar conditions as to light and heat; are not the probabilities strong that she is inhabited?

A few years ago there was published in the daily papers of this city a description of pretended discoveries in the Moon which excited at the time a great deal of attention. It was stated that Sir John Herschel had taken to the Cape of Good Hope a lens of 24 feet diameter, and with it had seen a variety of objects, animals, buildings, and even a species of man. The human beings were described as having wings like a bat, but nevertheless they evidently conversed and were familiar with polite actions, such as peeling fruit for one another. This, "the Moon Hoax" as it is termed, imposed on very many persons, and when its falsity was discovered, left behind an unfortunate skepticism as to statements that are really true.

Let us examine the actual state of the Moon, and see what the probabilities of habitation are. We will ascertain the more prominent peculiarities, and then I will show you some of them by the aid of a photograph enlarged by Starr's calcium light and lens.

On looking at the Moon with the naked eye certain markings are visible, dark and white spots. Before the invention of the telescope

the dark spots were called seas, the bright ones land. But we now know that there is not any large collection of water on the side of the Moon that is turned toward us. Why is that expression, "the side turned toward us," used? *We only see one hemisphere of the Moon; one side is perpetually turned away from us.*

A telescope of even moderate power shows at once, particularly if the Moon be only six or eight "days old," that her surface is very rugged and much broken. The northern part is less rugged than the southern, and we see that the so-called seas are great valleys many hundred miles across. They may be the basins in which seas formerly were, but they now contain no water. Nor do we find on any part of the visible side tokens of either air or water. Recalling the fact that no animal or plant can live without these essential materials, we are convinced at once that there is no use in searching for inhabitants there.

But there are strong reasons for believing that water must exist somewhere on the Moon. That fluid enters as an ingredient into the composition of rocks, and it is a cause of volcanic eruptions. The face of the Moon is largely composed of abrupt rocky precipices, and volcanic action has been in past years frequent on it.

We are sure that the water is not floating about in the shape of dense clouds, for we should see them easily enough through our telescopes, and collections of ice and snow would now and then make their appearances. Of late, however, it has been demonstrated mathematically, that the side nearest to us is farther away from the Moon's centre of gravity than the more distant side. It is, so to speak, down hill from this face to that, the amount of declivity being about 80 miles. So there might be air and water 30 miles deep on the opposite side, and we should not see them here. There may be inhabitants there, but our chances of making their acquaintances are small enough. It was at one time proposed by some enthusiastic astronomers to communicate with the inhabitants of the Moon by erecting on one of the great plains of Asia some structure representing a certain geometrical problem, "In a right-angled triangle the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides." It was hoped that if there were intelligent inhabitants on the Moon who had discovered the truths of geometry they would answer by marking out on one of their plains some other problem in response.

We see from our physiological investigation of the subject how futile such an attempt would have been. The inhabitants on the far side of the Moon, if there are any such, never see the Earth unless it may be low down in the horizon and dimly. If they existed on the centre of this side, they would see her as a glorious globe, fourteen times as large as the Moon seems to us, shining with a pure light, variegated with clouds, and revolving like a gigantic

clock directly overhead. Now Europe, Asia, and Africa would be visible; in a few hours they would set, and North and South America, in their turn, come into view. They would have no need of watches. Our large cities would be visible through a telescope, a spot 500 feet square being distinctly perceptible. But it is of no use to speculate on the appearance of things that are not seen.

So far from perceiving any visible traces of human habitation on the Moon through our telescopes, she presents to the eye only a desolate sterile waste. There are no tokens of activity. Even her volcanoes are extinct. We are able to determine now with precision their unchanged condition by the aid of photographs taken from time to time. They show no change though an interval of years may have elapsed. It is true, nevertheless, that minute changes may be occurring, for the difficulties of obtaining first-class photographs are so great that slight eruptions might be overlooked.*

The taking of a photograph of the Moon may be compared to getting the likeness of a man who is rapidly walking. We can not fasten her with a clamp as they do one's head at a photographer's establishment, it is necessary to neutralize the motion by another precisely similar. This fortunately we can accomplish by fine clock-work so contrived as to make the telescope by which the photograph is taken point steadily at the same part. But there is another motion we can not neutralize, arising from the tremors of our air. Any one who has looked across the top of a hot stove at objects beyond will have perceived that their outlines are confused, and that they seem to tremble or vibrate rapidly. Precisely such movements are taking place in the air above us, and these cause the mountains on the moon to twinkle like a star. During two years, in which I took photographs of the Moon every night that she shone, only three good nights occurred, and even on these there was some vibrating motion. Professor Bond, of the Cambridge Observatory, said that he had never in his lifetime seen a perfectly faultless night. If, then, it were desired to convey to you by our former simile of a man walking the difficulties of Moon photography, it would be necessary to superadd that the man was afflicted with St. Vitus's dance.

Besides all these obstacles others must be specified. A telescope of very large size is necessary in order that photographs may be procured with rapidity, and such an instrument is difficult to obtain. It must be either bought or made by the observer. In the latter case the time consumed in perfecting the lenses or mirrors is very great. I spent six years on my instrument, but had then the satisfaction of knowing that it was thoroughly adapted to its purpose. It has a mirror $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and a tube $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and is mounted at Hastings on Hudson, 20 miles north of

this city. The reason that so large an instrument is demanded—for this is the largest reflector in use in America—is, that a great amount of light must be collected to get a photograph of such a size that it will bear magnifying, and yet can be taken quickly. The problem is just the same as in portrait photography—the larger the lens the more quickly can a picture of a given size be taken. It was ignorance of this fact that led Daguerre, who invented the daguerreotype process, to declare that human portraits could not be taken photographically. According to his ideas, and with his apparatus, it was necessary to sit more than two hours, and that requires more patience or stolidity than most of us have. My father, however, overturned this idea, and in 1839 succeeded in the University of this city in getting the first portrait from life. One of the earliest is still in existence in the possession of Sir John Herschel, who states that it is as good as when first made.

In the enlarged photographic view which you are going to see upon the screen there are many points to which your attention might be directed. Of these we shall select only a few, as a full explanation of all would demand too much time.*

You will perceive, in the first place, that the whole circular face of the Moon is not presented to you; only one semicircle is visible. The photograph is taken from the Moon in her third quarter, when she was 21 days old, because at that time it better exhibits the more striking peculiarities than when full. You will remark that the semicircle is diversified with light and shadow: some parts are dark and others light. The interpretation that is put on this variation is, that the Moon, like the Earth, is composed of rocks of many different tints; that the large spaces I now indicate, and which used to be called seas, are made up of a darker rock than the volcanic southern regions. At the tip of the rod, the volcano Copernicus has ejected a lava whiter than the plains over which it has flowed. Observe how far the stream running north has gone; let me give you a scale of miles: this picture is 12 feet in diameter; it shows the Moon as she would appear to us if we were 166 miles from her, instead of 240,000, as we now are. Every foot length in the picture is about 180 miles. You will see that the lava stream running north has gone not less than 600 or 800 miles.

I have said that this lava is running across a plain. Why do we not call it by the old name, a sea—the Sea of Showers? If you will look closely and reason a little, the cause will be apparent enough. If this dark spot were a sheet of water it would present a uniform grayish or greenish tint. But we see it diversified with mottlings of light and shade, bright points and streaks of white lava. It must be land.

* A fac-simile of Dr. Draper's photograph of the Moon was published in *Harper's Weekly* for March 19, 1864.

* Here was exhibited an enlarged view of a photograph of the Moon. The picture was about 12 feet in diameter; the light and shade, craters, mountains, etc., were shown beautifully defined.

In the next place, we will examine the straight or rugged side of the picture. On casting the eye along this part it will at once be noticed that it is irregular and seems to be thickly dotted with depressions of a saucer shape. It is sometimes said that the Moon looks as if she had suffered from an attack of small-pox. What is the nature of these marks?

Let me observe that there are not on the Moon a large number of mountains, truly speaking—that is, ranges of projecting peaks. The best example of them is this range, the “Lunar Apennines;” they are perhaps 400 miles long at this part, and 15,000 feet high.

You may ask how we know that one spot is a mountain, another a crater. It is by observing the direction in which the shadows are cast. The Moon does not shine by her own light, but is seen by light falling on her from the Sun and reflected to us. The Earth is just as bright to her as she is to us. When the Moon is at half, as she is represented in this photograph, the light falls obliquely on the part we have called the rugged edge, just as at sunrise on the Earth. Every object that projects is bright on the side toward the light, and in shadow on the opposite side, while every excavation or pit is in just the reverse condition—bright on the side from the Sun, and dark on the side toward him. Bearing this in mind, let us investigate some of these spots in the Moon. The Sun is away toward the left hand; in the Apennines the bright side is toward the left, and the dark toward the right. They are therefore, according to our rule, projections. But in this crater the dark side is toward the left, and the bright toward the right. It must be a pit.

In this crater, named after Aristillus, you will observe a peculiarity common to many of the craters. It has in the centre a small bright dot, resulting from light falling on a conical mountain. This same central cone is seen in certain volcanic mountains on the Earth, as in Vesuvius for example. Any one who has ascended it will remember that the cone which now emits lava occasionally is surrounded at a distance by an old crater, just as if in the centre of a saucer a small pile of sand should be placed; the latter would represent the cone, while the rim of the saucer would be the wall of the crater. Here I point out another named after Eratosthenes; here another, etc.

The various craters in the Moon have been named after distinguished men; this one, for instance, is Copernicus, who revived the doctrine that the Sun is the centre of the Solar System; this after Kepler, the discoverer of three great astronomical laws; this after Tycho Brahe, the Dane; this after Plato, etc. The dark parts are named from imaginary qualities they were supposed to possess; this is the Sea of Showers, or Mare Imbrium; this the Oceanus Procellarum, or Ocean of Storms; this the Sea of Vapors.

Along the extreme edge of the Moon many

points are seen apparently altogether disconnected from her. These are the tips of mountains, or the rims of craters, on which the sunlight is falling while it does not reach their bases. On the Earth the Sun in rising illuminates first the peaks of mountains, and then the light gradually creeps down their sides until they are all lightened up. So it is in the Moon. If the photograph had been taken a little while later than it was many of those bright points on the edge would have disappeared, because this is a photograph of the waning Moon; they were depicted just as the Sun was setting on them.

Why is it that the parts on the left hand of the picture are of so uniform a brightness, and do not show craters and peaks too? It is because the light is there falling perpendicularly on the surface and illuminating all parts uniformly. If a person were suspended in a balloon over the Earth, and the Sun were overhead, he would find difficulty in distinguishing a mountain from the valleys around it similarly composed. But in the morning, when the Sun's rays strike the surface obliquely and the mountains cast a shadow, there would be no difficulty. The part of the Moon on the extreme left is here seen at mid-day, so to speak, that at the rugged edge at evening.*

And now what is to be said on the subject of the possibility of Worlds about finished. We have taken a glance at the celestial bodies, and shown that on one of them, a near neighbor, Mars, the conditions exist necessary to animated beings. From it we may extend our observation to some of the rest. I could not offer you positive proofs, but have indicated how strong the probabilities are of inhabitation. In all such investigations it is necessary to be very careful in drawing conclusions from what we may see. The senses alone often deceive us, and results derived from them must be corroborated by our reason. Many instances could be adduced in proof of this assertion, and none more striking than those in connection with the body whose description has occupied so much of this evening.

It is generally supposed that the rays proceeding from the Moon are so cold as to produce refrigeration in bodies exposed to them. This property has been a favorite subject of comparison with poets, as a thousand quotations concerning her cold, pale light would prove. In the old mythology the lack of warmth of Diana was typified by this body. But what

* In the cut on page 46 a part of the rugged edge of the Moon is shown. The drawing is from Professor Schaller's *Cyclopædia*. The reader will observe the long shadows cast by the mountain peaks and sides of craters. In the other cut, page 47, which is from a drawing by the eminent engineer James Nasmyth, a more full illumination of the surface is exhibited. It gives an admirable idea of the broken, volcanic nature of the surface of our satellite, and suggests at once the sterility and uninhabitability of such a place. But excellent as these drawings are they can convey but a faint idea of the beauty of the Moon as a telescopic object. The photograph, enlarged by the calcium light, has more nearly the general effect.

are the facts in the case? The Moon reflects to us a certain proportion of heat from the Sun, and by thermometers sufficiently delicate the amount may be measured. An ordinary mercurial thermometer fails entirely to show any rise, though the moonbeams be concentrated by ever so large a lens. But if two wires, one of bismuth and the other of antimony, be soldered together at the ends, an exceedingly slight warming at the junction will cause an electrical current to be developed. By appropriate contrivances we are able to measure the strength of the current, and as it bears a relation to the amount of heat employed, thus measure that heat. A number of pairs of such metals soldered together is called a thermo-electric pile. By the thermo-electric pile $\frac{1}{4000}$ of a degree may be indicated. The moonbeams warm us to about this extent. To be sure the amount is not great, but it is sufficient to overturn the idea of her cooling agency.

In another instance a deception of the eye is shown. When the moon is rising it is generally conceded that she is much larger than when near the zenith. She seems as large as a cart-wheel, while overhead the diameter is not greater than a plate. Any one who doubts this doubts the evidence of the senses. And yet measured with the telescope the size is seen to be the same on each occasion. Does not such a fact shake our confidence in the eye?

A still more common deception which astronomers have to combat is that connected with the apparent size of the Moon. When it was stated a moment ago that overhead she seems as large as a plate, no dissent was expressed, because almost every one feels convinced that such is the fact from repeated observation. But yet by two simple experiments our faith in that can be altogether broken. Many times the inquiry is made in my observatory, "How large do you take your photographs of the Moon in the telescope?" On returning the answer that they are magnified 15 times by the instrument, and then showing a specimen about an inch and a half in diameter, persons either say, "This is smaller than the Moon," or else express their disbelief in a yet more marked manner by a silent dissent. The size of the Moon as seen by the naked eye is about that of a pepper-corn. Now that I know this to be the case she has lost her former magnitude to my eyes. In order to convince persons it is only needful to cause them to hold up such a photograph (about as large as a half dollar) at the distance of distinct vision, 10 inches, and then look at the Moon through it. At once her size dwindles away; we have established a standard of comparison, and see how great the deception was.

In another way any one who has a spy-glass mounted on a stand can convince himself of the same thing. If the instrument magnify only 6 or 8 times, on looking through it at the Moon, she seems to be smaller than to the naked eye, possibly not larger than a penny. But if while

one eye is still kept at the eye-piece of the telescope the other be opened, two moons are seen, a small one not as large as a pea, and another 6 or 8 times as great. By shutting first one eye and then the other, it can be shown that the small one is that seen by the naked eye. After repeating such an experiment several times the effect is permanent, the Moon looks always small, but if only once performed on going away from the telescope we again delude ourselves.

In producing this photograph on the table, 21 inches in diameter, a magnifying power of about 200 has been used, and yet it seems no larger than half the rising Moon. But why is it then, if the size is the same in both cases, that we do not see with the naked eye the craters and cones and other parts as we see them here. No one is apt to amuse himself with imagining the face of a man in the Moon depicted on this paper; his attention is too much occupied with a multiplicity of details far more interesting. Not much reasoning is required to satisfy the mind that the greater distinctness of parts must arise from the fact that the photograph is a magnified representation.

The Moon varies in her distance from the Earth considerably at different times. She should seem, therefore, on some occasions, much greater in size to us than on others. And yet who remarks the change in apparent diameter. A series of photographs taken on various occasions vary in size very materially, and bring this fact before us in a forcible manner. Yet the eye commits in this case a sin of omission.

In yet another instance the unreliability of the senses is shown when not corrected by reason. We see the Moon and Stars before they have risen and after they have set. We never see them in their true positions, except in the rare case when they are directly overhead. The refractive action of the air lifts them out of their places, and astronomers in measuring the position of celestial bodies have to make a correction for this disturbance. It is generally supposed that we see in a straight line, but in looking at these bodies the light has reached the eye through a curved path.

In reasoning then on such a subject as that which has occupied us this evening, we are admonished not to let our senses and imagination carry us away. Do not speculate on the nature of beings on other spheres as some have done, and attribute to them a variety of qualities corresponding to their supposed surroundings. Do not, with Fontenelle, give to the inhabitants of the hot planets, Mercury and Venus, characteristics in an exaggerated degree like those possessed by the inhabitants of our warm climates, doubting not that Venus is the seat of an empire where ardent affection rules, while in Mercury the vivacity of the inhabitants is so great that it is the Insane Asylum of the Universe; from the coldness of Jupiter and Saturn imagining that they are peopled with phlegmatic and slow-moving inhabitants. Do

not propose for comets the function of penal settlements for the planets, their wretched inhabitants being whirled, for sins committed, through fierce extremes of heat, now approximating the sun and made two thousand times as hot as molten iron, now traversing space 100° below zero.

A calm consideration of the facts collected on this subject, after due weight has been given to the able arguments advanced on either side, would seem to lead to the following conclusions: First, we have reason to know that the various bodies of the solar system have a composition resembling one another; on the Sun, the most unlikely of all, many of the elements of the Earth are found, iron, sodium, etc. This remark may be extended to the fixed Stars.

Second, we feel satisfied that the same laws which rule the solar system rule the Universe; in the case of the law of gravity a demonstration can be easily offered, the binary Stars revolving around their common centre of gravity according to it.

Third, we may be sure that Nature, operating upon like substances by similar laws, will ever produce the same results. There is a unity of scheme pervading the universe, there are immortal types or exemplars, the Divine Ideas, according to which things are framed with an infinite variety of modifications, depending on the surrounding physical conditions.

I can not believe that on our little globe alone, among the infinity of worlds, life has been possible, because only on it surrounding circumstances have been favorable. It seems more in accordance with reason to believe that there may be on many other globes intelligent beings, formed on the same plan as we are, but differing, on some perhaps for the better, on others for the worse. On our own globe we see what an influence such conditions as heat, moisture, etc., have on the inhabitants of the various zones. At the poles, where torn struggles with difficulty to procure a precarious livelihood, intellect is at a low ebb, and exhausts itself in efforts to obtain food; at the equator, amidst the bounteous provision on every hand, mind and body are oppressed by a languor that seems only broken by the passions. In the temperate zone, our own happy latitude, the seasons conduce to activity; but thoughts of subsistence need not occupy all the time, enough can be spared to originate the most sublime ideas in science and the arts. It must be thus in the universe; though the general plan is the same throughout, there may be worlds that have never passed the state in which the earth was in early geological times, while on others conspiring circumstances may have allowed life to develop even beyond our standard, and to reach a point that we may hope in the future to attain.

THE SPECTRE.

THERE is a wrinkled old man
With thin and silvery hair,
A lean and withered old man,
And his name, I know, is Care.
He sits by my bed through the night,
He walks at my side in the street,
In the broad and open light,
Unseen of the people I meet.

His cheeks are hollow with age;
His eyes are sunken and dim;
The high and the lowly of earth
Alike are acquainted with him.
Only the child has not known,
Since its infant life began—
Like a blossom newly blown—
The face of this wrinkled old man.

When Youth's bright summer is past,
And the dreams that we dreamed are fled;
When doubts, like a cloud, arise
And the hopes we cherished are dead;
When the castles that we reared
Have vanished at last in air,
Where their portals once appeared
Sits this withered old man called Care.

He stands by the mother who kneels
At the bedside of her child,
As she cools the fevered brow
And the lips that so sweetly smiled;
And across her sad, pale face,
Uplifted a moment in prayer,
A likeness to him you may trace
Imprinted indelibly there.

Unseen he raises the latch,
And croups past the study door,
Up the narrow flight of stairs
To the garret of the poor—
And there by the dreary hearth
He sits at the close of day,
Where is heard no sound of mirth,
And where shines no dancing ray.

He enters the mansions of wealth;
The palaces stately and grand,
And all uninvited he takes
His place at the master's right hand—
He knows not the time as it flies,
He counts not the moments that pass,
But silent and thoughtful he sits,
And drinks from the master's own glass.

Though aged he never has known
Youth's promise or manhood's prime,
But this lean and withered old man
Will live to the end of time.
He will enter, and speak not a word,
The lofty and wide palace door,
And climb the weak staircase unheard
To the dreary abode of the poor.

There is but one house that I know
Where this wrinkled old man can not come,
In the quiet and gloom of the grave
He shall find neither rest nor a home.
In that narrow house under ground
All unheeded the years shall go by,
As folded in slumber profound,
Undisturbed by his presence we lie.

"EASTER LILIES."

THE triumphal Easter anthem filled the church, and seemed to drift through arch and architrave up to the very throne of God. The very building, with its cold, gray-stone walls, thrilled and pulsated with tuneful sound, and upon that joy-tide many a desolate soul floated upward nearer to heaven than ever before. Mrs. Thorne leaned back wearily in her pew, as if the strain uttered nothing that could reach her heart: "Christ the Lord has risen to-day!" She speculated vaguely about it, as she did about most things: it did not touch her—it was a dim and distant thing, like a story in Grecian History. And there was a fierce struggle in her innermost heart, a strange purpose with which she was wrestling, a horrible, haunting idea that rose again and again, like a vexed ghost, and would not be laid, which shut her eyes to the heavenly vision and her ears to celestial harmonies. The Easter flowers filled the font, and made a summer atmosphere of bloom and fragrance. Lilies, waxen white, yet with a sun-tinge in them; large golden-dusted cymes of laburnums, with feathery moss dewy and glistening; fragrant pale-blue mignonnette that sent a breath of balm through the aisles like incense; and some rose-colored blooms warming the whole. Mrs. Thorne had an appreciation for the lovely coloring of these, for she had an artist's eye. She had earned her bread by painting once, and had been "good at her art for a woman," they said. For five years she had not touched pencil or brush, for it was just five years to-day since she had married John Thorne, M.D.

At last the service was over, the last words died away on the air—a hushed stillness, and then a subdued rustling showed that the people were going. Mrs. Thorne sat still as one in a dream. She had come in expecting something, some hope or comfort perhaps, which she had not received. Was there no blessing there for her? Other people brought their burdens there and found them roll away as Christian's did at the foot of the cross. Why did such an idle fiction haunt her? Christ, if there was a Christ, sat afar off, beyond the sunsets, and the cries and groans of the desolate never pierced that vast expanse of ether. She got up drearily then, for the young minister stood waiting in the chancel, and went forward. She would take something with her, if only a flower—something sweet and fresh and natural, that might whisper. Hush! that thought again.

How kind and mild he looked! Perhaps he could minister to a mind diseased. Perhaps there was some good in the old Romish confessional after all. But this was a Protestant church. Margaret Thorne smiled grimly as she imagined how those mild blue eyes would dilate with surprise if she threw herself passionately at his feet and poured out all her thoughts, her wild regrets, her half-formed purposes, her skeptical doubts. Instead of this the minister only saw a stately-looking lady with rather eager,

dark hazel eyes, who lingered at the font and asked for a flower. And he smiled politely as he offered her a cluster of dazzling lilies, glittering like sunlight on snow.

Mrs. Thorne did not go home. She turned instead out of the close, compact little town, and walked with tireless feet on and on, till the pavements came to an end, and straggling lanes, beginning to have a tender greenness hovering over them, lay before her. The distant hills shone yellowish gray or dimmed away into silver. The trees, with their delicate tracery of boughs against the blue sky, held each their store of different-colored buds half unfolded; the rock maples, with their salmon-colored leaves; white and red oaks and the birches spreading out a pale-green mist before a grove of sombre pines.

Clusters of white dog-wood starred the woods, and pink columbines festooned the trees. Careless of the wet, Mrs. Thorne penetrated through the damp, sedgy ground to a stream that ran in the distance, treading on fairy-like mosses with slender, scarlet-tipped stems, some holding tiny brown cups like acorns, or gay dots of crimson flowers. All was clothed in the beautiful verdure of spring. Then the birds! a whole summer of joy and sunshine lay before them, and they kept high carnival. Margaret Thorne sat down on a bit of gray rock and watched a goldfinch rocking itself in the thin, sunny branches of a white birch that pulsated in the wind. She half rocked herself also, and murmured some lines that had echoed through her heart the whole morning:

"Wild, wild wind, wilt thou never cease thy sighing?
Dark, dark night, wilt thou never pass away?
Cold, cold heart, in thy death sleep lying,
Thy Lent is past, thy Passion, but not thine Easter Day."

And so she sat through all the long April afternoon, shivering and drawing now and then the soft Cashmere shawl about her; but letting the folds of her violet silk trail carelessly on the gray mosses and dead leaves. Reader! you have heard long ago of the fierce battle fought between Christian and Apollyon, in that strange, quaint old legend of Bunyan. Ah! we all know there are unseen contests which no papers chronicle, and where no bulletins are sent from the seat of war; but the pen of the Recording Angel writes the record and a tear drops when the banners are trailed in the dust. Well, Margaret Thorne fought her battle with Apollyon that afternoon, and lost!

When the slant sunbeams lay on the ground penetrating the long shadows of the trees she rose to go. She was weary with the contest; but calm—calm as if her heart, like her hopes, had died within her—"and she pitied her own heart, as if she held it in her hand."

The lights were beginning to stir the town as she reached it, like friendly eyes to greet her; but she hurried blindly on with shuddering chills to the prim red brick house that was her home. "Dr. Thorne" decorated the brass plate on the door, and the light of a street-lamp

emblazoned it finely for the suffering public this night. In the little office at the side, from whose window ruddy beams streamed out, the Doctor was still at work with a bullet-headed boy putting up prescriptions or concocting some patent medicine. Faugh! Margaret thought she could smell the fumes already. How she hated it all! Was this life? Was this all? Was this dull round of days of petty cares—this dreary sameness—the prim order—the strict drill rules—all she was made for? Had she not crossed the threshold with other dreams five years ago?

She looked at Dr. Thorne again with a flickering gleam of the old feeling, half gratitude, half love, which had made the prim house soon pleasant in those old days to the poor girl who had been left without friends or home. But she fiercely turned upon herself for the lingering tenderness. It would not do now—now when her purpose was formed, the fiat passed. She had believed that foolish feeling had burned itself out long ago to dead gray ashes; could it be there was life in it yet? He came to the window and looked out. A small man, with sandy hair and rather a delicate face—a very quiet and serious face you would call it—somewhat lacking as to coloring or moldily of expression—set—cold, it may be. Large light-gray eyes without much speculation in them, and a good firm mouth. A man of rules—you could almost see that at a glance—and already taking out his watch and looking impatiently at the hour. "So he would do if I were dead!" said Margaret, fiercely, as she opened the door softly and ran up stairs, remembering for the first time that she had been away from her child all day.

Poor little Dot!—she had some other ancient and Puritanical name after John's mother—so Margaret always called her Dot, and rejoiced that she stretched out her little fat hands at the name, and never noticed Aunt Hetty's sounding reiteration of her proper one. Poor little thing! with her peach-tinted cheeks and flussy, golden rings of hair. Had Margaret thought of her—weighed things truly for her in the matter? She only bent down over the crib and kissed the pinky cheek, saying over and over again, in an unreasoning, passionate way, "She is mine—she is mine!" And she put the lilies down by her own pure little lily. Then she began hurriedly to dress for dinner. She shivered still, though a fever was in her veins and burned on cheek and lip. She wondered bitterly what sent the strange, glittering light to her eyes when all within was so dark. Then she went down into the dining-room, where John stood ready, knife in hand, to carve the roast, and Aunt Hetty gave a deprecating hem! as she entered, while the bullet-headed boy regarded the meat with watery eyes, and sniffed continually.

"Sakes alive, Margaret!" commenced Aunt Hetty, "where on airth have you bin? The child took on awful, an at last cried herself to sleep."

"She had her nurse, I suppose," said Margaret, coldly.

"But, my dear, you look rather flushed," said Dr. Thorne. He never interfered with his wife's movements as long as she transgressed no rules. "I think a little powder—"

"Nothing, thank you—I shall do very well," answered Mrs. Thorne, beginning to eat to overcome the faintness which she began to feel in every limb.

It was a relief when they began to talk of a Sanitary Fair which was to be held in Philadelphia in June. "Would you like to go, Margaret? I'm pretty busy; but I'd take the time to give you pleasure."

"It would give me no pleasure," she replied, indifferently.

The light-gray eyes grew colder than before. "If I knew what you would like," he said, drearily. "I hear it will be worth seeing—fine pictures. You must own to liking pictures, Margaret?"

"I believe I did care for them once!"

"And wonders of machinery, and antique affairs, and curiosities of the vegetable world, and an arctic zone, where a ship stands fast locked in ice-floes on a frozen sea, and a torrid zone, where the strange growth of the tropics may be seen," continued Dr. Thorne.

"Bless me!" interrupted Aunt Hetty, "do tell! Who's going to contrivise them air zones, and how do they keep the ice from continuin'! Sakes alive! but I'd like to get the receipt for our ice-cream."

But Dr. Thorne talked no more, and even the garrulous old lady seemed to feel that there was an unsexual call to silence. The meals were always silent in that house. Margaret had never questioned herself how far it lay within her to make them otherwise. The dining-room was dingy, she thought; hard and stiff as its owner. The chairs were covered with brown leather studded with brass nails—slippery, shiny chairs, that never held one comfortably, but seemed ready to give you the slip. A brown misad carpet and curtains, and a pervading drug odor, made the place hateful to Margaret. If she could have had "carte blanche in those first pleasant days she would have made a bright, cheerful place of it," she said; but she could not have carte blanche. John could not afford it, he had told her, but she had only half believed him: and that was the first cloud. She found afterward that he loved old things and dreaded innovation. The house had been his father's, and his mother had died there. He would have nothing changed. He was a quiet conservative in every thing. Margaret was a red-hot radical. She asked too much, perhaps, and he yielded too little.

So, long before the honey-moon was over the honey was all gone, and nothing left but the jars. So it came to pass that these two people, bound together by eternal ties, sitting at one table, breaking the daily bread of life together—one by the usages of the world and the

sanctities of religion—with the daily courtesies, and perhaps endearments, of life on their lips, were as utterly apart as if a broad continent, with its reaches of land, and wooded slopes, and belts of forest, lay between them. So it came that this woman—Margaret Thorne—with her passionate, enthusiastic nature, struggling with her undisciplined heart so long, had fought her last battle in the fresh green woods that afternoon, asking no aid from God or man, looking only on nature and not to nature's God—had so fought, and lost! For she meant to leave home and husband this night.

Yes, she would go. She could live her life better alone—freer, more untrammelled—a true and beautiful life. For she would give herself to art. She had earned her bread in that way once, and could do more now, with dear little Dot to nerve her to steady effort. After all, it was a glorious future—lonely, perhaps; so much the better, art reigned best alone: no divided throne for divine art. She would go to Germany—to Munich it might be—and study hard. She and Dot could live on so little there; and it would be sweet to leave all old scenes behind—better far that the broad ocean should roll between her and her old home and John. Safer too; for surely in any spot or nook of the United States John would find her out. "He would want Dot at least," she said, bitterly.

So she hurried about while Dot still slept, putting up her most precious things. She could not take much, you see—no traveling trunks loaded with treasures—only jewels that might be sold, and what clothes she could take in her hand, and some money. Her head ached madly; a whirling and noisy din seemed to fill the silent room. Oh, but for one quiet, painless moment for her to think of what she should need! Not John's picture certainly, though it seemed to come under her hands every where, as if bewitched. Ah well! perhaps for Dot. She might like to see one day what her father was like. He was loving enough to her, poor little Dot! There are tears in Margaret's eyes, but she dashes them away and says they are for little Dot.

What was it that favored her—Fate or Providence—she wondered vaguely, as she pressed her hands to her burning, throbbing head, that John should be called out into the country? He came up hastily, and she brushed her things into a drawer and sat down by the fire, which made the plain room cheerful on this April night. There was a home glow about it after all—a friendly cheer that made the dark chill streets seem uninviting. He brushed his hair hastily, saying:

"Do not sit up for me, Margaret. I have a long ride before me."

"I shall not sit up," she said, with a tremor in her voice at the hidden meaning of her words.

Would she ever see him again? Why should he bend over the child's crib and kiss her? He loved her, of course; but it had been in a quiet, passionless way, she thought. What if there

were depths in his nature that she had never fathomed! What if she were wounding him cruelly, fatally, in taking the child away! Thought after thought seemed turning, whirling in her weary brain, like the wheels of a ponderous machine; but some wheel was wanting, perhaps, and so the rest clashed on in a blind and aimless way, and worked out nothing.

Then Aunt Hetty came in. She was John's aunt—a bustling, gossiping, meddling old lady, truly kind at heart; but Margaret had always rebelled against her. She took all the cares and household tasks and burdens off Mrs. Thorne's dainty shoulders; but then those very cares might have been healthful for one who knew not how to use the energies of life. And so Margaret grudged her the bustling cheerfulness with which she set about the preserving, and had tussles with the baker, and jokes with the butcher, and saved John a peck of coal a day by having the cinders sifted, and made her life as varied and pleasant to herself as though every phase was as important as the things we dramatize. She grumbled at Margaret sometimes; indeed, Mrs. Thorne was wont to say that her temper, like her pickles, was a "pleasant sour." But then Margaret did not make John happy; more than this, she did not *try* to make John happy; and Aunt Hetty recognized no greater sin.

"I've brought ye a cup o' pennyryal tea, Margaret, for you looked kind o' peakit at dinner; an no wonder—you seem clean beat out a-walkin. In my young days married ladies—nor young ones neither—didn't go scouring round the country like mad, a-spiling good silks that their husbands arned."

Sharp Aunt Hetty! she had seen the country soil on the violet silk.

Margaret thought her own thoughts, and hardly heard a word.

"I tell you, Margaret," said Aunt Hetty, in a solemn way, "you hain't got a mother, an I must stan in her place. I tell you you ain't a doin yer dooty by John. You an he seem to be gittin farther apart every day. Now if you call yourself a Christian woman—"

"But I ~~do~~ not," interrupted Margaret, fiercely.

"Sakes alive!" said Aunt Hetty, putting up her fat hands in horror, "if yer a heathen tain't no use a-sayin nothin—if ye hain't the fear of God before your eyes, I can't expect ye'll care much about yer vows to man; but ye did, ye know ye did, stan up in God's house an promise to love, honor, and obey an the rest of it. How ye've kep the promise ye know in yer heart."

"If John does not complain it is nothing to you," said Margaret, with oh such an aching heart and head, such a mad longing to stop her ears, to be rid in some way of this dreadful woman who was arraigning her at the bar of justice, and bringing fearful charges to which she must plead "guilty!"

"Is he the kind of man to complain?" said Aunt Hetty, drearily; "but don't I see him

growin silenter every day. An a thinkin, thinkin, I know, of what he hoped his home would be, when he brought such a bright, handsome gal as you was to it. An how it's a growin darker every day. He complain! I think I see him complainin of you. He's like them Spartan boys in the history, he wouldn't flinch though the great grief was a tearin at his vitals."

"My head aches," said Margaret, wearily, wondering if John had really suffered any thing, so quiet, so self-contained as he had always been. Why, she would have loved him almost if he had appeared to be wounded, if she could have stung him to passion or indignation, or in any way moved him from the quiet, settled tenor of his ways.

"Well, good-night! I'm a-goin up to my room now. You're up here, an it's kind o' lonesome down stairs. I hope ye'll take it kindly what I said. It's for the happiness of ye both, I'm sure."

Ah! a clear field now—Fate or Providence, which? Margaret roused herself from a trances of pain and gathered her bundles again. She could take more now, for there was nothing in the way of her hiring a boy in the street to carry her baggage. She looked at her watch anxiously. There was yet time to take the down boat and be in New York in the morning.

She took Dot out of the little crib, and the child opened sleepy eyes like dew-wet violets, and laughed at the gay scarlet cloak that was wrapped around her. "She does not know that she is losing home and father to-night," said Margaret, sadly, as another tear rolled down her cheek. All for Dot, of course.

Well, all was ready. There was no need to wait; no need for Margaret to lay her head on the pillow where she should never rest again, and shed hot tears, almost of regret; no need that she should put more wood on the fire, so that, looking back from the dark street when far on her way, she might see the ruddy glow like a kindly farewell from the old home; no need, certainly, that she should put John's slippers to the fire, and his dressing-gown on the arm-chair for him to use when he came back from that long, chill ride. Poor fellow! he would meet a deadlier chill by that household fire than night or storm could bring him. As if he could take his comfort when he knew all. Poor John!

How weak she was growing! She must hurry away before this soft, pitying mood spoiled all. She had chosen. But men pitied the foe some times, even when they struck the death-blow, and she might pity John. He was not her foe, he had meant to be kind perhaps, but she was going to strike him a deadly blow for all that. She pictured his first entrance, his first surprise, his horror, his fright, his eager, fruitless search. Poor, poor John!

Well—she was in the street now, and the wind blowing fresh from the river. Somehow things seemed drifting away strangely like the scenes in a panorama; now it was a lighted shop-win-

dow that lifted itself up and floated away like a bubble; then the boy before her, loaded with her bundles, seemed to be cresting the huge, dark wave of some unseen ocean, and to rise and fall with its tideless current. Were they all sinking together, and was this the wages of sin? But she held Dot fast through all.

Ha! there was the boat: it blinked up the street with a dozen shining eyes of light, and a white moon made a long silver path behind it on the dark water. The clang of a bell shrilled through the night-air and seemed to strike her head like a blow. People were hurrying on, and she drifted with them. A happy young couple passed her with pleasant chat between them about getting their state-room. She remembered that she had never traveled alone before. Did she envy the young woman who sank luxuriously upon a sofa while her husband bustled about and tended to every thing? Did this first entrance on the world of strife appeal her? Oh no! Better, she said, the fiercest sweating with outer life if one has peace within. But where was the inner peace? Ah! that would come in time when she had gathered together and re-woven again the threads of her old life.

The young woman near her leaned over and looked at Dot. "A little angel," she said, smiling; "how happy you must be!"

Margaret wondered bitterly if this enviable creature envied her. Perhaps every one was wretched, and all appearance of happiness was but a mask—perhaps all joy was but the outer shell, that in every heart was a "scething, restless hell." Did not "the whole creation groan and travail together in pain until now?"

The young woman was a Yankee, and walked in wisdom's ways by the help of questions. "Is your husband below?" she asked.

Margaret winced, and said "No."

"Are you alone with that little thing?"

Margaret nodded.

"Well, I'll make Will get you a state-room," she said, good-naturedly; "he's the dearest fellow—but I'd give my eyes for a baby like that." And Margaret thanked the friendly young woman, but shrank from her nevertheless—the contest was too new, the wound too terrible to be touched by the kindest hand.

When Dot was asleep again she went on deck for a little while. It was a cloudless night—only fair and pearly fragments of cloud hung low at the horizon—above, all was gold-starred azure. The water lay sparkling, phosphorescent—plowed by the boat, it fell back in showers of diamonds, or a delicate silvery spray. On the banks were wooded hills crested by fair homes. It looked like dream-land in that pallid light—too unreal a world for men to suffer and toil in. How fast they went! Margaret was glad to hear the wheels' swift turnings and the labored panting of the great machine like a monster struggling for breath. How many miles already between her and the old life! yet she could not realize it. It haunted her yet, and weighed her down,

like the Old Man of the Sea in the fairy tale. So many miles from John! Yet somehow she seemed nearer to him than when she sat by his side at table that day. Strange that she could never forget him—that she must be wearied with an endless iteration of the same scene. Strange that she could not leave him behind utterly, with the repudiated old life. No—not strange, since she must take with her always her own heart. Well, it was weary work, after all, watching the ceaseless shine and sparkle of the waves; so she went in, and lay down by the side of innocent little Dot, and slept a dreamless sleep.

A morning of mist and fog—fog reeking in the sunshine, lingering in shreds on forests of masts, hanging tender lace-like veils before the great warehouses and over the squalor of the low tenements filled with dirty, quarreling children—fog brooding on the river, yet wearing opaline hues in the sunshine. A fog so dense that the great steamboat, where Margaret was hustled about in the crowd, seemed the only real and tangible thing in the universe. The whole world behind her seemed blotted out—the world before her was as the baseless fabric of a vision—a cloud-land of vague shapes and dream fancies. But the street was solid enough after all. Only, strange to say, it came forward to meet her after a fashion most unusual to streets. Had every thing lost its balance—had the world itself swung from its orbit, because she had been recreant to the laws of God and man?

She did not call a carriage. Clogs seemed bound upon her feet, pain racked her, and the hot, swift blood rushed with resistless tide toward her brain; but still she remembered through all that she had no funds to spare. She had known New York all her life, and needed no guide. She would make her way now to one of her old art-friends and rest for a few days, she thought, before beginning the pleasant new life beyond the sea.

Dot stretched out her hands and smiled at every thing as if she wished to embrace this beautiful new world which opened before her—made up to her baby vision chiefly of plate-glass windows and rainbow hues. She did not miss her father's face that morning. Were they sitting down to breakfast yet at home, Margaret wondered vaguely, looking in at a watch-maker's. Ah, yes! John would be punctual, of course—breakfast at eight, life or death.

How the pain stabbed her head! Was she going to be ill? Well, if so, she would have no one to worry her with attentions or drive her into a fever with fussing; but then Dot, poor little Dot! Oh no! she must not, she would not be ill; and at the thought came a great whir in the life machinery—a sudden crash, and the wondrous machine stood still. The pain dropped away like a garment—beating heart and burning brow; they grew very silent now, and a great, cool darkness wrapped her in a beneficent mantle.

When life came back again, and the wheels

moved once more in a jarring, spasmodic way, she gathered all her strength and rose to her feet. Looking at her empty arms she gave a terrible cry. Searching eagerly around she saw that she stood in a doctor's office, and the doctor himself was near her. A stiff, peremptory little man, with gold spectacles on, red hair, and an oracular voice that commanded her to sit down at once.

"My child!" she panted out.

"Well enough, well enough my good lady; if you were half as well off you might thank your stars. My wife has got her asleep in the next room."

"I must have her, I must have her!" cried Margaret, in a wild way. "I have lost every thing but her!"

The doctor looked as if he thought she had certainly lost her reason for one thing.

"Certainly! you shall have her. Do you know how ill you have been?"

"I suppose so; but I am well now, and must be going."

"You are not well; I am confident of that. Let me examine and see if I can not prescribe for you. Does your heart always beat in this way?"

"It will beat in this way till you give me my child," said Margaret, fiercely, rising and drawing away from the stethoscope. "I am well—look at me," she continued, glancing proudly in the glass at her glittering eyes and glowing cheeks; "do your patients wear such color as that, or look on the world through such clear eyes? I am well, I must be well for the work I have to do; bring me the child!"

The doctor sighed a little as he left the room, and he was not wont to sigh. But Margaret laughed. She examined herself in the glass as she had never done before, even on her wedding night. Ill! with that bloom on her cheek, with those firm yet rounded outlines. She turned away in the satisfied pride of strength and beauty—turned to go impatiently toward the open door through which the doctor had disappeared; turned to hear from the other room these words uttered in an explosive whisper:

"I tell you, wife, she can not live a year. I listened to her heart, and it is beating now the knell of doom."

"And can it not be cured?"

"Any excitement would take her in a moment!"

"Ah, ah!" a prolonged exclamation of pity and then silence. Silence every where; did the clock forget to tick? did her heart forget to beat? was the supreme moment already come? To die! why this altered the face of all the world; why this swept the solid earth away; why this tore out all the leaves of life; and where was the fair new page? Where were all her plans, and hopes, and dreams? Could her life-boat go down in a silent sea like this?

She covered her face with her hands, and felt once more her heart like a muffled drum beating its funeral march. And she had railed at

life and at the work-day world as if God should have spread for her upon the table of life a continual feast. She had groaned, "Oh, weary, weary days!" and had let them fall one after another carelessly as scattered rose-leaves on the ground; now they seemed worth picking up again—now the dreariest was worth reliving because she was not ready to die.

To die; but she had hardly thought of death even in her fiercest unrest, for life, for life she had been ready to battle with the world; but here right in her way lay the impassable gulf, and what beyond?

Ah, what beyond! She had set aside human law, she had snapped the strongest human ties like a tender thread; and now God, leaning down, had laid His hand upon her.

She took Dot in her arms mechanically when the Doctor brought her back, and refused all offers of assistance. One purpose shaped itself in her brain amidst the general numbness that was diffusing itself over her, to take Dot home again. She must die and leave her; then she would leave her with John. Even fussy motherly Aunt Hetty would be invaluable to the child. Then she thought how the little thing would have brightened her life, even in the prim, dull home. It was pleasant after all to tell John about her new little alo, and to see the love for Dot transfigure his plain face; perhaps through this child they might have grown nearer together one day. But she had thrown away her chance for this, and now it could never be, never now!

The fog had not passed away but fell in fine, silvery showers—April showers mingled with sunshine. A woman at the corner of the street was selling violets. How the odor brought back her wedding-day to Margaret, when she had searched through the poor little city garden and found a few with such triumph! The violet seller had a child with her too, a forlorn little sickly girl, but she was comforting her with these words as Margaret went by:

"Yes, my darlint, be asy till mammy sells her truck, an thin we'll be afther having the foine dinner—didn't ye hear yer daddy promise a gran sirloin an a wee cake for his colleen—an it's not often we do be havin the mate now, more's the pity!"

Did Margaret envy the poor, ignorant woman who looked on violets as truck, and who would go home to a shanty and eat her steak in an atmosphere of foul odors? Almost, for this woman had a home and a husband, a loving heart and a household fire, while she had cast both away; this woman had a robust vitality about her that told of life, life to care for and tend her delicate little one, while she was walking in a black shadow—the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

What wonder that she stretched out impotent hands and cried out, "Oh, John, forgive! forgive!" and lost all sense and power at the words.

A soft air that just lifted the thin curtain;

a sunlight that sifted through it; a faint odor of violets in the room; a cluster of Easter lilies on the table near her shining in pearl and gold, sometimes floating about in strange confusion, sometimes looking fixed and real, till she murmured aloud:

"I know no joys that can not cease,
Pure spaces daisied in living beams,
Pure bliss of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams."

"Talkin poetry," said Aunt Hetty, near her; "then she'll git well for sure. She's aassin to her right mind, that's certin; for poetry's second natur to her."

"Hush!" said John, bending tenderly over her; "she knows me, I do believe."

So this was *home*, then—or a dream. A dream, perhaps, for it was so sweet. John was looking at her with his heart in his eyes, and whispering tender words. He loved her, then. Why, this would make life beautiful. But she was not to have it; she was not to have life, but death.

"I am so sorry, John," she faltered. "We should have grown nearer in time. Forgive me that I dared—"

"I have nothing to forgive, my darling," John began; and he looked so bewildered that Margaret wondered again if it was a dream. But there were the lilies with their pearly bells near her. She must have gone to church and listened to the Easter service with her cold, dead heart; she must have planned and done all. But then how was it possible to be here? And life looked lovely even in the prim, dull room; even with the staid and self-contained John; even with the kind and fussy aunt, who was even then bathing her forehead with Cologne. As life looked lovely, but it was passing; and before her stood an open grave.

"Now yer lookin nateral," said Aunt Hetty, smoothing the rich waves of gold-brown hair; "we'll have you as thick as ever in a week. Now I'll jest go an cook you up a bit of chicken broth; for you know you scarcely picked a bit yesterday at dinner."

Surely she was dreaming now. The lilies seemed to bud and bloom and spread out into a wonderful tree, under whose branches she sat and looked through a thicket of starry flowers at John's grave face.

"Yesterday," she dreamily said; "did I dine here yesterday?"

"Of course, my darling; and I thought you were not well then. To think I should have been off in the country when you were taken so ill. You have been wandering all night."

Wandering indeed, thought Margaret; how far she had wandered from the path of right in plan and purpose she could not tell him then.

"Oh, John!" she said, stretching out her hand, "they said I could not live a year, and then I thought of you!"

"That was only one of your vagaries, dear," he said, briskly. "You will live to be a grandmother, as far as I know, and dance Dot's chil-

dren on your knee. Here she comes, fresh as a daisy, bless her little heart!"

Ah, it was not a dream; for her own little Birdie nestled down at her side, and she knew that life was hers—life with all its chance for noble ends and uses—life to fill with kindly deeds, with helping words to others—life with its trials to be nobly borne, its shadows in which to work for a Heavenly crown. Then her heart echoed the joyful pæan, "Christ our Lord has risen to-day!" for later than the date in the Christian year had dawned the true resurrection in her heart. Christ, bursting through the hard rock of skepticism and dark unbelief, had risen to-day in her rejoicing soul with healing on His wings. Then she took the Easter lilies and pressed the frail, pure things to her lips, giving God praise that she had come back also through the grave and gate of death into newness of life; and that love, a cold, dead seed lying under snows colder than wildest storms can give, had found an earthly spring, and lifted itself up through the hard surface to burgeon and bloom and fill her life with fragrance.

GLADSTONE AS LEADER OF THE COMMONS.

THERE is nothing that at once strikes a casual visitor to the English Parliament more unpleasantly—especially if he has sat in the spacious galleries of the Capitol at Washington—than the way in which the architects of Westminster Hall have ignored the existence of the people as a body vitally interested in the proceedings of those who are supposed to be their representatives. No matter how important the debate that is to take place, only about one hundred and fifty or two hundred out of the thirty millions of England can be admitted into the Commons' House. And what do not these have to go through! About one half have had their names inserted in the list which admits to the Speaker's Gallery. About twenty ladies—principally the families of members who are to take part in the debate—are crowded into the Ladies' Gallery. The rest must cram themselves into the Strangers' Gallery.

In order to get into this last place we first get an order of admission from a member of the House. We then have to sit in a kind of closet from four o'clock in the morning until four of the afternoon, when the Parliament opens. (This, of course, is when there is some unusual attraction.) We do not sit here all this time *in propria persona*, but obtain what is called a "dummy." This "dummy" is the first poor ragged wretch that may be picked up in the streets with nothing to do. It is not to be supposed that the ragged regiment who crowd to the door of the closet referred to at daybreak, with notes from Members of Parliament in their hands, have any interest beyond a passionate, sleepless desire to hear a great orator. Oh, dear no! Nor is it to be for an instant thought that when, in the afternoon, one of these meekly or even

eagerly resigns his place to a well-dressed comer that it is any thing more than pure self-sacrifice. If I were to intimate that, when I lately went to hear Mr. Gladstone introduce the new Reform Bill, and a seedy boy, out at the elbows, kindly yielded to me place No. 6, in which he had been sitting eleven hours, I sat there with \$2 50 in gold less in my purse than before, the report might reach Her Majesty's immaculate Government, and a most disinterested functionary might lose his place. Consequently, as you see, I was ushered in by powerful friends, and paid nothing—nothing whatever, I assure you!

It was a very odd place for me to be in—that closet at the foot of the stairway leading to the Strangers' Gallery. When I went in and relieved poor No. 6, I looked around at my company. But few had as yet been relieved from their long watch, and never since the days of Falstaff did eyes behold a more melancholy troop than those who were presumably the auditors of Mr. Gladstone. Through the reeking air of the dark, subterranean place, which by severe crowding held fifty-eight persons, one could see the faces, the filthy raiment, the debauched expression of those who would a few hours later be distributed among the dens, station-houses, and work-houses of London. As you gaze a functionary in uniform starts in at the door and cries, "The Hon. Yelverton Hensleigh!" Each poor wretch looks hard at the back of his bit of paper, some asking their neighbors to spell out what is on theirs. "The Hon. Yelverton Hensleigh!" shouts again the official. "Think as that's me," pipes up a half-naked and very dirty little boy. He is called forth. A few novices explode at the fiction; but the policemen look very solemn as the elegant aristocrat comes forward and takes the seat and order from his double.

At last the ragamuffins with their grand aristocratic and literary names have all gone; in their places a well-dressed and select company has appeared; but there, chatting or reading by the one gas-jet, we must remain one hour. At last, however, the great Westminster clock tolls four; a long single file begins to coil slowly upward through a close, dark series of stairways; but at last a curtain is drawn aside, and ere we know it we are seated on delightful cushions looking down on the assembling wisdom of England.

The room is small, though not so small as the deceptive Gothic style of it makes one at first believe. The carvings and ornamentation of it are exquisite. At the other end of the room, high up on the wall, is what the novice at once takes to be a delicate series of tapestries; but as he gazes some movement starts his eye upon a search, which ends in his conclusion that they are ladies. Yes, behind a diamond lattice-work in the wall are the score of ladies to whom that veiled presence was conceded when these new Houses were built. It was not a generation ago that, in this land with a Queen, the interest of women in public affairs

was supposed to be provided for by a small hole at the top of the building, around which a dozen ladies sat—a hole admitting one face at a time, through which peeresses peered by turns! This Ladies' Gallery—holding twenty—was regarded as a formidable innovation, the Conservatives not failing to observe that it was only a way-station in their progress from the ceiling to the floor. And now that Mr. Mill has got there, who knows but that the Conservatives were right?

It would be hard to surpass the impressiveness of the scene when some unusual occasion has brought together all the magnates of the country—when the foreign ministers and the peers are in the places provided for them—and the wandering eye detects among the group of visitors Tennyson or Owen or Froude—and when, as the bishop's prayer closes, a great flood of tinted light descends through the ceiling of toned glass. The little ghostly procession out of the twelfth century—the Speaker with his gown and wig, with his attendants, in tights and knee-buckles and queues, holding up his train or carrying the mace before him—has entered. And now we are called away from the far past, from all memory of our “dummy” and our dark closet, and we are even charmed away from the beautiful scene; for the nineteenth century speaks to us through the voice of Gladstone, who rises to propose and plead for a measure of Reform which, if passed, will go far to thaw and float away this little House of Commons, and build one worthy to be the council chamber of a new England, in which no class or interest shall be unrepresented.

All the great statesmen who have ever lived have belonged to one of two classes—the class of Representatives or that of Leaders. The Representative Man is the direct expression of his country at the time of his connection with it. He may be its practical expression—as Napoleon of France or Wellington of England; or he may be its voice—as Burke was that of England and Webster that of America. It is essential only that he keep abreast with the people, and say or do what they wish to but can not say or do. The Leader is not abreast with but just ahead of his time and country. He says or does not what they wish but what they want, not what they are but what they mean. He interprets them, and often he interprets them best when he is seemingly in antagonism with them. Paul, Luther, Calvin, are historic names in the latter class; and in modern times we have them represented in Italy by Cavour and Mazzini; in England by Palmerston and Gladstone. In England the death of the great Representative of the English people has made way for the accession of their great Leader, who now stands in the front of the Commons. But even as it is hard to classify England it is hard to classify Gladstone. All other nations, from Japan to California, may be described as somewhere in the vast railway train of peoples; but England is aside, running on a groove of her own. Her island is the deposit

of many sea-currents from the soils of various other lands; her Constitution is made of the odds and ends of all others in Europe; her people is mixed of all European races; and her foremost orator is as complex as the physical, moral, or political elements of his country.

Gladstone is a Scotchman, with a purely English training. He was bred a Tory, and is the leader of the Liberal party. He is a plebeian aristocrat; a royalist who studied and learned to hate despotism in the court of Russia; a High Churchman, who once wrote a Puseyite book, whom Oxford fears; a reformer on whom the *Argus* of liberty finds it needful to keep its hundred eyes wide open. He has given each party its finest watch-word, for the England he loves includes them all; yet no party would go to him to find an advocate. Finding each party devoted much more to its own shell than to its own essence, he touches them all with his wand and they unclose, revealing valuable kernels unsuspected by themselves. His theory of oratory classifies him among the Leaders. The orator must, as he once said, “return to the people as flood what he has received as vapor.” The Representative would return the vapor he had received more or less rarefied. It is never of a high kind of man that one can say, “He is always up to the people,” or, “He goes as fast as the people will let him.” The Leader will force and remould public opinion. He will speak to marble, never doubting that it will flush with life under his words, and follow his voice as something for which it has been waiting, bound by an evil spell. But the task of the Leader lies in his presentative if not in his representative power; that is, he is not necessarily an originator. To the masses all not dictated by themselves may seem innovation or originality, as they like or dislike it. The Leader, however, has leaders; and he is oftener than otherwise a mediator between the highest thought of his time and the people. Mr. Gladstone, as we sit here, charms away the weariness of hours with an eloquence that, though it is figured and changed with the forms of his own mind as that light is by the stained windows, is clearly traceable to many a solitary thinker—and the least to that thin, quietly-nervous representative of Westminster, who is so fascinated by the unexpected scrolls into which he finds his own ideas may be woven.

When Mr. Gladstone rises there is a flutter of expectation and anxiety throughout the room; what he will say is utterly unpredictable. When John Bright, the finest orator in Europe of the Representative class, rises, his speech is so written out on his broad, handsome face that Lavater, were he reporter for the *Times*, would write it all out before he got through. But Gladstone's face is, during the first ten minutes, the sheath of the man; and his idea only comes out gleam by gleam, until, a true Damascus blade, it flashes and darts in graceful curves—such a splendid fencer is he!—and at length is wielded with that skill which generally wins the day.

Nature has, in the clear steel-ray of his eye, the fortress-like brow that protects it, the firm nose that is its buttress above, though it becomes refined and Greekish as it descends to the flexible lips, given him a fit casket in which to keep his brilliants. His gestures are more frequent than with the earlier great speakers of Parliament, but are quite his own. He has, in particular, a way of raising his hand up to the side of his temples, and holding it there vertically a moment before it descends to emphasize his point, which is remarkably impressive. It is, however, in the modulations of his voice, in the tones which come each embodied in a word which expresses it as truly as pallor or blush expresses an emotion, that the great culture of Gladstone is revealed. One seems to be listening to the utterances of some invisible procession of great spirits—stretching from Homer, Demosthenes, Simonides, to Erasmus and Bacon. As his words are, so to speak, complexioned, so his style is physiognomical. His sentences carry in their form something beyond the mere meaning of the words.

It was wonderful, indeed, to see a man of this nicety of culture floundering in the great Reform Debate among the old phrases and hereditary expedients of England; and it was not a small tribute to him, that while he touched them they assumed a certain dignity. Fancy the flower of Oxonian culture talking about scot and lot owners and potwallopers! Yet, really, when Gladstone spoke of potwallopers one seemed to find a new dignity in the solitary individual—a widower, mayhap, or hermit, or scholar—whose boiling pot assured him an interest in his country, and entitled him to the franchise. And so did he build statistics up into pretty architectural forms. Nevertheless in the pauses of his speech one could but feel a longing to hear that voice filled with the inspiration of universal questions, and not devoting itself to the tremendous issue of whether the English voter should be a renter to the sum of seven or of ten pounds. Pounds—pounds—pounds—pounds. The words were reiterated until one would think we had all gathered to perform a solemn rite to a great gold sovereign. I reflected on the wit of that photographer, who, having lately to make a likeness of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, set up a pound sterling in order to rivet his eye. It is one advantage that we of America have reaped from the slavery agitation in America that our people have been educated into an interest in and knowledge of great human questions, and that our Congressmen, in however rude, unoxonian speeches, deal with such. Though the Church questions, and the Irish wrongs, have given of late a deeper tone to the English Parliamentary debates, yet even now, in four days out of the five of its weekly sittings, one will find an immense amount of learning, research, and thought devoted to the Armstrong gun, to the Pigville Railway Company, and other questions of similar grandeur.

The subject of Reform was one, however,

which, once unsealed, could not be kept down in the small casket of statistics. And all who listened to Gladstone when he introduced the bill knew that he must rise with the momentous importance of the theme. He disappointed all who went to hear him as an orator in this; for his main object being to conciliate the Tories—knowing that the reformers were sure to take whatever extension they could get—he devoted himself at the close of his statement to proving that it was a comparatively unimportant change. We had a fine chance to witness the orator's dexterity in talking to one extreme what the other must not hear, and in gilding a revolutionary pill; but there was scarcely a touch of heroism in the speech. The conclusion was the nearest approach to a brave treatment, and occupied five minutes of the speech, which was of two and a half hours' duration. It was an appeal to the Tories, whose objection, it must be remembered, to the extension of the franchise is that the admission of the working-classes is, on account of their numbers, the virtual disfranchisement of the higher and more educated classes:

"We do not," said Mr. Gladstone, "entirely abandon the expectation that even those who have protested almost in principle against the extension of the franchise downward, will be disposed to accept a measure which they do not wholly approve if they think it offers the promise of the settlement for a considerable period of a grave, important, complex, and difficult subject. I would beg them to consider what an immense value there is in the extension of the franchise for its own sake. Liberty is a thing which is good not only in its fruits, but in itself. This is what we constantly say in regard to English legislation, when we are told that affairs are managed more economically, more cleverly, and effectually in foreign countries. Yes, we answer, but here they are managed freely; and in freedom, in the free discharge of political duties, there is an immense power both of discipline and of education for the people. We can not consent to look upon this large addition, considerable although it may be, to the political power of the working-classes of this country as if it were an addition fraught with nothing but danger. We can not look upon it as the Trojan horse approaching the walls of the sacred city, and filled with armed men bent on ruin, plunder, and confiscation. We can not join in comparing it with that *monstrum infelix*—we can not say:

'—Scandit fatalis machina muros,
Fœta armis; medique minans illabitur urbi.'

I believe that those persons whom we ask you to enfranchise ought rather to be welcomed as you would welcome recruits to your army. We ask you to give within what you consider to be the just limits of prudence and circumspection, but, having determined those limits, to give with an ungrudging hand. Consider what you can safely and justly afford to do in admitting new subjects and citizens within the pale of the Parliamentary Constitution; and, having so considered it, don't do it as if you were compounding with danger and misfortune. Do it as if you were conferring a boon that will be felt and reciprocated in grateful attachment. Give to these persons new interests in the Constitution—new interests which, by the beneficent working of the laws of Nature and Providence, shall beget in them new attachment to the Constitution; for the attachment of the people to the throne and to the laws under which they live is, after all, more than your gold and your silver, more than your fleets and your armies, at once the strength, the glory, and the safety of the land."

Nothing could exceed the grace and dignity with which this peroration was delivered; and

every word and thought in it will bear a microscopic criticism. Yet it was in listening to this that I felt Gladstone's limitations as an orator. There was a certain lack of moral depth in the speaker. *Pectus est quod disertum facit.* Nothing can go farther than it has come. The plaudits which responded to these words were loud but not deep. Intellectually Mr. Gladstone is profound though not broad; morally he is broad but not profound. I have never in this or any speech been thrilled by him except on the intellectual side. All the parties and the people of England find a reception in his heart—for he is one of the few politicians who have hearts—but it is the reception of a drawing-room; they have no homes there. He is therefore a leader for an intermediate phase between two Englands, and the forerunner of some man with convictions rather than opinions.

If I mistake not, the working-men of England will never obtain their franchises under the leadership of Gladstone. Carlyle reminds us that when any great change is to be wrought God raises up men to whom that change is made to appear as *the one thing needful*. Nobody would ever suspect Mr. Gladstone of thinking the enfranchisement of the English working-men the

one thing needful; there was far more of that kind of feeling about Mr. Harsman when he bitterly denounced Earl Russell and his ministers as having at last laid the Government at the feet of John Bright. It will be impossible for the men of strong convictions on the radical side to bring in *their one-thing-needful* power upon a timid half-measure like that now proposed; and so it is probable that, between their indifference and the bitter hostility of the Tories and the Palmersham mourners, the measure may fail. If it does, let it not be supposed that English liberty has received any blow. When the diffusion of intelligence among the English lower classes shall have gone on some years yet; when the beerhouses are no longer ten-fold more numerous than the schools; when some of the hard and cruel religious dogmas, whose fetters on the minds and hearts of the lower orders are now haggard, shall be broken; they will be worthy of a higher privilege than to write by another's hand their ignorance upon a ballot and cast it to be another link in the chain of all. And when that day shall come the ballot will be found to be the recognition of an elemental duty more needed by Parliament than Parliament by it.

THE LIVE AMERICAN.

I AM a live American,
Life's morning on my breast;
In action, action is my Heaven,
But Toget is in seal.
I grapple savage Nature's mane,
And make her to me bow,
While the iron Trump of Action storms
In thunder o'er my brow—
Push along, push along, keep moving!

I crave no other nation's land;
It must not crave for mine:
If it invades, here is my sword,
And yonder yawns the brine.
So, let alone, the sooner all
The elements must bow,
While the iron Trump of Action storms
In thunder o'er my brow—
Push along, push along, keep moving!

But not for merely matter's wealth
I'm conquering the zone;
No! 'tis that Science, Letters, Art,
Shall share my mighty throne:
And yet unto their coronals
Must all the nations bow,
While the iron Trump of Action storms
In thunder o'er my brow—
Push along, push along, keep moving!

The lightning is the pen of God
On yonder sky for me;
It writes, as all the world may read,
"Forevermore Be Free!"
Nagana answers the command,
"To Mortal Never Bow!"
While the iron Trump of Action storms
In thunder o'er my brow—
Push along, push along, keep moving!

Oh, how dying, how rare my Creed!
Earth, Heaven, own its span;
'Tis rainbow-arched belief in God,
And, also, faith in each.
This is the Creed that's bound to make
The King-Magicians bow,
While the iron Trump of Action storms
In thunder o'er my brow—
Push along, push along, keep moving!

Oh, welcome to this New World's life!
Nor shall I slower sweep
Till Nature's mane is wreathed with flowers
On every conquered steep.
Then I, perhaps, will yearn to make
Some other planet bow,
While still the Trump of Action storms
In thunder o'er my brow—
Push along, push along, keep moving!



HENRY BARTH.

HENRY BARTH, THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.

IN the winter of 1859-60 I used to take the *London Times* every day from the hand of a gentleman who, like myself, used to read the papers at the well-known café of Sparagnapani, Under the Linden, in Berlin. The hour which suited our mutual convenience in going there was from twelve to one; and in time our passing salutations led to sentences, sentences to conversation, conversation to acquaintance, and acquaintance, I can not forbear to think, to friendship.

This man was Henry Barth, the distinguished African explorer. He had just published his great work, and was quietly living in Berlin, waiting till some opening should present itself which should call his talents into occupation, and be worthy of his experience. A young man myself, his junior by about thirteen years, but

like him a pupil of Ritter, there were many things in common between us, and our daily conversation soon became to me one of the most pleasant features of the winter. In person he was short, compactly and stoutly built; with a noble forehead, deep, dark eyes, regular features, and a bronzed complexion. He was in excellent condition; yet full as was his face, and thick the solid coating of muscle which covered his cheek-bones, Barth had still so much mind, and so much sensibility, that what in many another man would have seemed like grossness, was entirely lost from sight in the thoroughly intellectual expression which played over his features. Most reserved in his conversation with Germans and with Englishmen, he was affable and confidential with an American; and to me it is to this day an enigma when I hear

men use such expressions as this, that "Barth seemed the very incarnation of reserve." Our Minister at the Court of Berlin, who was acquainted with Barth, has the same impression of his character which I gained years ago, and can not believe that the man whom the world considered cold, unapproachable, suspicious, and reticent, was he whom he found open, free, and kindly.

Yet doubtless much is to be said on both sides. His whole early training tended to make him reserved and a lover of solitude, yet not suspicious and jealous. He never had a boyhood in the strict sense of the word: his earliest world was one of thought, hope, expectation, and study. He grew up without play-fellows, and with but few companions save books. In this way his taciturnity found a natural and inevitable development. Advancing years made him more and more a student. His ample pecuniary means allowed him, when he became a traveler, to journey with no companions but his servants, and what might, under other circumstances, have developed a rich, social nature, only proved the means of inducing an increase of reserve and taciturnity. Yet the suspiciousness which he manifested in his later years, was, so far as I can learn, a product of after-growth, and a result of disappointments and of unexpected ingratitude.

The American public has seen Barth only from one point of view—the bold, cheerful, undaunted African explorer: and the man who encountered the obstacles which he did, and yet vanquished them all, would not seem to be the one to be the victim of disappointment. Yet he appears not to have led a bright, happy life. Among the rumors which have passed through the leading circles of Berlin society since his death is one which I never heard when he was alive—namely, that the direction of his energies to travel through wild and unknown districts was originally occasioned by disappointment in love, and as this is mentioned by scientific gentlemen of the highest eminence, it can not, I think, be devoid of truth. The lady to whom he was attached is said to be now residing in Berlin, happily and respectably married.

But not to dwell on this romantic page of his career, which as only at best the record of rumors, there have been other agencies at work which have been effective in marring the quiet happiness of his life. After his return from his first great tour, of which I shall speak further on another page, Barth, laden with a traveler's richest spoils, not mere light and pleasant sketches, but with original results of great value, was appointed lecturer in the University of Berlin, and hoped to win a place not only in the affections of a large number of students, but also to realize his fond ideal of a successful teacher. In this he failed so signally as to embitter his spirits and crush his hopes. From his friend and my own, Professor Koner, of Berlin, I gather some particulars which, though stated with the caution and delicacy of friendship, make it evi-

dent that Barth, though possessing some of the qualifications of a first-class lecturer, could not compete with others still more favored. He heaped up the masses of learning in such prodigious quantities that students who had not made geography a special study could follow him neither with profit nor pleasure. Large wall-maps not being used in the lecture-rooms of the University, he was still more disabled: and could even an American lecturer deal with descriptive geography without some help from wall-maps or illustrations? Yet Barth's want of success was necessarily sharply contrasted with the great and sustained enthusiasm which year after year attended the geographical lectures of Carl Ritter. Thirty years of labor in the Berlin University had brought him to the height of his reputation, and his lecture-room, the largest in the University, was always thronged. One might suppose that geography being brought into the foreground by Ritter's unparalleled skill, a young man, standing under his protection and enjoying his warm friendship and entire confidence, would have entered into a full share of success; but this was denied to Barth, and, dissatisfied with his attempts to enlist the interest of the young men in his lectures, he began to look around him for a new field of exploration where his daring, his energy, and his hopefulness might have free play. But had he waited longer at Berlin, a happy, prosperous career might have been his in spite of early discouragements.

In no other country in the world is it so difficult for a young University teacher to gain a fair start as in Germany; in no other country can success lead to such large and varied honors as there. Will the reader allow me to illustrate this remark for a moment, by a slight incident which I noted while in Heidelberg last summer. At the University there the oldest son of Mendelssohn was lecturing on the History of the Greek Revolution. He was said to be a young man of great learning, fine appearance, and of fiery enthusiasm. Being very much interested in the character of his father, the eminent musician, I availed myself of a spare hour to visit the University and hear one of his lectures. Arriving there, I inquired which was the number of the room where the young Doctor would read, and was directed to number eight. Looking in, I saw no one, and went out into the corridor, thinking that there must be a mistake. Encountering there a nervous, slightly-built, florid young man, who was hurrying along, I asked if that was Dr. Mendelssohn's lecture-room, and was answered in the affirmative. Going in and waiting patiently for some five minutes, the door flew open as with a vigorous push, and the same young man entered, walked hastily up to the desk, flung a huge roll of manuscript down, and began to read a lecture with the greatest fire and rapidity. Two hearers came in after him, but as neither one took down notes in the universal manner of German students, I knew that they were casual listeners like myself. And thus he will go on year after

year till at length it may be the long practiced patience will have its reward, the lecture-room will begin to fill, the lecturer will be promoted to a professorship, and the honors which the world gives to a Neander, an Ewald, a Ritter, a Dove, an Encke, a Ranke, and a Rothe may be his.

To secure this result Barth did not wait, but turned his back upon the lecture-room and chose the tent, the privations, and the honor of an African explorer.

Yet the great disappointments which embittered his career were not all past even then. Not to dwell on the trials to which, like Livingstone and all great explorers, he was exposed while in the heart of Africa, there have been some within the last few years which would have pained a heart less sensitive than his. Coming home and publishing his great record of adventure and of discovery, he was not at once invited to take any important post, and when I met him in the winter of 1859-60 the future of his life was all uncertain. It was not till 1862 that two calls reached him which were sufficiently important to merit his serious consideration, one of them to the University of Jena, the other to become an Extraordinary Professor in that of Berlin. The latter was naturally more to his taste, since he enjoyed living in the Prussian capital, and he accepted it and entered anew upon those duties from which he once turned away for a more attractive field.

Yet that long period of waiting which succeeded the publication of his African travels was not adapted to make him contented. Speaking the English language as perfectly as he did, it might be supposed that the country which he so faithfully served would have been anxious to retain his services and turn them to account; but from England he received little or no displays of gratitude beyond the orders and medals which awaited him on his return. There was indeed no lack of recognition in the most prominent journals of the heroism which he displayed in his African tour, yet of that more satisfactory recognition which has followed the services of prominent Arctic adventurers, and such men as Livingstone, there has been none displayed in England toward Barth. The English could not forget that he was a German; and the same petty jealousy which has been arrayed against the effort to reach the North Pole by way of the Spitzbergen seas, because it emanates from Petermann, a German geographer, always refused to Barth the honors justly due him, and even down to this moment no scientific or literary journal of Great Britain has done more than to casually mention the fact of his death.

There was one cause more for the bitterness which has clouded Barth within the past few years: that was the bad spirit displayed toward him by the Anti-Slavery Society of England, and the persistent efforts made by its prominent members to show that he neglected the great object of the African mission. There is little doubt that Richardson, the head of the expedi-

tion until his premature death, was a man not scientifically qualified for his task, and not possessing that breadth and comprehensiveness of mind which were indispensable in one assuming the responsibility which he took upon himself; yet he was a philanthropist, and the hope of making treaties and opening business relations was stimulated most largely in his bosom by the expectation that the greatest and noblest result of the mission would be the good effect which it would have upon the African slave-trade. But while it would be doing a grievous injustice to the memory of Barth to insinuate that he was indifferent to this infamous traffic, yet it must be confessed that he was not so devoted to this one side of the mission as to forget the scientific objects in view, holding that it would be glory enough to open Africa to the enterprise and energy of the English nation, so that good men, clergymen and philanthropists, might enter in and turn the benefits of the original discoveries and commercial treaties to religious and beneficent uses. And when respectable men opened the fountains of their abuse after his return, and accused him of neglecting the philanthropic objects of the mission, Barth was most deeply wounded, and took no pains to conceal how sorely it touched him. When he came home to Germany, the aged and venerable Carl Ritter went all the way from Berlin to Hamburg to greet him, and to escort him to the Prussian capital. The Royal Geographical Society received their returning member with great respect, and rose as one man when he entered the hall, while Ritter, the President, taking him by the hand, escorted him to the chair, and introduced him to the enthusiastic assembly. But Barth had a burden at his heart which he could not shake off. The attacks which had been made by the English Anti-Slavery organ, seconded as they had been by those of some of the minor ecclesiastical journals, that his mission had not been devoted to religious and philanthropic objects, pained him so deeply that the presentation of the Order of the Bath could not compensate for the wound. Tears filled his eyes as soon as he commenced speaking, and instead of relating what he had done, what he had seen, and how thrilled he was to be received like a returning prince and conqueror, he told the Society of the burden which oppressed him, and took away the joy of the hour.

Barth undoubtedly overrated the importance of these attacks. He ascribed them to men of more influence than was just; he supposed that they would injure his good name in England to an extent which was altogether impossible for them to do. Nor did he ever get over the wound. England became a different country, and the English a different people; and the bitterness thus engendered remained with him down to the day of his death.

It would not be right to omit briefly adverting to the fact that, in spite of his great learning, his ambition, and his achievements, he felt deeply pained at his exclusion from the Berlin

Academy of Sciences. This is indeed a body of men of the greatest eminence, but there are few in it who have done more, or who are known better, than was Henry Barth. Yet such are the jealousies of that body, such the petty littlenesses which can creep in even under the shelter of so august a name as Science, that the great philologist and discoverer was never admitted a member. Carlyle mocks in his bitterest vein at the old drunken fool Gundling, one of the first presidents, if not the very first, of this Berlin Academy; but the folly of excluding such a man as Barth from its lists would seem to indicate that its age of stupid self-complacent folly is not wholly gone by. I know that the members have a reason of ostensible validity which they assign for his exclusion: they assert that there have been few vacancies in the classes to which his peculiar departments of knowledge would have entitled him to be admitted. Yet Barth saw no good cause for this exclusion, and felt deeply pained at the neglect.

There is no doubt that all these things left their mark on the character of this sensitive explorer; and that most of those who came in contact with him in his later years did not know that his growing reserve, and apparent suspicion of men and motives, had so painful an origin and history. That in some things he was most unjustly judged can be strongly asserted by those who, like Dove the meteorologist, Schrenck the microscopist, Petermann and Koser the geographers, stood nearest to him and knew him best. One of the last profane conversations which he had in his life was with Mr. Wright, our Minister at Berlin. The impression which was made by the interview on the mind of Mr. Wright was that he was a frank, open, communicative man.

The last time when he appeared in general society was at a gathering of Americans at the mansion of our Minister. He was engaged in conversation throughout the whole evening; and none who saw him then and there, just a week before he died, can fail to recall the friendliness of his demeanor, the cordiality of his expression, and the pleasure which he took in the society of the Americans present. Then it was that Barth appeared as he truly was, excellent and introspective, indeed; but not cold, suspicious, and devoured with that consuming sense of self-importance which is the too frequent attribute of eminent Germans. A man never married, and living either in his library or in the tent, he was, indeed, of few words and of little fondness for general society; but that he was naturally sour, harsh, and suspicious, can be confidently denied by all who knew him.

I said above that he was accused by some of the English ecclesiastical journals of neglecting the spiritual welfare of the Africans, and the inference might be made that Barth was an indifferent Christian: that in him piety was entirely overshadowed by his love of science. But this was by no means the case. It is true that he, like many of his countrymen, talked

little of an experimental knowledge of Christianity, and that, in the regular attendance at church, and the explicit advocacy of ecclesiastical organizations, he bore little resemblance to Ritter and Staßon; yet his adherence to the religion into which he was baptized was by no means dead and meaningless. An anecdote, which is told of him as he was entering the kingdom of Ar, south of the Sahara, illustrates pointedly the strength and tenacity of his religious convictions, and manifests the noblest martyr spirit. Nothing in history is finer. The two great German travelers of the first of this century, Burckhardt and Seetzen, when they were passing through unexplored Mohammedan lands, adopted not only Oriental habits and dress and names, but feigned themselves Muslims. The experience of these two men was most amusing, the shifts to which, like the English Burton of our own time, they were put were such as to call out their whole courage, presence of mind, and wit; but there is something in Barth's disdainful refusal to pretend to wear another faith than his own which awakens our highest respect. He did, indeed, adopt a name which would be intelligible to the African Mohammedans, and termed himself *Abd al Kader*, "The Son of the Most Merciful;" but farther than this he would not go. Arriving at the southern confines of the Sahara, and entering the kingdom of Ar, the little company, consisting of Richardson, Barth, and Overweg, with their attendants, were surrounded by the perfidious nations, heathen in habits, cruelty, and savagery, but Mohammedan by religious profession. They demanded that the Europeans should adopt their own faith. They were numerous and well-armed, resolute and overbearing; but their threats, warnings, reasonings were all in vain. The Englishman and the two Germans were alike unwilling to purchase life at the price of surrendering their faith. It was, of course, a solemn time with the three men, for they had little reason to suppose that their lives would be spared. Barth wrote in a letter shortly after: "With the exalting consciousness of acting worthily of our religion and our country, we awaited the fate that was impending over us. It was an impressive, solemn moment. We had one more discussion regarding the theological points at which we were most at issue, but it was all in vain; and when the fanatic old leader of the party which had surrounded us had decided that as Christians we deserved to die, I stripped off a part of my clothing and told him to give me the first blow if he dared to risk the consequences."

The heroism of the act saved the lives of the whole company. But who can read such an incident as this and not respect the firm, manly piety, the unshaken Christian faith, which preferred death to the nominal acceptance of a half heathen creed? This alone were enough to place the name of Barth on the list of noble heroes. Many a man will do what he did out of a desire to save the lives of near friends.

Some might do it out of a craving for posthumous glory. But I think that the number is not great who would have been willing to die rather than to counterfeit for a short time a false religious faith. But deceit, intrigue, false dealing, formed no part of the character of Barth. He could be curt and rough enough on occasion; but he could not find it in his heart to act a fraud.

It is impossible to pass over the deeds of Barth in writing a sketch of the man and his career. Nor does the fact that the three bulky volumes of his work have passed into all the leading libraries of the United States, and have found their thousands and perhaps their ten thousands of readers, make such a work one of supererogation. It is now many years since those volumes were published, and the record of his adventurous travels may have faded a little with the lapse of time. But of course little can be done here but to give the briefest outline of his course, and to indicate in few words the value of his discoveries. In doing this I must not fail to acknowledge my great obligations to my friend, Professor Koner, the intimate companion of Barth, and the associate editor with him of the *Zeitschrift der Allgemeinen Erdkunde*.

The working life of Barth divides itself into three great sections, entirely distinct from each other, and yet connected by a bond which it is not difficult to trace. He lived long enough to complete two fondly-cherished hopes; and though the last work to which he laid his hand is left unfinished, yet it is so far advanced as to be of real service to the world. The goal of his youthful ambition was to make an exhaustive scientific tour around the Mediterranean Sea—the mother, as he thought, of all civilization. The hope of doing this was conceived by him during a journey to Italy while he was a student at the University of Berlin, and when he was twenty-one years of age. This was destined to be but partly accomplished when the proposed English expedition called him away, and he entered with the greatest alacrity and zeal upon the project of exploring Northern and Northern Central Africa. This work was triumphantly carried through; it was one of the few expeditions which have entirely satisfied the hopes of those who have attempted them.

Returning to Berlin he began to take up the dropped stitches of the past, and to go on year by year with his exploration of the Mediterranean Basin—a task which he only completed in 1864, about a year before his death. Besides this, he was in his later years devoting himself to the preparation of a Comparative Grammar of eight of the African languages, the result of his five years' experience in the heart of that continent. Of that work two volumes have been already issued by the well-known geographical publishing house of Justus Perthes at Gotha; and a third volume was passing through the press at the time of his death. Though to a certain extent incomplete, yet it is so far a

perfected work as to be of great service to those who may have occasion to open the country explored by Barth and bring out its commercial relations with Europe; and we have great reason to be thankful that, instead of leaving it in a heterogeneous state, unintelligible to any one but himself, and utterly useless, therefore, in the event of his death, he worked it out clearly as far as he went, and left a large portion of it in a perfected state. Although I do not know just how complete he regarded it at the time of his death, yet I am sure that it was not left in the unfinished condition in which Buckle left the History of English Civilization, and Robinson his last work on the Holy Land, and that the disappointed hopes with which they had to close their works and leave us, could not have been shared by Barth. Regarding the value of the last work of his life philologists, and those who may need to use it for practical purposes, are best competent to decide. But the eminent philological talents of Barth, and the unexampled opportunities which he had of acquiring the dialects of Northern Africa, make it certain that it will in coming years be regarded as of the utmost value.

And here I can not refrain from alluding to his singular facility in learning languages. In addition to the African tongues, he had so intimate a knowledge of Greek and Latin that he might easily have taken the post of a professor in that department alone. Under Curtius, Böckh, and Grimm he devoted the utmost attention to philology while a student in the University; and the reports which he took down, German-student fashion, of the lectures which he heard, are the most thoroughly worked out of any that I have ever seen. The students always leave a broad margin at the side of the sheet for the reception of later notes and the results of private studies; but it is no unfrequent thing to find that margin an unbroken blank. Aside from the exquisite neatness of Barth's reports (all now existing and in the possession of his friends) the margin exhibits such conscientious and extended later study, as to make it plain that his was a most industrious University career. Only two great departments of study engrossed him—philology and geography. He paid some attention to the modern languages, particularly English; and subsequently attained remarkable proficiency in our tongue. Indeed it may be remarked here as appropriately as any where, that he wrote his Travels not only in German but in English; and no one who has read his volumes in our own tongue would suppose that they were written by one who labored under the great disadvantage of writing in a language to which he was not born. It is true he has not a lively, chatty, imaginative pen; but he equally lacked this when he was writing German, and his style is no more dry in the English edition than when he was writing in his mother tongue. Later he acquired the Arabic, not only as it is spoken in Syria but in Africa; and the mastery which he gained over it was

such as to make his decisions regarding the orthography of Eastern names of much value. Indeed the philological talents of Barth were so remarkable that, had he never been a traveler and a geographer, he would have risen to a very distinguished place among the students of language. No one could hear him speak English and not be convinced that the perfect manner in which he expressed himself must be the index of an ease and capability in overcoming the great obstacles which a foreign language presents, such as hardly a contemporary professor in the University of Berlin had in so high a measure as himself. Ritter, whose library was more than half of English works, and whose connection with English geographers and travelers was most intimate, spoke English very imperfectly; and even William Grimm, one of the first philologists of his day, and the conjoint author, with his brother, of the most elaborate dictionary ever prepared of any language, was entirely unable to speak an English sentence. Professor Neumann, the author of the *German History of the United States*, speaks with a marked accent and with a certain labored use of words; Dr. Pertz, the Curator of the Royal Library, author of the celebrated *Life of Stein*, and husband successively of an American and an English lady, does not speak our language with the fluency with which Barth found his way through those numerous idioms which distinguish our speech. This great proficiency can not be accounted for on the ground of intercourse with the English while in Africa. Richardson, the head of the expedition, and the only Englishman, was early removed by death, and Barth's only companions subsequently to this were Overweg and Vogel. It can only be explained on the ground of his distinguished natural aptitude, which, if it had been confined to the sphere of philology, might not have made his name known as widely among general readers as his travels have done, but would have given him a place among the learned, not second to that of a Max Müller, a Tischendorf, or a Grimm.

Let me now call the reader's attention to the plan of travel which first fired the imagination of Barth, while he was a student at the University, and which was to be carried out, step by step, the accomplishment of it taking place but a year before his death.

Very early in his career he became interested, through his delight and proficiency in classical studies, in the nations which flourished on the northern side of the Mediterranean Basin; and while making a visit to Italy, he conceived the idea of examining in detail the entire coast land of that sea, the mother of all modern civilization. He had sat long enough at the feet of the great and noble Ritter to grasp his full and weighty teachings respecting the connection of the earth, its physical conditions, its contour, elevation, distribution of land, water, mountains, plains, and rivers, with the history and progress of the human race. From Ritter he

unquestionably caught the conception of the immense historical value of the Mediterranean Basin, and the hope and purpose which dawned upon him on his first Italian tour may be traced back to Ritter's crowded lecture-room in the University of Berlin.

In some respects Barth was imperfectly prepared to enter upon travels so important and so little akin to a pleasure tour as were his. His close study of philology had precluded his paying attention to other sciences than Comparative Geography, and in the preface to his great work he has the courage and the honesty to declare, "I am no naturalist and no astronomer;" and in his later years he took the greatest pains to fill up, so far as he could, the deficiencies of his earlier years. Botany and zoology always lay outside of the circle of his studies, while in geology he became a tolerable proficient. It may be wondered at in these days that a great traveler and savant could be ignorant of these sciences; but not to speak of the fact that the greatest American geographer of this age, Dr. Robinson, was no more of a geologist, botanist, and zoologist than was Barth, it must be remembered that what the latter lacked in these sciences he made up in others. He was an ethnographer and a philologist: in these two characters he was eminent; and had he been more at home in the sciences named above than he was, it is confidently to be believed that he would never have accomplished the results in ethnography and philology which, after all, were his highest achievements.

I have already alluded to the kindling of his desire to explore the Basin of the Mediterranean, on the occasion of his first visit to Italy. To prepare himself for a work of the magnitude which he planned required no little time and pains. He could not be content with the study of the languages and literatures of the two countries which had hitherto engrossed his attention, Greece and Italy. The Mediterranean had been the mother of many forms of civilization; from its shores colonies had radiated, star-like, in all directions, penetrating Africa and Asia as well as Europe, and making a broad belt of culture around the blue waters of that beautiful sea. To understand all the languages related to a colonization so extensive and varied, to come into sympathy with all the types of national character involved, to understand the laws of progress and decline, was a work of time: and Barth supplemented the eight busy months which he spent in Italy by three years just as busy in the University of Berlin, preparing himself for the great work of exploration which beckoned him on. He took his Doctor's degree in 1844, making the subject of his Thesis the Commerce of Corinth; treating the subject with exhaustive learning, and producing a paper which a competent judge has declared worthy to be mentioned in connection with Heeren's great work on the politics, commerce, and business of the ancient world.

He commenced his journey in January, 1845,

making London his first goal, where he spent two months in studying the monuments of ancient art stored in the British Museum, and in acquiring the elements of Arabic. In England he had the good sense to provide himself with letters of introduction to most of the English consuls resident on the shores of the Mediterranean, and at a later period he often had occasion to reap the benefit of his great precaution. He then passed rapidly southward, visiting Paris, the Rhone valley with its traces of Roman civilization, crossed the Pyrenees, spent a month in Madrid, examined the ruined fragments of Arabic culture in Southern Spain, and reached Gibraltar, where his true path of discovery began. He touched the African coast at Tangiers, and was able to discern the traces of the now fallen Moorish cities of Asila and El Arish, together with those of the Carthaginian colony of Lix. The suspiciousness of the natives prevented all attempts to penetrate into the interior, however; and after trying all means to examine the Roman and Punic remains along the coast eastward, he was compelled to retrace his steps to Tangiers, recross the strait, to sail from Alicante in Spain to Algiers, and to make a fresh start. Yet he had seen enough of Morocco to become familiar with its physical features, the character of its population, and the general type of the archæological remains.

Algeria was a little more accessible than Morocco, and Barth, with his natural energy and fearlessness, made the best use of every opportunity. To have penetrated far inland would have been to throw his life away, for although the French had had nominal possession of the country for fifteen years, yet it was only the coast which was quiet and secure. Barth could not leave the immediate neighborhood of the sea, but went eastward as far as the Tunisian frontier and westward as far as Oran, examining among other remains the extensive ruins of Tipasa, the burial-place of the Mauritanian kings. He made excursions just as far inland as was safe, or indeed further, if the truth be told, visiting Philippeville, Constantine, and Gelma, and reaching the sea again at Bona, where he took a steamer for Tunis.

In this state he had less difficulties to contend with, and made a thorough exploration of the country. He first visited the remains of Carthage and Utica, which had been brought to the light of the civilized world only twelve years before by the Danish consul Falbe. He then explored almost every spot of antiquarian interest in the country, bringing to light a mass of information regarding ancient sites, which, if not of so thrilling moment as the discovery of Carthage and Utica, were by no means insignificant. No dangers of great magnitude had to be encountered; and the Tunisian explorations which he made are among the most complete of his whole journey. He then crossed to Malta, and spent three weeks on the island, returning then to Tunis once more, and continuing his successful explorations there. It was there that

he heard a negro drop the words, "If it please God, you shall some day visit Kano." They made a deep impression on him at the time; and although crowded out of his mind by subsequent events, they were not forgotten. They followed him, and rung in his ear till, in the course of years, he began to make his preparations to reach that far-distant African town, and fulfill the great mission of his life.

Barth wished to go westward, to pass the Tunis frontier, and to visit the fruitful and well-watered Belâd el Jerid, but the inhospitable character of the natives compelled him to abandon this project, and to pursue his course eastward. Following the coast of the Minor Syrtis, and making such stay upon the route as enabled him to examine all places of antiquarian interest, he at length reached Tripoli, and tarried there for a week. Here he prepared himself for a hazardous tour, yet he did not estimate sufficiently, as the sequel proved, the perils lying in the way. The route east of Tripoli was by no means of that savage, repulsive character which it is represented by the ancient writers. A shadow has rested upon the Magna and Minor Syrtis since the days of the Roman power, and it might well appall as brave a heart as that of Barth to face their dangers and their difficulties. Yet its natural character he did not find so markedly in contrast with the other districts which he had traversed, and he has strong words to bestow on the "lying poets" who have given the place its evil name. His journey over the Syrtis, and then through Cyrenaica, was one of the greatest archæological interest to him. Not to speak of Msarata, Kinyps, Ben-Ghazi, the ruins of Tancheira, Ptolemais, Barca, and Cyrene were places which had an indescribable attraction to him, and to them he devoted loving and patient attention.

His arrival at the extreme eastern portion of the Marmorica, and at the slope of the high plateau which to the ancient world was the natural barrier between Libya and Asia, was characterized by an incident which changed all his plans, and cost him a large portion of the hard-won earnings of eleven such months as he had spent. It was on the 7th of June, 1846, that, as he was lying exhausted in his tent, he was surrounded by a horde of the ruffianly Bedouins of that region, and in the scuffle that ensued he was wounded in the thigh. Victorious in the first attack, and able to continue his march, he evaded for some time the balls which were shot at him from the covert; but in a second attack he was rendered senseless by the blows of two stones which struck him on the head. While he lay in this condition the wretches who had assailed him rifled him of all his valuables and left him in the wilderness, destitute of water and of food. So complete was their spoliation of his effects that they took away even his books, papers, and drawings; and almost the only article which was left was the clothing which he wore and his Herodotus, the faithful companion of all his subsequent travels. I have seen this

volume. It is not much soiled for a book which has passed around the Mediterranean, and spent five years of camp service in the heart of Africa. On the blank leaf he has written with his own hand in German: "This copy of Herodotus has accompanied me in all my earlier as well as in my later travels, having been left when I was robbed in Northern Africa, and having made with me my entire second tour. On this account, soiled as it is, it has its value to me." I quote the inscription from memory, but its purport is as above.

This was the real end of the journey. Accompanied by a friendly Arab he was at length able to reach Alexandria, having lost almost every thing which he had brought along with him. Happily his very retentive memory stood him in good stead; and the full letters which he had written to his friends, and especially to Captain Schubert of Dresden, his brother-in-law, supplied the rest, and furnished him with the material of his first work, *Wanderungen durch die Küstenländer des Mittelmeeres* (Wanderings through the Countries bordering on the Mediterranean). The book is not a readable one. The accumulation of material in it is so great, and the lack of that point and vivacity which often make scientific travels interesting, has precluded the success of the work, and it has had no general acceptance even in Germany. Barth was as unlike as possible in bearing and look to those men of his country whom we generally have in mind when we speak of "German professors;" but his books do not seem like those which would naturally emanate from the English-looking, stirring, vigorous man who is so well remembered in Berlin.

Replenished by his father, a wealthy tradesman of Hamburg, with ample means he again set out anew, taking up the thread of his route where he dropped it, at Alexandria. His first stay was at Cairo. Thence he ascended the Nile to Assuan, whence he turned to the east and visited the ruins of Berenice, on the Red Sea, and the emerald mines at Kasser. He crossed the Gulf of Suez, and touched the soil of that peninsula so memorable for its connection with the children of Israel, although the harbor of Tor which he visited lay doubtless outside of the line of their wanderings. Thence he returned to Cairo, and then struck across the desert to Gaza, where he spent an entire month, studying the place with a critical care which had never been bestowed on it before, and practicing that dialect of the Arabic which he would be compelled to speak in Palestine. He then passed through many of the least explored valleys of the Holy Land, oftentimes facing dangers which Robinson did not wish to encounter. His most elaborate explorations were on the sea-coast, for he did not lose sight of the great goal of his travels, the investigation of the shores of the Mediterranean. The cities which had been held by the Philistines and the Phœnicians were, of course, full of interest to him; and although he was compelled to glean in the

field which Robinson had carefully and almost exhaustively explored before him, yet the points which he noted, the corrections which he made, and the observations which he recorded, have a value which those can best estimate who have made that country the subject of special study. The quotations from Barth's unpublished diary, which will be given in a few months to the American reader in the English edition of Ritter's Palestine, will furnish convincing evidence of the thoroughness with which the accomplished and restless traveler studied whatever came within the range of his observation.

The same spirit of scientific exploration with which he investigated Palestine he devoted to the ruins of Cilicia, the island of Cyprus, and indeed the whole southern coast of Asia Minor. After spending a short time in Smyrna to refresh himself, he passed northward through Lydia, the Trojan Plain, Mysia, and Bithynia to Constantinople, whence he returned to Hamburg by way of Athens and Mycenæ, after an absence of three years, his constitution strengthened by exposure and exposure, and with perhaps the richest and most varied experiences that have been acquired by any traveler while engaged in a single journey.

He had in a certain manner accomplished what he proposed at the outset; that is, he had encompassed the entire Mediterranean Basin, and was able to mentally review it in its wholeness. It is true there were many deficiencies to be supplied before he could be said to have thoroughly completed his investigations; and he continued his journeys through Spain, Italy, Turkey, and Greece, down to the very year of his death, although the distinct work which he proposed in his youth was completed in 1834.

The last of his journeys was during the summer of 1865. It was made in Albania, and the account of it was published in the *Geographical Journal*, of which he was an associate editor, in the very month in which he died.

Then followed the year and a half which he spent in writing out the first volume of his travels, and in delivering those discouraging lectures in the University of Berlin to which reference has already been made. Restless, mortified, and ambitious, he began to look out on the world once more for a fresh field of exploration. The opportunity which he sought came sooner than he expected, and in a quarter toward which he would not naturally have looked. In 1848 James Richardson, who had already traveled considerably in Northern Africa, laid before the English Government the proposition that an expedition be formed for the purpose of penetrating Central Africa as far as the kingdom of Bornou, and having as its double mission the abolishment of the slave traffic in that region and the opening of the district to commerce. The plan was approved, and Richardson was intrusted with the general control of such an expedition. Through the influence of the illustrious Bunsen, then the Prussian Minister to England, and of my distinguished friend, the

geographer Petermann, then residing in London, it was thought advisable, on the part of the English Government, to secure the services of a German scholar to accompany the expedition, and, at the suggestion of Carl Ritter, Barth was selected for this important post; and a more joyful welcome was perhaps never received than that which the young Doctor gave to the invitation. He had always been a great admirer of England, and to enlist in her service was scarcely less agreeable than it would have been to have been employed by Prussia; and this can be said with the more assurance, in consideration of the fact that, although a German, he was not a Prussian by birth, but a citizen of the free city of Hamburg. Yet Barth declined the flattering invitation; not assuredly out of timidity, or a love of home, or ease, or a disinclination to face the thousand difficulties which beset an explorer. His only motive was the filial deference he owed to his father, who strongly opposed his son's going forth upon so perilous a service, and Dr. Overweg was selected to take his place and intrusted with the money given by the Berlin Geographical Society. Yet the English Government was so impressed with the peculiar value of Barth's services, that he was unable to procure his release on the ground of his father's disinclination to part with an only son. This being the case, and the son having accepted the post before consulting his father, and without a suspicion that the proposition would encounter opposition, nothing remained but for him to go.

The whole history of that African expedition has been given so fully to the world that it is unnecessary to recount it in detail. It is safe to say that every one who may read this sketch has acquired his interest in Barth from the pages of that great five-volumed work* in which the explorer had recounted his experiences with a too great minuteness indeed, and in a dry, nerveless manner, and yet not without finding thousands of readers. There is something so fascinating about the interior of that great unexplored Africa, that even the poorest record of travels there is not overlooked by the busy world. And so Barth's work, though over-minute and tedious, has been so far read that the character of its author has been to a certain extent understood and prized.

It would be an insult to the reader's intelligence to do more than to give the slightest outline of his course. It is to be regretted that there was not in England and the United States an epitomized edition, similar to that published by Justus Perthes of Gotha, in two volumes, and like the larger one in five from Barth's own hand.

After a long and tedious preparation, Richardson, Barth, and Overweg met in Tropoli on the

18th of January, 1850. There being still delays, Barth, always restless if there was any exploration to be effected, pushed out into the neighboring country, visiting all the important Punic and Roman remains within a circuit of three or four hundred miles, and so consuming the time up to the 24th of March. The expedition struck across the upland of Sahara, and it is to their report that we owe our first accurate and scientifically valuable report of the physical character of that dreaded region. Like the Syrtis on the coast, Barth found that it was far more dreadful in anticipation than in reality; and often afterward, when exposed to the fever climate of the south, and debilitated by the sultry air, he turned longing thoughts toward the breezy, dry, salubrious upland of Sahara. The type of human character he found much higher there than in the less elevated tropical district to which he subsequently came, and of the whole of the long journey, that which was taken through the ravines and over the crags of the "desert" was the most stimulating and enjoyable.

It was at the arrival near the southern boundary of Sahara that Barth and his companions encountered that determined persistency on the part of the fanatic Mohammedans which has been spoken of on another page, and which seems to have almost led to the destruction of the whole party. They had approached the kingdom of Ar, but it was only by the payment of two hundred dollars that they were allowed to enter it. On the 3d of September, 1850, they set foot in Tintelust, the capital, and here the first commercial treaty made by the expedition was negotiated between the travelers, acting in the name of Great Britain and the Sultan of the country. During the stay which was made there, Barth, unwilling to be idle, pressed alone southward to Agades, and, after encountering no inconsiderable perils, succeeded in making a treaty with the Governor of this important commercial centre. He spent four weeks at Agades and then returned to Tintelust, enriched with knowledge of the country and the people, and having accomplished in a perfectly successful manner one of the great objects of the expedition.

Leaving the Ar district the travelers prepared to enter the lowland region, the Soudan as the German geographers call it, and here the party divided, each of the three taking a different route. It is not clear, either from the diary of Richardson or from the work of Barth, why this step was taken; but it is probable that no single motive prompted it, and that it was brought about partly by the real want of unity in the counsels of Richardson and Barth, partly through a desire to accomplish more than could be done were a single route taken, and partly from the fact that singly they could travel at less expense, because more modestly and unpretentiously, than in a party. The last motive must have had considerable weight, for the funds were already beginning to be short. In the division of routes

* Republished, complete in three volumes, by Harper and Brothers.—*Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa; being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H. B. M.'s Government, in the years 1849-1855.* By HENRY BARTH, Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Asiatic Societies, etc., etc. With Map and numerous Illustrations.

Barth was to go by way of Katsena to Kano, Overweg to Geber and Maradi, and Richardson to Sinder. The rendezvous was to be in Kukana. Richardson, however, did not live to reach the place of meeting, and the three were reduced to two, the German friends.

It were too long a tale to follow Barth through the course of his wanderings, to see him in his rags, and destitute of money, enter Kano, the object of those long hopes which were awakened years before by that Tunisian negro, who, on the occasion of his first visit to the African soil, whispered in his ear, "If God will, thou shalt one day see Kano." The reader of Barth's volumes needs only to be reminded of the loan of twenty dollars on the part of the Governor, of his successful journey onward to Kukana, the place designated by the British Government as the goal of the expedition, of his entrance into Bornou, his protracted travels and investigations in that kingdom, of his extreme need of money and his consequent want, of his examination of Lake Tsad and the Adamawa district at the south.

It was while Overweg was exploring the lake in detail that Barth made the discovery in the Adamawa country which was the most notable event of the whole expedition. On the 18th of June, 1851, he described the upper course of the Benue, the stream which connects the heart of Africa with the Atlantic. The value of that discovery may not be known in our day, but the time will come when the words with which Barth alludes to his first view of the river will be recognized as no fanatic's dream, but as those of a man who distinctly discerned the future. "Whoever," he writes, "has surrendered himself to the fancies of youth, and has gone forth in the pursuit of a golden hope, will easily be able to conceive of the feelings with which I looked over the field within my view. I was dumb with amazement. There, fresh from the creative hand of God, was a tract which should one day be alive with the industries of races of men as yet unknown there: a gateway was opened before me, through which the sturdy peoples of northern climes should enter and develop the riches of that fertile region. Little did I think how soon the advance-vessel, bearing that northern civilization, would anchor but a little way from the place where I then was." Yet even now, although the Benue has been successfully navigated to its upper waters, we are far from realizing the value of the great discovery of Barth.

From that point he went southward as far as Yola, and thence turned back to Kukana, where he was obliged to tarry for a considerable time for the restoration of his health, which had suffered much under the trying influences of the African climate. He joined Overweg, and made one journey more, traversing this time the hitherto unexplored kingdom of Bagirmi, at the capital of which, Masenna, he received a message from the English Government, placing him at the head of the expedition, and directing him

to return by way of Timbuctoo. The order was highly welcome to Barth, and he set out with eagerness for the "Queen of the Desert," as that barbaric capital is termed. While with his courage and unextinguished hopefulness he was congratulating himself on the honor of being selected to follow in the footsteps of the heroic Mungo Park, he had to bear the pain of losing his friend and companion Overweg, a victim to the relentless climate and to long-protracted fatigue. No one can paint the loneliness of heart with which Barth pursued his solitary journey, himself no longer strong, and liable to die at any time a solitary death. Passing Sinder, Katsena, and Sokoto, he crossed the Niger, and then followed the course of that river up to Timbuctoo, the goal of that stage of his journey. The story of his nine months' detention in that city, of his imminent perils, and of his escape, is too well-known to my readers, and it forms a tale, even when told in his cold, dry way, of thrilling interest. To his dying day he never forgot the gratitude which he owed to the two youths who once saved his life at the peril of their own, and their picture, together with that of his great patron and friend, Bunsen, hung over his bed to the last. I need not follow him down the Niger again to Sokoto, and through his homeward course over Kano and Kukana, where, at the very last stage of his wanderings and dangers, he encountered Vogel, who had been sent out to search for him as for a lost Franklin. The journey northward was uneventful, and on the 13th of October, 1855, he arrived at Berlin.

The results of the journey have been well summed up by his friend Kamer in a few words. They were the discovery of the true physical character of the Sahara; the establishing of the position and extent of the Mendif group; the proving that the great eastern tributary of the Niger is independent of Lake Tsad, and that it forms the natural commercial avenue into Central Africa; the investigation of the river system of Bagiri and Adamawa, and the exploration of the Niger between Sokoto and Timbuctoo. The aggregate length of his journeyings was not far from 14,000 miles, and the territory opened to the knowledge of the civilized world is more than 4,000,000 of square miles in extent.

The years immediately following Barth's return were devoted to the preparation of his volumes for the press. Then followed a period of quiet study before he was called to any new field; and at length, in 1863, he was appointed Professor Extraordinary of Geography in the University of Berlin, in which capacity he labored down to the day of his death, November 25th of last year.

It is painful to be called upon to record the death of one whom we have always associated with health, vigor, action. Of the sixty-seven travelers who have endeavored, since the year 1788, to explore the region traversed by Barth, he is the only one who has been spared either a death by violence or by fever. How narrow his

repeated escapes from both forms were the readers of his volumes know well. Yet he continued to the end a hale, vigorous man, and a slight form of dyspepsia was the only ailment which his African exposures bequeathed to him. An attack of this complaint following a hearty dinner, and aggravated by the medical treatment which he received, was the immediate cause of his death. Notwithstanding the feeling in Berlin among his friends, in speaking of the administration of six grains of tartar emetic to a man suffering with a slight attack of dyspepsia, and the complaint made by some that he was no less than slaughtered by medical incapacity, it should be said, in justice, that Barth, whenever he was slightly ailing, always demanded a powerful, active, immediate remedy, and was not satisfied with light measures. Even in this the natural energy of the man appeared.

To sum up his character is easy. Though reticent, he was not crooked, and his soul was clear and simple. He was a modest, resolute, straightforward man, a faithful and affectionate son, brother, and friend. He was a thorough student, and loved knowledge with the true German love, for its own sake, and not for the sake of what it would bring him. If he was harsh and severe in his words and repellent in his manner it was only too natural, as the opening pages of this article have, I trust, shown; and very seldom did he allow his pen or his tongue to run away with his judgment. If a false man was to be shown up in his true colors none was more willing to do it than Barth, for his hatred of intrigue, of cunning, and of syc-

phancy was strong beyond all expression. He was all his life long free from care about money; his first journey cost him about 11,000 American dollars; but the sloth, want of ambition, and love of ease which often accompany the possession of wealth had no part in the character of Henry Barth. He had a few friends, and those few he loved with pure affection. He was a Liberal in politics, and a member of the Lower House of the Prussian Parliament. He was a friend of America, and with Americans he felt himself at home, for he knew that he was loved and honored in America.

The grave has closed over him at the age of forty-five years, while he seemed to be in the very prime of life. He lived long enough, however, to do a great work and to win an enviable name. His memory will long survive in the hearts of those who knew him best; and those who stood the nearest to him have only words of praise. He was not, it is true, one of those warm, magnetic souls which enkindle the enthusiasm of thousands; his was not one of those tender spirits which draw men like the love of woman; his was not a fine poetic nature, he not even having his full share of the universal, overflowing German sentiment; but he had a manly, brave, genuine soul, a heart which craved the love of the few who formed the world of his affections, a noble heroism in the cause of science and civilization, a lofty, and I venture to say a sanctified, ambition. The world is richer for every man in it whose character has the sterling qualities which lay in the soul of Henry Barth.

ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

THE DIARY ENDED.

"IF I had been less anxious the sudden presentation of Mrs. Oldershaw, in an entirely new character, might have amused me. But I was in no humor for laughing, and (my notes-of-hand being all paid) I was under no obligation to restrain my natural freedom of speech. 'Stuff and nonsense!' I said. 'Put your Sunday face in your pocket. I have got some news for you since I last wrote from Thorpe-Ambrose.'

"The instant I mentioned 'Thorpe-Ambrose' the whites of the old hypocrite's eyes showed themselves again, and she flatly refused to hear a word more from me on the subject of my proceedings in Norfolk. I insisted—but it was quite useless. Mother Oldershaw only shook her head and groaned, and informed me that her connection with the pomps and vanities of the world was at an end forever. 'I have been

born again, Lydia,' said the brazen old wretch, wiping her eyes. 'Nothing will induce me to return to the subject of that wicked speculation of yours on the folly of a rich young man.'

"After hearing this I should have left her on the spot, but for one consideration which delayed me a moment longer.

"It was easy to see by this time that the circumstances (whatever they might have been) which had obliged Mother Oldershaw to keep in hiding, on the occasion of my former visit to London, had been sufficiently serious to force her into giving up, or appearing to give up, her old business. And it was hardly less plain that she had found it to her advantage—every body in England finds it to their advantage, in some way—to cover the outer side of her character carefully with a smooth varnish of Cant. This was, however, no business of mine; and I should have made these reflections outside, instead of inside the house, if my interests had not been involved in putting the sincerity of Mother Oldershaw's reformation to the test—so far as it affected her past connection with myself. At



the time when she had fitted me out for our enterprise, I remembered signing a certain business-document which gave her a handsome pecuniary interest in my success, if I became Mrs. Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose. The chance of turning this mischievous morsel of paper to good account, in the capacity of a touch-stone, was too tempting to be resisted. I asked my devout friend's permission to say one last word before I left the house.

"As you have no further interest in my wicked speculation at Thorpe-Ambrose," I said, "perhaps you will give me back the written pa-

per that I signed, when you were not quite such an exemplary person as you are now?"

"The shameless old hypocrite instantly shut her eyes and shuddered.

"Does that mean Yes or No?" I asked.

"On moral and religious grounds, Lydia," said Mrs. Oldersham, "it means No."

"On wicked and worldly grounds," I rejoined, "I beg to thank you for showing me your hand."

"There could, indeed, be no doubt now about the object she really had in view. She would run no more risks and lend no more

money—she would leave me to win or lose, single-handed. If I lost, she would not be compromised. If I won, she would produce the paper I had signed, and profit by it without remorse. In my present situation it was mere waste of time and words to prolong the matter by any useless recrimination on my side. I put the warning away privately in my memory for future use, and got up to go.

“At the moment when I left my chair there was a sharp double knock at the street-door. Mrs. Oldershaw evidently recognized it. She rose in a violent hurry and rang the bell. ‘I am too unwell to see any body,’ she said, when the servant appeared. ‘Wait a moment, if you please,’ she added, turning sharply on me, when the woman had left us to answer the door.

“It was small, very small, spitefulness on my part, I know—but the satisfaction of thwarting Mother Jezebel, even in a trifle, was not to be resisted. ‘I can’t wait,’ I said; ‘you reminded me just now that I ought to be at church.’ Before she could answer I was out of the room.

“As I put my foot on the first stair the street-door was opened, and a man’s voice inquired whether Mrs. Oldershaw was at home.

“I instantly recognized the voice. Doctor Downward!

“The doctor repeated the servant’s message in a tone which betrayed unmistakable irritation at finding himself admitted no farther than the door.

“‘Your mistress is not well enough to see visitors? Give her that card,’ said the doctor, ‘and say I expect her, the next time I call, to be well enough to see *me*.’

“If his voice had not told me plainly that he felt in no friendly mood toward Mrs. Oldershaw, I dare say I should have let him go without claiming his acquaintance. But, as things were, I felt an impulse to speak to him or to any body who had a grudge against Mother Jezebel. There was more of my small spitefulness in this, I suppose. Any way, I slipped down stairs, and, following the doctor out quietly, overtook him in the street.

“I had recognized his voice, and I recognized his back as I walked behind him. But when I called him by his name, and when he turned round with a start and confronted me, I followed his example, and started on my side. The doctor’s face was transformed into the face of a perfect stranger! His baldness had hidden itself under an artfully grizzled wig. He had allowed his whiskers to grow, and had dyed them to match his new head of hair. Hideous circular spectacles bestrode his nose in place of the neat double eye-glass that he used to carry in his hand, and a black neckerchief, surmounted by immense shirt-collars, appeared as the unworthy successor of the clerical white cravat of former times. Nothing remained of the man I once knew but the comfortable plumpness of his figure, and the confidential courtesy and smoothness of his manner and his voice.

“‘Charmed to see you again,’ said the doctor, looking about him a little anxiously, and producing his card-case in a very precipitate manner. ‘But my dear Miss Gwilt, permit me to rectify a slight mistake on your part. Doctor Downward of Pimlico is dead and buried; and you will infinitely oblige me if you will never, on any consideration, mention him again!’

“I took the card he offered me, and discovered that I was now supposed to be speaking to ‘Doctor Le Doux, the Sanatorium, Fairweather Vale, Hampstead!’

“‘You seem to have found it necessary,’ I said, ‘to change a great many things since I last saw you? Your name, your residence, your personal appearance—?’

“‘And my branch of practice,’ interposed the doctor. ‘I have purchased of the original possessor (a person of feeble enterprise and no resources) a name, a diploma, and a partially completed sanatorium for the reception of nervous invalids. We are open already to the inspection of a few privileged friends—come and see us. Are you walking my way? Pray take my arm, and tell me to what happy chance I am indebted for the pleasure of seeing you again?’

“I told him the circumstances exactly as they had happened, and I added (with a view to making sure of his relations with his former ally at Pimlico) that I had been greatly surprised to hear Mrs. Oldershaw’s door shut on such an old friend as himself. Cautious as he was the doctor’s manner of receiving my remark satisfied me at once that my suspicions of an estrangement were well founded. His smile vanished, and he settled his hideous spectacles irritably on the bridge of his nose.

“‘Pardon me if I leave you to draw your own conclusions,’ he said. ‘The subject of Mrs. Oldershaw is, I regret to say, far from agreeable to me under existing circumstances. A business difficulty connected with our late partnership at Pimlico, entirely without interest for a young and brilliant woman like yourself. Tell me your news! Have you left your situation at Thorpe-Ambrose? Are you residing in London? Is there any thing, professional or otherwise, that I can do for you?’

“That last question was a more important one than he supposed. Before I answered it I felt the necessity of parting company with him and of getting a little time to think.

“‘You have kindly asked me, doctor, to pay you a visit,’ I said. ‘In your quiet house at Hampstead I may possibly have something to say to you which I can’t say here in this noisy street. When are you at home at the Sanatorium? Should I find you there later in the day?’

“The doctor assured me that he was then on his way back, and begged that I would name my own hour. I said, ‘Toward this afternoon;’ and, pleading an engagement, hailed the first omnibus that passed us. ‘Don’t forget the address,’ said the doctor, as he handed

me in. 'I have got your card,' I answered—and so we parted.

"I returned to the hotel, and went up into my room and thought over it very anxiously.

"The serious obstacle of the signature on the marriage register still stood in my way as unmanageably as ever. All hope of getting assistance from Mrs. Oldershaw was at an end. I could only regard her henceforth as an enemy hidden in the dark—the enemy, beyond all doubt now, who had had me followed and watched when I was last in London. To what other counselor could I turn for the advice which my unlucky ignorance of law and business obliged me to seek from some one more experienced than myself? Could I go to the lawyer whom I consulted when I was about to marry Midwinter in my maiden name? Impossible! To say nothing of his cold reception of me when I had last seen him, the advice I wanted this time related (disguise the facts as I might) to the commission of a Fraud—a fraud of the sort that no professional man would think of assisting if he had a character to lose. Was there any other competent person I could think of? There was one, and one only—the doctor who had died at Pimlico, and had revived again at Hampstead.

"I knew him to be entirely without scruples; to have the business experience that I wanted myself; and to be as cunning, as clever, and as far-seeing a man as could be found in all London. Beyond this, I had made two important discoveries in connection with him that morning. In the first place, he was on bad terms with Mrs. Oldershaw—which would protect me from all danger of the two leaguering together against me if I trusted him. In the second place, circumstances still obliged him to keep his identity carefully disguised—which gave me a hold over him in no respect inferior to any hold that I might give him over me. In every way he was the right man, the only man, for my purpose; and yet I hesitated at going to him—hesitated for a full hour and more, without knowing why!

"It was two o'clock before I finally decided on paying the doctor a visit. Having, after this, occupied nearly another hour in settling carefully beforehand what I should say to him, and having determined to a hair's-breadth how far I should take him into my confidence, I sent for a cab at last, and set off toward three in the afternoon for Hampstead.

"I found the Sanatorium with some little difficulty. Fairweather Vale proved to be a new neighborhood, situated below the high ground of Hampstead, on the southern side. The day was overcast, and the place looked very dreary. We approached it by a new road running between trees, which might once have been the park-avenue of a country house. At the end we came upon a wilderness of open ground, with half-finished villas dotted about,

and a hideous litter of boards, wheel-barrows, and building materials of all sorts scattered in every direction. At one corner of this scene of desolation stood a great overgrown dismal house, plastered with drab-colored stucco, and surrounded by a naked unfinished garden, without a shrub or a flower in it—frightful to behold. On the open iron gate that led into this enclosure was a new brass plate, with 'Sanatorium' inscribed on it in great black letters. The bell, when the cabman rang it, pealed through the empty house like a knell; and the pallid withered old man-servant in black who answered the door looked as if he had stepped up out of his grave to perform that service. He let out on me a swell of damp plaster and new varnish, and he let in with me a chilling draught of the damp November air. I didn't notice it at the time, but recalling it now I remember that I shivered as I crossed the threshold.

"I gave my name to the servant as 'Mrs. Armadale,' and was shown into the waiting-room. The very fire itself was dying of damp in the grate. The only books on the table were the doctor's Works, in seven drab volumes; and the only object that ornamented the walls was the foreign Diploma (handsomely framed and gilded), of which the doctor had possessed himself by purchase, along with the foreign name.

"After a moment or two the proprietor of the Sanatorium came in, and held up his hands in official astonishment at the sight of me.

"'I hadn't an idea who "Mrs. Armadale" was!' he said. 'My dear lady, have you changed your name last? How silly of you not to tell me when we met this morning! Come into my private snuggery—I can't think of keeping an old and dear friend like you in the patients' waiting-room.'

"The doctor's private snuggery was at the back of the house, looking out on fields and trees doomed but not yet destroyed by the builder. Flexible objects in brass and leather and glass, twisted and turned as if they were sentient things writhing in agonies of pain, filled up one end of the room. A great book-case with glass doors extended over the whole of the opposite wall, and exhibited on its shelves long rows of glass jars, in which shapeless dead remains of a dull white color floated in yellow liquid. Above the fire-place hung a collection of photographic portraits of men and women, inclosed in two large frames hanging side by side with a space between them. The left-hand frame illustrated the effects of nervous suffering as seen in the face; the right-hand frame exhibited the ravages of insanity from the same point of view; while the space between was occupied by an elegantly-illuminated scroll, bearing inscribed on it in fancifully-shaped letters the time-honored motto, 'Prevention is better than Cure.'

"'Here I am, with my galvanic apparatus, and my preserved specimens, and all the rest of it,' said the doctor, placing me in a chair by the fireside. 'And there is my System mutely addressing you just above your head, under a form

of exposition which I venture to describe as frankness itself. This is no mad-house, my dear lady. Let other men treat insanity, if they like—I stop it! No patients in this house as yet. But we live in an age when nervous derangement (parent of insanity) is steadily on the increase; and in due time the sufferers will come. I can wait, as Harvey waited, as Jenner waited. And now, do put your feet up on the fender and tell me about yourself. You are married, of course? And what a pretty name! Accept my best and most heart-felt congratulations! You have the two greatest blessings that can fall to a woman's lot—the two capital H's, as I call them—Husband and Home.'

"I interrupted the genial flow of the doctor's congratulations at the first opportunity.

"'I am married; but the circumstances are by no means of the ordinary kind,' I said, seriously. 'My present position includes none of the blessings that are usually supposed to fall to a woman's lot. I am already in a situation of very serious difficulty—and before long I may be in a situation of very serious danger as well.'

"The doctor drew his chair a little nearer to me, and fell at once into his old professional manner and his old confidential tone.

"'If you wish to consult me,' he said, softly, 'you know that I have kept some dangerous secrets in my time, and you also know that I possess two valuable qualities as an adviser. I am not easily shocked; and I can be implicitly trusted.'

"I hesitated even now at the eleventh hour, sitting alone with him in his own room. It was so strange to me to be trusting to any body but myself! And yet how could I help myself in a difficulty which turned on a matter of law?

"'Just as you please, you know,' added the doctor. 'I never invite confidences. I merely receive them.'

"There was no help for it; I had come there not to hesitate, but to speak. I risked it and spoke.

"'The matter on which I wish to consult you,' I said, 'is not (as you seem to think) within your experience as a professional man. But I believe you may be of assistance to me, if I trust myself to your larger experience as a man of the world. I warn you, beforehand, that I shall certainly surprise and possibly alarm you before I have done.'

"With that preface I entered on my story, telling him what I had settled to tell him—and no more.

"I made no secret, at the outset, of my intention to personate Armadale's widow; and I mentioned without reserve (knowing that the doctor could go to the office and examine the will for himself) the handsome income that would be settled on me in the event of my success. Some of the circumstances that followed next in succession I thought it desirable to alter or conceal. I showed him the newspaper account of the loss of the yacht—but I said nothing about events at Naples. I informed him

of the exact similarity of the two names; leaving him to imagine that it was accidental. I told him, as an important element in the matter, that my husband had kept his real name a profound secret from every body but myself; but (to prevent any communication between them) I carefully concealed from the doctor what the assumed name under which Midwinter had lived all his life really was. I acknowledged that I had left my husband behind me on the Continent; but when the doctor put the question I led him to conclude—I couldn't with 'all my' resolution tell him positively!—that Midwinter knew of the contemplated fraud, and that he was staying away purposely so as not to compromise me by his presence. This difficulty smoothed over—or, as I feel it now, this baseness committed—I reverted to myself, and came back again to the truth. One after another I mentioned all the circumstances connected with my private marriage, and with the movements, while in London, of Armadale and Midwinter, which rendered any discovery of the false personation (through the evidence of other people) a downright impossibility. 'So much,' I said, in conclusion, 'for the object in view. The next thing is to tell you plainly of a very serious obstacle that stands in my way.'

"The doctor, who had listened thus far without interrupting me, begged permission here to say a few words on his side before I went on.

"The 'few words' proved to be all questions—clever, reaching, suspicious questions—which I was, however, able to answer with little or no reserve, for they related, in almost every instance, to the circumstances under which I had been married, and to the chances for and against my lawful husband if he chose to assert his claim to me at any future time. 'My replies informed the doctor, in the first place, that I had so managed matters in Armadale's house and in the neighborhood as to lead to a general impression that he intended to marry me; in the second place, that my husband's early life had not been of a kind to exhibit him favorably in the eyes of the world; in the third place, that we had been married without any witnesses present who knew us, at a large parish church in which two other couples had been married the same morning, to say nothing of the dozens on dozens of other couples (confusing all remembrance of us in the minds of the officiating people) who had been married since. When I had put the doctor in possession of these facts, and when he had further ascertained that Midwinter and I had gone abroad among strangers immediately after leaving the church, and that the men employed on board the yacht in which Armadale had sailed from Somersetshire (before my marriage) were now away in other ships voyaging to the other end of the world, his confidence in my prospects showed itself plainly in his face. 'So far as I can see,' he said, 'your husband's claim to you—after you have stepped into the place of the dead Mr. Armadale's widow—would rest on nothing but his own bare assertion. And

that I think you might safely set at defiance. Excuse my apparent distrust of the gentleman. But there might be a misunderstanding between you in the future, and it is highly desirable to ascertain beforehand exactly what he could or could not do under those circumstances. And now that we have done with the main obstacle that I see in the way of your success, let us by all means come to the obstacle that *you* see next!

"I was willing enough to come to it. The tone in which he spoke of Midwinter, though I myself was responsible for it, jarred on me horribly, and roused for the moment some of the old folly of feeling which I fancied I had laid aside forever. I rushed at the chance of changing the subject, and mentioned the discrepancy in the register between the hand in which Midwinter had signed the name of Allan Armadale and the hand in which Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose had been accustomed to write his name, with an eagerness which it quite diverted the doctor to see.

"Is *that* all?" he asked, to my infinite surprise and relief, when I had done. "My dear lady, pray set your mind at ease! If the late Mr. Armadale's lawyers want a proof of your marriage they won't go to the church register for it, I can promise you."

"What?" I exclaimed, in astonishment. "do you mean to say that the entry in the register is not a proof of my marriage?"

"It is a proof," said the doctor, "that you have been married to somebody. But it is no proof that you have been married to Mr. Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose. Jack Nokes or Tom Styles (excuse the homeliness of the illustration!) might have got the license and gone to the church to be married to you under Mr. Armadale's name—and the register clerk could do otherwise!) must in that case have innocently assisted the deception. I see I surprise you. My dear madam, when you opened this interesting business you surprised me—I may own it now—by laying so much stress on the curious similarity between the two names. You might have entered on the very daring and romantic enterprise in which you are now engaged without necessarily marrying your present husband. Any other man would have done just as well, provided he was willing to take Mr. Armadale's name for the purpose."

"I felt my temper going at this. "Any other man would *not* have done just as well," I rejoined instantly. "But for the similarity of the names I should never have thought of the enterprise at all."

"The doctor admitted that he had spoken too hastily. "That personal view of the subject had, I confess, escaped me," he said. "However, let us get back to the matter in hand. In the course of what I may term an adventurous medical life I have been brought more than once into contact with the gentlemen of the law, and have had opportunities of observing their proceedings in cases of, let us say, Domestic Juris-

prudence. I am quite sure I am correct in informing you that the proof which will be required by Mr. Armadale's representatives will be the evidence of a witness present at the marriage who can speak to the identity of the bride and bridegroom from his own personal knowledge."

"But I have already told you," I said, "that there was no such person present."

"Precisely," rejoined the doctor. "In that case, what you now want, before you can safely stir a step in the matter, is—if you will pardon me the expression—a ready-made witness, possessed of safe moral and personal resources, who can be trusted to assume the necessary character, and to make the necessary Declaration before a magistrate. Do you know of any such person?" asked the doctor, throwing himself back in his chair and looking at me with the utmost innocency.

"I only know you," I said.

"The doctor laughed softly. "So like a woman!" he remarked, with the most conspicuous good-humor. "The moment she was let off at the depot at it bounding the nearest way. Oh, the sex! the sex!"

"Never mind the sex!" I broke out, impatiently. "I want a serious answer—Yes or No?"

"The doctor rose and waved his hand with great gravity and dignity all round the room. "You see this vast sanctidulness," he began; "you can possibly estimate to some extent the immense stake I have in its prosperity and success. Your excellent natural sense will tell you that the Principal of this Sanatorium must be a man of the most undoubted character!"

"Why waste so many words," I said, "when one word will do?—You mean No!"

"The Principal of the Sanatorium suddenly slipped into the character of my confidential friend.

"Oh, the sex! the sex!" he said. "My dear lady, it isn't Yes, and it isn't No, at a moment's notice!"

"You want time?"

"I want till this flow to-morrow afternoon. May I have it? A thousand thanks. Where can I call on you when I have decided what to do?"

"There was no objection to my trusting him with my address at the hotel. I had taken care to present myself there as 'Mrs. Armadale,' and I had given Midwinter an address at the neighboring post-office to write to when he answered my letters. We settled the hour at which the doctor was to call on me; and, that matter arranged, I rose to go, resisting all offers of refreshment, and all proposals to show me over the house. His smooth persistence in keeping up appearances after we had thoroughly understood each other disgusted me. I got away from him as soon as I could, and came back to my diary and my own room.

"We shall see how it ends to-morrow. My own idea is that the doctor will say Yes.

"November 24.—The doctor has said Yes, as I supposed—but on terms which I never anticipated. The conditions on which I have secured what he calls his 'confidential services' amount to nothing less than the payment to him, on my stepping into the place of Armadale's widow, of half my first year's income—in other words, six hundred pounds!

"I protested against this extortionate demand in every way I could think of. All to no purpose. The doctor met me with the most engaging frankness. Nothing, he said, but the accidental embarrassment of his position at the present time would have induced him to mix himself up in the matter at all. He would honestly confess that he had exhausted his own resources, and the resources of other persons whom he described as his 'backers,' in the purchase and completion of the Sanatorium. Under those circumstances, six hundred pounds in prospect was an object to him. For that sum he would run the serious risk of advising and assisting me. Not a farthing less would tempt him—and there he left it, with his best and friendliest wishes, in my hands!

"It ended in the only way in which it could end. I had no choice but to accept the terms, and to let the doctor settle things on the spot as he pleased. The arrangement once made between us, I must do him the justice to say that he showed no disposition (as the proverb says) to let the grass grow under his feet. He called briskly for pens, ink, and paper, and suggested opening the campaign at Thorpe-Ambrose by to-night's post.

"We agreed on a form of letter which I wrote, and which he copied on the spot. I entered into no particulars at starting. I simply asserted that I was the widow of the deceased Mr. Armadale; that I had been privately married to him; that I had returned to England on his sailing in the yacht from Naples; and that I begged to inclose a copy of my marriage-certificate, as a matter of form with which I presumed it was customary to comply. The letter was addressed to 'The representatives of the late Allan Armadale, Esq., Thorpe-Ambrose, Norfolk.' And the doctor himself carried it away, and put it in the post.

"I am not so excited and so impatient for results as I expected to be, now that the first step is taken. The thought of Midwinter haunts me like a ghost. I have been writing to him again—as before, to keep up appearances. It will be my last letter, I think. My courage feels shaken, my spirits get depressed, when my thoughts go back to Turin. I am no more capable of facing the consideration of Midwinter at this moment than I was in the by-gone time. The day of reckoning with him, once distant and doubtful, is a day that may come to me now I know not how soon. And here I am, trusting myself blindly to the chapter of Accidents still!

"November 25.—At two o'clock to-day the
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doctor called again by appointment. He has been to his lawyers (of course without taking them into our confidence) to put the case simply of proving my marriage. The result confirms what he has already told me. The pivot on which the whole matter will turn, if my claim is disputed, will be the question of identity; and it may be necessary for the witness to make his Declaration in the magistrates' presence before the week is out.

"In this position of affairs the doctor thinks it important that we should be within easy reach of each other, and proposes to find a quiet lodging for me in his neighborhood. I am quite willing to go any where—for, among the other strange fancies that have got possession of me, I have an idea that I shall feel more completely lost to Midwinter if I move out of the neighborhood in which his letters are addressed to me. I was awake and thinking of him again last night. This morning I have finally decided to write to him no more.

"After staying half an hour the doctor left me—having first inquired whether I would like to accompany him to Hampstead to look for lodgings. I informed him that I had some business of my own which would keep me in London. He inquired what the business was. 'You will see,' I said, 'to-morrow or next day.'

"I had a moment's nervous trembling when I was left by myself again. My business in London, besides being a serious business in a woman's eyes, took my mind back to Midwinter in spite of me. The prospect of removing to my new lodging had reminded me of the necessity of dressing in my new character. The time had come now for getting *my widow's weeds*.

"My first proceeding, after putting my bonnet on, was to provide myself with money. I got what I wanted to fit me out for the character of Armadale's widow by nothing less than the sale of Armadale's own present to me on my marriage—the ruby ring. It proved to be a more valuable jewel than I had supposed. I am likely to be spared all money anxieties for some time to come.

"On leaving the jeweler's I went to the great mourning shop in Regent Street. In four-and-twenty hours (if I can give them no more) they have engaged to dress me in my widow's costume from head to foot. I had another feverish moment when I left the shop; and, by way of further excitement on this agitating day, I found a surprise in store for me on my return to the hotel. An elderly gentleman was announced to be waiting to see me. I opened my sitting-room door—and there was old Bashwood!

"He had got my letter that morning, and had started for London by the next train to answer it in person! I had expected a great deal from him, but I had certainly not expected *that*. It flattered me. For the moment, I declare it flattered me!

"I pass over the wretched old creature's raptures and reproaches, and groans and tears, and weary long prosings about the lonely months he

had passed at Thorpe-Ambrose, brooding over my desertion of him. He was quite eloquent at times—but I didn't want his eloquence here. It is needless to say that I put myself right with him, and consulted his feelings before I asked him his news. What a blessing a woman's vanity is sometimes! I almost forgot my risks and responsibilities in my anxiety to be charming. For a minute or two I felt a warm little flutter of triumph. And it *was* a triumph—even with an old man! In a quarter of an hour I had him smirking and smiling, hanging on my lightest words in an ecstasy, and answering all the questions I put to him like a good little child.

"Here is his account of affairs at Thorpe-Ambrose, as I gently extracted it from him bit by bit:

"In the first place, the news of Armadale's death has reached Miss Milroy. It has so completely overwhelmed her that her father has been compelled to remove her from the school. She is back at the cottage, and the doctor is in daily attendance. Do I pity her? Yes! I pity her exactly as much as she once pitied me!

"In the next place, the state of affairs at the great house, which I expected to find some difficulty in comprehending, turns out to be quite intelligible, and certainly not dismaying so far. Only yesterday the lawyers on both sides came to an understanding. Mr. Darch (the family solicitor of the Blanchards, and Armadale's bitter enemy in past times) represents the interests of Miss Blanchard, who is next heir to the estate, and who has, it appears, been in London on business of her own for some time past. Mr. Smart of Norwich (originally employed to overlook Bashwood in the steward's office) represents the deceased Armadale. And this is what the two lawyers have settled between them.

"Mr. Darch, acting for Miss Blanchard, has claimed the possession of the estate and the right of receiving the rents at the Christmas audit in her name. Mr. Smart, on his side, has admitted that there is great weight in the family solicitor's application. He can not see his way, as things are now, to contesting the question of Armadale's death, and he will consent to offer no resistance to the application if Mr. Darch will consent, on his side, to assume the responsibility of taking possession in Miss Blanchard's name. This Mr. Darch has already done; and the estate is now virtually in Miss Blanchard's possession.

"One result of this course of proceeding will be (as Bashwood thinks) to put Mr. Darch in the position of the person who really decides on my claim to the widow's place and the widow's money. The income being charged on the estate, it must come out of Miss Blanchard's pocket; and the question of paying it would appear therefore to be a question for Miss Blanchard's lawyer. To-morrow will probably decide whether this view is the right one—for my letter to Armadale's representatives will have been delivered at the great house this morning.

"So much for what old Bashwood had to tell me. Having recovered my influence over him, and possessed myself of all his information so far, the next thing to consider was the right use to turn him to in the future. He was entirely at my disposal, for his place at the steward's office has been already taken by Miss Blanchard's man of business, and he pleaded hard to be allowed to stay and serve my interests in London. There would not have been the least danger in letting him stay, for I had, as a matter of course, left him undisturbed in his conviction that I really am the widow of Armadale of Thorpe-Ambrose. But with the doctor's resources at my command, I wanted no assistance of any sort in London; and it occurred to me that I might possibly make Bashwood more useful by sending him back to Norfolk to watch the progress of events there in my interests. He looked sorely disappointed (having had an eye evidently to paying his court to me in my widowed condition!) when I told him of the conclusion at which I had arrived. But a few words of persuasion, and a reminder that he might cherish hopes in the future if he served me faithfully in the present, did wonders in reconciling him to the necessity of meeting my wishes. He asked helpfully for 'instructions' when it was time for him to leave me and travel back by the evening train. I could give him none, for I had no idea at all of what the legal people might or might not do. 'But suppose something happens,' he persisted, 'that I don't understand, what am I to do, so far away from you?' I could only give him one answer. 'Do nothing,' I said. 'Whatever it is, hold your tongue about it, and write, or come up to London immediately to consult me.' With those parting directions, and with an understanding that we were to correspond regularly, I let him kiss my hand, and sent him off to the train.

"Now that I am alone again, and able to think calmly of the interview between me and my elderly adviser, I find myself recalling a certain change in old Bashwood's manner which puzzled me at the time, and which puzzles me still.

"Even in his first moments of agitation at seeing me, I thought that his eyes rested on my face with a new kind of interest while I was speaking to him. Besides this, he dropped a word or two afterward, telling me of his lonely life at Thorpe-Ambrose, which seemed to imply that he had been sustained in his attitude by something like a feeling of confidence about his future relations with me when we next met. If he had been a younger and a bolder man (and if any such discovery had been possible), I should almost have suspected him of having found out something about my past life which had made him privately confident of exercising a power of control over me if I showed any disposition to deceive and desert him again. But such an idea as this in connection with old Bashwood is simply absurd. Perhaps I am over-excited by the suspense and anxiety of my present posi-

tion? Perhaps the merest fancies and suspicions are leading me astray? Let this be as it may, I have at any rate more serious subjects than the subject of old Bashwood to occupy me now. To-morrow's post may tell me what Armadale's representatives think of the claim of Armadale's widow.

"*November 26th.*—The answer has arrived this morning in the form (as Bashwood supposed) of a letter from Mr. Darch. The crabbed old lawyer acknowledges my letter in three lines. Before he takes any steps or expresses any opinion on the subject he wants evidence of identity as well as the evidence of the certificate, and he ventures to suggest that it may be desirable before we go any further to refer him to my legal advisers.

"*Two o'clock.*—The doctor called shortly after twelve to say that he had found a lodging for me within twenty minutes' walk of the Sanatorium. In return for his news I showed him Mr. Darch's letter. He took it away at once to his lawyers, and came back with the necessary information for my guidance. I have answered Mr. Darch's by sending him the address of my legal advisers—otherwise, the doctor's lawyers—without making any comment on the desire that he has expressed for additional evidence of the marriage. This is all that can be done to-day. To-morrow will bring with it events of greater interest—for to-morrow the doctor is to make his Declaration before the magistrate, and to-morrow I am to move to my new lodging in my widow's weeds.

"*November 27th.*—*Fairweather Vale Villas.*—The Declaration has been made, with all the necessary formalities. And I have taken possession, in my widow's costume, of my new rooms.

"I ought to be excited by the opening of this new act in the drama, and by the venturesome part that I am playing in it myself. Strange to say, I am quiet and depressed. The thought of Midwinter has followed me to my new abode, and is pressing on me heavily at this moment. I have no fear of any accident happening in the interval that must still pass before I step publicly into the place of Armadale's widow. But when that time comes, and when Midwinter finds me (as sooner or later find me he must!) figuring in my false character, and settled in the position that I have usurped—*then*, I ask myself, What will happen? The answer still comes as it first came to me this morning, when I put on my widow's dress. Now, as then, the presentiment is fixed in my mind that he will kill me. If it was not too late to draw back—Absurd! I shall shut up my journal.

"*November 28th.*—The lawyers have heard from Mr. Darch, and have sent him the Declaration by return of post.

"When the doctor brought me this news, I

asked him whether his lawyers were aware of my present address; and, finding that he had not yet mentioned it to them, I begged that he would continue to keep it a secret for the future. The doctor laughed: 'Are you afraid of Mr. Darch's stealing a march on us, and coming to attack you personally?' he asked. I accepted the imputation, as the easiest way of making him comply with my request. 'Yes,' I said, 'I am afraid of Mr. Darch.'

"My spirits have risen since the doctor left me. There is a pleasant sensation of security in feeling that no strangers are in possession of my address. I am easy enough in my mind to-day to notice how wonderfully well I look in my widow's weeds, and to make myself agreeable to the people of the house.

"Midwinter disturbed me a little again last night; but I have got over the ghastly delusion which possessed me yesterday. I know better now than to dread violence from him when he discovers what I have done. And there is still less fear of his stooping to assert his claim to a woman who has practiced on him such a deception as mine. The one serious trial that I shall be put to when the day of reckoning comes, will be the trial of preserving my false character in his presence. I shall be safe in his loathing and contempt for me after that. On the day when I have denied him to his face I shall have seen the last of him forever.

"Shall I be able to deny him to his face? Shall I be able to look at him and speak to him as if he had never been more to me than a friend? How do I know till the time comes! Was there ever such an infatuated fool as I am, to be writing of him at all, when writing only encourages me to think of him? I will make a new resolution. From this time forth his name shall appear no more in these pages.

"*Monday, December 1st.*—The last month of the worn-out old year, eighteen hundred and fifty-one! If I allowed myself to look back, what a miserable year I should see added to all the other miserable years that are gone! But I have made my resolution to look forward only, and I mean to keep it.

"I have nothing to record of the last two days, except that on the twenty-ninth I remembered Bashwood, and wrote to tell him of my new address. This morning the lawyers heard again from Mr. Darch. He acknowledges the receipt of the Declaration, but postpones stating the decision at which he has arrived until he has communicated with the trustees under the late Mr. Blanchard's will, and has received his final instructions from his client, Miss Blanchard. The doctor's lawyers tell him that this last letter is a mere device for gaining time—with what object they are of course not in a position to guess. The doctor himself says, facetiously, it is the usual lawyer's object of making a long bill. My own idea is that Mr. Darch has his suspicions of something wrong, and that his purpose in trying to gain time—

"Ten, at night.—I had written as far as that last unfinished sentence (toward four in the afternoon) when I was startled by hearing a cab drive up to the door. I went to the window, and got there just in time to see old Bashwood getting out with an activity of which I should never have supposed him capable. So little did I anticipate the tremendous discovery that was going to burst on me in another minute that I turned to the glass, and wondered what the susceptible old gentleman would say to me in my widow's cap.

"The instant he entered the room I saw that some serious disaster had happened. His eyes were wild, his wig was awry. He approached me with a strange mixture of eagerness and dismay. 'I've done as you told me,' he whispered, breathlessly. 'I've held my tongue about it, and come straight to you!' He caught me by the hand before I could speak, with a boldness quite new in my experience of him! 'Oh, how can I break it to you?' he burst out. 'I'm beside myself when I think of it!'

"'When you *can* speak,' I said, putting him into a chair, 'speak out. I see in your face that you bring me news I don't look for from Thorpe-Ambrose.'

"He put his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat and drew out a letter. He looked at the letter, and looked at me. 'Now—now—now you don't look for,' he stammered; 'but not from Thorpe-Ambrose!'

"'Not from Thorpe-Ambrose!'

"'No. From the sea!'

"The first dawning of the truth broke on me at those words. I couldn't speak—I could only hold out my hand to him for the letter.

"He still shrank from giving it to me. 'I daren't! I daren't!' he said to himself, vacantly. 'The shock of it might be the death of her.'

"I snatched the letter from him. One glance at the writing on the address was enough. My hands fell on my lap, with the letter fast held in them. I sat petrified, without moving, without speaking, without hearing a word of what Bashwood was saying to me, and slowly realized the terrible truth. The man whose widow I had claimed to be was a living man to confront me! In vain I had mixed the drink at Naples—in vain I had betrayed him into Manuel's hands. Twice I had set the deadly snare for him, and twice Armadale had escaped me!

"I came to my sense of outward things again, and found Bashwood on his knees at my feet, crying.

"'You look angry,' he murmured, helplessly. 'Are you angry with *me*? Oh, if you only knew what hopes I had when we last saw each other, and how cruelly that letter has dashed them all to the ground!'

"I put the miserable old creature back from me—but very gently. 'Hush!' I said. 'Don't distress me now. I want composure—I want to read the letter.'

"He went away submissively to the other end

of the room. As soon as my eye was off him I heard him say to himself, with impotent malignity, 'If the sea had been of my mind the sea would have drowned him!'

"One by one I slowly opened the folds of the letter, feeling while I did so the strangest incapability of fixing my attention on the very lines that I was burning to read. But why dwell any longer on the effect produced upon me by the letter? It will be more to the purpose if I give the letter itself, for future reference, on this page of my journal:

"FISHER, ITALY, November 11, 1881.

"Mr. BASHWOOD.—The address I date from will surprise you—and you will be more surprised still when you hear how it is that I come to write to you from a post on the Adriatic Sea.

"I have been the victim of a rascally attempt at robbery and murder. The robbery has succeeded; and it is only through the mercy of God that the murder did not succeed too.

"I hired a yacht rather more than a month ago at Naples, and sailed (I am glad to think now) without any friend with me, for Messina. From Messina I went for a cruise in the Adriatic. Two days out we were caught in a storm. Storms get up in a hurry and go down in a hurry in these parts. The vessel behaved nobly—I declare I feel the tears in my eyes now when I think of her at the bottom of the sea! Toward sunset it began to moderate; and by midnight, except for a long smooth swell, the sea was as quiet as need be. I went below, a little tired (having helped in working the yacht while the gale lasted), and fell asleep in five minutes. About two hours after I was woken by something falling into my cabin through a chink of the ventilator in the upper part of the deck. I jumped up, and found a bit of paper with a key wrapped in it, and with writing in the inner side, in a hand which it was not very easy to read.

"Up to this time I had not had the ghost of a suspicion that I was alone at sea with a gang of murderous rascals (excepting one only) who would stick at nothing. I had got on very well with my sailing-master (the worst scoundrel of the lot), and better still with his English man. The sailors being all foreigners I had very little to say to. They did their work, and no quarrels and nothing unpleasant happened. If any body had told me, before I went to bed on the night after the storm, that the sailing-master and the crew and the mate (who had been no better than the rest of them at starting) were all in a conspiracy to rob me of the money I had on board, and then to drown me in my own vessel afterward, I should have laughed in his face. Just remember that, and then fancy for yourself (for I'm sure I can't tell you) what I must have thought when I opened the paper round the key, and read what I now copy (from the mate's writing) as follows:

"SIR,—Stay in your bed till you hear a boat shove off from the starboard side—or you are a dead man. You

money is stolen; and in five minutes' time the yacht will be scuttled and the cabin-hatch will be nailed down on you. Dead men tell no tales—and the sailing-master's notion is to leave proofs afloat that the vessel has foundered with all on board. It was his doing to begin with, and we were all in it. I can't find it in my heart not to give you a chance for your life. It's a bad chance, but I can do no more. I should be murdered myself if I did not seem to go with the rest. The key of your cabin-door is thrown back to you, inside this. Don't be alarmed when you hear the hammer above. I shall do it, and I shall have short nails in my hands as well as long, and use the short ones only. Wait till you hear the boat with all of us shove off, and then prize up the cabin-hatch with your back. The vessel will float a quarter of an hour after the holes are bored in her. Slip into the sea on the port side, and keep the vessel between you and the boat. You will find plenty of loose lumber, wrenched away on purpose, drifting about to hold on by. It's a fine night and a smooth sea, and there's a chance that a ship may pick you up while there's life left in you. I can do no more.

"Yours truly, J. M."

"As I came to these last words I heard the hammering-down of the hatch over my head. I don't suppose I'm more of a coward than most people—but there was a moment when the sweat poured down me like rain. I got to be my own man again before the hammering was done, and found myself thinking of somebody very dear to me in England. I said to myself, 'I'll have a try for my life, though the chances are dead against me.'

"I put a letter from that person I have mentioned into one of the stoppered bottles of my dressing-case—along with the mate's warning, in case I lived to see him again. I hung this and a flask of brandy in a sling round my neck—and, after first dressing myself in my confusion, thought better of it, and stripped again, for swimming, to my shirt and drawers. By the time I had done that the hammering was over, and there was such a silence that I could hear the water bubbling into the scuttled vessel amidships. The next noise was the noise of the boat and the villains in her (always excepting my friend the mate) shoving off from the star-board side. I waited for the splash of the oars in the water, and then got my back under the hatch. The mate had kept his promise. I lifted it easily—crept across the deck, under cover of the bulwarks, on all fours—and slipped into the sea on the port side. Lots of things were floating about. I took the first thing I came to—a hen-coop—and swam away with it about a couple of hundred yards, keeping the yacht between me and the boat. Having got that distance I was seized with a shivering fit, and I stopped (fearing the cramp next) to take a pull at my flask of brandy. When I had closed the flask again I turned for a moment to look back, and saw the yacht in the act of sinking. In a minute more there was nothing between me and the boat but the pieces of wreck that had been purposely thrown out to float. The moon was shining; and if they had had a glass in the boat, I believe they might have seen my head, though I carefully kept the hen-coop between me and them

"As it was, they laid on their oars; and I heard loud voices among them disputing. Aft-

er what seemed an age to me I discovered what the dispute was about. The boat's head was suddenly turned my way. Some cleverer scoundrel than the rest (the sailing-master, I dare say) had evidently persuaded them to row back over the place where the yacht had gone down, and make quite sure that I had gone down with her.

"They were more than half-way across the distance that separated us, and I had given myself up for lost, when I heard a cry from one of them, and saw the boat's progress suddenly checked. In a minute or two more the boat's head was turned again; and they rowed straight away from me like men rowing for their lives.

"I looked on one side, toward the land, and saw nothing. I looked on the other, toward the sea, and discovered what the boat's crew had discovered before me—a sail in the distance, growing steadily brighter and bigger in the moonlight the longer I looked at it. In a quarter of an hour more the vessel was within hail of me, and the crew had got me on board.

"They were all foreigners, and they quite deafened me by their jabber. I tried signs, but before I could make them understand me I was seized with another shivering fit, and was carried below. The vessel hied on her course, I have no doubt, but I was in no condition to know any thing about it. Before morning I was in a fever; and from that time I can remember nothing clearly till I came to my senses at this place, and found myself under the care of a Hungarian merchant, the consignee (as they call it) of the coasting vessel that had picked me up. He speaks English as well or better than I do; and he has treated me with a kindness which I can find no words to praise. When he was a young man he was in England himself, learning business, and he says he has remembrances of our country which make his heart warm toward an Englishman. He has fitted me out with clothes, and has lent me the money to travel with as soon as the doctor allows me to start for home. Supposing I don't get a relapse, I shall be fit to travel in a week's time from this. If I can catch the mail at Trieste, and stand the fatigue, I shall be back again at Thorpe-Ambrose in a week or ten days at most after you get my letter. You will agree with me that it is a terribly long letter. But I can't help that. I seem to have lost my old knack at putting things short, and finishing on the first page. However, I am near the end now—for I have nothing left to mention but the reason why I write about what has happened to me, instead of waiting till I get home, and telling it all by word of mouth.

"I fancy my head is still muddled by my illness. At any rate, it only struck me this morning that there is barely a chance of some vessel having passed the place where the yacht foundered, and having picked up the furniture and things wrenched out of her and left to float. Some false report of my being drowned may, in that case, have reached England. If this has

happened (which I hope to God may be an unfounded fear on my part), go directly to Major Milroy at the cottage. Show him this letter—I have written it quite as much for his eye as for yours—and then give him the inclosed note, and ask him if he doesn't think the circumstances justify me in hoping he will send it to Miss Milroy. I can't explain why I don't write directly to the major or to Miss Milroy instead of to you. I can only say there are considerations I am bound in honor to respect, which oblige me to act in this roundabout way.

"I don't ask you to answer this—for I shall be on my way home, I hope, long before your letter could reach me in this out-of-the-way place. Whatever you do don't lose a moment in going to Major Milroy. Go, on second thoughts, whether the loss of the yacht is known in England or not. Yours truly,

"ALIAS ARMADALE."

"I looked up when I had come to the end of the letter, and saw, for the first time, that Bashwood had left his chair, and had placed himself opposite to me. His eyes were fixed on my face, with the eager inquiring expression of a man who was trying to read my thoughts. His eyes fell guiltily when they met mine, and he shrank away to his chair. Believing, as he did, that I was really married to Armadale, was he trying to discover whether the news of Armadale's rescue from the sea was good news or bad news in my estimation? It was no time then for entering into explanations with him. The first thing to be done was to communicate instantly with the doctor. I called Bashwood back to me, and gave him my hand.

"'You have done me a service,' I said, 'which makes us closer friends than ever. I shall say more about this, and about other matters of some interest to both of us, later in the day. I want you now to lend me Mr. Armadale's letter (which I promise to bring back) and to wait here till I return. Will you do that for me, Mr. Bashwood?'

"He would do any thing I asked him, he said. I went into the bedroom, and put on my bonnet and shawl.

"'Let me be quite sure of the facts before I leave you,' I resumed, when I was ready to go out. 'You have not shown this letter to any body but me?'

"'Not a living soul has seen it but our two selves.'

"'What have you done with the note inclosed to Miss Milroy?'

"He produced it from his pocket. I ran it over rapidly—saw that there was nothing in it of the slightest importance—and put it in the fire on the spot. That done, I left Bashwood in the sitting-room, and went to the Sanatorium with Armadale's letter in my hand.

"The doctor had gone out; and the servant was unable to say positively at what time he would be back. I went into his study, and wrote a line preparing him for the news I had

brought with me, which I sealed up, with Armadale's letter, in an envelope, to await his return. That done, I told the servant I would call again in an hour, and left the place.

"It was useless to go back to my lodgings and speak to Bashwood until I knew first what the doctor meant to do. I walked about the neighborhood, up and down new streets and crescents and squares, with a kind of dull, numbed feeling to me, which prevented not only all voluntary exercise of thought but all sensation of bodily fatigue. I remembered the same feeling overpowering me, years ago, on the morning when the people of the prison came to take me into court to be tried for my life. All that frightful scene came back again to my mind, in the strangest manner, as if it had been a scene in which some other person had figured. Once or twice I wondered, in a heavy, senseless way, why they had not hanged me!

"When I went back to the Sanatorium I was informed that the doctor had returned half an hour since, and that he was in his own room anxiously waiting to see me.

"I went into the study, and found him sitting close by the fire, with his head down and his hands on his knees. On the table near him, besides Armadale's letter and my note, I saw, in the little circle of light thrown by the reading lamp, an open railway guide. Was he meditating flight? It was impossible to tell from his face, when he looked up at me, what he was meditating, or how the shock had struck him when he first discovered that Armadale was a living man.

"'Take a seat near the fire,' he said. 'It's very raw and cold today.'

"I took a chair in silence. In silence, on his side, the doctor sat rubbing his knees before the fire.

"'Have you nothing to say to me?' I asked.

"He rose, and suddenly removed the shade from the reading-lamp, so that the light fell on my face.

"'You are not looking well,' he said. 'What's the matter?'

"'My head feels dull, and my eyes are heavy and hot,' I replied. 'The weather, I suppose.'

"It was strange how we both got farther and farther from the one vitally important subject which we had both come together to discuss!

"'I think a cup of tea would do you good,' remarked the doctor.

"I accepted his suggestion, and he ordered the tea. While it was coming he walked up and down the room, and I sat by the fire—and not a word passed between us on either side.

"The tea revived me; and the doctor noticed a change for the better in my face. He sat down opposite to me at the table and spoke out at last.

"'If I had ten thousand pounds at this moment,' he began, 'I would give the whole of it never to have compromised myself in your desperate speculations on Mr. Armadale's death!'

"He said these words with an abruptness,

almost with a violence, which was strangely uncharacteristic of his ordinary manner. Was he frightened himself, or was he trying to frighten me? I determined to make him explain himself at the outset, so far as I was concerned. 'Wait a moment, doctor,' I said. 'Do you hold me responsible for what has happened?'

" 'Certainly not,' he replied, stiffly. 'Neither you nor any body could have foreseen what has happened. When I say I would give ten thousand pounds to be out of this business I am blaming nobody but myself. And when I tell you next that I, for one, won't allow Mr. Armadale's resurrection from the sea to be the ruin of me without a fight for it, I tell you, my dear madam, one of the plainest truths I ever told to man or woman in the whole course of my life. Don't suppose I am invidiously separating my interests from yours in the common danger that now threatens us both. I simply indicate the difference in the risk that we have respectively run. *You* have not sunk the whole of your resources in establishing a Sanatorium; and *you* have not made a false declaration before a magistrate, which is punishable as perjury by the law.'

"I interrupted him again. His selfishness did me more good than his tea—it roused my temper effectually. 'Suppose we let your risk and my risk alone, and come to the point,' I said. 'What do you mean by making a fight for it? I see a railway guide on your table. Does making a fight for it mean—running away?'

" 'Running away?' repeated the doctor. 'You appear to forget that every farthing I have in the world is embarked in this establishment.'

" 'You stop here then?' I said.

" 'Unquestionably!'

" 'And what do you mean to do when Mr. Armadale comes to England?'

"A solitary fly, the last of his race whom the winter had spared, was buzzing feebly about the doctor's face. He caught it before he answered me, and held it out across the table in his closed hand.

" 'If this fly's name was Armadale,' he said, 'and if you had got him as I have got him now, what would *you* do?'

"His eyes, fixed on my face up to this time, turned significantly, as he ended his question, to my widow's dress. I, too, looked at it when he looked. A thrill of the old deadly hatred and the old deadly determination ran through me again.

" 'I should kill him,' I said.

"The doctor started to his feet (with the fly still in his hand) and looked at me—a little too theatrically—with an expression of the utmost horror.

" 'Kill him!' repeated the doctor, in a paroxysm of virtuous alarm. 'Violence—murderous violence—in My Sanatorium! You take my breath away!'

"I caught his eye while he was expressing

himself in this elaborately indignant manner, scrutinizing me with a searching curiosity which was, to say the least of it, a little at variance with the vehemence of his language and the warmth of his tone. He laughed uneasily when our eyes met, and recovered his smooth confidential manner in that instant that elapsed before he spoke again.

" 'I beg a thousand pardons,' he said. 'I ought to have known better than to take a lady too literally at her word. Permit me to remind you, however, that the circumstances are too serious for any thing in the nature of—let us say, an exaggeration or a joke. You shall hear what I propose without further preface.' He paused, and resumed his figurative use of the fly imprisoned in his hand. 'Here is Mr. Armadale. I can let him out or keep him in, just as I please—and he knows it. I say to him,' continued the doctor, facetiously addressing the fly, 'Give me proper security, Mr. Armadale, that no proceedings of any sort shall be taken against either this lady or myself, and I will let you out of the hollow of my hand. Refuse—and be the risk what it may, I will keep you in.' Can you doubt, my dear madam, what Mr. Armadale's answer is, sooner or later, certain to be? Can you doubt,' said the doctor, suiting the action to the word and letting the fly go, 'that it will end to the entire satisfaction of all parties in this way?'

" 'I won't say at present,' I answered, 'whether I doubt or not. Let me make sure that I understand you first. You propose, if I am not mistaken, to shut the doors of this place on Mr. Armadale, and not to let him out again until he has agreed to the terms which it is our interest to impose on him? May I ask, in that case, how you mean to make him walk into the trap that you have set for him here?'

" 'I propose,' said the doctor, with his hand on the railway guide, 'ascertaining first, at what time during every evening of this month the tidal trains from Dover and Folkestone reach the London Bridge terminus. And I propose next posting a person whom Mr. Armadale knows, and whom you and I can trust, to wait the arrival of the trains, and to meet our man at the moment when he steps out of the railway carriage.'

" 'Have you thought,' I inquired, 'of who the person is to be?'

" 'I have thought,' said the doctor, taking up Armadale's letter, 'of the person to whom this letter is addressed.'

"The answer startled me. Was it possible that he and Bashwood knew one another? I put the question immediately.

" 'Until to-day I never so much as heard of the gentleman's name,' said the doctor. 'I have simply pursued the inductive process of reasoning, for which we are indebted to the immortal Bacon. How does this very important letter come into your possession? I can't insult you by supposing it to have been stolen. Consequently it has come to you with the leave and

license of the person to whom it is addressed. Consequently that person is in your confidence. Consequently he is the first person I think of. You see the process? Very good. Permit me a question or two, on the subject of Mr. Bashwood, before we go on any further.'

"The doctor's questions went as straight to the point as usual. My answers informed him that Mr. Bashwood stood toward Armadale in the relation of steward—that he had received the letter at Thorpe-Ambrose that morning, and had brought it straight to me by the first train—that he had not shown it or spoken of it before leaving to Major Milroy or to any one else—and that I had not obtained this service at his hands by trusting him with my secret—that I had communicated with him in the character of Armadale's widow—that he had suppressed the letter, under these circumstances, solely in obedience to a general caution I had given him to keep his own counsel if any thing strange happened at Thorpe-Ambrose until he had first consulted me—and lastly, that the reason why he had done as I told him in this matter was, that in this matter, and in all others, Mr. Bashwood was blindly devoted to my interests.

"At this point in the interrogatory the doctor's eyes began to look at me distrustfully behind the doctor's spectacles.

"What is the secret of this blind devotion of Mr. Bashwood's to your interests?" he asked.

"I hesitated for a moment—in pity to Bashwood, not in pity to myself. 'If you must know,' I answered, 'Mr. Bashwood is in love with me.'

"*'Ay! ay!'* exclaimed the doctor, with an air of relief. 'I begin to understand now. Is he a young man?'

"He is an old man."

"The doctor laid himself back in his chair and chuckled softly. 'Better and better,' he said. 'Here is the very man we want. Was so fit as Mr. Armadale's steward to meet Mr. Armadale on his return to London? And who so capable of influencing Mr. Bashwood in the proper way as the charming object of Mr. Bashwood's admiration?'

"There could be no doubt that Bashwood was the man to serve the doctor's purpose, and that my influence was to be trusted to make him serve it. The difficulty was not here—the difficulty was in the unanswered question that I had put to the doctor a minute since. I put it to him again.

"Suppose Mr. Armadale's steward meets his employer at the terminus," I said. "May I ask once more how Mr. Armadale is to be persuaded to come here?'

"Don't think me ungallant," rejoined the doctor, in his gentlest manner, 'if I ask, on my side, how are men persuaded to do nine-tenths of the foolish acts of their lives? They are persuaded by your charming sex. The weak side of every man is the woman's side of him. We have only to discover the woman's side of Mr. Armadale—to tickle him on it gently—and

to lead him our way with a silken string. I observe here," pursued the doctor, opening Armadale's letter, 'a reference to a certain young lady, which looks promising. Where is the note that Mr. Armadale speaks of as addressed to Miss Milroy?'

"Instead of answering him I started, in a sudden burst of excitement, to my feet. The instant he mentioned Miss Milroy's name all that I had heard from Bashwood of her illness and of the cause of it rushed back into my memory. I saw the means of dragging Armadale into the Sanatorium as plainly as I saw the doctor on the other side of the table, wondering at the extraordinary change in me. What a luxury it was to make Miss Milroy serve my interests at last!

"Never mind the now," I said. 'It's to-morrow, for fear of accidents. I can tell you all (and more) than the now could have told you. Miss Milroy runs the knot! Miss Milroy ends the difficulty! She is privately engaged to him. She has heard the false report of his death, and she has been seriously ill at Thorpe-Ambrose ever since. When Bashwood meets him at the station the very first question he is certain to ask—'

"I see!" exclaimed the doctor, anticipating me. 'Mr. Bashwood has nothing to do but to help the truth with a touch of fiction. When he tells his master that the false report has reached Miss Milroy he has only to add that the shock has affected her head, and that she is here under medical care. Perfect! perfect! We shall have him at the Sanatorium as fast as the fastest express in London can bring him to us. And mind! no risk—no necessity for treating other people. This is not a mad-house; this is not a Licensed Establishment—no doctors' certificates are necessary here! My dear lady, I congratulate you, I congratulate myself. Permit me to hand you the railway guide, with my best compliments to Mr. Bashwood, and with the page turned down for him, as an additional attention, at the right place.'

"Remembering how long I had kept Bashwood waiting for me I took the book at once, and wished the doctor good-evening without further ceremony. As he politely opened the door for me he reverted, without the slightest necessity for doing so, and without a word from me to lead to it, to the outbreak of enormous alarm which had escaped him at the earlier part of our interview.

"I do hope," he said, 'that you will kindly forget and forgive my extraordinary want of tact and perception when—in short, when I caught the fly. I positively blush at my own stupidity in putting a literal interpretation on a lady's little joke! Violence in My Sanatorium!' exclaimed the doctor, with his eyes once more fixed attentively on my face; 'violence in this enlightened nineteenth century! Was there ever any thing so ridiculous? Do fasten your cloak before you go out—it is so cold and raw! Shall I escort you? Shall I send my

servant? Ah! you were always independent—always, if I may say so, a host in yourself! May I call to-morrow morning and hear what you have settled with Mr. Bashwood?

"I said yes, and got away from him at last. In a quarter of an hour more I was back at my lodgings, and was informed by the servant that 'the elderly gentleman' was still waiting for me.

"I have not got the heart or the patience—I hardly know which—to waste many words on what passed between me and Bashwood. It was so easy, so degradingly easy, to pull the strings of the poor old puppet in any way I pleased! I met none of the difficulties which I should have been obliged to meet in the case of a younger man, or of a man less infatuated with admiration for me. I left the allusions to Miss Milroy in Armadale's letter, which had naturally puzzled him, to be explained at a future time. I never even troubled myself to invent a plausible reason for wishing him to meet Armadale at the terminus, and to entrap him by a stratagem into the doctor's Sanatorium. All that I found it necessary to do was to refer him to what I had written, in the first place, and to what I had afterward said to him when he came to answer my letter personally at the hotel.

"'You know already, Mr. Bashwood,' I said, 'that my marriage has not been a happy one. Draw your own conclusions from that, and don't press me to tell you whether the news of Mr. Armadale's rescue from the sea is or is not the welcome news that it ought to be to his wife!' That was enough to put his withered old face in a glow, and to set his withered old hopes growing again. I had only to add: 'If you will do what I ask you to do, no matter how incomprehensible and how mysterious my request may seem to be; and if you will accept my assurances that you shall run no risk yourself, and that you shall have the proper explanations at the proper time, you will have such a claim on my gratitude and my regard as no man living has ever had yet!' I had only to say these words, and to point them by a look and a stolen pressure of his hand, and I had him at my feet, blindly eager to obey me. If he could have seen what I thought of myself—but that doesn't matter: he saw nothing.

"Hours have passed since I sent him away (pledged to secrecy, possessed of his instructions, and provided with his time-table) to the hotel near the terminus, at which he is to stay till Armadale appears on the railway platform. The excitement of the earlier part of the evening has all worn off, and the dull, numbed sensation has got me again. Are my energies wearing out, I wonder, just at the time when I most want them? Or is some foreshadowing of disaster creeping over me which I don't yet understand?

"I might be in a humor to sit here for some time longer, thinking thoughts like these, and letting them find their way into words at their

own will and pleasure—if my Diary would only let me. But my idle pen has been busy enough to make its way to the end of the volume. I have reached the last morsel of space left on the last page; and whether I like it or not, I must close the book this time for good and all when I close it to-night.

"Good-by, my old friend and companion of many a miserable day! Having nothing else to be fond of, I half suspect myself of having been unreasonably fond of *you*.

"What a fool I am!"

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

BOOK THE LAST.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE STATION.

On the night of the second of December Mr. Bashwood took up his post of observation at the terminus of the South Eastern Railway for the first time. It was an earlier date, by six days, than the date which Allan had himself fixed for his return. But the doctor, taking counsel of his medical experience, had considered it just probable that "Mr. Armadale might be perverse enough, at his enviable age, to recover sooner than his medical advisers might have anticipated." For caution's sake, therefore, Mr. Bashwood was instructed to begin watching the arrival of the tidal trains on the day after he had received his employer's letter.

From the second to the seventh of December the steward waited punctually on the platform, saw the trains come in, and satisfied himself, evening after evening, that the travelers were all strangers to him. From the second to the seventh of December Miss Gwilt (to return to the name under which she is best known in these pages) received his daily report, sometimes delivered personally, sometimes sent by letter. The doctor, to whom the reports were communicated, received them in his turn with unabated confidence in the precautions that had been adopted up to the morning of the eighth. On that date the irritation of continued suspense had produced a change for the worse in Miss Gwilt's variable temper, which was perceptible to every one about her, and which, strangely enough, was reflected by an equally marked change in the doctor's manner when he came to pay his usual visit. By a coincidence so remarkable that his enemies might have suspected it of not being a coincidence at all, the morning on which Miss Gwilt lost her patience proved to be also the morning on which the doctor lost his confidence for the first time.

"No news, of course," he said, sitting down with a heavy sigh. "Well! well!"

Miss Gwilt looked up at him irritably from her work.

"You seem strangely depressed this morning," she said. "What are you afraid of now?"

"The imputation of being afraid, madam," answered the doctor, solemnly, "is not an imputation to cast rashly on any man—even when he belongs to such an essentially peaceful profession as mine. I am not afraid. I am (as you more correctly put it in the first instance) strangely depressed. My nature is, as you know, naturally sanguine, and I only see to-day what, but for my habitual hopefulness, I might have seen, and ought to have seen, a week since."

Miss Gwilt impatiently threw down her work. "If words cost money," she said, "the luxury of talking, doctor, would be rather an expensive luxury in your case!"

"Which I might have seen, and ought to have seen," pursued the doctor, without taking the slightest notice of the interruption, "a week since. To put it plainly, I feel by no means so certain as I did that Mr. Armadale will consent without a struggle to the terms which it is my interest (and in a minor degree yours) to impose on him. Observe! I don't question our entrapping him successfully into the Sanatorium—I only doubt whether he will prove quite as manageable as I originally anticipated when we have got him there. See," remarked the doctor, raising his eyes for the first time, and fixing them in steady inquiry on Miss Gwilt; "say that he is held, absolutely, what you please; and that he holds out—holds out for weeks together, for months together, as men in similar situations to his have held out before him. What follows? The risk of keeping him forcibly in concealment—of suppressing him, if I may so express myself—increases at compound interest, and becomes Enormous! My house is, at this moment, virtually ready for patients. Patients may present themselves in a week's time. Patients may communicate with Mr. Armadale, or Mr. Armadale may communicate with patients. A note may be smuggled out of the house and may reach the Commissioners in Lunacy. Even in the case of an unlicensed establishment like mine, those gentlemen—no! those chartered despots in a land of liberty—have only to apply to the Lord Chancellor for an order and to enter (by Heavens, to enter My Sanatorium!) and search it from top to bottom at a moment's notice! I don't wish to despond; I don't wish to alarm you; I don't pretend to say that the means we are taking to secure our own safety are any other than the best means at our disposal. All I ask you to do is to imagine the Commissioners in the house—and then to conceive the consequences. The consequences!" repeated the doctor, gazing sternly on his feet, and taking up his hat as if he meant to leave the house.

"Have you any thing more to say?" asked Miss Gwilt.

"Have you any remarks," rejoined the doctor, "to offer on your side?"

He stood hat in hand, waiting. For a full minute the two looked at each other in silence.

Miss Gwilt spoke first.

"I think I understand you," she said, suddenly recovering her composure.

"I beg your pardon," returned the doctor, with his hand to his ear. "What did you say?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing?"

"If you happened to catch another fly this morning," said Miss Gwilt, with a bitterly sarcastic emphasis on the words, "I might be capable of shocking you by another 'little joke.'"

The doctor held up both hands, in polite deprecation, and looked as if he was beginning to recover his good-humor again.

"Hard," he murmured gently, "not to have forgiven me that unlucky blunder of mine even yet?"

"What else have you to say? I am waiting for you," said Miss Gwilt. She turned her chair to the window, scornfully, and took up her work again as she spoke.

The doctor came behind her and put his hand on the back of her chair.

"I have a question to ask, in the first place," he said; "and a measure of necessary precaution to suggest in the second. If you will bestow me with your attention I will put the question first."

"I am listening."

"You know that Mr. Armadale is alive," pursued the doctor; "and you know that he is coming back to England. Why do you continue to wear your widow's dress?"

She answered him without an instant's hesitation, steadily going on with her work.

"Because I am of a sanguine disposition, like you," she said. "I mean to trust to the chapter of accidents to the very last. Mr. Armadale may die yet on his way home."

"And suppose he gets home alive—what then?"

"Then there is another chance still left."

"What is it, pray?"

"He may die in your Sanatorium."

"Madam!" remarked the doctor, in the deep bass which he reserved for his outbursts of virtuous indignation. "Stop! you spoke of the chapter of accidents," he resumed, gliding back into his softer conversational tones. "Yes! yes! of course. I understand you this time. Even the healing art is at the mercy of accidents—even My Sanatorium, otherwise the Fortress of Health, is liable at any day to be surprised by Death. Just so! just so!" said the doctor, conceding the questions with the utmost impartiality. "There is the chapter of accidents, I admit—if you choose to trust to it. Mind! I say emphatically, if you choose to trust to it."

There was another moment of silence—silence so profound that nothing was audible in the room but the rapid *click* of Miss Gwilt's needle through her work.

"Go on," she said; "you haven't done yet."

"True!" said the doctor. "Having put my question, I have my measure of precaution to impress on you next. You will see, my dear

madam, that I am not disposed to trust to the chapter of accidents on my side. Reflection has convinced me that you and I are not (locally speaking) so conveniently situated as we might be, in case of emergency. Cabs are, as yet, rare in this rapidly-improving neighborhood. I am a quarter of an hour's walk from you; you are a quarter of an hour's walk from me. I know nothing of Mr. Armadale's character; you know it well. It might be necessary—vitally necessary—to appeal to your superior knowledge of him at a moment's notice. And how am I to do that unless we are within easy reach of each other, under the same roof? For both our interests, I beg to invite you, my dear madam, to become for a limited period an inmate of My Sanatorium."

Miss Gwilt's rapid needle suddenly stopped. "I understand you," she said again, as quietly as before.

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, with another attack of deafness, and with his hand once more at his ear.

She laughed to herself—a low, terrible laugh, which startled even the doctor into taking his hand off the back of her chair.

"An inmate of your Sanatorium?" she repeated. "You consult appearances in every thing else—do you propose to consult appearances in receiving me into your house?"

"Most assuredly!" replied the doctor, with enthusiasm. "I am surprised at your asking me the question! Did you ever know a man of the highest eminence in my profession who set appearances at defiance? If you honor me by accepting my invitation, you enter My Sanatorium—"

"In what character?"

"In the most unimpeachable of all possible characters," replied the doctor. "In the character of—a Patient."

"When do you want my answer?"

"Can you decide to-day?"

"No."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes. Have you any thing more left to say?"

Nothing more."

"Leave me then. I don't keep up appearances. I wish to be alone—and I say so. Good-morning."

"Oh, the sex! the sex!" said the doctor, with his excellent temper in perfect working order again. "So delightfully impulsive! so charmingly reckless of what they say, or how they say it! 'Oh, woman, in our hours of ease, coy, diffident, and hard to please!' There! there! Good-morning!"

Miss Gwilt rose and looked after him from the window, when the street-door had closed and he had left the house.

"Armadale himself drove me to it the first time," she said. "Manuel drove me to it the second time.—You cowardly scoundrel! shall I let you drive me to it for the third time and the last?"

She turned from the window and looked thoughtfully at her widow's dress in the glass.

The hours of the day passed—and she decided nothing. The night came—and she hesitated still. The new morning dawned—and the terrible question was still unanswered, Yes or No.

By the early post there came a letter for her. It was Mr. Bashwood's usual report. Again he had watched for Allan's arrival, and again in vain.

"I'll have more time!" she said to herself, passionately. "No man alive shall hurry me faster than I like!"

At breakfast that morning (the morning of the ninth) the doctor was surprised in his study at the Sanatorium by a visit from Miss Gwilt.

"I want another day," she said, the moment the servant had closed the door on her.

The doctor looked at her before he answered, and saw the danger of driving her to extremities plainly expressed in her face.

"The time is getting on," he remonstrated, in his most persuasive manner. "For all we know to the contrary, Mr. Armadale may be here to-night."

"I want another day!" she repeated, loudly and passionately.

"Granted!" said the doctor, looking nervously toward the door. "Don't be too loud—the servants may hear you. Mind!" he added, "I depend on your honor not to press me for any further delay."

"You had better depend on my despair," she said—and left him.

The doctor chipped the shell of his egg, and laughed softly.

"Quite right, my dear!" he said. "I remember where your despair led you in past times; and I think I may trust it to lead you the same way now."

At a quarter to eight that night Mr. Bashwood took up his post of observation, as usual, on the platform of the terminus at London Bridge.

He was in the highest good spirits; he smiled and smirked in irrepressible exultation. The sense that he held in reserve a means of influence over Miss Gwilt, in virtue of his knowledge of her past career, had had no share in effecting the transformation that now appeared in him. It had upheld him in his forlorn life at Thorpe-Ambrose, and it had given him that increased confidence of manner which Miss Gwilt herself had noticed; but it had vanished as a motive power in him from the moment that had restored him to Miss Gwilt's favor—it had vanished, annihilated by the electric shock of her touch and her look. His vanity—the vanity which in men at his age is only despair in disguise—had now lifted him to the seventh heaven of fatuous happiness once more. He believed in her again as he believed in the smart, new winter over-coat that he wore—as he believed in the dainty little cane (appropriate to the dawning dandyism of lads in their teens)

that he flourished in his hand. He hummed—the worn-out old creature who had not sung since his childhood—hummed, as he paced the platform, the few fragments he could remember of a worn-out old song.

The train was due as early as eight o'clock that night. At five minutes past the hour the whistle sounded. In less than five minutes more the passengers were getting out on the platform.

Following the instructions that had been given to him, Mr. Bashwood made his way as well as the crowd would let him along the line of carriages; and discovering no familiar face on that first investigation, joined the passengers for a second search among them in the custom-house waiting-room next.

He had looked round the room, and had satisfied himself that the persons occupying it were all strangers, when he heard a voice behind him, exclaiming, "Can that be Mr. Bashwood?"

He turned in eager expectation, and found himself face to face with the last man under heaven whom he had expected to see.

The man was—MIDWINTER!

THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

NOTWITHSTANDING the current representations as to the privations and hardships of the denizens of the Confederate capital, life in Richmond during the war was not altogether one of discomforts. As to material wants, almost every thing for their supply, not only as to necessities but luxuries, could be had, if one only had the money, and fortunately Confederate notes were almost as abundant as "leaves in Vallambrosa." True, the war rested like a heavy incubus upon the heart; but even that in time we became used to; and there never was the terror and apprehension for the safety of the city which outsiders probably supposed. General Lee and his army went between us and danger; and that was enough to quiet all fears. So that we could hear the thunder of battle so near that it seemed almost in the city, and still move on in our usual occupations without much uneasiness as to how it would terminate.

Indeed there was even an amount of gaiety which seemed altogether untimely. Expensive parties, balls, private theatricals, and other amusements abounded. Richmond never was gayer than during the winter of 1864-65; so much so, indeed, that the clergymen of the various denominations felt called upon to remonstrate from the pulpit; while the more religious portion of the population were stimulated, by way of counteracting the evil tendencies and of averting the judgments of Heaven, to be still more attentive on the daily prayer meetings, which often filled the largest churches, and seemed characterized by great devoutness and fervor.

The spring of 1865 found things much in this condition. One day, not long before the Confederate Congress adjourned, I happened to cast

my eye toward the Capitol building, and saw that the flag raised to indicate that they were in session had by mistake been put up that day bottom upward, and was in fact "Union down," the signal of distress. Superstitious minds might have read in this apparent omen the coming doom of the Confederacy; but few, if any, took that view.

Occasionally expressions were heard from individuals indicative that their confidence and hope were failing them. One very intelligent and well known gentleman so entirely lost heart that it became a matter of common remark and somewhat of merriment. But the most discouraging person I encountered was a member of the State Legislature of high standing, who had evidently "given up." Meeting with him at a friend's gathering, his conversation was almost entirely on that subject. Among other things he stated, substantially, that General Lee had been before a Committee of the Senate, I think the previous November, and had stated that he could hold out if he could be reinforced with some twenty thousand fresh troops; that in February—three months after—before that or a similar committee, General Lee had stated that if he had fifty thousand reinforcements he could maintain his ground; but that he had neither received the fifty thousand nor the twenty thousand, but had lost by sickness and desertion, so that the inference was irresistible that he could not hold his ground. Such statements were discouraging; but perhaps the impression made on most of the audience was simply that that man was no longer loyal to the cause.

Rumors had, it is true, been coming from the army that the men were losing heart; that patient and enduring as they had shown themselves, there was a limit even to their powers; that they could not suffer on, and starve on, and fight on, year after year interminably, and that, too, without the prospect of any increment of fresh material to meet the constantly accumulating and overwhelming forces they were called to confront. There was, indeed, but too much truth and force in what they said, and one could not help feeling that such a struggle could not be protracted very much longer—especially, too, in view of the constantly increasing scarcity of food, and the equally alarming failure of the facilities of transportation. Still, we had been enabled to hold out so far against what might have been regarded as impossibilities; and we hoped it might continue to be so.

The first Sabbath in April, 1865, dawned upon us in this state of things. It was a bright, pleasant day. The churches were full—as they generally were—and the ministers gave their people such truth as they considered most appropriate. At the church which I attended the text and sermon seemed almost prophetic. The words of Scripture were, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter;" and the object of the discourse was to render the hearers resigned and contented under even the most mysterious and unwelcome allotments of Providence.

The sermon over, the congregation joined in the Doxology to Old Hundred, accompanied by the grand notes of the organ, and then reverently dispersed. That was the last service ever to be held there under the Confederate Government. As I was passing out through the vestibule two friends came up, and said they wondered what could be going on; that there must be something of unusual importance; that the President and some of the other high functionaries had been sent for out of church; and that there was evidently some exciting news.

On leaving the church-door I saw a bank officer meet another one for whom he appeared to have been in search, and as I passed them I heard a few words indicative of trouble. Just then espying a young man whose connection with the Government ought to make him acquainted with any important intelligence, I asked him what it was that was producing such a ferment. He replied that he was not at liberty to communicate what he knew, but that there had been terrible fighting near Petersburg.

"Favorable or unfavorable?"

"So far as we have heard not favorable." Then, in a subdued voice, he added, "I'll tell *you* that I shouldn't be surprised if we are all away from here before twenty-four hours."

This was news indeed! No wonder the President hurried out of church, and no wonder bank officers held solemn council.

Returning to the house of the friends with whom I was sojourning, and believing that there need be and could be no longer any secrecy about such events, I mentioned at the dinner-table what had been told me. The ladies were greatly agitated and distressed—apprehending violence from the dreaded "Yankees," and also lamenting the separation which the withdrawal of the Confederate army would make between them and their young relatives who were in it. In a moment the deep pall of uncertainty and gloom was cast over every thing. What scenes that day or the next would disclose, who could tell?

Before we had arisen from dinner one of the young gentlemen of the family connected with a government bureau came in, with a countenance indicative of serious work, asking that his trunk might be gotten, and adding that they were to be off at six o'clock that evening—that the city was to be evacuated! This was the signal for every one of our little company to be on the move to save what he could. Silverware was quickly collected for hiding; watches were gathered up to be sent away; spoons and forks likewise; and every preparation, practicable in the short time and amidst the excitement and confusion, made for the speedily anticipated pillage.

In the course of the afternoon a relative of the writer came over from Petersburg, bringing us the first definite news of the breaking of the Confederate lines, and the disaster General Lee's army had experienced. Of the full extent of it, however, he was not aware. From

his telling us that the tobacco warehouses had been burned to prevent the tobacco from falling into the Federal hands, we knew that Petersburg was gone.

About nine o'clock in the evening, the young man already referred to not having got off as soon as he had expected, came in and told my relative, who was anxious to get to his family up the country, that his only chance was to go to the dépôt immediately, that the last Confederate trains would leave in the course of the night, and that to-morrow all intercourse would be cut off. Being better acquainted than my friend, and knowing he would encounter difficulties, I went with him to the dépôt. Arrived there, we encountered a file of soldiers obstructing the entrance, and the officer in command positively refusing admittance to any one who had not a pass from the Secretary of War. But that condition was an impossibility. Finding the Secretary of War, under such circumstances, would indeed be "like hunting a needle in a hay-stack." There was no other way, therefore, than just to stand our ground, hoping that something might "turn up." Numerous were the arrivals while we stood there, multitudinous the applications, appeals, and remonstrances, but all to no purpose. The man of the "stars" was inexorable.

In the course of an hour or two one of the trains moved off. "There goes the President and his Cabinet." And sure enough they were gone; and that was the last of the Confederate Government in its capital. The Argus-eyed sentinels must have a little relaxed their vigilance after this, for my friend, who had been on a reconnoissance, soon came back with the report that he had found a place where we could flank the guards and get into the dépôt. This we accomplished. But here a new difficulty had to be encountered. We could find no admittance into the cars. There were numerous trains—all, I believe, rough box cars—waiting their turn to go. One after another of them we applied to, but in vain. One was the Treasury Department, another the Quarter-Master's Department, another the Telegraph Department, and so on. Most of them contained ladies as well as gentlemen. "Can't we get in here?" "No! Impossible! we're crowded to suffocation." Passing on to another: "Won't you just let one gentleman in here? His home and family are up the country, and he is anxious to get to them." "No, no! we're too full already. This car is marked for 14,500 pounds, and we have 18,000 in it now. We'll break down before we get five miles."

We were about giving up in despair, when there hove in sight a man with a lantern, escorting two gentlemen, whom he evidently intended to put into one of the cars. "Now," said I to my friend, "be on the alert, and when he pushes those two up I'll push you immediately following, as if one of the party." We did so, and succeeded. They found out the ruse, it is true, and I heard them berating my friend as an in-

truder; but having the "nine points of the law," he held his ground. Many a day elapsed before I heard what became of him; but I had the satisfaction of seeing him safely out of Richmond, for I stood there until his train was gone, and indeed until all were gone. One after another they rolled off; the guards dispersed; and the dépôt was forsaken and desolate, never more to be visited by Confederates.

Some were very slow to realize what was going on. While engaged in our efforts to get a place in the cars a clerical friend came up, and, recognizing us in the dark, asked if there was any chance of getting away. He said that he had been preaching down on the lines some six or seven miles below the city, and that in the afternoon the colonel of the regiment where he was advised him that he had better go up to Richmond. This, however, our friend not wishing to do, and finding that the colonel seemed to be getting his command ready to move, he thought he would go over to another point on the lines and spend the night there. But on arriving there he found that they also were going to Richmond. As he now had nowhere to stay, he concluded, though reluctantly, to go along. As they advanced the numbers swelling that way thickened, but still for some time he did not see the true state of the case, and it was not until he was half-way to Richmond that the unwelcome truth at last flashed upon him. He was under the influence of this fresh discovery when he encountered us in the dépôt—his mental perturbations by no means allayed by the struggle to get off, and particularly by the fact that when I pushed him up into the same car into which I had thrust my relative they repelled him; so that when I last saw him he was in a most disconsolate and hopeless condition. But he must have got off after all, as I heard of him afterward in North Carolina.

During our long tarrying at the dépôt one of the batteries from below—the last, it was said—came up, carrying torches and cheering, I suppose to keep their spirits up. They moved off over the bridge, thus completing the departure of the entire army from our side of the river, and thus completing also the abandonment of the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

The curtain had now fallen on one act of the stupendous drama; it was soon to rise for what, in its opening at least, would prove even more striking and impressive. But the interval between the two acts was one of painful suspense. The Government and army which for years had guarded and protected us was gone; that other army which had been stretching out its hands in vain to grasp this most coveted prize—that army which had come so near that they could hear our church-bells and we could see the flash and smoke of their guns—that army which had been so repeatedly foiled, and with such sore disappointment and terrible slaughter—that army, probably by this time exasperated and infuriated to the last degree, was to be upon us with the dawn of the coming day, and we helplessly at

their mercy. What will be the fate of this beautiful city? what the fate of these hitherto happy homes? what the fate of these noble-hearted and lovely women? The accounts which we had received of the burning and pillage of Columbia were fresh in our minds.

After seeing the last of the Confederate Government I did what not very many in Richmond did that night—went to bed and slept soundly. About half past four o'clock in the morning I was awakened from profound slumbers by a tremendous concussion. But I fell asleep again, and slept until about half an hour longer, when I was aroused by what might almost have weakened the dead. The earth seemed fairly to writhe as if in agony, the houses rocked like a ship at sea, while deafening thunders roared around. This was the blowing up of the Confederate magazine, and this was the opening gun of the august and sublime pageant of that ever-memorable day. Soon after the flames burst out from the tobacco warehouses, set on fire to prevent the tobacco from becoming spoils to the enemy, and proving the cause of the terrific conflagration which ensued. The bridges across the river—one of them the lofty Petersburg Railroad bridge, about a mile long—were speedily long lines of flames, while on the side of the city the devouring element set to work in fearful earnest. The fire had scarcely got fairly under way when the arsenal, containing, it was said, seven hundred and fifty thousand loaded shells, and the depôts of cartridges and fired ammunition, with the laboratory and its immensities, began to explode. This was not instantaneous, but successive, resembling the cannonading and fusillade of a heavy battle, and lasting through most of the day.

Imagine our condition, left by our own army and anticipating the enemy's, the entire business part of the city on fire—shops, warehouses, manufactories, mills (Walters's the largest in the world), depôts, and bridges—all, covering acres, one sea of flames, and as an accompaniment the continuous thunder of exploding shells, and in the midst of it that long, devastating, hostile army entering to seize its prey—imagine all this, and you will probably conclude that those who were there will not soon forget that third day of April, 1862, in Richmond.

Our unwelcome visitors were not so quick to avail themselves of the now open door into Richmond as we had anticipated, some hours elapsing before the first of them made their appearance. My host, anxious to get his shop in order for the coming storm, went down to his place of business early in the morning, and returning soon afterward, announced to us that "the Yankees" were in the city, he had seen the first of them pass up Main Street. It would be impossible to convey to any one not of our way of thinking and feeling the impression produced by that piece of intelligence; the disappointment and regret, the realization that all we had been looking and hoping and struggling for through weary years was gone, and that all we

had most deprecated had come; that our mortal foe was at last in the fruition of the spoils he had most desired; that the fortunes of war had made him our master, and placed us in the position of a conquered people. Such thoughts, mingled with anxiety as to what was to be our fate, flowed freely through our minds when assured beyond all doubt that "the Yankees" were in the city.

Notwithstanding the uncertainty as to how far it would be safe for a citizen to venture out, I determined to make the experiment, and see what was to be seen. Never expecting and fervently hoping never again to have the opportunity to see a victorious army enter a conquered capital, I was willing to run some risk. Moreover, I wished if possible to save some valuable papers I had down town from what now threatened to be an almost unlimited conflagration.

I found the streets thronged with the black population, but almost absolutely and literally forsaken by the whites. Richmond seemed in a night to have been transformed into an African city. On getting down as far as the Powhatan House, opposite the Capitol, I at length espied one white man, and as he proved to be an old acquaintance I joined him, and we stood together in the piazza looking on at the spectacle. The United States flag was floating from the Capitol—a sight which had not been seen for many a day; but instead of taking the place of the Confederate flag, it was put up, through some mistake, on the opposite end of the building, thus occupying the place of the State flag; and thus, as some facetiously suggested, unintentionally symbolizing the triumph of Federal centralized power over States Rights. The authorities were probably never apprised of the *faux pas*, inasmuch as the Stars and Stripes were still waving over the old Virginia end of the building when I left, some weeks afterward.

Some of the troops had stacked their arms in the Capitol Square, and were gazing curiously around; others were marching thither through the street before us. The latter attracted much attention from the colored crowds who thronged the sidewalks. I watched with some interest the swarthy spectators, anxious to see how they regarded the advent of those whose coming promised to introduce them to liberty and political equality. A large portion of them—very much the largest, I think—simply looked on, as upon any other novel and remarkable spectacle. Here and there a man waved his hat and huzzaed. The most marked demonstrations were the shaking of hands by those nearest with the passing troops, much of which was done. Some of the women courtesied and bowed at a great rate. One little weazened-faced old woman, her head crowned with a conical turban, seized a soldier's hand in both of hers, and shaking it up and down like a pump-handle, said, "Welcum, masta! you's welcum! Glad to see you, Sah—glad to see you! Thank de Lord, dese hands do no mo' wurk!" A condi-

tion of elegant and luxurious repose was the happy consummation to which she congratulated herself this glorious day was to introduce her.

Becoming after a while sufficiently assured to venture beyond our post of observation in the Powhatan piazza, I pushed through the swarthy crowd around into Governor Street, just opposite the Governor's house. Scarcely had I reached this point when the first body of colored cavalry came moving up the hill. Their appearance called forth a greeting from their brethren in the streets. No sooner had the cavalry fairly comprehended by whom they were surrounded than they returned the greeting with a will, rising in their stirrups, waving their flashing sabres, their white eyes and teeth gleaming from rows of dark visages, and rending the air with wild huzzas. Considering that they had been slaves, that they were suddenly released and armed, and that they were now entering our city as conquerors, one could not look upon these men without a shudder at the possible impending horrors.

Passing on down Governor Street I persevered until I reached Main Street. Here the spectacle again was most remarkable. The progress of the fire rendered it certain that the contents of the stores and shops would be destroyed, and hence, possibly, the throngs of negroes set to the work of helping themselves to whatever they liked. Here would come one rolling before him a barrel of flour; here another with a bag of coffee or sugar upon his back; another with a bag full of shoes; another with four or five bolts of cotton cloth on his head; another with a bolt of woolen goods under his arm; a woman with an armful of hoop-skirts; a girl with a box of spool thread—and so on through the crowd. But yesterday these articles—run at great risk and expense through the blockade—were bringing fabulous prices; to-day he who wills may have them for the carrying away. Never in the history of Richmond were the colored population so well stocked with necessities and luxuries.

Continuing to thread my way through the crowd, I reached the point on Main Street for which I was aiming. The papers I was in quest of were in a room on the fourth floor, which had to be reached through a store on the first-floor, a tailor's shop on the second, and so on. Entering the store, whose doors were wide open, I saw no one but a colored man, who was filling a bag with shoes from the shelves, all the while talking to himself, and swearing he would have them. And have them he did, for there was no longer any one there to dispute his right. Ascending to the tailor's shop I found it deserted, and the rolls of cloth for which hundreds of dollars a yard had been asked lying there waiting to be burned up. While getting together my papers the flames burst through the windows opposite, and came lashing half-way across the street. There was no time to lose; and as I emerged from the front-door the heated atmos-

phere was already most stifling. I cast a farewell look up Main Street. The *Dispatch* and *Enquirer* newspaper offices were all in a blaze, the banks and the American Hotel were just catching, and from the doors and windows of some of the fashionable stores volumes of flame were bursting.

Up to this time I do not remember to have seen a fire-engine at work. The young men had left with the evacuating army; the older men, fearing pillage and violence to their families, remained at home to do what they could to protect them; and consequently there was nobody to look after the fire. I myself went to one of the Federals, and told him that unless they went to work to arrest the conflagration the entire city would be swept away. Soon after the military authorities organized the crowds of blacks as a fire corps, and this with their own efforts, and the steam-engines at length brought to play, was instrumental in checking and ultimately stopping the tempest of fire. But all the forenoon, and ill well on in the afternoon, flame and smoke and burning brands and showers of blazing sparks filled the air, spreading still further the destruction, until it had swept before it every bank, every auction store, every insurance office, nearly every commission house, and most of the fashionable stores, together with one of the prominent churches, and, as before-mentioned, immense mills, manufactories, foundries, etc. Scarcely like a city, in proportion to its population and wealth, suffered so terribly. Sad, indeed, was the spectacle afterward of those acres of ruin, and sadder that of the many worthy citizens from whom the hard earnings of a lifetime had thus been wrested in an hour.

Of all the days of my life that eventful and terrible day seemed the longest. Not having my watch about me, I could not well judge the flight of time. At last, when I thought it must be toward four o'clock in the afternoon, I inquired the time, and found to my astonishment that it was only twelve o'clock. It seemed as if that day would never end.

Very agreeable was the disappointment at the behavior of the victorious army. Whether it was because, notwithstanding all that had occurred, there was still some lingering feeling of respect for the capital of the Old Dominion, or whether the terrific calamity falling upon the city at the moment disarmed all purpose to inflict further injury, we could not tell; but what most concerned us was the fact that, with few exceptions, the troops behaved astonishingly well, and were remarkably courteous and respectful. Some cases of outrage were committed in the suburbs, but every attempt of the sort in the city, of which I heard, was followed by condign punishment.

The days which followed that ever-memorable third of April were eminently days of leisure. Nobody had any thing to do. All business was brought to a sudden stand-still. Few had any money; my own stock amounted to an

old-fashioned three-cent piece. Some of us spent most of the time sitting on the front steps talking over the past, the present, and the most uncertain future. When occasionally a friend passed we would call him in, or he would call himself—both parties happy to have some mode of relieving the tedium. As to the Confederacy, we gave that up with the fall of Richmond, thinking that General Lee would probably fall back into the interior, and there, after considerable delay and worrying, make the best terms for peace on the basis of the Union restored. But we did not anticipate so speedy a finality, nor of the sort which occurred. Various rumors reached us from day to day of disasters to the Confederates; but as these all came through our conquerors we gave them small credence.

At length, one night my host informed me that the sentinel near our door had just told him that General Lee had surrendered. Though we did not credit it, it seemed worth inquiring into. On further interrogation we were assured that the news was official; and most all remaining doubts were dispelled by the salvo of artillery from the Capitol Square saluting the tidings of the surrender of the Southern Army and the downfall of the Southern Confederacy. Such an event was, of course, a crushing disappointment to those who, through years of sacrifice and struggle, had staked their earthly hopes and all upon the success of the cause; but, to their credit be it said, most of them seemed to recognize in the event the voice of God speaking by his providence the great question. Though this decision differed widely from what they had anticipated, they knew that the great Arbiter of all human affairs does all things well, and that it was their duty humbly and cheerfully to acquiesce. The Government to which they had acknowledged allegiance for four years being no more, and that under which they had previously lived being now restored, there was but one course open, and that was to endeavor to prove themselves henceforth good and faithful citizens of the United States.

Time will no doubt wear away the hostile feelings engendered by bloody war, and once more restore to terms of friendly intercourse those who were arrayed in this bitter, deadly strife; but no lapse of time can erase the memories of the fearful scenes which marked the progress of the dreadful drama, and in the history which is to record them for coming generations will stand, as not the least conspicuous, that which has formed the topic of the present sketch—the Fall of Richmond.

MISS LETITIA.

MISS LETITIA put aside the muslin curtains from her window, and looked out. She had just made her toilet for afternoon, and she was, as usual, neat almost to primness. Her sombre gray dress was enlivened by no bits of bright-colored ribbon. It fell without a particle

of trimming in soft folds to her feet. Her brown hair was brushed smoothly back from her still, thoughtful face—the face which the quiet dress and plain hair suited so well. There was no thread of silver in the tresses—not a wrinkle in the smooth skin, with its coloring delicate as that of sixteen. Yet, observing Miss Letitia closely, you would not have imagined for a moment that she was younger than the thirty-three years to which the town record of Danby bore witness. There was about her a perfect repose—the look of one who has ceased to expect, and learned not to hope—which I think no face ever wears in youth, unless it be, sometimes, that of an incurable invalid.

Every one called her “Miss Letitia”—the days when she was “Letty” were gone with her lost girlhood. That

“Something sweet,
Which follows youth with flying feet,”

would never come back to her any more. There were graves in the church-yard on whose white stones were chiseled the names of her father and mother and her one brother. There was a deeper grave in her heart, over which no tombstone gleamed, where the tenderest hope of her life lay sleeping. Miss Letitia was all alone.

But she had grown used to loneliness, and hardly knew how sad it was. She looked out on the landscape, bright with its earliest October glories—hills crowned with trees whose boughs were touched with gold and flame—haze in the air—blue asters in the highway—golden-rod nodding at the gate. She heard a wind, slow, mournful, inexpressibly profound and tender, and sighed a little at the thought of long, still winter evenings to come. The dead hope in her heart rose from its deep grave, and stood beside her in all the glory of youth and grace—too dear a ghost of a past too dear! This wind, which sighed and sung as if murmuring some weird incantation, had summoned as with a spell old, haunting memories, and familiar names rushed unbidden to the lone woman’s lips. But she did not utter them—too many years had still face and quiet lips been learning the lesson of calmness.

She was so tranced in thought that it seemed to her like a call from a strange outside world with which she had nothing to do—she sitting among her dreams—when the knocker on her front-door gave forth a sound, sharp yet uncertain, as if touched by a hand at once eager and timorous. She opened the door, and saw a child standing there with wistful face—Deacon Parmelee’s little girl, sole fruit of his first marriage. Her own mother was in heaven, but her step-mother—the deacon’s second wife—had been the one friend of Miss Letitia’s early youth. Through all the gay, girlhood days Letitia Mason and Grace Anderson had been as inseparable as shadow and substance. Since they had grown past girlhood an unexplained coldness had seemed to arise between them. They were friends still—at least Grace, now Mrs. Parmelee, made fervent professions of friendship—only

something was always happening to prevent their meeting, to hold them asunder. Miss Letitia wondered often whose fault it was. It seemed to her that the change dated as far back as the time when her old, well-beloved hope had died; and she speculated now and then whether she could have been cold and careless to Grace in that time of grief, and so wounded her that they never could be quite the same to each other any more.

“Mother is very sick,” said the voice of the little blue-eyed girl, waiting at the door, “and she wants to have you come and see her, if you will be so kind, right off.”

“I will, indeed I will.” And tears sprang to Miss Letitia’s eyes, and her calm face quivered a little. She did not think of Mrs. Parmelee—a silent, grave woman, two years older than herself—but of laughing Grace Anderson, with her merry ways, and petulant airs, and fervent caresses. Back through the years went her thoughts to the old time when they were both young, and so loved each other. She tied on her bonnet, and pinned her shawl, and hurried across the fields by the little girl’s side. In half an hour she stood in the silent, shaded room where her old friend lay.

When she came to the bedside she started with amazement. It seemed to her as if the years had turned backward, and the Grace of the old days were indeed with her again. The fever which was running riot in the sick woman’s veins had restored more than the beauty of her youth. A clear, intense color flamed on her cheeks, and a strange light kindled her great dark eyes. Her hair was tossed back over the pillow, and her face wore an eager, longing, expectant look. When she saw Miss Letitia at her bedside she grew excited.

“You are come,” she cried, “with kindness looking from your eyes. You won’t smile at me when you go away. Leave us alone,” and she made an imperious gesture to the nurse who sat at the foot of the bed.

The woman arose quietly.

“Mrs. Parmelee,” she said, “it is most dangerous for you to excite yourself—I give you fair warning. I should not have permitted this interview on my own judgment; but since the doctor consented to it the responsibility does not rest with me.”

Then she went out slowly, and the patient laughed—a shrill, strange laugh, which almost struck fear to the listener’s heart.

“Yes, the doctor knew I should die,” she cried. “A little excitement more or less won’t matter. I felt a week ago when I was taken that my time had come. I waited though, before I sent for you, until other eyes besides my own could see that there wasn’t the ghost of a chance left for my life.”

“Grace, dear,” Miss Letitia said, soothingly, going back unconsciously to the phraseology of their young days, “don’t talk so. People who are ill do not always die. There is hope for you yet.”

"No! Do you think I don't know my own doom? I tell you death has been nearer than any other watcher to my bedside ever since I've lain here. I should not have sent for you if I had not known there was no escape."

"And why not for me?" Miss Letitia asked, with a gentle reproach in her voice. "Am I not your old friend, who has loved you all these years?"

"And who will hate me to-night," the other said, in a tone sadder and more hopeless than any words can describe. "I sent for you to confess a great wrong. I dare not die with it on my conscience, and carry it with me silently into the other world. Letitia, you loved Nelson Guthrie, and he loved you."

Burning blushes swept up to Miss Letitia's pale cheeks—her heart seemed to stand still. She thought she could not bear any more.

"Do not speak of that, Grace," she cried, wildly; "it is dead, that old dream. Let it rest in its grave!"

"But I *must* speak, or I can not rest in mine. Letitia, I did love you; but oh, I loved *him* so well! I would have sold my soul for his love—did sell it, perhaps; I do not know. I separated you—I, your friend, your sister, as you used to call me in those days. I made him think that you were deceiving him—that you loved some one else, and were not worthy of *him*. He was haughty and passionate, and I was crafty. I put a gulf between you that I knew *you* were too proud and *he* too angry to try to cross. Then my punishment began. I had hoped to win his love, expected he would turn to me in his disappointment, but my plan failed utterly. I think I had made myself hateful in his eyes by opening them, as he fancied, to the flaws in his idol. It was not a year before he had married Margaret Cross. He did it, I know, in very desperation. He did not love her *then*, however it has been since. I think—I always thought—that if I had known of the marriage before it took place I should have gone to him and prevented it by telling the truth; but I don't know—I might not have had the courage. At any rate, I heard nothing of it until the wedding was over, and then it was too late.

"It was no longer in my power to make any reparation. It would do him no good to know what he had lost; and I thought you would get over it easier to believe him false than to know how you had both been betrayed. So I made up my mind to carry the secret with me to my grave. But as years passed the burden grew heavy, and I wrote the whole story out, sealed it up, and put directions on the outside that it should be given to him after my death. I never meant, you see, that any one should know it until I was past the sound of earthly reproaches. So I went on, and tried to treat you as your old friend might—grown older and colder with time, but your friend still—I meant to go on so to the end."

"Oh, I wish you had, I *wish* you had!"

burst like a moan from Miss Letitia's quivering lips.

"I think I felt worse about it than ever, after I married the deacon. I didn't love him. That was over for me—the fierce flame had burned out and left my heart waste and sere. Nothing earthly could ever kindle it again. I married because it seemed a good thing to do; and then I was so lonely I wanted something to fill up my long days. But after a while I began to see how good the deacon was—how true he was—how honest and upright. The spirit of his life seemed to haunt and accuse me continually. I began—seeing the distance between us—to feel what it was to be a lost soul. I believe these thoughts, which have had strong possession of me all summer, brought on my fever. They were with me until it got to seem that every wind was the reproving voice of God, and every sunbeam a ray from his reproachful eye. I grew sick at last, and I knew death was coming. Letitia, I dared not die until I had told you. I can offer no atonement—I do not expect you will forgive me. If you could I should not fear so much to go out into the dark."

She shook with a dumb, shivering terror, and then lay still, uttering no farther entreaty, speaking no word more—only fixing her great dark eyes on the woman she had wronged, with a look in their depths so full of anguish and supplication that it was mightier than words.

Miss Letitia seemed dumb, as one turned suddenly to marble. She had loved Nelson Guthrie with her life's one love; and this woman lying here had separated them—taken away her bread and given her a stone—darkened her sunshine—reft from her all the hope and promise of her existence. *Could* she forgive? Did God require it of her? And yet—to-morrow it might be too late to speak her forgiveness. Would she have a lost soul wailing in wordless anguish at her side for evermore? *Must* she not forgive even this—lend to the parting spirit what she might of ease and comfort—if she hoped in her turn to be forgiven of God? After all, now that she knew the uttermost—knew that when all things should be made clear she would stand fair and honored in her old love's sight—ought she not to find it easy to forgive a wrong bounded by the compass of this earthly life? What if, in loneliness and sorrow, she must go down to her grave—she knew now that he whom she loved had not been false or unworthy—that she need not turn away from him when he should come to her side in the world of spirits. She looked into the beseeching eyes which met hers, as the deacon's wife cried out again, rent by the anguish of her suspense—

"Speak to me—your silence tortures me. Let me know my doom. Forgive me, or curse me!"

Miss Letitia bent over her, and took in her own the hand burning with fever.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "I forgive you."

You made my life a burden—you took away from me all that I cared for in this world, but I pity you in this hour when your sin has found you out, and I forgive you. I will pray for you to the God whose love is infinite—whose compassion is boundless. Your soul is not lost. You shall not die without hope."

"You forgive me? You are sure? You can ask mercy for me of God? He will hear your prayer—yours, whom I have injured. I will hope—O God, is it not too late?"

"The promise fails not, even at the eleventh hour," Miss Letitia murmured, with a solemn sweetness in her voice.

Just then a strong, firm step sounded in the yard, and the sick woman started eagerly.

"It is the deacon," she said; "he is coming, and we shall have but a moment more. Go to that desk in the corner—the key is in it. You will see, in the little drawer at the right, the packet directed to Nelson Guthrie. Take it away and read it. It will make all the particulars clear. When I am dead send it to *him*, and then he will understand us both."

Trembling in every limb Miss Letitia did her bidding, and went back to the bedside with the packet in her hand.

"Yes, that is it; and there is the Deacon's step on the threshold. He loves me—surely it can not be wrong to give him the consolation of believing me worthy of it. Once more, before you leave me, oh let me hear you say that you forgive me!"

"Fully and freely, as I hope myself to be forgiven," Miss Letitia answered, solemnly; and then, moved by a divine impulse of tenderness and pity, she bent over and pressed her lips to the feverish brow.

Going out, she met Deacon Parmelee in the room beyond, wearing a face on which anxiety and watching were graving stern lines.

She went into the gathering twilight. The sad wind was wailing still—the leaves rustled, the crickets chirped mournfully; but a star was rising already in the east, while yet the crimson autumn sunset burned above the western hills. "We have seen his star in the east," she murmured. "There is hope in the heavens."

That night she read all the long confession, and understood on just what rocks the hope of her life had stranded and gone down helplessly. After all, there was a certain sweetness in the knowledge that the man she loved had been neither false nor fickle, but only, like herself, wronged and deceived. She could never be any thing more to him in this life; but it was something to be sure that he had once loved her. When the life going out in that house across the fields was ended, she would send him the packet, and then—reinstated in his esteem—she could bear to go on alone through the rest of her pilgrimage.

The next morning news came that the Deacon's wife was dead.

She thought it would not be seemly to send off the dead woman's confession until the funer-

al should be over. So she waited four days longer, and then, when all reason for delay was at an end, she took the packet from her desk, and was going to dispatch it to Nelson Guthrie. As she stood with it in her hand a doubt suggested itself for the first time. *Should* she send it? Had she a *right* to clear herself in his eyes at the risk of recalling so many old memories? He had loved her once well and truly. Should she revive the spell, if that were possible—make him discontented with the present—stir his heart with vain longings? Would it be just to his wife—the wife to whom in this whole matter no blame could attach—whose sufficient misfortune it was that the man who married her had, at best, no fond freshness of first love to give her?

Miss Letitia was just, to the heart's core; and she was, besides, self-forgetful and resolute. What mattered it, she thought, whether or not he understood her now? Let him go on. Let whatever domestic happiness time had fostered at his hearth-stone still grow. When the end came would be time enough for her to stand before him justified. So her mind was made up. She wrote him a few lines, explaining simply how the confession came into her hands, and the motives which deterred her from sending it to him at once. Then, in her turn, she folded and sealed the packet, and directed it on the outside:

"To be given, unopened, into the hands of Nelson Guthrie, after the death of Letitia Mason."

That was all. Last week she had believed her lover of other days recreant to all truth and loyalty. Over the grave where his memory lay buried she had dared to drop no tear—plant no blossom. Now she knew that the wrong had not been on his part; and the thought that he had not given her up voluntarily was balm to her self-respect. So she took up her old life again, with something less than the old burden to carry.

Years came and passed noiselessly. Slowly silver threads grew into the brown, shining hair, and the delicate, youthful color faded a little. She scarcely realized how time went on until her fortieth birth-day found her. Then she began to feel how many the lonely years had been. Twenty-two years ago that day the note had come from Nelson Guthrie which gave her back her troth-plight, and since then she had never experienced one flutter of womanly vanity or anticipation. Life, to all selfish intents, ended with her that spring day, she thought. Since then, as more than one whom she had comforted could have borne witness, she had been doing the Master's work. She felt a little sad on this day of all days in the year. Memory was busy, and the path before her, leading on to old age, perhaps, stretched out bare and bleak.

It was in the middle of the long forenoon that a wagon stopped at the gate, and a man whom she recognized as the near neighbor of the Guthries—who lived at the other end of the town—dismounted and came up toward

the house. A subtle, prophetic instinct told her his errand before she met him at the door. Her old lover had sent for her—was dying, probably.

"Mr. Guthrie is sick," the man began, abruptly, "and they say he has not long to live. He took a bad cold about ten days ago, and inflammation of the lungs set in, and they've given up all hopes of him. He says you were an old friend, and he wants to see you if you are willing to go."

"I will be ready in five minutes," she answered, with apparent calmness, but she turned back into the house, her heart throbbing strangely. Now, after all these years, her time had come—now she had a right to justify herself in his dying eyes.

She took the packet she had kept so long, put on her bonnet, and went out. They rode in utter silence over the three miles of dusty road which lay between her little cottage and Nelson Guthrie's house. She noticed, as one in a dream, how blue the sky was, and heard the spring birds sing, and the full brooks murmur. At last she was there.

It was pitiful to see how so brief an illness had shattered the forces of that strong man's life. Pale almost as he would be when they should put his grave-clothes on he was now, his face worn and wan, his heavy black beard making it look yet more ghastly. His wife had met Miss Letitia at the door with a whispered welcome, and as if by previous arrangement led her into the sick man's room, and left her there.

"I wanted to look yet once more in this world upon your face," he said, faintly, his eyes kindling a little as he saw her at his bedside. "I wanted to forgive you."

"You never had any thing to forgive," she answered, quietly.

"Never! Letty!"

"Never. For seven years I have had in my possession Grace Anderson's confession—the confession of the wrong-doing which separated us. I did not mean that you should see it until I was dead. But your time has come now, and you must not die until you know the truth, and have forgiven Grace."

He put out his hand with an eager gesture.

"Read it, Letty!" he cried. "Read every word of it. I think my soul could almost linger at the gates of death to hear such tidings."

She read it plainly and clearly, every word. When she was through she waited for him to speak.

"Did you forgive her, Letty—you, with your lonely woman's heart, your solitary life?"

"I forgave her—I prayed for her—I believe God heard me." Her voice came clear but very low.

"Then I, too, forgive her. Letty, I loved you in those days—we belonged to each other. It would have made my life a different thing to

have shared it with you. But God knew best by what path to lead us both home. Margaret has been a true, good wife. Letty, will you care for her and comfort her when I am gone? You are stronger than she, and she will be quite alone."

"If she will let me I will be her friend—I will take her as your legacy."

"Call her, please, and wait for her in another room. I must make her understand how near was the tie between us."

She went out and sent his wife in.

Was it all over, she thought, and over so calmly? Standing on the threshold of the grave, how quietly he had received the tidings which had stirred her own soul seven years ago in its depths. But he understood her now—he knew that she had been true. For the rest, death enters the wildest passion.

After a while Margaret came out. She had been weeping evidently, but she came up to Letitia and kissed her.

"He has told me all," she said, "and I know that you, and I, ought to have been his wife. But he loves me a good deal, I think; and he has been very kind to me, and made me happy. It is almost over now. Will you stay till the last? He wishes it."

"Till the last" was not long. The third day the summons came which called home the first soul to forget all sorrows, all failures, all disappointments in the blindness which is infinite. And he lay beside the two women who had loved him watched and wept, while his life grew cold, and his proud, passionate, true heart stopped beating.

Miss Letitia had learned to suffer quietly by the discipline of long, sad years. The wound in her heart was deep, but it bled inwardly. Outwardly she was calm, and supported Margaret by her steady, undemonstrative courage.

When the funeral was over Margaret slept still in the room in which she seemed to find rest and strength. They secretly knew on which side the proposal that they should live together originated; but it was carried out before midsummer, and they were both settled in the little cottage where Miss Letitia had lived alone so long.

And then time went on again, and the grass grew green on Nelson Guthrie's grave; and the widow's passionate grief subsided into gentle regret and tender memory. Regret so gentle that its shadow failed to affright a new wooer; and Mistress Margaret, fair and sweet still at a little past forty, went out of Miss Letitia's cottage into another home. And again Letitia was all alone.

Alone, but never lonely; for now she dreamed that when Margaret shall go, resting on her later love, to the country peopled by shades, she herself, true through all, will have the right to stand proudly at Nelson Guthrie's side.

AMERICAN STUDIOS IN ROME AND FLORENCE.

ONCE upon a time, as my maternal grandfather was hugging his knees complacently over the fire, in the delicious abandon of a well-beloved pastor's Sunday evening, he broke forth in laudation of some well-put point of his morning homily.

"That may all be very true, my dear, but hadn't you better let somebody else praise you?" was the conjugal counterblast to this flourish of Pharisaism.

"Somebody else?" No indeed!" quoth the trumpeter; "the poor coots don't know how to put it on in the right place."

Doubtless the artists whose ill-fortune opened their studios during the last winter to my crude criticism may class me under like ornithological condemnation with the sermon-critics of my progenitor. But during my residence in Italy I was so impressed by the fact of the neglect by American tourists of the studios of their countrymen and women that I determined, at my first opportunity, to pipe a little against this ignorance and indifference before three or four deserving doors in Rome and Florence. If you will not dance I shall at least have relieved my spirit.

It is a lamentable truism that the representative American traveler prefers an indifferent bust or picture by an Italian or English artist to the best which his compatriots can achieve.

Going forth from the artistic atmosphere of an average American circle, strong in the faith that Squire Jonathan's portrait in oils, and his boarding-school daughter's monochromatics and crayons are the *ne plus ultra* of art, he enters his first European gallery to depart a sadder, but scarcely a wiser man. "Ichabod" is thenceforth written not only upon daughter Mary's thrilling sea-fights and gay beauties in pastel, but upon all American art. His self-conceit in its sloughing leaves no atom of confidence in aught which his land can produce. Yet his converse admiration of foreign art must necessarily be indiscriminating, since he retains the complacent belief that no jackanapes with his technical jargon can teach him what to admire. Not he! He hasn't called Ruskin a madman and Jarves a fool, in snubbing Mary's raptures, to go to them or any other critic for instruction. Accordingly he stocks his gallery, as he would disdain to do his shop, with foreign wares, of whose origin, intent, and worth he is utterly ignorant, only making sure that no "Yankee trash" is included.

He carries home in triumph a blear-eyed *Beatrice Cenci*, a leering *Madonna della Sedia* executed by a Roman sign-painter, a medallion portrait of himself chipped out in the putty-relievo of a third-rate English artist, and a family-group cannily altered for the occasion from a Niobe and her Children, which had long cumbered the *appartamento* of some Italian sharper.

Our own escape from the sin and condemna-

tion of the representative American traveler in regard to our compatriots' studios in Rome was owing solely to imputed grace. On our way thither we met the author of "Harper's Guide-Book," who solemnly assured us that there were two individuals in Rome whom it was desirable to see—"first the Pope, then Mrs. Dr. G." Now, it happened that to the latter little epitome of all charity and hospitality we are indebted for much of that which makes us still cry with Shakspeare,

"Was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome—"

and being there, to *Numero tredici via Condotti!* It was her generous ire which spurred our supineness around the circle of American artists in the Eternal City, and even in remote Florence.

The pity is that this should be a notable instance of *esprit de corps* and *de esprit de pays*—that every American resident of position abroad should not feel a fraternal interest in the success of American artists around him, and make of himself a conscience for the admonition of thoughtless tourists from their native land, with hearts or purses to be touched.

I understand that Mr. Jarves has pronounced William Story to be unappreciated in America. However true this may be in regard to untraveled connoisseurs, I think the representative American traveler is least likely to neglect this among all American studios in Rome. Does not Murray indorse Mr. Story's handiwork as "much noticed" at the great London Exposition of 1862? This Anglican baptism is surely almost equivalent to British birth. Moreover, it is quite safe to give loose rein to one's adjectives and notes of admiration in the presence of the *Soul*, the *Sappho*, and the *Sybil*, and all the more because there are sure to be among the carriages which wait on the Saturday receptions in the *Via di San Nicolo di Tolentino* an Italian coronet or two, and some well-quartered British escutcheon.

We had the privilege of entering the innermost studio, and seeing the sculptor, moulding-stick in hand. Even in its immaturity and in soulless plaster we saw in the *Medea* a grander statue than those apt fingers had previously created. The artist is said to have followed Ristori like her shadow, and has appropriated the great tragedienne's inspiration as a spiritual body for his own. It was a sad pleasure to see also in this inner sanctum that which is pronounced by Mr. Browning, and her brother Mr. Barrett, the best of all the many essays to render the drooping head and pathetic face of Elizabeth Browning. This bust was chiseled from the artist's memory of the poet (with whose personal friendship he was privileged), and its creation was trammelled by no lying portraits or superficial photographs as a model.

But why do we linger here where my pipe is absurdly superfluous? Were all America besides silent in his praise, Mr. Story might well rest content with Hawthorne's crowning.

Miss Hosmer also is too well known in America by means of her peripatetic Zenobia, and her stationary Statesman, together with fascinating traditions still rife about Boston Common and the Piazza di Spagna in regard to youthful escapades and maturer deeds of prowess, to be overlooked by the representative American traveler. She, too, has the prestige of British patronage through her master Gibson, whose characteristic dictum, "Yes, yes, true art should be descriptive!" engraved in stone, is appropriately the legend of her studio.

We approached this celebrity with inward trepidation, on one of her weekly reception-days. Unlike Mr. Story, she does all her visitors the honor of receiving them in person, and it was pleasant to find a bright, piquant woman instead of the Amazon, bustling with weapons offensive, which our fancy had conjured from the shadowy realm of gossip. Her style of conversation is rather crisp than brusque, and she enters cordially into her guest's admiration of her work. With kindly patience she told over and again in our hearing to successive visitors the story of her brazen door, which, with its twelve bas-reliefs representing the hours of night, is to find in the treasures of an English nobleman's art-gallery. But little Puck, colloquial little elf, won our hearts most of all among Miss Hosmer's marbles; and this not alone because the millennial state, wherein a little child shall lead all captive, has already begun with us, so that every thing fair, dimpled, and infantile attracts us. Puck seemed to us altogether the most spontaneous of the artist's works. A captive queen she never saw even in her dreams, but a mischievous morsel of humanity or fairyhood is native to a woman's fancy.

Mr. Rogers, who shares with Reinhardt the honor of completing the doors of the national capitol from the design of the lamented Crawford, had just executed a colossal statue of a Union soldier, gun in hand, for Cincinnati. In spite of the amusing account of the sitting with which the artist entertained us, we could but regret that the model of the statue had been a brave Celt, who, however, seemed from the story to have been prouder of the distinction of being "brother to him as married owld Boker's daughter" (the hero of a New York parlor and coach-house romance of several years ago) than of any personal perfections or valor. Still there he stands, grim and war-worn, but unflinching and invincible. An English lady chanced to enter this studio, and being told that in this statue she might see a brave of the United States army, remarked eagerly, "Ah, yes. It is Stonewall Jackson, I suppose;" he being the only hero among his cousins of whose exploits John Bull permits his unsophisticated family to read. "No, Madam, on the contrary," replied the loyal sculptor, with distinct enunciation, "this is the man that shot him!"

Any successful artist must accumulate vast stores of *ana* from the lips of garrulous visitors.

Another Briton, wandering superciliously

through the same studio, paused before a bust of Cicero. "Such wonderful concentration as all your American faces have!" said he. "Now I should know that to be a countryman of yours had I chanced to see it in a Japanese artist's studio. Ah, there is no mistaking the American type!" The blushing sculptor continuously allowed the citizenship of the novel Yankee to pass unchallenged, and the undaunted physiognomist passed on to further criticism.

One day Mr. Rogers was exhibiting his pretty *Nydia* to a deaf spectator.

"What did you say her name was?"

"*Nydia*, Bulwer's *Nydia*."

"You don't say! Why she looks quite intelligent for an idiot!"

We had the pleasure of seeing in clay Mr. Rogers's conception of Isaac kneeling upon the Altar of Sacrifice. The face of the young martyr is marked by exquisite beauty of expression. One could judge of the popularity it was destined to obtain by the fact that two copies in marble had already been begun, although the model was by no means complete. The frequent duplication throughout the studio of companion statuettes representing an *Indian Hunter*, *Boy* and *Fisher-Girl* recalled comically to our memory the nursery ditty which dwells upon John Brown's proprietorship in "one little, two little, three little Indians," and so on through the figures.

At Mr. Mozier's we found the celebrated *Wight of Wicken Wied*, sculptured at the moment when memory is struggling with time for the recollection of the cradle-hymn her Christian mother used to sing. We saw also, in clay, the drawing of his ideal of *St. Francis*. But in the colossal group of the *Return of the Prodigal* I thought I saw, what I understand is not universally admitted, a wonderful rendering of the blessed old idyl. It may be, for aught I know, anatomically incorrect, or like somebody's statue in this thing, or somebody's else in that; but to me there was great pathos in the utter repose of the son as he lays his sinful, sorrowful head on the old man's heart, having let go at once all his old life and old self. It seemed to me that such a sermon in stone set up in a church-chancel, or by the wayside, might touch some obdurate heart to whom the pulpit had been voiceless.

In the studio of a young American woman, whose genius with no adventitious aids has already won her an enviable position, we found in clay a lofty embodiment of the poet-artist's ideal of *Jeremiah* the Prophet. A well-known Boston clergyman visiting this studio the day before ourselves, exclaimed as soon as the moist napkin was removed from this superb medallion:

"Ah, one of the old prophets has risen from the dead!"

"Which of the prophets is he?" asked the artist; "you being a divine are supposed to know them all."

"Jeremiah, of course. Who could doubt it?"

Who, indeed, who felt the majestic sorrow of

that face, the eloquent grieving of heavenly wisdom over human folly. This medallion realizes vividly Heine's description of Jehuda ben Halevy: "Down to his breast fell, like a gray forest, his hair, and cast a weird shadow on the face which looked out through it, his troubled, pale face with the spiritual eyes." More than all it recalled the infinitely pathetic cry those lips once uttered, "Is it nothing to you, all ye who pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow."

The sculptor of this superb medallion is Miss Margaret Foley. She has worked her way bravely up to fame and success, winning peculiar honors from Italian and English critics as well as her own countrymen. She has been forced to confine herself too closely to portrait medallions to allow the freest development of her genius. It is an epoch to her when she dare take a free breath and evoke from the marble a kingly head like that of the Prophet of Lamentation. And yet her portraits are true creations of art.

Ye who think that while sculpture in the round is a wonderful art, all that is required for the production of a *bas-relief* is a flat surface of sufficient thickness to allow chippings *ad libitum*, go to the Villa Albani and study the Lotus-crowned *Antinous*; or, what is next, compare Miss Foley's medallions with those which pass unchallenged from the studio of many a distinguished sculptor.

But I forget an oracle recently uttered: *bassirielievi* are not statuary! It remained for an astute sitter at the New York Customs to discover that a case of medallion portraits and ideal heads, sent to America by Miss Foley in execution of various commissions, did not come under the Act for the protection of American artists in foreign countries, and were therefore subject to a duty of 50 per cent. in gold! And all this when a case of mere stone-mason's pedestals passed the same Custom-house free. Various appeals were made by indignantly sympathetic artists and friends against the absurd decision of this Art-Dogberry, but several months later we heard that the case was still in durance vile; the purchasers of the sculpture being naturally unwilling to pay the unrighteous tax, and the artist threatened with the return of her handiwork unless she herself discharged it.

In the benign face of Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, Miss Foley found an irresistible temptation, and with one or two sittings from the good missionary she created in clay at once a perfect portrait and an admirable ideal of St. John the Beloved. This was immediately appropriated (with other of her marbles) by Mr. William Aspinwall, to whose generous and yet discriminating patronage American artists abroad and art-lovers at home are so deeply indebted. We heard a sculptor say of him, "He is the only visitor to my studio who doesn't make me tremble by touching my tools: he knows what to do with them." Adding, with amusing commiseration: "It is such a pity he hadn't been poor, he would have made a true artist!"

In Miss Foley's studio there was also still in clay a fine bust of the son of the sculptor Crawford, as also various medallions in different stages of progress. A small bust of Theodore Parker, who gave her frequent sittings while in Rome, and with whose face in its vigor she had been most familiar, is far more satisfactory than the Socrates of Mr. Story, or any other attempted likeness of that most brave and intolerant philanthropist. His old congregation should order a colossal copy of this authentic bust for their Assembly Room.

During a brief visit to her native land the past season Miss Foley modeled several admirable medallions, among them fine profiles of Mr. Longfellow, Charles Sumner, and Julia Ward Howe. This artist has also long been distinguished for her superiority as an artist in Cameos.

No American tarrying in Rome should fail to visit the *appartamento* of the Freemans. Here Mr. Freeman plies his accurate, conscientious brush, devoting as many hours to the perfecting of a few threads of drapery as would many artists to the execution of an entire picture. Here Mrs. Freeman wields the chisel skillfully, and here their niece paints charming cabinet pictures and copies successfully.

Living in a beautiful apartment, far up, like Hilda in her tower, we found Miss Church, a young Vermonter, if I mistake not. One of Claude Lorraine's luscious landscapes, copied in the Louvre, was just receiving her finishing touch, it having been purchased by Mr. Le Grand Lockwood, whose wealth has blessed many a deserving artist and many a distressed countryman abroad. Three little pictures pleased us best in this studio. Two views (standing and sitting) of an obstreperous little Roman with an irresistibly jolly face. This little imp of a model regards the confinement incident to his vocation with disgust, and is therefore always accompanied by his father, whom he mercilessly snubs. "What time is it, old father?" "Ten and a half, my gentle little son." "No, old father, you lie—it is long after *mezzo giorno*!" Then turning his weariness toward his picturesque costume, he cries, stormily, "Look here, old father! I must have new clothes! Why don't you dress me like the little *Francesi* on the Pincio! I shall buy clothes for myself hereafter."

The third picture is the portrait of an equally irresponsible little chicory-girl, who is attired in all the pretty absurdity of a Roman peasant's costume, with the heavy folds of the *panno* on her graceful little head. This little mother of Gracchi *in prospectu* declines to favor the artist with a sitting of her august presence without a head of her favorite vegetable with which to beguile the hour, meditatively devouring the tough mass of vegetation. Accordingly, there she stands in the picture, chicory in hand, and is a bewitching little figure for one's drawing-room.

Our visit to the pleasant home of the cheery sisters, the Misses Williams, brought upon us

an acute attack of *mal du pays*. On their table lay a fresh, crisp copy of the *Springfield Republican*, and on the walls hung half a dozen admirable sketches of autumnal scenery, which could only have had their birth among the maples, oaks, and beeches of New England. Their previous vacation having been spent in Sicily we were able to judge, both from their enthusiastic descriptions and abundant sketches, how delightful the scenery must be. A fine picture of Mount Etna, with sunrise tints, pleased us exceedingly. It had just been purchased by Mr. Morehead, of Philadelphia.

We were fascinated by the beauty of Mr. Tilton's Venetian views and Venetian coloring before we had learned of Mr. Jarves that it was artistically wrong so to be, and our first impression still abides. This artist's success in the exposition of the "luminosity" and other perfections of his own pictures is sublime. Yet the oddest thing of all is, that he seemed to us only to tell the plain truth eloquently about these glowing re-creations of his brush, albeit it might, perhaps, have come with better grace from some "poor man" of a spectator instead of from the Titianesque artist himself.

We cherish a grudge against the Fates, which prevented us from executing frequently renewed plans for visiting the studios of other distinguished Americans in Rome. Unless the tourist conscientiously assign every moment of his time to some specific object, however long he may remain in Rome, in leaving he will carry away many such regrets and suffer remediless loss.

Our faithful, clever Consul, Mr. Stillman, true as truth, but not always in sunshine, was just about removing to a new post, so that his studio was in a transition state. We saw much of his painting, however, to convince us that his talents would reap a rich harvest in the new and artistically unexplored field before him. In the beautiful island of Candia he will be likely to find worthy material for his skillful pencil and pen, while in the inhabitants he will find his very antipodes, unless they have outgrown their portrait so graphically sketched by one of their own artists centuries ago: *The Cretans are always liars, well-behaved, blue bellies.*

Having tarried so long in the Eternal City we had far too little time for doing justice to Florence and her American studios.

Hiram Powers is the one American artist whose merits seem to be fully appreciated at home. Every representative American traveler longs to have his Ciceronic features immortalized by this sculptor, and joyfully exchanges his thousand silver souils for one of his exquisitely-finished busts. Aside from his talent Mr. Powers deserves his brilliant success on account of his generous interest in younger, less famous artists, and his vigorous loyalty. Few Americans visit his studio without hearing the suggestion from the beautiful-eyed old man as they reluctantly take leave, "You must not think of going from Florence without seeing such and such studios."

His thirty years' exile have only deepened his patriotism, and his children, all of Florentine birth, have been chiseled by their parents into noble specimens of New Englanders—not a foreign touch about them. During our four years of darkness and combat this good man never once lost heart, and, perhaps, did as much as any American resident abroad to silence English impertinence. His studio is much frequented by British tourists, and it is doubtful if one is ever suffered to escape scot-free. He repeated to us a *bon mot* of his own similar to that already narrated of Mr. Rogers. An English visitor was struck on entering Mr. Powers's studio by the well-known bust of Andrew Jackson.

"Whose this, pray? An American?"

"Yes; General Jackson."

"Oh, indeed!" turning with hostile delight to Mrs. John Bull. "My dear, this is that brave Stonewall Jackson of whom you have heard so much."

"No, Sir, by no means. It is a man, who, if he had been living, would have hung Stonewall Jackson long ago."

Mr. Powers also related with great gusto the story of a bluff Englishman, who came storming into his studio but lay with the frank announcement:

"I don't know any thing about statuary. I've come to your studio because it's one of the sights of Florence. Heads all look just alike to me."

After wondering about for a long time among the crowded treasures of the maze-named studio with a yawned stare, a sudden gleam of intelligence illumined the broad countenance. Mr. Powers, startled, turned to discover what had so transfigured his stolidity. It was a plaster cast of the famous Florentine Hero, before which the delighted ruminator had struck an attitude.

"That's a fine animal, Sir! I take pipe myself, Sir. A fine animal; pray what breed is it?"

"A wild bear."

"Ah, poor creature! he's in, Sir; 'twould take a long time to fetch him up to where my pipe are. But he's a fine animal, Sir!"

A Tennesseean came one day into Mr. Powers's studio.

"Only just come to town!" said he; "had to wait in Paris to get my gallery packed. Bought a whole gallery of Old Masters—paid fifteen hundred dollars for 'em, too! How much is that statoo worth?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"My stars! Why, I bought one t'other day for two hundred dollars, and it ain't plaster neither; for I drew my jack-knife right cross her nose, and it never made a scratch."

Do you know the story of Powers's *America*? Fifteen years ago, in prophetic inspiration, he wrought a beautiful figure crowned with stars, treading under foot broken chains. He regarded Congress as pledged to its acceptance for the Capitol; but two successive Presidents shuddered at the awful radicalism of the trampled

fetters, and at the time of our visit America still lay boxed in New York. Can she not now safely come forth with her crown of stars?

Mr. Powers's patriotism is so extreme that he prefers to model in American clay, which is regularly exported, as he told us, for his use. Home soil is better to him than that of classic Arno or Tiber. One might think that his marble also was brought from some more favored mount than the quarries of ordinary artists, since it acquires in his studio an inimitable velvetness of texture. We hope it may be many years before our country shall lose such a representative of American manhood, patriotism, and art as Hiram Powers.

One young artist commended to us by Mr. Powers we had already learned to admire. The same dainty fancy which once wrought itself out through the evanescent medium of Brattleborough snow now moulds Carrara marble into enduring forms of beauty. We were so fortunate as to find in his studio the model of his Lincoln monument. The four groups about the base, representing Cavalry, Artillery, Marine, and Infantry, have wonderful life and action. Although the *dolce far niente* of Italian workmen prevented our seeing the model complete, yet we saw enough to convince us that here was Larkin Meade's *chef-d'œuvre*.

A pretty statue of a Puritan girl on a visit to her poultry-yard had been christened a *Contadine*: we recognized too well the exquisite refinement of the New England type of girlhood not to protest against the misnomer. A fine group of a soldier, telling the story of his campaign to the little daughter upon his knee, had just been ordered of colossal size to be the admirable ornament for the grounds of an asylum for soldiers' orphans in Connecticut. Before the soldier stretches an awful vision of blood, indicated by the fixed gaze, the outstretched hand, and the eloquent face of the little maiden as she looks up into his war-worn face with wondering sympathy.

I can only speak of a single artist more. The story of John Jackson is so touching that I take the liberty of telling it simply. His design for a monument to Dr. Kane having been accepted by an organization formed for the purpose, he was sent to Italy to execute it in marble. He was assured that on arriving in Florence he should find funds to a large amount, and that further remittances would be made until the sum proposed on the acceptance of his design should have been received. Accordingly, breaking up his home in the midst of an appreciative circle in Boston, he removed to Florence. On his arrival no funds were found—none were sent. After many anxious weeks he received a letter from the committee who had expatriated him, stating that, in consequence of the panic incident to the outbreak of the rebellion, Dr. Kane's monument must be indefinitely postponed.

A stranger in a strange land, winter coming on (one is not beyond the rigor of winter in Florence), few tourists abroad, no commissions

possible, a family to provide for—what shall be done? This true hero valiantly betook himself to the trade which his father (mindful of the Hebrew proverb, "Blessed is he that hath a trade to his hand; he is like a vineyard well fenced") had obliged him to learn before he would suffer him to devote himself to his beloved art. Uncomplainingly he went into a machine-shop, and wrought in iron when he longed to be in his studio.

Of late something of the success he so richly deserves has crowned this artist. But when we were in Florence there stood in his studio, still in plaster, a most poetic conception of *Eve*, the "Mother of all Living," holding upon her lap the body of the dead Abel. Every detail is admirably rendered, but the most distinguishing points in the group are the contrast between the beautiful hand of the mother, with full, eager life coursing through its veins, and the limp, lifeless fingers which fall without response from her grasp; and chief of all, the expression of the bereaved mother's face. It is not so much the "bootless bene" of a childless Rachel weeping un comforted, as the marvel of the Mother of the Living over the first revelation of the awful miracle of Death.

I have before me one of the exquisite photographs of Powers *frères* (the artist's sons). It is a copy of the rough model (the original of which we saw) of a commemorative monument. It represents a pure shaft eighty feet in height, surmounted by a graceful statue of Liberty, bearing aloft in one hand the star-spangled banner, and holding in the other a wreath, as if about to let it fall upon the honored graves beneath. The design was to ornament the base with *bas-relievi*, according to the subjects commemorated. But the uniqueness of this monument consists in the capital of the graceful column, which is of rare beauty, and distinctively American. It is at once so natural and striking that the marvel is that it was not conceived long ago, and adopted in place of Corinthian or Composite ornament in many of our national buildings throughout the republic. The existence of this model at the time of our visit to the studio was known only to the photographer and a few favored friends. If I am betraying a secret at this late day by even these incoherent hints, I shall not beg Mr. Jackson's pardon, for it is high time this beautiful design were executed in pure white marble (or in Quincy granite with bronze ornaments), and were set up in the sight of all men in some *Place Vendôme* of America.

Is it not already evident that among the gracious fruit which is to spring from fields which we have been for weary years sowing in tears, but in faith, is a fresh, beautiful growth of native art? The demand for commemorative monuments is great, the supply of unmeaning meretricious designs is perhaps greater; let severely discriminating taste be exercised in the selection of these memorials, lest they prove unworthy not alone of our glorious dead, but of the new era of American art which is now dawning.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT.

"AS to every leaf and every flower there is an ideal to which the growth of the plant is constantly urging, so is there an ideal to every human being—a perfect form in which it might appear, were every defect removed and every characteristic exalted to the highest point. Once in an age God sends to some of us a friend who loves in us not a false imagining, an unreal character; but, looking through all the rubbish of our imperfections, loves in us the divine ideal of our nature—loves, not the man that we are, but the angel that we may be.

"But these wonderful soul-friends, to whom God grants such perception, are the exceptions in life; yet sometimes we are blessed with one who sees through us, as Michael Angelo saw through a block of marble, when he attacked it in a divine fervor, declaring that an angel was imprisoned within it.

"There be sculptors, who go through this world looking among their fellows with reverence, as one looks amidst the dust and rubbish of old shops for hidden works of Titian and Leonardo, and, finding them, however scratched or torn or painted over with tawdry daubs of pretenders, immediately recognize the divine original, and set themselves to cleanse and restore."

Allie dropped the book and gazed dreamily through the green branches of the ash-wood into the golden sunset. A world of thoughts had been opened to her. "She was imaginative and poetic, pre-eminently one of those very soul-friends of whom she had been reading. How beautiful, how true every word was to her! "As in every leaf and every flower there is an ideal to which the growth of the plant is constantly urging, so is there an ideal to every human being." Would the time ever come when we should all read this ideal perfection—when, from the narrow, the selfish, the passionate, the ignorant, and prejudiced, the dust and rubbish would be removed, and they should stand out pure and beautiful, their own light, true beyond? How many beautiful characters might be hidden beneath the coarse and unpolished exterior of those around her! What a glorious work that of the soul-artist! She was living in an ideal world when she was suddenly recalled to the actual by her sprightly little companion.

"Come, Allie, are you thinking how you're going to carve out Ned Armstrong, and polish him up into a magnificent work of art? I'll tell you what it is, you've got a work before you! It's easier to see a statue in a block of marble than it is to get it out, particularly in these human statues Mrs. Stowe tells about."

"Pshaw, Kate, how you do run on! I wasn't thinking about any one in particular. But isn't it a beautiful idea that every human being contains the germ of perfection, and that we have only to remove the dust and rubbish to reveal an angel?"

"Beautiful, but not true."

"Not true? Oh, Kate, you wicked little chap! If I didn't see a beautiful character in you, behind all your naughty ways, I'd never say another word to you!"

"I'm very glad you have such good eyes, or such a vivid imagination, I don't know which. But I'm more practical. I'm a Harbinger. First get your facts, then form your theory. Now you sit and read beautiful books, and look off into the sunset clouds, and weave a most delightful web of dreamy fancies. But just come down to everyday life; mingle with commonplace people. I don't mean your friends that you love and identify, but people you don't take any particular interest in—those broad and hearty kind of people that don't seem to have any ideas beyond keeping up a pile of dry goods and furniture around them; the very sort that Mrs. Stowe herself describes on another page: those who have learned 'to be fat and tranquil, to have warm fires and good dinners, to sing their 'hans on the same peg at the same hour every day, to sleep soundly all night, and never to trouble their head with a thought or imagining beyond.' Do you see any angels in them? To come to the point: There is Aunt Julia, whom highest criticism is satisfied with a slight mental shrug, and Mr. Sturges, who will have attained the object of his existence when he is the owner of a marble front on Broadway; there is poor Mary O'Sullivan's miserable husband, who beats her every week in a fit of intolerance; and there is my beloved brother-in-law, a scintilla, yet the most thoroughly selfish, dispassionate man in the family I ever knew. Can you see an angel in any of these people?"

"If I can not, I have faith to believe it is there. God is the artist, and His works are perfect—taking all the elements with which time has cluttered them." Allie rejoined, earnestly. "Sometimes it requires peculiar circumstances to develop the finer sides of character. A seed is wrapped up in a paper for centuries, and it remains nothing but a seed. Yet the possibilities of myriads of beautiful flowers are there. Plant it, give it sun and moisture, and the rich forms of earth, and all the possibilities of the seed blossom into the reality of a beautiful flower. So it is with character. Think how much nobleness and heroism and selflessness have been developed since the opening of the war, among many in whom we least expected to find those qualities. Yes, I believe there is an angel in every one, if we could only find it and bring it out."

"I don't know, Allie. Some people don't seem to have any higher nature. If you should describe what you call their higher nature to them they wouldn't appreciate it at all, wouldn't recognize it as belonging to them, and wouldn't consider that you complimented them in insisting that it did. James Sherwood hasn't any higher nature, I know! You ought to see him every day, for weeks and months, as I have. I've studied him for a curiosity, as a naturalist

would study a peculiar fossil, and I can't find any thing in him but what is coarse, and selfish, and narrow. He goes around house like a thunder-cloud; never speaks except to tell what he wants done, or find fault with something that isn't done to his mind, and never seems to think of any body's happiness but his own. I verily believe he enjoys making other people unhappy as much as some people enjoy creating happiness. I never saw such a narrow, contracted specimen of humanity in my life, and that's just the amount of it!"

Alice looked grave, and was silent a few moments. "And yet your sister saw something to love in him;" she said at last.

"Poor Nell! I suppose she was just such a dreamy, imaginative girl as you are, and she made up a glorious ideal all out of her own brain, and threw it, with undoubting confidence, over the man who said 'I love you,' never dreaming that love did not mean to him all that it did to her; that to him it only meant, 'You're a good-looking and very convenient article of household furniture; I would like to own you.' Now I'm romantic. You don't believe it, but I *am*, only I have just enough of real practical common-sense to save me from making a martyr of myself. I have a glorious ideal. I could love almost to idolatry the man who only aspired to it; but that man I have never seen. I have tried to surround some I have known, and who have professed interest in me, with the radiance and glory of this ideal. I never succeeded. The outlines of the real were always too plainly visible through the ideal, and so it follows that at twenty-two I have never been in love. Nellie, I suppose, was more imaginative and less practical than I. She loved an ideal being, a creature of her brain; she awoke to find herself married to a stranger."

"You draw too dark a picture, Kate. You are very intense in your likes and dislikes. I never saw a being who was wholly bad. I believe Mr. Sherwood has a better nature, if any one has the skill to draw it out."

"I don't know how you'd go to work to get at it. If he was a drunkard I could undertake him with some hope of success. He might have a large, generous nature, something that you could appeal to, to lead him up to a higher life. But a professed teacher of righteousness, an expounder of the will of God, one who doubtless considers himself at the pinnacle of virtue, when he hasn't in reality the faintest conception of the meaning of the word, how are you to get at him? I have a missionary spirit toward him, but I don't know how to go to work."

"If you could tell him the truth in kindness. Perhaps all he needs is light."

"Kindness! Poor sister has tried that on him for the last ten years, and had the satisfaction of seeing him grow more selfish and morose every day. He isn't high enough up to appreciate it. But the truth! I'll tell you what it is. I've a new idea!" exclaimed Kate, suddenly starting up. "I'm going to try a

psychological experiment on him. I'll test him with acids, and if there's a soul in him I'll bring it out. I'll write him a letter this very night, and I'll tell him just exactly what I think of him; ask him if he's got any better nature; and tell him, if he has, I'd like to see a little of it. He preaches the truth to others; he shall enjoy the privilege of having it preached to him for once. Truth and Love are the two great levers to move the world with. Nell's love has failed with him; I'll try truth. If I succeed I'll accept your theory, and be your most reverent and devoted disciple henceforth and forever."

Alice Graves was wealthy and an only child. Her friend, poor, an orphan, and a teacher, was spending her vacation with her. The two girls had spent the long summer afternoon in reading, and, as twilight approached, had fallen into the conversation we have just recorded.

II.

It had been a busy day in the little country parsonage of A——; for its mistress was cook, chamber-maid, nurse, seamstress, and lady of the house, all in one. The week's ironing, which had occupied the sultry hours of morning, was fluttering in snowy purity on the bars; the callers, who had stolen the precious hours of afternoon, had taken their departure; the teething baby was at last asleep; and Mrs. Sherwood had seated herself before her formidable basket of unfinished sewing. What a weary vista of unstitched seams lay before her! Would she ever reach the end? No; for soon the autumn work would come—the sewing, cleaning, and a multitude of other duties—for a country minister's wife must be economical, and try her own lard, and make her own candles; and then came winter, and then spring; the seasons following each other in such rapid succession that she scarcely found time to prepare for one before the other was upon her. Life seemed an endless succession of unsewed garments, unwashed dishes, and teething babies; and, to embitter all, perpetual fault-finding from one whose love would have cast a golden halo around her humblest duties.

Mr. Sherwood had spent the day in his study, reading a little, lounging a little, and writing at intervals on a sermon on "Unconditional Submission." A very attractive room was Mr. Sherwood's study—much more so than the kitchen in which his better half was destined to spend the greater part of her time. There was a large square writing-desk, an inviting arm-chair, a lounge, and, best of all, a very respectable library of standard authors. One hour of the twenty-four in this room would have been gold to Nellie Sherwood, yet she seldom entered it but to sweep and dust. If her husband would but have brought the warmth and light of those great minds with whom he daily communed down to her, she would have asked no more. He never did; perhaps because he was himself incapable of receiving them.

When he came down this afternoon he had but three words for her: "Where's your supper?"

"It will be ready very soon. It is hardly time yet, and I wanted to get Susie's little apron done," was the rejoinder, without looking up from her work.

"Time half an hour ago. Seems to me you must have been short of starch this morning," he continued, going into the kitchen and inspecting the newly ironed linen. "My collars are as flimsy as rags, and one of them is smutty."

His wife ventured no reply. George and Susie rushing in at that moment fresh from play and waking the baby from his restless slumber, gave her opportunity to conceal the burning tears she could not wholly suppress.

Mr. Sherwood stretched himself on the sofa and took up a paper, but soon threw it aside impatiently. "I believe I will go up to the Post-office, as there seems to be no prospect of supper in this establishment for some time to come."

There were three letters in Mr. Sherwood's box; one from his brother, one from a neighboring clergyman, asking an exchange; the third—did his eyes deceive him?—was directed, in the dashing, off-hand orthography of Kate Vivian, to "Mr. James Sherwood."

"What now?" he thought, as he wonderingly tore open the envelope, and unfolded two closely-written sheets. He read as follows:

"HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, August 15, 1884."

"I have been thinking about you this morning, and have taken it into my head to write you a letter. While I was at your house, two years ago, I intended myself as studying your mental and moral development, to learn your object in life, your idea of happiness, your chain of duty. I must confess frankly that the result of my investigation was not at all flattering to you. As far as I could learn your nature, from its outward manifestations, it is an intensely selfish one."

"As I understand it, the mainsprings of human action are three: duty, benevolence, selfishness. Neither duty nor benevolence are promoted, nor hindered and gratified by your wife—because yourself disposes of her and her money—because, perhaps, she had made an ill-fitting present, burned the coffee, or forgotten to make the gravy. Only selfishness, and a low form of selfishness, prompted you. Neither duty nor benevolence influenced you in treating your wife with the unkindness and neglect which you call family life while I was there. Selfishness, only selfishness—of the coarsest, rudest form. You are not happy. You can not be. The two objects of life are first, holiness; second, happiness. To the attainment of the former, forgetfulness of self, love for God and our fellow-beings—a love which manifests itself in kind words, generous deeds, self-sacrifices, little acts of nobleness and love in everyday life—is essential. To the attainment of happiness, and a failure at that! In a blind, ignorant, groping way you are seeking happiness, and, continually baffled, continually disappointed, you are vexed, angry, irritated, and out of humor with every one for that for which you alone are to blame."

"You profess to be a teacher of righteousness, yet how ignorant you are of the first principles of Christianity! 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.' 'God is LOVE.' Love is the essence of Christianity. By 'love' I mean all true love, divine and human. All true love is divine, and he who scoffs at love blasphemes. Love was given to lead us out of and above self; to a purer, higher life; to God. It

is sacred, and he who has proved disobedient to its requirements has committed a fearful sin. Two years ago you were the love of a sincere, pure-minded, trusting girl. You married her, promising to love, tenderly cherish, and care for her, as long as you both should live. How have you fulfilled that promise? Have you, forgetting yourself, sought to smooth her pathway for her, day by day; cheering her with kind words and pleasant words, watching every little effort to please, generously overlooking all failures, eagerly waiting to bear her burdens? Do you bring sunshine into the house with you? Or do you think only of yourself, and of her simply as a convenient machine to get your bread and butter for you, sew on your shirt-buttons, and darn your stockings?"

"I have listened for a long time in the family of a man whose life is a continual torment. His happiness seems to consist in the pleasure he gives others. If his business troubles him he does not bring any clouds home, but has always a gentle smile and pleasant word for his family. I have never heard him find fault with his wife. When things are to his taste he notices it, if there is a failure anywhere he does not see it. If our mother says I need to put him he takes another, and never says a word about it. Generally speaking he thinks every thing his wife does is almost right, as every man will do in his mind, when she tries her best to please him. He is always pleasant around home, and his family are glad instead of weary when he comes home earlier than usual. He is always helpful, kind, unselfish. If there are any kindred to him, he is always ready to share their kindred to him; and at last, in charity, with with meanness and brotherly goodwill. He does not have the religion of the God whom man is Love. He is too ready to believe about things, and too ready to allow things which are of slight consequence to destroy domestic happiness. Although he values words, things and what would seem so highly as you do, he values the happiness of his wife, and the calm, peaceful life of a pure and sweet home more than anything. Though he appreciates sickness, sorrow, he likes better the cheerful comfort around the hearth, the unbroken love and every breath of his wife, the few, better efforts to please which only love can bring. In a word, he values the spiritual more than the material; loves more than the gratification of selfish desires; God more than the world. His life looks upward, toward God; yours downward, at that of every selfish person here."

"Ah, why not your old strings? What are you not become today, money, power, strong—living alone self, forgetting self, trying to make others happy? Have you no higher end, no vision of better things? Surely you must have. My dearest friend, Alice Brown, was once truly and as good as blind. If there is one in you, I think it's about time for him to show himself. I want to see him. Won't you illustrate him for my benefit? If you will, I'll like you and call you 'brother'."

"Treating that you are sufficiently polite to accept all that I have said, in the most spirit of civility and goodwill, I will be glad I have written it."

"I remain your friend and sincere friend,"

"KATE VIVIAN."

Mrs. Sherwood's supper was undisturbed that night. If the tea was too strong, or the biscuit not quite right, Mr. Sherwood did not know it. He ate in silence, and immediately retired to his study. For weeks he was the victim of violent and conflicting emotions. At first surprise and indignation, then bitterness and a feeling of injured innocence, finally a settled conviction of the truth of all Kate had said—a conviction that he would not have acknowledged even to himself—took possession of him. The angel in him was awakened, was beginning to assert her authority, and the demon, so long master, stood on his defense. A fearful soul-conflict followed. Mrs. Sherwood only knew that her husband was reserved and fitful—sometimes moody, sometimes petulant, and sometimes

strangely kind and thoughtful for her. They were "strangers yet," for he lacked that largeness of nature that would come to her, acknowledging his past unkindness, telling her all his heart, and promising that henceforth love should reign in their household. Unkind? He had not been unkind—oh no! Things had not always run smoothly, he had had his annoyances, perhaps he had not always been patient under them—one can not always control one's self—and perhaps Nellie *had* had more labors and trials than he had realized. At any rate he should always be kind to her, and make her happy, of course. Hadn't he always done so?

The angel was very feeble from her long imprisonment. Air, exercise, and time strengthened her.

III.

The next summer Kate wrote to Alice Graves as follows:

"The millennium is coming! What do you think has happened? James Sherwood has made Nellie a present of a sewing-machine. My poor sis is in the seventh heaven over it. You see she has always been dying for one, she did want so much to find a little time for reading and writing; but, then, she said she didn't suppose she could ever see through one—she never had any ingenuity—and she should only break needles and waste thread. Well, you know that piece in *Harper's* about that wonderful sewing-machine so like the letter 'G.' She was telling Em Heath about it, and saying if she could only get time to write another Sunday-school book she thought she could earn one. James happened to overhear her, and when he went to New York made a hunt among the sewing-machines till he found the right one, and sent it to her for a surprise. She wrote me the gayest letter I have had from her in years; said she had all her summer sewing done, and was looking forward to hours and hours of reading that would make her forget she wasn't a girl again. She says her machine will braid, hem, fell, and do all sorts of things. I don't know but it washes the dishes, and takes care of the baby by the way she runs on about it. Any way I am glad she has it. She said James was 'very kind' now, and that the future looked brighter to her than it had done for many years. I grant you the victory, *ma chère*, in the argument we held last August in the arbor. That sewing-machine has revealed the angel in James Sherwood to my heretofore unbelieving eyes. Yes; I can see every feather in its wings, and every fold in its snowy drapery. Are you satisfied?"

IV.

But the sewing-machine was destined to reveal another angel to Kate; even the Angel of Love.

"See what an odd document somebody let fall in our office to-day!" said Guy Worthington, the superintendent of the salesroom of the sewing-machine establishment, to his friend and confidant, Fred Elmore. "The envelope was gone, so I couldn't send it to the individual for whose benefit it appears to have been written. Would you return it to the fair author, or preserve it as a curiosity?"

"What is it? A love-letter?"

"Doesn't strike me that it is. It appears to be addressed to a parson, and charges him with all sorts of iniquities; being a bear in his family, and what not; then there is a high-flown disquisition on love; and the document finally winds up with an exhortation to him to repent and change his course. Oh, it's rich! The

lady is a regular little pepper-box whoever she is."

"Let's have it;" and Fred Elmore tipped back in his easy-chair, elevated his feet at some distance above his head, and was soon buried in the perusal of the manuscript in question.

"Kate Vivian. A pretty name," said Fred, as he threw the letter upon the table. "Pretty penmanship, too; has character in it."

"Character! I should think so. Won't the man who marries her catch a Tartar? Whew! Such high and mighty ideas on the duties of husbands! It fairly takes my breath away to think of it! She's smart though, by George! I'd give half a year's salary to become acquainted with her."

"You might send her the letter with a polite note, telling how it fell into your hands, and so worded as to require an answer."

"That's so! I'll do it!" And, suiting the action to the word, Guy Worthington drew up a package of note-paper and fell to writing. After several unsuccessful attempts, resulting in the sacrifice of considerable stationery, he at length produced a specimen of composition and chirography which Fred pronounced faultless.

"Hemlock Grove! Have you the least idea in what portion of our terrestrial sphere this very spicy grove is situated?" asked Guy, as he folded the note.

"There is such a place in the western part of the State, somewhere in the vicinity of the renowned village of Algiers, where I have an uncle. I remember hearing the name mentioned when I was there years ago."

"No doubt that's the very spot. At any rate here goes for 'Hemlock Grove, New York.' Heigh-ho! Shall I get an answer in a week?"

"If ever. What will you wager, now, she isn't an old maid between fifty and sixty, with gray hair and spectacles?"

"Any thing. I tell you she isn't over twenty-two, is tall and handsome, with large dark eyes and raven locks—and is brilliant, spicy, and original. I do like to see a woman who isn't run in the common mould."

"I hope you won't be disappointed; but I haven't the least idea she's under thirty."

"You're a bear. I shall ask her for her *carte de visite* in my next."

Guy watched the post-office anxiously for one, two, three weeks. At last a missive in a lady's hand, post-marked "Berlin Centre," appeared. He tore it open eagerly. It was a brief, dignified note of acknowledgment, giving no opportunity for a reply without positive rudeness.

"Any way, I've found out *one* thing. She lives in 'Berlin Centre,' wherever that may be."

A reference to the Post-office Directory showed Guy that it was in the same county with "Algiers."

"Hurrah! I say, Fred, don't you want to go up and visit your uncle this summer, with an agreeable companion? I've been thinking where I'd spend my vacation, and this is just the thing!"

"Of course I will. I've a pretty cousin there, too, who must be a young lady by this time. So if your divinity turns out to be a vinegar-faced spinster—which is more than likely—your cloud of despair will turn a silver lining!"

Accordingly the month of August found the young gentlemen enmeshed in the ample farmhouse of Mr. Ira Harrison, with Miss Susie to do the honors for them.

Susie Harrison was a ruddy-cheeked, bright-eyed farmer's daughter, full of health and cheerfulness, who churned butter, made cheese, swept, washed dishes, and sometimes helped milk the cows and feed the pigs. Gay, who had imagined her a delicate, golden-haired, ethereal style of maiden, like those in pictures, who spend their time sitting around in shells and gnomes dressed up in their Sunday's best, was disappointed. But Susie was pleasant, sensible, and well-educated woman; so that after the first few days they were the best of friends, and at the end of a week our boys might have been seen at the kitchen sink wiping dishes, with a sun-moak checked down across gleamed on his front of him, and a trim, little figure with a sunny face working at his side.

"Is there a place called Berlin Centre near here?" he had asked her, on the second day after his arrival.

"Oh yes; it's the nearest village, about five and a half miles distant."

"Do you know any family there by the name of Vivian?"

"No family of that name. There's a young lady teaching the school where there named Kate Vivian."

Gay glanced triumphantly at Fred as Susie said "young lady."

"What sort of a person is she?" asked Fred.

"Oh, she's splendid! You ought to know her. And that reminds me that her school is going to have a picnic next week, and we'll all go. She told me to invite my friends."

"All right, so far," thought Gay.

The picnic came in due time, and with it the long looked-for introduction to Miss Vivian. She proved to be just sparkling and sharp, as Gay had imagined, but reserved and dignified, with just sufficient spice and originality to make her interesting in conversation. Gay was satisfied.

The picnic was closely followed by drives, rambles, and so on. The four weeks' vacation passed all too rapidly. Fred carried away with him at its close a promise from the country school-mistress to correspond, and during the following autumn and winter lengthy documents passed weekly between Berlin Centre and New York. Gay Worthington, probably unaware of this, took a trip to Berlin Centre in May, staid three days, and returned to the town as "a sadder and a wiser man."

The next August a double wedding took place at Hemlock Grove. After Grayson became Mrs. Ned Armstrong. We hope she found her angel without having to carve him

out of the block. Kate joined hands with Fred Elmore. His bridal present from her husband was a sewing-machine of whose make we know but will not tell; only be sure it was the best. "It has done a greater work than it ever promised," said Fred. "It has sewed two hearts together."

A DIXIAN GEOGRAPHY.

MRS. M. B. MOORE, "having found most of the juvenile books too complex for young minds, has for some time labored making an effort to simplify the science of Geography. If she shall succeed," she says, "in bringing this beautiful and useful study within the grasp of the little folks, and making it both interesting and pleasant, her purpose will be fully accomplished." The result of her well-meant labor lies before us in the shape of a dainty pamphlet of 48 pages, each containing not quite half as much matter as a page of this Magazine. It is issued at Raleigh, North Carolina, in 1864, and is declared to be "A new and popular book, particularly Southern, and finely adapted to the use of Common Schools." The price is three dollars, as announced by the publishers. Our copy, however, bears the bookster's price-mark of Ten dollars. We suppose that the value of Confederate money had gone down.

The work opens with the usual "First Lessons," in which the young learners for geographical knowledge are told that

"The earth is round, like a ball, and turns ever round on a fixed axis right. The reason as to why this is so is that the earth spins up to it. It is not spinning toward the north direction. When it was first set in motion all set off, like the water bells from a geyser, or a wheel when turned rapidly. And made the earth set out in its motion, and it will never stop, or be made to stop, except we use force like the making of such a beautiful wheel."

By way of explaining the "Points of the Compass" it is said that

"There is a vertical line, called the North Pole line, which you may always see at a house top. There is a kind of arrow, called the lead arrow, which is a long piece of it, is fixed on a point, will always point to the North Pole line. There is one spot on the earth which is always pointed to the Polar line. This is called the North Pole. The spot opposite is called the South Pole. These points are called Poles because of their position to the Earth."

The "Race of Men" have a chapter. "There is Europe and America are mostly white, and are called the Caucasian race. They have schools and churches, and live in fine style." The Asiatics, or Mongolian people, "are a quiet and plodding race, but when educated are sensible and strong. When they were become civilized they left out their profession, and are not fields like some men." The Malays "are black and have weed on their heads, but not like the African. They are very hard, and will die rather than be made slaves. They eat the flesh of their enemies, and are called cannibals." The Africans even, as most likely to be of interest, cannot be set a longer account than is so-

corded to any other. Young Dixie is informed that

"The African or negro race is found in Africa. They are slothful and vicious, but possess little cunning. They are very cruel to each other, and when they have war they sell their prisoners to the white people for slaves. They know nothing of Jesus, and the climate of Africa is so unhealthy that white people can scarcely go there to preach to them. The slaves who are found in America are in much better condition. They are better fed, better clothed, and better instructed, than in their native country. These people are the descendants of Ham, the son of Noah, who was cursed because he did not treat his father with respect. It was told him that he should serve his brethren forever. That would seem a hard sentence; but it was probably done to show other children how wicked it was to treat their parents so. We can not tell how they came to be black and have wool on their heads."

This Dixian Geography wholly ignores the existence of Europe. Possibly this was intended as a practical way of punishing England and France for not promptly recognizing the Southern Confederacy. Of the United States it is said—

"This was once the most prosperous country in the world. Nearly a hundred years ago it belonged to England; but the English made such hard laws that the people said they would not obey them. After a long and bloody war of seven years they gained their independence; and for many years were prosperous and happy. In the mean time both English and American ships went to Africa and brought away many of these poor heathen negroes, and sold them for slaves. Some people said it was wrong, and asked the King of England to stop it. He replied that 'he knew it was wrong; but that the slave-trade brought much money into his treasury, and it should continue.' But both countries afterward did pass laws to stop this trade. In a few years the Northern States, finding the climate too cold for the negro to be profitable, sold them to the people living farther South.

"Then the Northern States passed laws to forbid any person owning slaves in their borders. Then the Northern people began to preach, to lecture, and to write about the sin of slavery. The money for which they sold their slaves was now partly spent in trying to persuade the Southern States to send their slaves back to Africa. And when the Territories were settled they were not willing for any of them to become slaveholding. This would soon have made the North stronger than the South; and many of the Northern men said they would vote for a law to free all the negroes in the country. The Southern men tried to show them how unfair this would be; but still they kept on.

"In the year 1860 the Abolitionists became strong enough to elect one of their men for President. Abraham Lincoln was a weak man, and the South believed he would allow laws to be made which would deprive them of their rights. So the Southern States seceded, and elected Jefferson Davis to be their President. This so enraged President Lincoln that he declared war, and has exhausted nearly all the strength of his nation in a vain attempt to whip the South back into the Union. Thousands of lives have been lost, and the earth has been drenched with blood; but still Abraham is unable to conquer the 'rebels,' as he calls the South. The South only asked to be let alone, and to divide the public property equally. It would have been wise in the North to have said to her Southern sisters, 'If you are not content to dwell with us longer, depart in peace. We will divide the inheritance with you, and may you be a great nation.'"

The character of the people of the United States is thus briefly summed up:

"The people are ingenious and enterprising, and are noted for their tact in 'driving a bargain.' They are refined and intelligent on all subjects but that of negro slavery; on this they are mad."

The Southern Confederacy naturally occu-

pies the most prominent place in this "entirely Southern" Geography. The following is the general account of the Confederacy:

"These States lie South of the United States, and possess a warmer country. The latter are mostly suited to raising grain and cattle, while the former grow more cotton, rice, tobacco, and sugar-cane, with some cattle and much grain. A large portion of the country lies on the sea-coast, and is level and sandy. The interior portions are hilly and mountainous.

"This country is well watered by large rivers, and has many fine harbors. On some of these harbors are large cities; but the Confederate States possess few ships, and her cities do not grow so fast as if there were more commerce. But we have reason to hope that in a few years we shall not fall behind any nation in point of commerce or ships to carry it on.

"This is a great country! The Yankees thought to starve us out when they sent their ships of war to guard our sea-port towns. But we have learned to make many things; to do without many others; and above all to trust in the smiles of the God of battles. We had few guns, little ammunition, and not much of any thing but food, cotton, and tobacco; but the people helped themselves, and God helped the people. We were considered an indolent, weak people, but our enemies have found us strong because we had justice on our side.

"The Southern people are noted for being high-minded and courteous. A stranger seldom lacks friends in this country. Much of the field work is done by slaves. These are generally well used, and often have as much money as their master and mistresses. They are contented and happy, and many of them are Christians. The sin of the South lies not in holding slaves, but they are sometimes mistreated. Let all the little boys and girls remember that slaves are human, and that God will hold them to account for treating them with injustice.

"The Southern Confederacy is at present a sad country; but President Davis is a good and wise man, and many of the generals and other officers of the army are pious. There are many good praying people in the land; so we may hope that our cause will prosper. 'When the righteous are in authority the nation rejoiceth; but when the wicked bear rule the nation mourneth.' Then remember, little boys, when you are men never to vote for a bad man to govern the country."

Then follow brief accounts of the separate States of the Confederacy, the "inevitable negro," and prophecies of the future, occupying a considerable share of the limited space at the command of the author.

In Virginia we are told:

"The higher class of society is noted for hospitality and high living. Some of these claim to be descended from Pocahontas, which they consider a great honor. The State has many fine rivers; the Potomac and the James are the largest. There are several railroads and canals, and one of the finest harbors in the world. Norfolk was the main sea-port town, and contained a fine navy-yard; but the enemy have spoiled it very much. Richmond city is the capital of the State. President Davis resides there, and Congress meets there to make laws. There is said to be much wickedness in the city.

"There are many planters who own large numbers of slaves. These are generally well treated, and are as happy a people as any under the sun. If they are sick *master* sends for the doctor; if the crop is short, they are sure of enough to save life; if they are growing old they know they will be provided for; and in time of war they generally remain quietly at home, while the *master* goes and spills his blood for the country."

In North Carolina—

"The people are noted for their honesty, and for being 'slow but sure.' No braver men fought in the war for independence than those of North Carolina. While some few cowards refused to fight for their country, it is a notable fact that nearly all of them were of the ignorant

class, and many of them did not know what patriotism was. We should feel as much pity for them as contempt, because they had not been properly taught. Education was much neglected in the Old North State until within a few years past. She has now as many good schools and colleges as any sister State. Nearly every child can get an education here if he will be industrious. Was will be ignorant?"

South Carolina "is a small State, often called the Palmetto State:"

"This State was the first State to secede. Many persons blamed the South Carolinians for leaving the Union too soon; but it may have been too late; it is impossible for us to decide. The war would have come sooner or later. God usually punishes wicked nations by war. I mean by this that when people become too wicked He gives them over to barbarism to learn to work out their own punishment, and sometimes destruction. How much better for all to be good!"

"The people of this State are noted for their slavery. You do not understand this? Well, what are you the pious open them, their motto is to fight. Also if they are a person badly treated, they feel bound to help him. Their leading men have sometimes been called 'back-sliders,' because they are so quick to revert to slavery."

"The upper classes are educated and refined, but the poor are generally ignorant. Most of the labor is performed by slaves. There are hardly as well treated as in North Carolina and Virginia; but they have the Gospel preached to them, and are generally moral and happy."

"On the coast lie a number of beautiful islands, which are covered with live-oaks, hewed with cypress as large as your hat, and the finest fields of rice, wheat, cotton. But the enemy have spoiled most of them, and stolen many of the negroes who till the land. They will the slaves they were free, and even return prisoners of them to fight their masters. But the negro is too cowardly for a soldier, and so he is of but little service to his Southern friends."

In Alabama "the people are mostly planters, and own many slaves. These are generally well treated, and have the Gospel preached to them." In Louisiana "the people have been robbed and sent from their homes in many cases, and the towns and cities pillaged and burnt;" but the State "has gallily done her part," and has "produced the gallant Beauregard, the General whose name is familiar to every household." Arkansas "has suffered terribly during the war. The enemy have ravaged nearly the whole of it, and the wrongs of the people are heart-rending. But there is a God of Vengeance, and ere long these sufferings will be avenged." Missouri is "the second State in size in the Confederacy. The people were much divided, and did not secede with that unanimity which most of the other States did. But the brave spirits there will yet conquer, and this will be one of the finest States in the Confederacy. The Indians, from Indian Territory, have joined the Southern army, and made themselves useful to our cause."—"Kentucky, like Missouri, was much divided in sentiment when the war broke out; but it is believed that when the matter is left to the people to decide they will declare themselves Southerners. Many of her gallant sons are fighting for Southern rights." Tennessee comes last; and of this State it is said:

"Many hard battles have been fought here during the war of Independence. But though she is oppressed now and suffers much, no one fears for Tennessee. She is no-

body doing her part, and when the war is ended she will be one of our best States. Many brave spirits are rallying for peace, and if we all combine ourselves as we should we shall soon be blessed with the glorious peace. Peace! Peace! Peace! Oh, what will not appropriate Peace when it comes?"

With this puny ejaculation closes Part First. Then comes a series of lessons in the form of question and answer. Of these we extract a few:

Q.—If the people of the United States had always elected good men for rulers, what would have been the result?

A.—We should have had no war.

Q.—Why?

A.—Because every man would have been willing to trust others justly, and there would have been no cause for war.

Q.—Are these judgments for our time alone?

A.—They are partly for our time, and partly for the sake of our foundation.

Q.—How do the Indians in Georgia want to be regarded in the present struggle for independence?

A.—They take sides with the South, and fight with vengeance.

Q.—What may be said of the United States?

A.—If you seek the most prosperous country in the world.

Q.—What is the condition here?

A.—It is something like ruin.

Q.—What brought about this great calamity?

A.—The ignorance and covetous of the Yankee nation.

Q.—Has the Confederate States any commerce?

A.—A few small companies, and few ships, sometimes, to take a good measure on the high seas.

Q.—What is the present drawback to our commerce?

A.—An unyielding blockade by the Yankees and their Yankee allies.

This last sentence, which closes the work, is so at variance with the plans that which runs through most of the work, that we are inclined to suspect that it was added by another writer.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

A FACT opposed to a popular theory has always a struggle for its existence; and the working woman is such a fact. The theoretic woman is the gentle daughter, sister, or wife, defended from evil within the magic circle of home; and she is remarkably more agreeable as an ideal than the wearied, worried, anxious working woman. Nevertheless the working woman is here among us, and in numbers. There are fifty thousand in New York and Philadelphia alone, not including those in domestic service; the mothers, sisters, widows, and wives of soldiers, who died, or were disabled in the cause of the Union; wives and daughters of men whose homes died with them; young girls often the sole support of their families; any thing feminine, born or adopted, as a daughter of "the good goddess of Poverty."

Their world is an outside world of cold and darkness, having no point of contact with that woman-world in which women are the objects of the gallantry and solicitude of men. Female operatives are the worst taught and worst paid of the laboring classes. Investigation of their condition amply justifies the "Primitive Unions" lately organized in their behalf, and furnishes pregnant matter for appeals through the press.

and lecture room. Investigation does more. It opens up as intricate a labyrinth as ever puzzled a reformer. The surface evils present enormous difficulties; but coming to tug at them we find that their roots strike down deep into our present system of living, which is not framed to meet the wants of woman as a worker.

The theory of female education, let parents and guardians deny it in what terms of elegant reprobation they will, makes a girl's early life a sort of probation before a marriage by which she is to be supported. Facts prove it. The majority of fathers are not men of wealth, and with a few exceptions no man expects to live forever; so the father educates his son with a view to a trade or a profession. If my young master whimpers, shows want of pluck, or flags at his tasks, he is brought up sharply with "And how then do you expect to make your way in the world?" He is early indoctrinated in his future responsibilities, and every successive year is thus made to grind the axe with which the young man is to hew his way through the forest of difficulty.

Is the same anxious foresight exercised in behalf of the daughter, apparently liable to the same conflict, and worse armed by nature for the strife? The average girl is the answer; and it is only adducing facts, that have grown trite from frequent urging, to say that she is generally ignorant of the first principles of that school in which it could harm no woman to take a degree—the Domestic School; that it is a question, if she be any thing but a bungler, at that art of sewing to which women are *not* born as to breathing; that she has absorbed the miscellaneous mass of so-called accomplishments thrust upon her without reference to her tastes or mental calibre as a sponge does water; and that the two or three years succeeding school life will be tolerably sure to squeeze it all out of her, while her knowledge of the world is only "gleanings" from novels and the masculine element at home. Since our fathers and mothers are not the most heartless in the world, on the contrary, a tender and obedient race, will any one believe, in the face of the facts above stated, that there is deliberately anticipated for this most helpless creature that struggle for which her brother is so carefully armed?

I return to my premises. The practice of female education looks directly and entirely to what its theory so carefully eschews—marriage as woman's resource; and there is required properly to meet the case a husband insured against death, failure, illness, or tendencies to scoundrelism, because, in the event of either contingency, there is no adequate provision for her. Though we concede that a large number of women are born in the deepest poverty, and a large number never achieve marriage, and a large number become widows, or marry unhappily, and that such women are forced into self-dependence, there is a general feeling that business training, capacity, and energy are not for the ideal woman; and any proposition facing

squarely the fact of woman as an independent laborer, and providing for its necessities, is met in the main by indifference or decided opposition. I have heard it argued that, by opening to women more avenues of labor at fairer rates, they would be made independent of marriage or unfit for it, and there would be an end of the census—an argument in which, it seems to me, there is only one good thing: the beautiful humility with which gentlemen consider themselves accepted as the least of two evils. I think that men not only wrong themselves by such arguments, but draw their conclusions from mistaken premises and a very limited knowledge of woman nature; for responsibility does not fit on feminine as on masculine shoulders. The majority—and I speak of the most energetic women I have ever known—assume the burden unwillingly, bear it wearily, and would lay it down most gladly; and surely such a woman is capable of an intelligent sympathy with her husband that can not reasonably be expected from the thoughtless and petted wife, who "can not see why Harry should be so tired and grave" ("cross," she calls it) "when he has nothing to do but to lounge down-town a few hours," and can never be made to comprehend that the man constantly carries house, wife, and children on his shoulders. There must be the same difference between the gratitude and tenderness of the two women as between experience and hearsay: the one knowing theoretically that her husband

"Commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While she lies warm at home safe and secure;"

the other understanding experimentally what is the anxiety of that "labor," and what the severity of those "storms" from which she is so sheltered.

It is conceded that a helper or sympathizer, to be effective, must have some knowledge of what he is to do or speak about, and that a wife is to share and sympathize with the anxieties of her husband. How, then, is it one of her best qualifications to be entirely ignorant of their nature? The intelligent, self-controlled nature is capable of docility, can be moved by reason, can understand an argument, is open to conviction. The ignorant, undeveloped nature, unless a very rare one, is apt to be "mulish"—not a very flattering epithet; but I call much-tried husbands to testify if there is another word in the English language that so exactly sums the frivolous perversities and shallow wrong-headedness of their pettish and undisciplined wives? Which of the two natures is the true ideal? And if the question was put to ballot whether all women shall be instructed in a trade or profession as a resource in case of emergency, what do you think would be the vote of sick and dying husbands and fathers tormented with anxiety about helpless wives and children?

There are those who say that any effort to

extend the province of women is in opposition to the will of God, as expressed in Revelation; but I can not find it so set down. When St. Paul says, "I will that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully," there is not only the law but the prophecy of whatever makes the delight of a woman's life; but there are the women to whom is never given the "house" to guide; there are the widows, some bereaved by death, and some by the devil; some with children, some without; there are the daughters and sisters, who become as mothers to their parents, or the younger members of their family. Is it any where said of these that they shall work at starvation prices, and under every possible condition of hardship? Does God really endow woman alone, out of the whole creation, with faculties which it is a sin for her to use? and does he place her daily and hourly in exigencies which it is a sin for her effectually to meet? In that case there should be only as many women as are quite sure of getting husbands, warranted, of course, to outlive them; for the present system of female labor is a monstrous injustice, and affords opportunity for much actual oppression; and all women should be after one model, for there is now a disheartening amount of power wasted on women.

There are many women whom no application, however conscientious, can make into model housewives and deft seamstresses, as there are many whom no process can turn out in any other shape; there are women with great executive ability, and women with a peculiar aptitude for teaching, and women with a taste for mathematics, and women with a turn for languages, and women with what are called good business heads. The century has been oppressed all at once with a Mrs. Browning, a Jenny Lind, a "George Elliot," a Mrs. Stowe, a Catherine Beecher, a Rosa Bonheur, a "Gail Hamilton," a Harriet Hosmer, a Florence Nightingale, to say nothing of the lesser lights that nearly put our eyes out on every side. Speaking with all due reverence, was it wise of the Lord to bestow these great gifts on women? for He did bestow them. Ought not these women to hide their talents in a napkin, like the man in the parable? If so, then there is better justice done to every frog that has not only disposition and legs but space to jump in; every caterpillar that comes to wings; every salmon that leaps up the falls; every fly that has leave to live its life. If not, if the opportunity for development be accorded to those women to whom God has given genius, is it not just as clearly due to women, to whom God has given *labor* for their portion? and once concede that it is right for a woman to work at all, and you have conceded that almost every other fact connected with the present system of female labor is wrong.

The very first consequence is the demand that more avenues of industry shall be opened to women who must work, and for whom there

is not work enough; and yet our prejudices are a little startled when we find women at occupations more unusual than seamstressing and teaching. I confess to an individual shrinking from the thought of woman on the rostrum—a public speaker addressing a crowd; and yet I hear now of such a woman, who joins a woman's modesty to a rare eloquence, who uses her talents worthily, and who declares that she had tried to earn a living in ways usual to women, and had failed. Which is right, those who think that a woman should never be an orator, or God, who made her an orator? Granting that all women are adapted to the two occupations above quoted, which is by no means the case, all women can not live by them, because the supply of operatives in these departments is already far in advance of the demand. We shrink the fact of woman as a worker, and shrink from educating her to face it. As a consequence, in six cases out of ten, the woman, thrust suddenly down from the niche of home among the rough, struggling crowd in life's arena, finds herself at a loss, her faculties all abroad, and herself compelled to begin on the first method of money-making of which she has or can acquire a smattering. Hence the complaint that the majority of women who apply for employment understand nothing thoroughly. And here is one cause of the fact that female operatives are the worst paid as well as worst taught of the laboring classes.

Moreover, there is an idea extant that it costs a woman less to live than it costs a man; at least that is the excuse with which is glossed over the fact that women, performing the same work equally well, and having the same responsibilities, are paid less than men in similar positions. But the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the landlord, the coal-dealer, the shoemaker, the railroad companies charge her as much for self and children as they would *paterfamilias*. But granting the excuse. When a man, an institution, or a company pays men in his or its service, they are paid for so much work done. We don't find any body saying to them, "I pay you less to-day because I find it costs you less to live than I thought, and unless I look sharp after you you will be opening a bank account." When the man, company, or institution turns about to pay women for precisely the same work and responsibilities, as well performed and as well met, what has he or they to do with how much it costs a woman to live? Why not pay her also for so much work done, and let her open her bank account if she can? It would be done with the finishing of this paragraph if any of you who have the power could but once comprehend what those three little words, "a struggling life," mean for the majority of women on whose lots they are graven; and though experience is the only exhaustive illustration, by subtraction and squeezing you may approximate the realizing sense.

Subtract from your own house cleanliness, conveniences, room, and ventilation, till you have

reduced it to a room worth six dollars per month in a tenement house. Subtract privacy and quiet, as in such a house every room hears distinctly the clamor in every other room, and the din in the street and surrounding yards. Subtract every mouthful of fresh air, because whatever your personal cleanliness there will pour in at your door and windows the reek of all the unwashed rooms and people, drains, standing pools, horrible cookery, stables, and factories in the neighborhood. Suppose yourself and children there, because at the rate at which you are paid you can afford to live nowhere else. Squeeze out of your life all hope, because by working from early morning often till midnight you can just earn money to remain where you are, and every day you grow weaker. Subtract from your table every thing but poor bread and weak black tea, often without sugar and milk. Subtract from your life all visits, walks, books, newspapers, and rides for self and children, to say nothing of more ambitious pleasures. Subtract from your wardrobe all but the clothes in which you are ashamed to see your children and yourself, and which are to be continually washed, darned, and patched to be kept in their present decency; remembering that, as you are living now up to your last cent, new raiment is, of course, impossible. Squeeze out the strength and elasticity from your body, leaving only a dull sense of aching, fever, fatigue, and sleeplessness.

A frightfully large number of women in this way do achieve the magnificent income of *thirty-three* cents a day; but as I have not statistics from which to be sure that this is the average we will grant you a little more. Say that you earn from three to four dollars a week. Subtract all cheering prospect for your children; for at the earliest age possible they are to be set at work, to commence for themselves the life that you are now dragging out. You understand perfectly that there is no way out for you. You remember that you walked days in search of employment, and were on the verge of distraction; and considered yourself supremely fortunate to obtain this work, for which you are wretchedly paid, it is true, but you are paid the average price: your employers are fair men. You are not paid in uncurrent money, or cheated out of five or six cents on a dollar, under pretense of a general fund for illness, or obliged to wait two or three weeks for your money, or savagely abused and insulted, as happens to hundreds of others. You are not the exceptional case, but the average working woman, and have been tolerably fortunate, though you do work all the day and late into the night for an existence, in which there is no rest, no change, no pleasure, no beauty, no ease, no improvement, and no special aim or incentive possible beyond the common life-preserving instinct.

I have given an indifferent sketch after all, for I can find nothing gray enough to paint it to the life. There is too much spring and sparkle in our language to express a thing so thoroughly exhausted of flavor, coloring, and

sweetness. But even as I outline it you would shudder at the possibility of a similar appeal being made in behalf of your wife and children. You are a wealthy man, a careful man, with property well invested, and every thing insured but said wife and daughters. Your wife is an admirable woman, who leans entirely on you, and who years ago acquired something facetiously styled an "education," which she has been forgetting ever since. Your daughter—I have a little china shepherdess on my table. She has pink cheeks, a simper, a blue kirtle, yellow slippers, and a hollow back. Turn her face to the wall and there is your daughter, in an emergency. Your are a safe man; but so was your neighbor Kegge, of the great firm of Barrel and Co. He was President of the Pot of Gold Company, with a capital of five millions; and there was a map of the country around the foot of the rainbow, and a scrap of the rainbow itself, in his office. And yet Kegge's fine brown-stone house stares at you blankly now from out its curtainless windows, and you remember with a chill how you saw Mrs. Kegge stealing away in the twilight with her little ones, and thought, if that were your wife and Jennie! Ah! riches have wings, even when there is no Pot of Gold in the case; thieves break through and steal. Antonio's luck may be yours. And are there so many barriers, after all, between your wife and the working woman of whom we were talking?

At times you are concerned for your Jennie. She is the young lady about whose streamers, frisettes, train hoops, ankles, hats, back-hair, and general coquetry and shallowness, press and people are alternately serious and witty. But has she really any thing else allowed her besides development in back-hair and ends of ribbon? She is a healthy girl, with an exuberance of animal spirits. She is not intellectual: your library is to her the dullest room in the house. She is not musically inclined: she would cheerfully bid her piano good-by forever. The household labor devolves entirely on your servants; the responsibility on her mother. What is left her in life but diamond dust? She has surplus energy, and she works it off in her dresses and her flirtations. Suppose that instead she used it in acquiring the art of, let us say, printing? But now that I have written it I see that it looks absurd in this connection; and yet it is a profitable and desirable art, and would be an admirable thing just now for Arabella Kegge, who last year outshone Jennie at Saratoga.

There are hundreds of Arabella Kegges, who, in their day, have shone with varying degrees of splendor; there are thousands more who have never shone at all, but commenced the battle of life with their first recollection. Some of these find work on the hard and unequal conditions of which we have been speaking; some fail—and yet live—in an abyss of which we know nothing, unless from hints gleaned here and there from daily papers, and the reports of charitable societies. Of these, even while we

pity, we may say that no one is forced into crime—that there are always resources—that God deserts no one. But let us also recollect that the devil is old and wise. He might slip into our hands the first stone to throw in behalf of outraged virtue, but he does not come to us, safe at home among our children, with suggestions revolting to womanhood, because that would be sheer waste of temptation. We are in condition to elaborate a dozen different ways out of the dilemma, and can always fall back on the river, which some one declares can always serve woman as a last resource. But the river shows blue and glancing through our windows as we sit and talk of it at our ease—no more like the cold, sullen water washing against the foul wharf than our present physical and mental condition is like that of a woman starved through successive days, hemmied, heart and body, made timid by continual failures and rebuffs, shivering, dying, faint, friendless—urged by instant dread of death, perhaps; frantic, perhaps, for her poor little hungry children, or brothers and sisters, at the end of all her little resources, shifts, and expedients—that is the pass at which hundreds are come, even now, as you read; and at this pass the tempter, repulsed a hundred times before, steps in again.

There are charitable institutions, it is true, and doors that are never closed against the miserable, and ears that are never deaf to a cry for help; and so there are houses, and inns, and fires, and lights, on the very roads on which travelers, bewildered between storm and darkness, walk off precipices, or wander blindly about till overtaken by despair and death; and there are women—you and I, madam, are, of course among them—who are born conquerors; there are women with faith and firmness, clear perceptions, and readiness of resource that nothing can shake; but this is the exception, not the ordinary woman. The only one who has met Satan face to face and conquered enjoined on us all to pray "that we might"—what? always conquer temptation? No; that we may be "delivered from temptation." Our place, then, is not on the judgment-seat, but by the world's highway, where, like the Samaritan, we may find and save those nigh unto death. There are those beyond our help. There are others, urged on behind them by want of all things, whose perilous condition is a direct claim on the interest of any and every woman. If you have not a surplus hour or dollar, you have influence; for if you think rightly you will find that good is just as infectious as evil. You are only a single drop to the stream; true, and the stream is dwindled, and trickles feebly around the old tree trunk imbedded in its midst.

The appeal in behalf of working women is not unfamiliar. From time to time the subject has been spasmodically agitated. Protective Unions have been formed and failed; those of the present day might receive more encouragement. We hear as many discouraging voices

as the princess in the Arabian story heard from the stones in the hill. We are told that women are rash, lack self-control, are incapable of combined action, illogical, half-educated. Grant it all. The freedmen called out of yet profounder depths and were heard. It is said that men will oppose the movement; but where women faint and falter men will take the matter up, because the presence of a class in our midst under a pressure of hardship, that is constantly sinking them lower in the scale, is detrimental to the national life; and because it will at last be clearly understood that under the existing order of things no man's wife, slave, or daughter is secure; and so dear drop, though you are but one, do you see how drops rising from the mountain tarn, the meadow brook, the shallow pond, the rushing river, the ocean itself, and adding themselves to other drops, will descend again in a rainy impetus from heaven that will swell the stream to full flood, sweeping the old trunk before it, to strand it on some bank, where, rotting quietly, it shall enrich the earth it once cumbered?

WORKING THE BEADS.

WITH a touch as delicate as the Spring's
 Are awakened the beaded blooms,
 The tree that waves, and the moss that clings
 Grow on the silken glooms,
 And a dew of steel is woven in
 By the mischievous fairy-looms.
 Aray Elysium of sparkling steel,
 And sometimes dipped in gold,
 And the mooring-courses of Gothic towers
 Drawn in the days of old,
 Glitter in bright and partly lonely
 By the quick, white fingers cold.
 The laugh is gay as the sparkling dyes,
 And the wit flies steely-bright,
 As pointlike needles with broken eyes
 Are passed in the failing light,
 Till the beaded flowers are gathered up
 In their silken folds at night.
 I think while the beautiful work is done
 Of the arabesques of thought,
 I never forget to wind and run
 Round the hard lines overwrought,
 In life's mixed pattern of good and ill
 Daily before me brought.
 Here and there are some fadeless leaves
 In the stony pattern cold,
 And a few green blades give sign of sheaves
 If the threaded roots but hold;
 And a life perhaps I have beaded o'er
 With a beauty not of gold.

Editor's Easy Chair.

JUST as we were commenting last month upon the charming evening reception at the Academy of Design the doors were opening to another evening for the private view of the Forty-first Exhibition. The peculiarity of private views is well known. It is that there is no privacy and no view. There is a gay company moving in a crowd through brilliant rooms, chatting, and glancing sometimes at the walls. But the evening walls of the Academy are dim. The pictures do not show well, and nobody asks that they should. The evening is merely a procession through the rooms, like a march around the table before dinner. You look at the tempting dishes and snuff the savory odors, but you do not propose to taste until you are quietly seated; and it is not on the evening of a private view that you are quietly seated.

The next day, perhaps, or some bewitching April morning—so perfect a swallow that you must needs believe in summer—you ascend those sparkling steps, pass the handsome portal, and taking out your critical pencil, you buy a catalogue. If somebody nudges a friend, and whispers to him as he points furtively at you, "There's a critic," you can hardly resist the temptation of stopping at the head of the grand staircase, and saying audibly to the spectators: "Heaven forbid, gentle Sirs and Mesdames! It is only an observer who likes to look at pictures, and who loves several painters. He has come to look at the exhibition and say what he thinks of it. His opinion is as valuable as that of the next man or woman; and if he expresses it aloud in print, do the types make it any the truer? The types merely lift his voice so that his friends in California, in Maine, in Iowa, and in Texas can hear what he has to say, and learn at least the names of the painters who have maintained or who have begun to make their fame."

Having closed your few remarks you proceed to express your impressions of the pictures in the following manner—the grave, sententious, methodical manner of those admirable but terrible persons who are really critics.

The Forty-first Exhibition of the National Academy of Design is now open. It is not superior to some late previous exhibitions, but there seem to us to be fewer very poor pictures. The full-length portrait is absent this year, which is a pleasant variety; and the old distribution of the pictures into portraits and landscapes is fairly abolished by the increasing number of interesting *genre* subjects and of special scenes.

Mr. Heade's "Brazilian Humming-Birds" are very interesting from the novelty of the subject and the delicate fidelity of the treatment; and "Rural Felicity," by Howard Hill, is a careful and conscientious picture of a familiar scene. In the same outer gallery hangs a bold charcoal drawing, evidently a portrait, by Wm. M. Hunt, who in the large room has another portrait. They are both free and vigorous, and show Mr. Hunt's admiration of the French school in which he was trained. An absolute contrast to this school in the spirit and philosophy of art is found in the pencil drawing of a Cat by Miss M. J. M'Donald, and "Strawberry Leaves" by R. J. Pattison, who also exhibits an "Oriole" and a "Tortoise." These last are strictly of the Pre-Raphaelite style; but better than either is "Young Mullen" by the same artist. Mul-

len could hardly be more accurately represented. But the stones in the "Oriole" are not readily recognized as such. Miss M'Donald's drawing is painfully elaborate and true. It is a pity that the skill had not been devoted to a more interesting subject; but much may be anticipated of so patient a talent and so faithful an eye.

In the "Interior of St. Marks" Mr. David D. Neal attracts the eye by a most careful study of the old church, skillfully executed. Near by Mr. Elliott's bold and broad touch assures us that he means still to dispute the palm of the master of portraits, while Mr. Eastman Johnson hangs a tender little song upon the walls in "Comfort in Weariness." It is a young mother in a poor room bent across the cradle of her infant. Every detail is affectionately painted, and with that exquisite freedom from exaggeration which shows calm and conscious power. The exact contrast of this impression is produced by Mr. E. Benson's "Cloud Towers," which must be called a strictly sensational picture. Mr. Johnson's two other works in the exhibition, "Sunday Morning" and "Fiddling his Way," are equally delightful. The latter, of course, from the similarity of the subject, recalls Wilkie's Blind Fiddler, but Mr. Johnson's is as purely American as Wilkie's is Scotch. The eye and heart would never tire of either. The exquisite skill with which the various aspects of childish pleasure are appreciated and represented in "Fiddling his Way" is sustained in "Sunday Morning" by a kindred insight. The youth leaning back in his chair and twirling the ring upon his finger, the sweet, sober maiden at his side, the utter jollity of the two frolicsome but quiet children behind their mother, the old people and the younger, and the very Sunday in the air, which broods over the picture, are all charming and simple and obvious, but to show them as they are, that is to paint pictures.

In "The Gun Foundry," by J. F. Weir, we have a striking picture by a son whose promise illuminates his father's fame. In the exhibitions of twenty years ago the father's pictures were always notable, and it is now clear that in future exhibitions the son's are to be so. Mr. Weir has chosen for his subject the interior of the Cold Spring Foundry at the moment of casting a huge Parrott gun. In the fore-ground the stalwart workmen are superintending the pouring of the molten metal into the mould. The glare is fierce, the sparks fly upward into the vast dusky heights of the building, while far away in the distance other workmen at other furnaces are revealed like Cyclops at their toil. As in witnessing the scene itself, so in looking at the picture the music of Schiller's Song of the Bell begins to roll through your mind. The subject is treated with the closest fidelity. It is a transcript of the actual grim and glowing event, and not adorned, as in Turner's daring picture of the casting of Wellington's statue, by any purely fanciful accessories.

Near by hangs Mr. Winslow Homer's "Brush Harrow." The tone of this picture is very low—too low, it seems to us—but the healthful reality of all Mr. Homer's works is delightful. Indeed his other contribution, "Prisoners from the Front," is to many the most thoroughly pleasing picture in the Exhibition. It is not large, but it is full of character and interest. A group of rebel prisoners confront a young Union General, who questions

them. The central figure of the group is a young South Carolinian of gentle breeding and graceful aspect, whose fair hair flows backward in a heavy sweep, and who stands, in his rusty gray uniform, erect and defiant, without insolence, a truly chivalric and manly figure. Next him, on the right, is an old man, and beyond him the very antipodal figure of the youth in front—a "corn-cracker"—rough, uncouth, shambling, the type of those who have been true victims of the war and of the slavery that led to it. At the left of the young Carolinian is a Union soldier—one of the Yankees, whose face shows why the Yankees won, it is so cool and clear and steady. Opposite this group stands the officer with sheathed sword. His composed, lithic, and alert figure, and a certain grave and cheerful confidence of face, with an air of reserved and tranquil power, are contrasted with the subdued eagerness of the foremost prisoner. The men are both young; they both understand each other. They may be easily taken as types, and, without effort, final victory is read in the aspect of the blue-coated soldier. It will not diminish the interest of the picture if the spectator should see in the young Union officer General Barlow.

Mr. S. R. Gifford's rich yellow "October Afternoon" is mellow and broad. The warm, gorgeous light hangs over the bounless woods pierced by the gleaming stream; but there is an air of "composition" in the picture which betrays it, although it has all the characteristic excellences of the artist's manipulation. The collection of Mr. Seivian's pictures tenderly recalls that modest man, that sincere and devoted artist, whose spotless memory will be always faithfully cherished by his companions of the Academy. The pictures are among his best in that special line of tranquil coast scenery of which he was so fond.

In a certain tenderness and tranquillity of feeling Mr. Suydam's pictures always suggest those of his friend Kensett, of whom he was so fond, and who exhibits a "Lake George," full of his peculiar merits. There is an exquisiteness of sentiment in the forms of this picture which is the truest mark of Kensett's hand, and which some of his friends surpass; and with it is that sincerity which is the chief charm in every work of art. Mr. Elihu Vedder's "Monk in Tower" is, like his "Florence Landscape near Florence," full of a broad clear daylight. Both are bold and of a masterly firmness, and the monk is a work thoroughly characteristic of Italy, like a scrap of Browning. So, too, in Mr. Cranch's "In the Harbor of Venice," which is the last work exhibited by him for some time; there is a local feeling as well as specific fidelity which are truly charming. Mr. Cranch has so thoroughly "let" Venice that his Venetian pictures are very satisfactory. Mr. Church exhibits only one small picture—"A Glimpse of the Caribbean Sea from the Jamaica Mountains;" but from some peculiarity of treatment the curve of the distant shore seen from above looks like a precipice in profile, and singularly confuses the eye. But the tropical character of the Gulf scenery is unerringly represented by the obedient hand of the master who has so carefully studied it. Mr. Hennessey's "In Memoriam" is a delicate, ghostly work, but the fancy is not agreeable, while his "Drifting" is one of his most delightful works. A youth stretched in the bow of a boat gazes at two maidens seated in the stern, and all of them drift upon a sluggish stream by a twilight pasture, over which the watery moon is

rising. It is in his best vein. So is Mr. Griswold's—"The Last of the Ice." A gray fog muffles the headlands of the river, upon which float a few fragments of ice. Mr. Griswold already stands among the first of the landscapists.

But what shall we do? We are only at the entrance of the large room, where hang portraits by Huntington and Hicks and Sears and Elliott and Hunt, and Mayan's "Love's Melancholy," and Gilmour's large picture of Mont Blanc, and Gregory's "Gettysburg," and M'Fadden's autumnal landscapes, full of the very soul of October; and beyond in the West Room, with some of Calman's Spanish architecture and young Parson's "Adirondack," and a cloud more of works that can not even be named. Of what we mention we can not speak further, except to say that the painters still hold their own.

You see, Sirs and Madames, that it is not a villa who has been strolling through the rooms. It is only a visitor like yourselves, who looks thoughtfully at the host of color and form so pleasantly spread, and departs grateful for the enjoyment. He goes not without regret, that the Fre-Raphaelites brethren are very imperfectly represented—that Turner is altogether absent, and that Gray has but three painted portraits. But there can be no doubt of the general richness of development which the Exhibition of 1884 indicates. Academies may not make great artists; but this Academy certainly gives them a chance to show what they have done.

Fifty-one years ago Thomas Carlyle, a boy of fourteen, came to Edinburgh University. George III. was completing the fifteenth year of his reign. Wellington was drawing the lines of Torres Vedras. Napoleon was at the height of his power, and England at the depth of her weakness. The Tory Quarterly had been established the year before. Scott's "Lady of the Lake" was just published, and Byron was writing "Child Harold." Between that time and this, more than half a century, the young student has placed his name among the best of Scotland, and will be always recognized as one of the masters of literature in his century.

But those who remember with what a fresh and stirring voice, like the note of a hawk at morning, Carlyle awakened their hope and faith and enthusiasm—who read how gladly and confidently they looked upon the vigorous, manly arm of the Mentor who was to guide them safely through the bewildering charmas of Calypso's isle, and whose steady reassuring eye would surely induce every fair and false Lonia to the rocks, can not but read with inexpressible interest the words in which he spoke to the youth of to-day at his late inauguration as Rector of the University of Edinburgh. But before we speak of them let us see him as he was described by a shrewd observer when his moment came to speak:

"Mr. Carlyle rose at once, shook himself out of his giddy-headed mental gear, left it on his chair, and dropped suddenly to the table, and lowering his tall, bony frame into a position of straight perpendicularity not possible to one man in five hundred at seventy years of age, he began to speak quietly and distinctly, but nervously. There was a slight flush on his face, but he bore himself with composure and dignity, and in the course of half an hour he was cheerfully beginning to feel at his ease, so far, at least, as to have adequate command over the current of his thought. He spoke on quite freely and easily, hardly ever repeated a word, never looked at a note, and only once returned to rub up a topic from which he had strayed. He apologized for not having come with a written discourse. It

was usual, and 'it would have been more comfortable for me just at present;' but he had tried it and could not satisfy himself, and 'as the spoken word comes from the heart,' he had resolved to try that method. What he said in words will be learned otherwise than from me. I could not well describe it; but I do not think I ever heard any address that I should be so unwilling to blot from my memory. Not that there was much in it that can not be found in his writings, or inferred from them; but the manner of the man was a key to the writings, and for naturalness and quiet power I have never seen any thing to compare with it. He did not deal in rhetoric. He talked—it was continuous, strong, quiet talk—like a patriarch about to leave the world to the young lads who had chosen him and were just entering the world. His voice is a soft, downy voice—not a tone in it is of the shrill, fierce kind that one would expect it to be in reading the latter-day pamphlets. There was not a trace of effort or of affectation, or even of extravagance. Shrewd common-sense there was in abundance. There was the involved disrupted style also, but it looked so natural that reflection was needed to recognize in it that very style which purists find to be un-English and unintelligible. Over the angles of this disrupted style rolled not a few cascades of humor—quite as if by accident. He let them go, talking on in his soft, downy accents, without a smile; occasionally for an instant looking very serious, with his dark eyes beating like pulses, but generally looking merely composed and kindly, and, so to speak, father-like. He concluded by reciting his own translation of a poem of Goethe:

The future hides in it good hap and sorrow.

And this he did in a style of melancholy grandeur not to be described, but still less to be forgotten. It was then alone that the personality of the philosopher and poet were revealed continuously in his manner of utterance. The features of his face are familiar to all from his portraits. But I do not think any portrait, unless, perhaps, Woolner's medallion, gives full expression to the resolution that is visible in his face. Besides, they all make him look sadder and older than he appears. Although he be three-score and ten his hair is still abundant and tolerably black, and there is considerable color in his cheek. Not a man of his age on that platform to-day looked so young; and he had done more work than any ten on it."

We can not feel with the acute analyst of Carlyle in the April *North American* that he has become mechanical or factitious. It is the same face we knew, but grown haggard instead of hopeful, gloomy instead of glowing. The inextricable snarl of things at which his youth protested with a fire that foreshadowed the power to consume has conquered him, and he lies prostrate, but it is the sinewy form of a true warrior that we see.

It is true that he seems to acknowledge no power now but brute force; but it is that force inspired with a sincere and even religious purpose of doing the best that the wretched circumstances allow. The enormity that one human will should assert itself remorselessly by shot and shell, that a worm should ape divinity and prove its Godhead by stinging, does not appall him. His rage with weakness, with error, with stupidity, is so overpowering that he becomes vindictive; and even innocence, if weak, becomes to him despicable, not because he hates innocence, but because weakness is the source of such infinite perplexity. On the other hand, it is not the brutishness of the force, it is its energy, its organizing and executive quality, its yea for yea, and nay for nay, its positive determination, without which, somewhere, the whole scheme of things drifts to destruction, which commands his fierce applause. The world has become to him a gladiatorial arena—it is a vast humming Coliseum, and when the vanquished falls Carlyle turns his terrible thumb and shrieks for the death-blow. Yet he would as willingly see the victor vanquished. It is the pow-

er he applauds. If the stricken fighter rests upon his hand,

"And sees his young barbarians all at play,"

this heart, indignant at the human folly that makes the scene possible, is steeled, and by tragical inversion of feeling, sneers at the deepest, divinest emotion of the spectacle as sentimentality. So at last the genius that vindicated Burns has come to shout hosannas to Frederick the Great. The hand that describes with painful detail the conquest of Saxony and the causeless campaigns in Silesia, protrudes from the dust bins in which it is fumbling to snap its fingers at the civil war in America as the burning of a foul chimney. There is no more pitiful tale in literature than that of Thomas Carlyle; and so deep is the sense of his sincerity that indignation is lost in sadness.

His Edinburgh discourse was spoken without notes, and occupied an hour and a half. He inculcated diligence, honesty, fidelity, obedience, humility, and, before all and over all, silence. "Silence is the eternal duty of a man." Oratory, in his judgment, is Beelzebub's most efficient organ at the present time. England and America are two great countries, but they are gone mostly away to wind and tongue. Health, too, that is half the game. You must keep your health if you would do any thing. But if you propose to do any thing you must not expect to keep your health. There are a few great books which every man should read, and Carlyle said nobly that the end of study is not knowledge but wisdom.

As for government, Thomas Carlyle's doctrine is Louis Napoleon's Cæsarism. There is something exquisitely absurd in his sitting at the feet of the hero of Strasbourg and Boulogne. The man who by hook or by crook can succeed in making himself Dictator, he is the man for your homage. His illustration, however, is not Julius Cæsar or Napoleon, but Oliver Cromwell. And then, he quotes Machiavelli against Democracy. He does not ask his hearers to agree with the Italian, but it was nevertheless Machiavelli's opinion that the mass of men can not govern themselves. Undoubtedly; and it was also the opinion of Lord Eldon, and Lord Sidmouth, and Lord Londonderry, and Lord Normanby—of George III. also, and Dr. Johnson—of King Bomba, and Count Bismarck. Cavour, we imagine, was quite as wise as Machiavelli. What did Cavour think of Cæsarism?

No preacher of the church of Cæsar ever attempts to answer the one vital question—how is he to be found without deranging the whole order of society? Select any Cæsar you please, Julius or Napoleon, or Frederick, or Cromwell, the best of them, or the present French representative of that rôle; they all come to the purple through crimson. The state is torn by a sharp civil war, and a certain executive energy and military genius and indomitable purpose enable Cæsar to emerge and constrain anarchy as he chooses. But these divine gifts of the dictator are individual. They can not be transmitted. They can not be known even until occasion proves them. When the individual dies, therefore, since masses of men can not govern themselves, they must relapse into anarchy until the heaven-appointed successor rises to the surface. But is it, after all, the perfection of wisdom to fire your house whenever a fire-engine gives out for the mere purpose of discovering which of the remainder has the longest squirt? If the Court may

be supposed to know some law, the world if not very wise, may be supposed to have learned something. The question is not whether a good governor is a good governor, but whether Caesarism has any where established permanent and progressive peace and justice. It is no answer to say that popular governments do not escape war and trouble. That the new shoes pinch does not prove that the old shoes did not leak.

Mr. Carlyle in this address is, as usual, the laureate of silence; indeed he talked for an hour and a half mainly to inculcate silence as the cardinal virtue. He was grimly witty about it, and it must have been delightful to hear the scornful thunders of his Scottish brigade against talking. "Oh, it is a dismal chapter all that," he exclaimed, "if one went into it—what has been done by reading into fine speech.... There is very great necessity, indeed, of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me the finest nations in the world, the English and the American, are going all away into wind and tongue. But it will appear sufficiently tragical by-and-by, long after I am away out of it. Silence is the eternal duty of a man.... If a good speaker—an eloquent speaker—is not speaking the truth, is there a more horrid kind of object in creation?... An excellent speaker of that kind is, as it were, saying, 'Ho, every one that wants to be persuaded of the thing that is not true, come hither!' I would recommend you to be very shy of that kind of excellent speech."

This must have been extremely embarrassing to hear, but who is the orator? He is a man who for nearly forty years has been an incessant talker. He has talked often wisely, powerfully, sometimes scornfully and sadly; and that he might be heard the further he has talked with his pen rather than his tongue. For what is speech? Is it not addressing human beings in words; and is a word less forcible or foolish or persuasive because it is written instead of spoken? What are the splendid volumes with which Carlyle's genius has enriched English literature but his spoken opinions upon the subjects that interest him, and upon which he wishes to affect the minds of his countrymen and mankind? And what else are Mr. Gladstone's speeches, or Mr. Bright's, or Lord Derby's?

But there is another point to be considered in the midst of this loud declamation in favor of silence. If England and America are indeed the finest countries in the world, they are so because of speech and not of silence. They are so because they invite every man to say his say; to out with it, and not repress and suppress until the forces which can no always be more and more restrained explode the whole system of things into chaos. Asia is your silent country. Africa is the mother of silence. How does civilization like them? Count Bismarck means to make Prussia silent if he can. Count Bismarck is merely sitting on the safety-valve, and if he perseveres he or his successor will suddenly go flying skyward in several pieces. In this country, too, we had a system that imposed silence. Speech was as fatal to it as a spark to gunpowder. But speech touched it, and has blown it to destruction with a report distinctly audible to the Rector and faculty of the University of Edinburgh.

The truth is that speech is the salvation of civilization; and in every country we say better foolish speech than none at all, for the liberty of speech and nothing else secures the peaceful progress of society. Why, then, should so tremendous a talker

as Carlyle, who has talked so much and so effectively, so vigorously talk against talking?

Of the many wise and witty and useful lessons in the discourse we do not speak, for we hope they have been faithfully read and pondered by all those who do not allow any wild phrases of so true a genius to obscure the value of such criticism as Carlyle's.

MR. DICKENS is evidently so persuaded that Americans are hostile to him, and he has unquestionably for so long a time cherished a feeling toward us which is not exactly friendly, that he is not very likely to cross the sea again to visit us. Yet now that the war has anticipated and made obsolete so much that prevented it, we can surely, we must, forget any quarrel with Dickens. If he did draw Elijah Pogram, we set for the portrait; and sharp and wonderful as many of his criticisms were, we can hardly deny that the facts justified, and alas! too often justify, them.

If he should, however, come to us and read as he does in London from his own works, his success would be so immense that it would surely tempt him could he understand it. In Lady Geraldine's Country Mrs. Browning declares that

"From some hall he reading their own verses to their words"

but Dickens's great dramatic genius would lead him to read his own works to no one else but us. The most delightful account of a reading by him was published a few years ago in this Magazine, and it has long been one of the great pleasures of travel to happen to be in London when he gives an evening. The chance is apparently impracticable. For an evening or for evening evenings it is equally fascinating. Indeed we have been reminded of the glossiness we had and the greyness he took by absorbing in a late letter from London that Mr. Dickens had disappeared after a considerable absence from the platform. The writer says:

"Charles Dickens gave one of his readings on Wednesday last, the first he gave for two years—at St. Martin's Hall, I believe, in all of the fruits of a hard winter. The great room was packed. Dickens will be 54 years old next Wednesday. He was born February 7, 1812. It may hardly be worth to speak of his personal appearance, but here it is. He is not the stout, wide of middle height, his hair and beard almost or quite grey, the lower work after the French or American fashion, with narrow cheeks, the former brought forward and, I should think, rather oval. His nose is dark, handsome, and vigorous, the lines below and above them deeply defined; the complexion of a thick and solid consistency, though this might be from the quality of his skin in reading. His nose is of an excellent recognized color, red and fat at the nostrils, the luminous line running from them to the corners of the mouth very marked and well-defined. His complexion is not very clean, and reddish about the upper nostrils round. His dress is good, but, quietly, with delicate mood."

THE Easy Chair has often mentioned the Century Club, the Club that especially and fondly preserves the traditions of literature and art, counting among its members most of the conspicuous artists and many of the authors of the city of New York. A Centurian of fifteen or twenty years' membership recalls many an evening, many a feast, which are registered in memory with golden letters. One such recently occurred on the birthday of Shakespeare, the three hundred and second anniversary, when a dinner was eaten in memory of the poet.

The table was laid in the great room of the Club, a noble banquet-hall, and forty or fifty guests

sat down. Lang, the genial, the joyous, the nimble-fingered, had boldly sketched a transparency representing the man of men sitting among the chief contemporary actors of his plays. In front of it sat the President of the Century, Mr. Bancroft, with Mr. Bryant at his right. At one end of the long table sat the biographer and commentator, the head of the illustrious class of Shakespeare's scholars, Richard Grant White, and at the other end a faithful student and lover of the Swan, Judge Daly. Around them and along the tables were ranged representatives of every pursuit, a merry, sympathetic company. The delicate bill of fare was adorned with lines and phrases from Shakespeare felicitously selected by Mr. White, and excluding all that had ever done duty at any similar feast of the Century; and all were cheerfully chatty and happy except the doomed few whose abstracted eyes sweeping the ceiling and moody faces purged of pleasure, plainly revealed that they were to offer a few unpremeditated remarks when the fatal hour of dessert should strike.

It struck. The table rang and jarred with applause as the President arose, and in words pardonably proud and congratulatory recited the extraordinary claims of Shakespeare to the homage and love of mankind, in response to the first toast, which was simply the poet's name. "The commentators" followed, and in a vein of pleasant humor Judge Daly proved with magisterial dignity and professional acuteness that the bard had distinctly mentioned three of the commentators to be. It was excellent jesting, and the company heartily applauded the ingenious fun. Then came "The Century," and Mr. Bryant, who had not known that he was to speak, replied in a few words, saying that the drama generally reached its perfect development in the earlier years of a nation, and flourished but for a short time, and then by easy approaches he alighted upon the kindred arts, related that a famous foreigner had told him that landscape art was to have its finest development in America, and, sitting down, called upon Bierstadt and Kensett to finish his speech. Kensett politely yielded to Bierstadt. Bierstadt courteously waived his right in favor of President Huntington of the Academy, and he, in a few words, declared his belief that the famous foreigner was right, and pleasantly deprecated any artistic depression arising from undue severity of criticism as unjust in the artists to themselves and their mistress, Nature. To "The Drama" Dr. Lieber responded with thought and learning; and the last regular toast "Woman" was also acknowledged, but how could it be adequately answered, for who of us "is equal to these things?"

Rev. Dr. Francis Vinton, who had come in late from the feast of St. George, which is always held upon Shakespeare's night, was then summoned, and spoke like a father—of the church—to the birthday revelers. Then Mr. White disclosed the curious and interesting fact, that in all Shakespeare's poems, whether plays or sonnets, there is no abstract praise of woman except in the passage from "Love's Labor Lost," which was the motto of the toast:

"From woman's eyes this doctrine we derive,
They sparkle still the true Promethean fire;
They are the books, the art, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

Lovers praise their mistresses in all the plays; but the judgments of women other than that are the reverse of flattery. Mr. White, as his life of the poet shows, is of opinion that Shakespeare's early experience with Anne Hathaway and his blighted or

unsatisfactory domestic life explain this phenomenon, although, of course, he feels with all the world that the creator of *Virgilia* and *Cordelia* revered the womanly nature as few men have. The lawyers have always a special interest in Shakespeare, and the President called Mr. William E. Curtis to speak for the Bar; and after a few words from Mr. Bayard Taylor in response to the President's summons, the last motto of the "Fruits and Pastry" upon the bill was verified—

"You have now a broken banquet."

WHILE still wondering at what Mr. White, the most competent of authorities, said of the strain in which women are mentioned—not created—in Shakespeare, this little song comes fluttering as if to put into music that feeling of the weird craft of woman. But, after all, it is not a woman, it is only a siren:

"LA SIRENE."

"Over the goblet, filled to the brim,
She sends a bewildering glance to him.

"Over the sea of pink-foaming wine
He reels in the light of her beauty divine.

"Deeper and deeper she dreamily dips
In the rose-tinted wine her rose-tinted lips;

"While over the glass she airily laughs
A pledge which he eagerly catches and quaffs;

"And he drinks in a madness wilder than wine
Through her smile, and her eyes bewildering shine.

"He drinks in delirium, danger, and death,
As over the goblet comes floating her breath;

"As over the flagon of rose-colored bliss
She wickedly, witchingly, wafts him a kiss.

"Then laughing a laugh derisive and sweet,
She is gone while he kneels in despair at her feet."

THE buds and blossoms of spring were backward this year. The northerly and easterly winds blew chill in the very face of the May queen, and the elms reluctantly unfolded their leaves. But already the promise of the orchards is plain, and unless the wise men are at fault we shall rejoice in a copious ruddy crop.

If the cholera hangs, a menacing shadow over the opening summer, we must remember how much of its terrors knowledge has shorn away. The dumb, dull terror before a mysterious pestilence has given way to the science and skill which steal its venom as the rod draws the sting from the thunder-bolt. The signs of the danger and the means of prevention and of relief have been made so intelligible and accessible, that the coming of cholera can be viewed with equanimity and even cheerful defiance.

Yet it will always be a shameful fact that when it arrived in the bay of New York we were really not ready for it. With a shiftlessness that is almost incredible there were no accommodations for the sick but an old hulk, the *Falcon*, which was not ready, and did not receive the patients until two nights after the arrival of the infected ship. Yet we had had a year's warning! If a man managed his private business as public matters of this kind are managed, he would fail, and always deserve to fail.

Let us hope that the terrors of the summer may not be what many fear—and, as we survey the whole country, trust that the good sense which is the main-stay of human affairs may be as conspicuous in relieving us from national trouble as from the breath of the pestilence.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 2d of May. The most important features of the month are the continued want of harmony between the views of Congress and of the President, as evinced in the passage of the Civil Rights bill notwithstanding his veto; various financial measures proposed; the projects for Reconstruction of the Union; the understanding between France and the United States in regard to the French occupation of Mexico; and the critical state of affairs in Europe, growing out of the dispute between Prussia and Austria.

THE PEACE PROCLAMATION.

On the 2d of April, the anniversary of the capture of Richmond, the President issued a Proclamation declaring the civil war at an end. The Proclamation recites the principal Executive and Legislative acts recognizing the existence of the war: (1.) President Lincoln's Proclamation of April 19, 1861, declaring that in seven States "the laws of the United States were opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed by combinations too powerful to be opposed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the Marshals by law." (2.) The Proclamation of August 16, 1862, declaring the inhabitants of eleven States "to be in a state of insurrection against the United States." (3.) The Proclamation of July 1, 1862, declaring that, with certain exceptions, "the insurrection still existed in the States aforesaid." (4.) The Proclamation of April 7, 1863, repeating in effect this last Proclamation. (5.) The so-called "Crittenden and Johnson resolution," passed by the House July 24, and by the Senate July 25, 1863, that the war has been forced upon the country by disunionists in the Southern States now in revolt, and that "this war is not prosecuted on our part in any spirit of oppression, nor for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, nor for the purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and all the laws made in pursuance thereof, and to preserve the Union, with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired; and that as soon as these objects are accomplished the war ought to cease." This resolution, the President considers, "may be regarded as having expressed the sense of Congress upon the subject to which it relates." The Proclamation then declares:

"Whereas, By my Proclamation of the 13th day of June last the insurrection in the State of Tennessee was declared to have been suppressed, the authority of the United States therein to be undisputed, and such United States officers as had been duly commissioned to be in the undisputed exercise of their official functions; and

"Whereas, There now exists no organized armed resistance of misguided citizens or others to the authority of the United States, in the States of Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Florida, and laws can be sustained and enforced therein by the proper civil authority, state or Federal, and the people of the said States are well and loyally disposed, and have conformed or will conform in their legislation to the condition of affairs growing out of the amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibiting Slavery within the limits and jurisdiction of the United States; and

"Whereas, In view of the before-recited premises it is the manifest determination of the American people that no State of its own will has the right or power to go out

of, or separate itself from, or be separated from the American Union, and that, therefore, each State ought to remain and constitute an integral part of the United States; and

"Whereas, The people of the several before-mentioned States have, in the manner aforesaid, given satisfactory evidence that they acquiesce in this resolution and important resolution of the national unity; and

"Whereas, It is believed to be a fundamental principle of government that people who have revolted, and who have been overthrown and subdued, must either be dealt with so as to induce them voluntarily to become friends, or else they must be held by absolute military power, as demonstrated as to prevent them from ever again doing harm to the nation, which last-named policy is abhorrent to humanity and freedom; and

"Whereas, The Constitution of the United States provides that no condition can exist in any State, and not as Territory, Dependence, Provision, or Provisionary; and

"Whereas, Each constituent State must necessarily be, and by the Constitution and laws of the United States are, made equals, and placed on a like footing as to political rights, immunities, dignity, and power with the several States with which they are united; and

"Whereas, The observance of political equality as a principle of right and justice is well calculated to encourage the people of the aforesaid States to be and become more and more constant and persevering in their renewed allegiance; and

"Whereas, Standing armies, military occupation, martial law, military tribunals, and the suspension of the privileges of the writ of habeas corpus, are, in times of peace, dangerous to public liberty, incompatible with the individual rights of the citizen, contrary to the genius and spirit of our free institutions, and exhaustive of the national resources, and ought not therefore to be continued or tolerated, except in cases of actual necessity for repelling invasion or suppressing insurrection or rebellion; and

"Whereas, The policy of the Government of the United States, from the beginning of the insurrection to its overthrow and final suppression, has been in conformity with the principles herein set forth and enumerated;

"Whereas, L. Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim and declare that the insurrection which broke out against the State of Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Florida, is at an end, and herewith to be so regarded."

It will be noted that in this Proclamation no mention is made of Texas; for the reason that State had not at the time adopted a Constitution embodying the conditions considered essential for its recognition. The State Convention was however in session, and a few days after framed a Constitution, which is to be submitted to the people on the fourth Monday in June. This Constitution abolishes slavery, and provides that:

"All persons and their descendants shall be protected in their rights of person and property by appropriate legislation; they shall have the right to contract and be contracted with; to sue and be sued; to acquire, hold, and transmit property; and all criminal prosecutions against them shall be conducted in the same manner as prosecutions for like offenses against the white race, and they shall be subject to like penalties."

PASSAGE OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

The Civil Rights Bill, which was vetoed by the President, has passed both Houses of Congress by more than the requisite majority of two-thirds, and has consequently become a law. In the Senate, April 4, Mr. Trumbull, of Ohio, spoke in favor of the passage of the Bill. He reviewed at length the President's objections. He argued that by the Constitution, and by the general policy of the Government, all persons born within the United States, slaves only excepted, were citizens of the United States, and therefore of necessity of the several

States in which they resided; but that the right of citizenship did not involve political rights, or rather privileges, such as the right of voting and holding office. The right to hold office under the Federal Government depends upon the Constitution of the United States, the right to vote and hold office in the States depends upon the legislatures of the several States. Thus a naturalized citizen could not be elected President, and must have resided a certain number of years in the country in order to be eligible as a member of Congress. But citizenship did involve certain rights; and this Bill was framed to secure the fundamental rights to all citizens in every State. Mr. Trumbull denied that the second section of the Bill did, as affirmed by the President, discriminate in favor of colored persons. The very object of the Bill was, he said, to do away with all discrimination. It was indeed designed for the benefit of the colored race, but this was simply because in certain cases he was discriminated against by State laws. Remedial laws like this were designed for the relief of those who needed relief; and when this was afforded they stood upon precisely the same footing with those who needed no relief. The President's objection that the Bill punished by fine and imprisonment those who made laws discriminating against persons on account of race or color was pronounced futile, for it imposed punishment upon those only who subjected any person to different punishment on account of race or color. The offense was the subjecting a colored person to discriminating punishment. Now to constitute an offense there must be not only an act, but a vicious intent in performing the act; so that a judge or officer who should execute such a law would not of necessity be punished therefor. If he acted innocently he would not be liable; but if he acted viciously and corruptly he ought to be punished. To the President's objection, founded on the number of officials required to execute the provisions of the Bill, Mr. Trumbull replied that it "was all copied from the statute known as the Fugitive Slave Law: machinery in itself always held to be constitutional and proper, and now used in the interest of freedom, as it originally was in the interest of slavery. As our soldiers employed the weapons we received from the rebels in putting down the rebellion, so the weapons of the law were sanctified in uses of freedom." Other provisions, to which the President objected, such as that for employing the army and navy in executing the law, were declared to be taken verbally from former laws to which no objections had been made. Mr. Trumbull went on to say that the Bill, which was drawn up by himself, was framed in accordance with what were supposed to be the President's views; that it was submitted to him substantially as it now stands; that he was requested, if he

"had any objections to any of its provisions, that he would make them known to the friends of the Bill, in order that they might be remedied, if not destructive of the measure; for there was believed to be no disposition on the part of Congress, and certainly none on my [Mr. Trumbull's] part, to have bills presented to him which he did not approve. He never indicated to me, nor, as far as I know, to any of his friends, the least objection to any of the provisions of the Bill till after its passage. How could he, consistently with himself? The Bill was framed, as it was supposed, in entire harmony with his views, and certainly in harmony with what he was then and has since been doing in protecting freedmen in their civil rights, all through the rebellious States. It was strictly limited to the protection of the civil rights belonging to every freeman, the birth-right of every American citizen, and carefully avoided conferring or interfering with political rights or privileges of any

kind. The Bill neither confers nor abridges the rights of any one, but simply declares that in civil rights there shall be an equality among all classes of citizens, and that all alike shall be subject to the same punishments in every State. All that is required is, that in this respect the law shall be impartial."

Mr. Trumbull animadverted in severe terms upon the general course of the President, and especially of "the spirit of his veto message; of the dangerous doctrines it promulgates; of the inconsistencies and contradictions of its author; of his encroachments upon the constitutional rights of Congress; of his assumption of unwarranted powers, which, if persevered in and not checked by the people, must eventually lead to a subversion of the Government and the destruction of liberty." He quoted from a speech of Mr. Johnson, then a Senator, upon the veto by President Buchanan of the Homestead Bill, in which he said, "The President of the United States presumes—yes, Sir, I say presumes—to dictate to the American people and to the two Houses of Congress, in violation of the spirit if not of the letter of the Constitution, that this measure shall not become a law. . . . I hope the Senate and House of Representatives, who have sanctioned this Bill by more than a two-thirds majority, will, according to the Constitution, exercise their privilege and power, and let the Bill become a law of the land, according to the high behest of the American people." Mr. Trumbull concluded his speech by saying:

"This Bill in no manner interferes with the municipal regulations of any State which protects all alike in their rights of person and property. It could have no operation in Massachusetts, New York, Illinois, or most of the States of the Union. How preposterous, then, to charge that unless some State can have and exercise the right to punish somebody or to deny to somebody a civil right on account of his color, that its rights as a State will be destroyed! It is manifest that unless this Bill can be passed nothing can be done to protect the freedmen in their liberty and their rights. Whatever may have been the opinion of the President at one time as to good faith requiring the security of the freedmen in their liberty and their property, it is now manifest, from the character of the objections to this Bill, that he will approve of no measure that will accomplish the object. That the second clause of the Constitutional Amendment gives this power there can be no question. Some have concluded that it gives even the power to confer the right of suffrage. I have not thought so, because I have never thought suffrage any more necessary to the liberty of a freeman than of a non-voting white, whether male or female. But his liberty under the Constitution he is entitled to, and whatever is necessary to secure it to him he is entitled to have, be it the ballot or the bayonet. If the Bill now before us, and which goes no farther than to secure civil rights to the freedmen, can not be passed, then the Constitutional Amendment declaring freedom to all the inhabitants of the land is a cheat and a delusion."

Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, on the 5th of April, replied to Mr. Trumbull. The greater part of his reply was devoted to an elaborate legal argument to prove that "citizenship of the United States, consequent not upon naturalization, but upon birth in a State, is to depend upon the fact whether the Constitution and laws of the State make the party so born a citizen of that State;" and consequently that the Bill, in declaring all persons born in the United States citizens thereof, is unconstitutional. And in respect to the special rights conferred by the Bill, "the same right in every State and Territory to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be parties, and give evidence, to inherit, purchase, sell, hold, and convey real and personal estate, and to the full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of persons and property as is enjoyed by white persons," Mr. Johnson averred that, "If there be any thing that might be considered as true in the Constitution and laws, it was

that over every one of these rights, or, to speak more correctly, over every one of the subjects to which these rights are made to attach, the jurisdiction of the States was exclusive. This Bill, in my opinion, strikes at all the reserved rights of the States."

The question "Shall the bill pass, the President's objections notwithstanding?" was taken in the Senate on the 6th of April, and was decided in the affirmative, by a vote of 33 to 15. All the Senators who voted in favor of the passage are Republicans. Of those who voted against it, Messrs. Cowan of Pennsylvania, Doolittle of Wisconsin, Lane of Kansas, Norton of Minnesota, and Van Winkle of West Virginia, are Republicans; the others Democrats. The seat heretofore held by Mr. Stockton of New Jersey had been declared vacant, and the vacancy had not been filled. Mr. Dixon, Republican, who it was supposed would have voted to sustain the vote, was absent; but his vote would not have affected the result; there would still have been four-fifths in favor of the passage of the bill.—In the House the vote was taken on the 30th, and the bill was passed by a vote of 122 to 41; being within a single vote of a majority of three to one. All who voted yea are Republicans; all who voted nay are Democrats, with the exception of Messrs. Eldridge of Wisconsin, Latham and Whaley of West Virginia, Noel of Missouri, Phelps of Maryland, Randall, Roussau, Shanklin, and Smith, of Kentucky, and Raymond of New York.

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE UNION.

Various suggestions looking to the reconstruction of the Union have been put forth both in and out of Congress. Among the latest is one by General B. F. Butler, which discloses special motives, although not fairly coming with any official sanction. It provides: (1.) That the Constitution shall be so amended that no debt of the United States shall ever be repudiated; and no portion of the national debt, nor any claim for compensation for emancipated slaves, shall ever be paid by the United States or any State or individual. (2.) The qualification for electors to appoint to the Senate; but no State shall exclude a majority of its male citizens above the age of twenty-one; and no person qualified to vote on the 1st of December, 1865, shall be deprived of his right except by his own act. (3.) Representatives shall be according to population, not including slaves disfranchised by State laws existing December 1, 1860, but when such disfranchisement is removed it shall be according to the whole population. (4.) An act of Congress shall be passed enabling any State to be restored to the Union when she shall adopt the above constitutional amendments and enforce them by legislation; but no person who has held civil or diplomatic office in the Confederacy, who left the naval or military service of the United States, or, being educated therein, took service in the Confederacy, or aided in the rebellion, shall be qualified as an elector, or be appointed to any office under the United States, or be Governor of any State. (5.) Except as above provided there shall be a complete amnesty and restoration of rights to all citizens of the States so restored. (6.) As soon as may be, after inviting the several States to ratify them, shall take a recess of three months, so that persons duly elected according to these provisions may be able to represent their respective States during the present session.

On the 26th of April the Joint Committee on Reconstruction presented a plan, embodying (1.) A joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution; (2.) A bill providing for the restoration of the States lately in rebellion; (3.) A bill declaring certain persons ineligible to office under the Government of the United States. We give this important document in full:

A Joint Resolution Proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, That the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid as part of the Constitution, to-wit:

Article.—*Sec. 1.* No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Sec. 2. Senators and Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But whenever in any State the elective franchise shall be denied to any portion of its male citizens, or have them twenty years of age, or be any way restricted, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation for such State shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens not less than twenty years of age.

Sec. 3. Those who, on the 1st of July, 1870, all persons who previously swore to the new Constitution, giving it full and solemn, shall be excluded from the right to vote for members of Congress, and for electors for President and Vice-President of the United States.

Sec. 4. Neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation already incurred, or which may hereafter be incurred, in all of the territories, or in any State or Territory, or any other for compensation for loss of pecuniary services of labor.

Sec. 5. That Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.

A Bill to provide for the Resumption of the States lately in Rebellion in their Full Political Rights.

Whereas, It is expedient that the States lately in rebellion should at the earliest day commence with the future peace and safety of the Union be restored to full participation of their political rights; and whereas the Congress do, by joint resolution, propose for submission to the Legislatures of the several States, as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, an article in the following words, to-wit: the said article has been introduced, and read twice.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, etc., That whenever the above recited amendments shall become a part of the Constitution, and any State lately in rebellion shall have ratified the same, and shall have modified its constitution and laws in conformity therewith, the President and Representatives from such State, if found duly elected and qualified, may, after having taken the required oath of office, be admitted into Congress.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That when any State lately in rebellion shall have ratified the foregoing proposed amendment to the Constitution, any part of the direct tax, under the act of August 5, 1861, which may include this and applied to such State, may be assessed and paid by such State, and the payments thereof upon proper vouchers from such State, to be given to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, may be paid for a period not exceeding ten years from and after the passage of this act.

A Bill declaring certain persons ineligible to office under the Government of the United States.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, etc., That no person shall be eligible to any office under the Government of the United States who is included in any of the following cases, to-wit:

1. The President and Vice-President of the Confederate States of America, or called, and the heads of departments thereof.

2. Those who in other countries acted as agents of the Confederate States of America, or called.

3. Heads of Departments of the United States, officers of the Army and Navy of the United States, and all per-

sons educated in the Military or Naval Academies of the United States, Judges of the Courts of the United States, and members of either House of the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, who gave aid or comfort to the late rebellion.

4. Those who acted as officers of the Confederate States of America, so called, above the grade of colonel in the army or master in the navy, or any one who, as Governor of either of the so-called Confederate States, gave aid and comfort to the late rebellion.

5. Those who have treated officers or soldiers or sailors of the Army or Navy of the United States, captured during the late war, otherwise than lawfully as prisoners of war.

NEW REVENUE BILL.

On the 25th of April the Committee on Ways and Means in the House reported a bill making important changes in the Internal Revenue Bill. Some of the most important changes recommended are as follows: Income-tax, five per cent. on the excess over \$1000 instead of \$600. Cotton, in lieu of taxes on the manufactured article, 5 cents a pound to be paid by the producer or holder, with a drawback upon goods manufactured and exported, equal to the whole amount of taxes paid. Distillers and brewers, \$100 instead of \$50. Apothecaries, innkeepers, and the like, not to be taxed unless their annual sales exceed \$1000; this does not apply to dealers in spirituous and malt liquors. Distilled petroleum, etc., 20 cents a gallon; oils distilled from coal, etc., and spirits of turpentine, 10 cents. Ground coffee, or any substitute therefor, 1 cent per pound. Sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound. Salt, 3 cents instead of 6 per hundred pounds. Wearing apparel, 5 per cent. Boots and shoes, 2 per cent.; ready-made clothing, 1 per cent.; but shoemakers, tailors, and milliners whose work does not exceed \$1000 a year not to be taxed, and articles of dress made for women by milliners and dressmakers not taxed. Cigars, 2, 4, and 10 dollars a thousand, according to price. Smoking tobacco, 10 and 25 instead of 15 and 30 cents a pound. Brokers' sales 5 cents on the \$100, except on sales of exchange, coin, which is 2 cents. Soap, $\frac{1}{2}$ cent a pound, except perfumed, which pays 3. Schedule A is stricken out, with the exception of billiard tables and carriages valued at more than \$300; that is, watches, plate, pianos, etc., not taxed. Among other articles freed from tax are lucifer matches, cheap photographs, books, paper, starch, cheap soaps, and a very large list of manufactured articles upon the materials of which taxes have been paid. This bill, drawn up mainly in accordance with the suggestions of the Revenue Commission, noted in our last record, greatly simplifies the working of the Revenue system, and relieves from burden many branches of industry; the deficiency caused by the reductions it is presumed will be made up by the tax on cotton. It will not, if passed, go into operation until July 1; and so does not apply to the taxes for the last year, the payment of which is now due.

EQUALIZING BOUNTIES.

A Bill having been reported to Congress for equalizing bounties of soldiers, giving in effect 8½ dollars a month to those who had not received bounties to that amount, the Secretary of the Treasury asked the opinion of Mr. Wells, the Chairman of the Revenue Commission, upon the question, stating that it would add probably \$200,000,000 or \$250,000,000 to the National debt. The reply was decidedly adverse to the measure. Mr. Wells said that the largest amount ever raised in Great Britain, except by loans, in one year, was \$375,000,000, while we were raising at the rate of \$540,000,000,

mainly by taxation upon industry in its various forms. The present large receipts of revenue could not be relied upon for the future. They would probably be diminished during the next fiscal year, from various causes. "Under these circumstances," Mr. Wells says, "it would seem as if nothing but the salvation of the nation itself could warrant any immediate increase of the national liabilities or the people's taxes."

COLORADO.

In the Senate the vote was reconsidered by which the application of Colorado for admission to the Union was rejected, and on the 25th April the Bill was passed by a vote of 19 to 13; there were 17 Senators who did not vote, having paired off or being absent. The vote was not a strictly party one, several Republican Senators voting against the admission, because by the Constitution the right of suffrage is limited to whites. The Bill, which has yet to be acted upon by the House, declares in the usual form that Colorado has adopted a State Constitution and formed a State Government, and is therefore now a State in the Union.

TESTIMONY OF A. H. STEPHENS.

Alexander H. Stephens has been examined before the Reconstruction Committee in regard to the state of feeling in Georgia. He believed that an overwhelming majority of the people were anxious for the complete restoration of the Union; they were satisfied with the experiment of secession, and would not again resort to force to carry out their abstract opinions. The present relations between the freedmen and the whites were satisfactory; the blacks were generally at work, and, on the whole, their conduct was much better than the most hopeful anticipated. The amendment to the Constitution prohibiting slavery was not submitted to the people, but nine-tenths of them would have voted for it if submitted. The general opinion in the State was averse to allowing negroes to vote. He did not think the State would ratify an amendment to the Constitution making this a condition of representation in Congress. He thought if Congress—the eleven seceding States not being represented—should make negro suffrage a condition of restoration, these States ought to decline to accept it. He has always believed in the reserved sovereignty of the States, and though he opposed secession it was as impolitic, not as wrong; but when his State seceded, against his judgment and vote, he felt bound to follow her fortunes. He accepted office in the Confederate Government in the hope of perpetuating the principles of liberty established by the Constitution of the United States. His opinions on the abstract right of secession had undergone no change; but he accepted the issue of the war and the result as a practical settlement of that question. "The sword," he said, "was appealed to to decide the question, and by the decision of the sword I am willing to abide." Governors Johnson of Georgia and Sharkey of Mississippi testified to the same general effect as to the conduct of the freedmen and the disposition of the white population; and also as to their feelings in regard to negro suffrage.

New Jersey has failed to choose a Senator in the place of Mr. Stockton, whose election was pronounced invalid. In the State Assembly there was a decided Republican majority; in the Senate there were 10 Democrats and 11 Republicans, besides Mr.

Scovell, who was elected as a Republican; but he voted against the resolution for both Houses to go into joint ballot for the election of Senator unless the Convention would pledge itself to nominate one of several persons whom he named. This was refused, and the Legislature adjourned without making a choice; and as the vacancy occurred during the session of the Legislature the Governor has no power to fill it.

The election of Governor in Connecticut was looked for with special interest, as furnishing an indication of the popular feeling in relation to the controversy between the President and Congress. Mr. English, the Democratic candidate, was favored by the President. Mr. Hawley, his Republican opponent, was elected by a majority of about 600. At the previous election the Republican Governor had a majority of about 6000.

The steamer *Virginia* from Liverpool, with more than 1000 passengers, mostly emigrants from Ireland and Germany, arrived in New York on the 19th of April. The cholera broke out on board, and 37 persons died during the voyage. On the 22d the steamer *England* arrived with 1200 passengers. The cholera had broken out on board during the voyage, and the vessel was obliged to put into Halifax, where 150 died, in addition to 50 who had died previously. The vessels were quarantined; the sick removed to hospital ships. The disease made considerable progress on board both vessels; the whole number of deaths, including those who perished during the voyages, amounting to about 300. It has, however, as yet not spread beyond the infected ships.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

The discussions with the French Government in relation to the French occupation of Mexico, which at one time threatened serious results, has been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. On the 10th of February Mr. Seward addressed to M. Montebello, the French Minister at Washington, an elaborate dispatch, stating the whole question and arguing in favor of the doctrine of non-intervention. M. Druyn de Lhuys had affirmed distinctly that

"France went to Mexico to exercise the right of war, which is exercised by the United States, and not in view of any purpose of intervention, recognizing which she would violate the same doctrine as the United States. France went there not to bring about a permanent servitude, but to obtain reparation and guarantees which she might claim; and being there she now sustains the Government which is founded on the consent of the people, because she expects from that Government the satisfaction of her wishes as well as the settlement of her claims for the future. As she does not seek the satisfaction of an exclusive interest, nor the realization of any ambitious schemes, so she now wishes to recall what remains in Mexico of the army corps which France has sent there at the moment when she will be able to do so with safety to the French citizens and with due respect to herself."

Mr. Seward replies, in substance, that whatever were the original purposes of France, though they have not been abandoned formally, yet they have become subordinate to a political revolution which would not have occurred if France had not forcibly intervened, and which would not now be maintained by them if that armed intervention should cease. He goes on to say:

"The United States have not seen any satisfactory evidence that the people of Mexico have spoken and have called into being or accepted the so-called empire which it insisted has been set up in their capital. They are of opinion that such an acceptance could not have been freely procured, or lawfully taken, at any time, in the presence of the French army of invasion. The withdrawal of

the French forces is deemed necessary to allow such a proceeding to be taken by Mexico. Of course the Emperor of France is entitled to determine the aspect in which the Mexican situation ought to be regarded by him. We therefore recognize and must continue to recognize in Mexico only the ancient republic, and can in no case consent to involve us, either directly or indirectly, in relation with or recognition of the institution of the *Empire Maximilian in Mexico*. . . . I do not pretend to say that the opinion of the American people is accepted or will be accepted generally by other foreign powers, or by the public opinion of mankind. The Emperor is quite competent to form a judgment upon this important point for himself. I can not, however, generally exclude the observation that while this question affects by its bearings incidentally every republic in the American hemisphere, every one of these states has adopted the judgment which, on the behalf of the United States, is here expressed. Under these circumstances it has happened, either righteously or wrongfully, that the presence of European armies in Mexico, maintaining a European prince with imperial attributes, without her consent and against her will, is deemed a source of apprehension and danger, not alone to the United States, but also to all the independent and sovereign republics of the American Continent and its adjacent islands."

Mr. Seward goes on to say that the single question which he proposes to discuss is the "desirableness of an adjustment of a question the continuance of which must necessarily be prejudicial to the harmony and friendship which have hitherto existed between the United States and France." He says that recognizing war as existing between France and Mexico, the United States assume no claim to interfere with the question of claims and indemnities; and disavows all thoughts of republican propaganda, and declares that "the position which the United States have assumed has nothing incompatible with the existence of monarchical institutions in Mexico," and does "not create any necessary antagonism between the United States and the form of Government now which *Empire Maximilian* presides in the ancient capital of Mexico." He fortifies this argument by referring to the fact that the United States now hold diplomatic relations with the Emperor of Brazil, and in 1822 held similar relations with the Mexican Emperor Iturbide. The position of the United States is thus stated:

"Republican and democratic institutions in this continent are deemed more congenial with and more beneficial to the United States. When the people of any country like Brazil now, or Mexico in 1822, have voluntarily established and organized in constitutional institutions of their own choice, free from all foreign control or intervention, etc., United States do not refuse to establish relations with such governments, nor seek through propaganda by force or intrigue to overthrow those institutions. On the contrary, where a nation has established institutions, republican and democratic, similar to our own, the United States assist in their behalf that no foreign nation can violently intervene by force to subvert republican institutions and establish those of an autocratic character."

"We call back upon the principle that no foreign State can rightfully intervene in such trials as those of Mexico, and, on the ground of a desire to correct those errors, deprive the people there of their natural right of domestic and republican freedom. All the injuries and wrongs which Mexico can have committed against any other State have found a severe punishment in consequences which legitimately followed their commission. Nations are not accountable to correct each other's errors, except so far as it is necessary to prevent or redress injuries affecting themselves. If one State has a right to intervene in any other State to establish democracy, estimating itself a judge of the people, then every State has the same right to intervene in the affairs of every other nation, being itself alone the arbiter both in regard to the time and the season. The principle of intervention thus practically carried out would seem to render all sovereignty and independence, and even all international power and amity, uncertain and delusive. . . . France has a right to make war against Mexico, and determine for herself the cause. We have a right to insist that France shall not impose the war she makes to relieve up in Mexico as anti-republican or anti-American Government, or to maintain such a Government there."

Mr. Seward says that it would not be proper for the United States to give direct and formal assurances, either by treaty or otherwise, that they will not violate their own principle of non-intervention. But he adds:

"With these explanations I proceed to say that, in the opinion of the President, France need not for a moment delay her promised withdrawal of military forces from Mexico, and her putting the principle of non-intervention into full and complete practice in regard to Mexico, through any apprehension that the United States will prove unfaithful to the principles and policy in that respect which, on their behalf, it has been my duty to maintain in this now very lengthened correspondence. The practice of this Government from its beginning is a guarantee to all nations of the respect of the American people for the free sovereignty of the people in every other State.... Looking simply toward the point to which our attention has been steadily confined—to the relief of the Mexican embarrassments without disturbing our relations with France—we shall be gratified when the Emperor shall give to us, either through the channel of our esteemed correspondent or otherwise, definite information of the time when French military operations may be expected to cease."

To this dispatch, of which we have given only a few of the leading points, M. Druyn de Lhuys replied, on the 5th of April, in a note to the French Minister at Washington. The following is the essential part of this reply:

"We never hesitate to offer to our friends the explanations they ask from us, and we hasten to give to the Cabinet at Washington all those which may enlighten it on the purpose we are pursuing in Mexico, and on the loyalty of our intentions. We have said to it at the same time that the certainty we should acquire of its resolution to observe in regard to that country, after our departure, a policy of non-intervention would hasten the moment when it would be possible for us, without compromising the interests which led us there, to withdraw our troops and put an end to an occupation the duration of which we are sincerely desirous to abridge. In his dispatch of the 12th of February last Mr. Seward calls to mind, on his part, that the Government of the United States has conformed, during the whole course of its history, to the rule of conduct which it received from Washington by practicing invariably the principle of non-intervention, and observes that nothing justifies the apprehension that it should show itself unfaithful in what may concern Mexico. We receive this assurance with entire confidence. We find therein a sufficient guarantee not any longer to delay the adoption of measures intended to prepare for the return of our army. The Emperor has decided that the French troops shall evacuate Mexico in three detachments, the first being intended to depart in the month of November, 1866; the second in March, 1867; and the third in the month of November of the same year. You will please to communicate this decision officially to the Secretary of State."

AUSTRIA AND MEXICO.

In the mean while it was reported that the Emperor of Austria was about to allow 4000 troops to be recruited in Austria for Maximilian and sent to Mexico. Mr. Motley, our Minister at Vienna, was, on the 19th of March, instructed to

"Inquire concerning the facts; and, if they justify the report, to bring to the knowledge of the Austrian Government seasonably that the United States can not regard with unconcern a proceeding which would seem to bring Austria into alliance with the invaders of Mexico to subvert the domestic government of the republic, and to build up foreign imperial institutions. It is hoped that Austria will give us frank explanations.... You can not, while practicing the courtesy and respect which are due to the Austrian Government, be either too earnest or too emphatic in the protest you have been directed to make. In performing this duty you may be assisted by information of the actual state of the question concerning French intervention in Mexico at the present moment. With this view I give you, confidentially, a copy of my note addressed to M. Montholon on the 12th day of February. After reading that paper you will be justified in saying that the American Government and people would not be likely to be pleased with seeing Austria, at this juncture, assume the character of a protector to a foreign military power, which, claiming the power of an empire, is at-

tempted to be set up on the supposed subverted foundations of the Republic of Mexico."

This report of a meditated Austrian intervention having been confirmed, Mr. Motley was directed, April 6 and 16, to represent to the Austrian Government that

"In the event of hostilities being carried on hereafter in Mexico by Austrian subjects, under the command or with the sanction of the Government of Vienna, the United States will feel themselves at liberty to regard those hostilities as constituting a state of war by Austria against the republic of Mexico, and in regard to such war waged at this time and under existing circumstances the United States could not engage to remain as silent or neutral spectators.

.... "The time seems to have arrived when the attitude of this Government in relation to Mexican affairs should be once again frankly and distinctly made known to the Emperor of Austria and all other Powers whom it may directly concern. The United States, for reasons which seem to them to be just, and to have their foundations in the laws of nations, maintain that the domestic republican government with which they are on relations of friendly communication, is the only legitimate government existing in Mexico; that a war has for a period of several years been waged against that republic by the Government of France, which was begun with a disclaimer of all political or dynastic designs; that that war has subsequently taken upon itself and now distinctly wears the character of a European intervention to overthrow that domestic republican government, and to erect in its stead a European imperial military despotism by military force. The United States, in view of the character of their own political institutions, their proximity and intimate relations toward Mexico, and their just influence in the political affairs of the American continent, can not consent to the accomplishment of that purpose by the means described. The United States have, therefore, addressed themselves, as they think reasonably, to the Government of France, and have asked that its military forces engaged in that objectionable political invasion may desist from further intervention and be withdrawn from Mexico.

"The last communication upon this subject, which was addressed by the United States to the Government of France, will enable you to satisfy the Government of Vienna that the United States must be no less opposed to military intervention for political objects hereafter in Mexico by the Government of Austria than they are opposed to any further intervention of the same character in that country by France. You will therefore act at as early a day as may be convenient. Bring the whole case in a becoming manner to the attention of the Imperial Royal Government.

"You are authorized to state that the United States sincerely desire that Austria may find it just and expedient to come up on the same ground of non-intervention in Mexico which is maintained by the United States, and to which they have invited France. You will communicate to us the answer of the Austrian Government to this proposition. This Government could not but regard as a matter of serious concern the dispatch of any troops from Austria for Mexico, while the subject which you are thus directed to present to the Austrian Government remains under consideration."

PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

The present hostile attitude of Prussia and Austria is but a repetition of the old quarrel which in 1850 threatened to involve these powers in war. There has for years existed among the German people a strong wish to establish a united Germany, which would then take rank as a great European Power, not inferior to either France or Russia. It happens that the only good sea-ports in Germany are in the Duchy of Holstein, and this in 1850 belonged to Denmark, the King of which, as Duke of Holstein, was a member of the cumbrous German Confederation, the two leading members of which are Austria and Prussia. The minor German princes and Austria have always opposed the formation of a German nation. Prussia has at times favored it, when there seemed a probability of her being at the head of and virtually the nation to be formed; and especially when it was likely that she might gain Holstein, as in 1850. At that time the Germans of

Holstein wished to get free from Denmark. Austria opposed and Prussia favored this. The question was finally settled by the Great Powers interfering, and guaranteeing Holstein to Denmark under certain conditions. At length, in 1864, the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, taking advantage of a dispute in regard to the law of succession, broke away from Denmark. Austria and Prussia, each fancying that some advantage could be gained to themselves, took part in the war which ensued, and compelled Denmark to give up the Duchies. The question then arose what should be done with them. Prussia wished to incorporate them with her own dominions; Austria, while not ostensibly claiming them for herself, but rather insisting that they should remain in a manner independent, was determined that Prussia should not have them, as their possession by Prussia would make her the predominant power in Germany. The dispute was for a while fought on diplomatic grounds, and with reference to the complicated laws of the Confederacy. Recently both parties have shown a disposition to have recourse to arms; each increasing its army, and each finding in the conduct of the other ground for demanding explanations and guarantees. Prussia singly is outweighed by the Austrian Empire; but if she can secure the support of the minor German Powers she will have the preponderance over Austria. To secure this seems to be the aim of Count Bismarck, her able and unscrupulous Minister. On the 24th of March he addressed a circular to all the minor German Powers. He declared that Austria, without provocation, had increased her armaments to a threatening extent, and now Prussia, in self-defense, must seek new guarantees. She prefers to seek them in Germany, and therefore desires to have a modification of the Federal Constitution. He asks themselves how far, in case of going to war with Austria, Prussia may reckon upon the support of the minor German Powers. In this there seems to be a covert intimation that if these Powers will not engage to support her, Prussia will seek alliances elsewhere; that "elsewhere" being of course the French Emperor, who would of course claim certain concessions of territory in order to "rectify" the boundaries of France, and give them what has long been claimed by France as their "natural extension." These "concessions" can only come from certain of these minor Powers. The latest phase of the question, as it appears on paper, is that each Power demands that the other should take the initiative in disarming; that the minor Powers beseech Austria and Prussia to avoid hostile measures; and that Prussia demands the assemblage of a German Parliament, the members to be chosen by universal suffrage; to which Austria is willing to assent, on condition that all her provinces be represented, instead of only a part, as at present—Bohemia, Hungary, and Venetia, though portions of the Austrian Empire, not being included in the German Confederation. If such a Parliament is convoked without this condition, Prussia will have the larger vote; with the condition, Austria will have the larger vote. The gist of the question, therefore, no matter in what shape it is phrased, is whether Austria dares to go to war in order to prevent Prussia from acquiring the supremacy in Germany. In the event of a war it may be assumed that the King of Italy would find or make a pretext for an effort to wrest

the Italian province of Venetia from Austria, unless he were prevented from so doing by his virtual master, the Emperor Napoleon. Upon that contingency seems now to depend, in effect, the question of peace or war in Europe. For Great Britain has lost the power and perhaps the inclination to interfere actively in European affairs; and Russia has little direct interest in the German question.

BOMBARDMENT OF VALPARAISO.

On the 21st of March the Spanish Admiral Nunez, who with a considerable fleet had been blockading the Chilean ports, sent in his ultimatum to the Government of Chili. The principal points were that Chili should declare that she had no intention to insult Spain, and that the treaty between the two countries was not broken, but only annulled, by the declaration of war; he, as Envoy Extraordinary, would then declare that Spain did not desire to humiliate Chili, or to seize her territory. The vessels captured on both sides were to be given up. He would then proceed to treat with the Government of Chili. These terms were rejected, and the Admiral gave notice that he should bombard Valparaiso. The foreign Ministers, among whom was our Ambassador, General Knapik, remonstrated in vain. The Admiral gave notice that on the 21st he should open the bombardment, and requested that non-combatants should be sent from the city, and the hospitals and other charitable institutions should be denuded of flags. The city was entirely abandoned, but Villalon, the commander of the Chilean fleet, proposed a naval duel between his force and that of Nunez, the latter to leave out the iron-clad steamer *Newcomer*. This proposition was refused.

The bombardment commenced about 9 o'clock, the Spanish vessels passing along the front of the city and delivering fire at a range of a few hundred yards, directed mainly at the Custom-house, Governor's palace, railroad depot, and other public buildings. The bombardment lasted about three hours, some 2000 shot being thrown. Fire soon raged in various places, and the Custom-house, several large bonded warehouses, containing much property belonging mainly to foreign merchants, and twelve squares of the business parts of the city were burned. The loss of property is estimated at \$20,000,000. No resistance was offered, and as the inhabitants had left the exposed parts of the city, the loss of life was very small. After the bombardment ceased the people returned, and with the aid of a large body of sailors, mostly belonging to the American fleet then in the harbor, succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

Before the bombardment opened there was some talk among the foreign Ministers to prevent it by means of the fleets of their respective nations, Great Britain and the United States each having in the harbor a naval force nearly equal to that of Spain. It is said that the American Minister was in favor of this, but that the British Minister declined to unite with him. A public meeting of British subjects was held, at which resolutions were passed severely reprimanding the British Admiral, and thanking the American Minister for "his earnest endeavors to prevent, by co-operation with the British forces, the bombardment of the city, and regretting that those endeavors had not been more successful."

Editor's Drawer.

PORTE CRAYON—now a General, a real General, a General in the Union Army—once on a time wrote a series of articles in this Magazine. Who that read them has forgotten them? You remember the dark-complected coachman, who rejoiced in the name of “Mice.” Those articles were as readable as the Drawer! So entertaining were they that there was hardly any need of a Drawer, or funny department, when Porte Crayon was along. Well, he is back again, and with this the first Number of a new volume he begins to give his “Personal Recollections of the War.” The Drawer gives him a welcome, and so will all the Drawer’s readers.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the Drawer complaining that things are published in it which he has read before in books or newspapers. He closes his communication by sending a piece of poetry which has already been printed in the papers of the day. Another writer wishes to be paid for his contributions to the Drawer, and sends us articles copied from the Drawer!

A CORRESPONDENT in New Orleans writes to the Drawer:

I got a *shot* a short time since that is really good enough for you. Stopping at the National House, in Norfolk, Virginia, I was much pleased with the excellent attention paid me by “Page,” a little fellow no higher than a chair, and certainly not over ten years old, who, besides being about as black as ebony, is also one of the best dining-room servants I ever saw. One day at dinner I turned to him with the common inquiry, “Boy, where were you raised?” “I’s not raised yet, Sar!” was the instant reply.

A WESTERN man says: We have a town-clerk here, a very bombastic little chap, much given to big words. At the annual town meeting the other day he read the report of the supervisors for the “physical” year ending March 31, 1866. After reading the report through, one in the crowd requested him to read the heading over again, which he did, making the same mistake as before. Whereupon the man moved that the word “physical” be stricken out, and “fiscal” inserted. The motion was carried with a shout.

THE gallant soldier who sends this to the Drawer is now at Washington—on duty, of course:

During the famous John Morgan raid through Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana, my command, then serving in Western Virginia, was sent up the Ohio, as far as Buffington’s Island, to intercept and prevent the escape of the “rough rider” and his lawless followers. We arrived at Pomeroy early in the morning, and found the inhabitants of that straggling little town in a state of the most intense excitement over the rumored approach of the enemy. At first we veterans did not credit the statements of citizen scouts, but a small detachment of soldiers, sent ashore to learn the situation and obtain reliable information, soon returned and reported John, with his whole command, to be rapidly approaching. The brigade immediately disembarked and hurried to the front, while I was directed by General H— to collect the numerous squads and straggling bands

of armed citizens, effect something of an organization, and follow after the command. I immediately gave my orders to a score or more of volunteer aids, and in less than twenty minutes we had 500 of Ohio’s stalwart youths and gray-haired sires and grandsires, armed with squirrel-rifles, superannuated muskets, revolvers, pistols, sabres, swords, etc., and every mother’s son of them “spoiling for a fight.” Not one of them had ever seen a soldier before, and they had no more idea of discipline and drill than had a rebel private of the “rights” for which he was fighting. But this was no time for instruction in the mysteries of war; so I formed them into two ranks, and telling them off into companies of 100 men each, selected the most intelligent for officers. Before “going out to battle” it was necessary to select a “Colonel;” and riding along the entire line I espied at the head of the column a venerable-looking, gray-haired man, who looked fight in every glance of his twinkling blue eye, commissioned him Colonel “on the field,” and proposed three cheers and a tiger in honor of his promotion, which were given with a will. All was now in readiness, and giving the Colonel direction to move out “double-quick” and follow me, I rode to the head of the column. I noticed a little hesitation on the part of that worthy and high official, but it was only momentary; he moved rapidly to the front and centre, halted, faced about, and gave the following command, in the dialect peculiar to Southern Ohio:

“Look wild thar! tote yer guns; prepare to thicken and march endways! Go-a-flukin—git!”

And amidst such a yell as was never before heard in those “diggins” the gallant Colonel dashed off in search of the graybacks, followed by his impatient command.

It is needless to add that these rustic soldiers contributed not a little toward the capture of Morgan; but I doubt if even General Casey himself, the prince of tacticians, could have executed the march “by the right flank,” “double-quick,” in the requisite number of “times” and “motions” after the Colonel’s command.

A LADY in Greene County, New York, writing to the Drawer, sends the next two:

Our little Will has a very sympathizing disposition. Last winter brother John attended singing-school, and became very enthusiastic on the subject of vocal music. Coming into the sitting-room one day, where Will was busily engaged with his playthings, he took up a singing-book and began to exercise his voice on the notes, to show us the proficiency he had made. Will dropped his toys and looked at him. Every thing was forgotten in his interest for John; and running up to him and laying his little hand upon his knee, he exclaimed, in a most pitying tone: “Poor Johnny! don’t cry, Johnny! don’t cry!”

A SHORT distance from us lives a gentleman of color, whose remarks are quite equal to Mrs. Partington’s. One day last summer he happened to meet Mr. L—, the Sunday-school superintendent, just before our door. Mr. L— stopped to speak to him about some work he wished Sambo to do during the day, telling him that he would be unable to oversee it himself, “for,” said he, “the Sab-

bath-school will have an excursion on the steamer next week, and I am going to A—— to-day to engage a band of musicians." As he passed on, Sambo turned to the children, who were playing in the yard, and said: "Did you hear dat? Dere's goin' to be a great Sunday-school explosion on de steamboat, and Mr. L—— is goin' to A—— to 'gage a band of physicians!"

UNCLE PAUL K——, of T——, in Massachusetts, was refreshingly free from over-stating: he could never have become a Western orator. His way of "putting things" (as the country parson would term it) was the extreme opposite of *hifalutin'*; it was moderate—it was safe. Once on a time, in the spring of the year, when the snow-drifts had not all melted, and the roads were still miry, the team of a traveling merchant became stalled near his house. Uncle Paul repaired with a yoke of oxen to his assistance. The load not becoming speedily disengaged, the pebblar raged and stormed, and belabored and swore with accumulating fury. Uncle Paul endured in silence till he could endure no longer, and, unhitching his cattle, drove home in disgust, leaving the itinerant merchant both mired and mazed. "I went," said Uncle Paul, in relating the incident, "to try to help him, but he talked so poorly that I came off and left him!"

SOME graceless boys, on their way to bath, killed some young birds in their nest near Uncle Paul's house, and during his absence. On their return, having heard of their offense, he addressed them with his most severe and indignant reproof. They reported at the village, to the surprise of all, that "Uncle Paul had been swearing at them with all his might." "What did he say?" they were asked. "He said," they answered, "just as bad as he could be. 'Boys, I think you've been doing very poorly!'"

A YOUNG lady of most exemplary and beautiful character had, amidst the anguish of friends and the sorrow of the whole village, just died of lingering consumption. When Uncle Paul was informed of it he exclaimed, after a sad pause and with evident feeling, and meaning what he said for the warmest eulogy: "Well, I don't know any thing but what she always behaved as well as could be expected!"

"UNCLE SID" (meaning Consider D——, of D——, in Franklin County, Massachusetts) was at least peculiar, if not original. He died some ten years since, nearly one hundred years old. Many racy anecdotes are extant concerning him. He was very worldly, but very punctual in attending church, and even superstitious in his views and feelings. Rather hard of hearing, he sat near the pulpit; and once when his pastor exchanged, not "getting the hang" of the preacher, he at last impatiently inquired of his wife, in a tremendous guttural whisper, loud enough to be heard for several pews, and possibly by the speaker himself: "What on airth is the feller driving at?"

"UNCLE SID," though "fond of his coppers" (an old coin, familiar in the last generation, but now found only with antiquarians), was also a lover of "creature comforts," and seldom failed to attend a convivial party. With "an eye to the main chance," however, he would prepare himself for these enter-

tainments (which were "for a consideration," as old Traptus would say, *supper included*) by a due amount of fasting in advance. On one occasion such a party had been extemporized more hastily than usual, and Uncle Sid was called upon to go, to eat, and to pay, as late as the forenoon of the day on the evening of which the tea party was to come off. "No, no," said Uncle Sid, emphatically: "I should have been happy to go if you'd gin me more notice. You generally charge about four times as much as the thing is worth, and if I can have time to git ready I can git about half my money's-worth. I'm sorry I can't go, but it's too short notice."

REV. T. M——, minister of one of the country towns in Massachusetts, was an athlete, a most eloquent pulpit orator, and a wit of the school of Dean Swift. He was the clerical wrestler concerning whom the anecdote every little while goes the rounds, who, called from his bed for the honor of the town, prostrated with ease the challenger from a distant place, and is even said to have thrown him over the fence. He was rather a worldly man, and was in the habit of betting money, at rates considerably exceeding the legal six per cent. A deputation of the church, headed by one of its good deacons, visited him to remonstrate against the practice, which had become a slight scandal. Getting wind of their visit, he received them at his door with the courtesy few could practice better than he when he chose, and led the way into his parlor. After a few minutes of conversation on indifferent topics, the delegation hesitatingly and timidly (for they feared his sharp tongue) introduced the subject of their call; spoke of the current rumour of his receiving twelve per cent. annual interest on loans; and, in the name of the church, mildly protested against the habit. Mr. M——, who had listened with attention and deference, at the close of their address inquired, "Is this all?" On being told that it was, he said: "Brethren, be assured I will never hereafter be guilty of taking twelve per cent. interest. Set your hearts at rest on that matter." Enlivened at having escaped a dreaded snare, they, after partaking of the accustomed "refreshments," retired, well pleased at their success. Mr. M—— accompanied them to the door, and at parting, with gravity and dignity, said: "Brethren, let me again assure you I will never after this take twelve per cent., for I have found I can just as easily get eighteen!"

SOON after the assassination of the late President I met on the highway a countryman who, in common with his neighbors, was all agog for the details of that startling tragedy. Knowing that I read the papers he anxiously inquired for further particulars. In detailing them to him I stated that the murder occurred in Ford's Theatre, and that as soon as the assassin fired his pistol he jumped on the stage and made his escape. The countryman looked up and very naively replied, "I reckon the stage was jist riddy to start!"

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Drawer* in Baltimore sends this reminiscence:

Among the celebrated divines who have long since passed away, and whose eccentricities were of a remarkable type, was Rev. William Craven, of the Baltimore Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was better known by the familiar *sobriquet* of "Old Billy Craven." The

wonderful incidents which marked his life would fill a volume.

Many years ago Mr. Cravens traveled a circuit which embraced in its limits the then small, but now large—and, prior to the war, flourishing—town of Staunton, Virginia. He was an inveterate enemy to the institution of negro slavery, and omitted no opportunity, in public or private, to denounce it in the most pointed language. In his pulpit ministrations particularly would he expose the cruelties of the system, and dwell upon its certainly fatal consequences. The Episcopalians had just completed the erection of a handsome church in the town of Staunton, and the “sale of pews” was announced to take place on a certain day. To possess a pew was considered an indispensable adjunct to the social status of those aspiring to be called the F. F. V.’s of that community. Mr. Waite was a citizen once in affluent circumstances, but his estate had recently been reduced to the possession of a few slaves. He had a large family of daughters, and they could not brook the idea of compromising their respectability so far as to be without their pew in church. So Mr. W. was compelled to purchase a pew, and to raise the money for such purpose he sold one of his slaves. Shortly after this occurrence Mr. Cravens had an appointment to preach in the town of Staunton, and the above incident being made known to him, he made a public *exposé* of the affair from his pulpit. It was at once reported on the streets, and produced great excitement. Mr. Waite threatened to prosecute the offender, and with this view consulted Judge Baldwin, of the Circuit Court. Mr. Cravens having left the town to fill an appointment elsewhere, a friend wrote to him, advising him of the excitement the sermon had caused, and that Mr. W. intended to prosecute him. Mr. Cravens promptly replied “not to prosecute him; he would preach an apologetic sermon.”

This arrangement being quite satisfactory, Mr. Waite consented to waive the prosecution, and a day was duly fixed for the preaching of the “apologetic sermon.” The church was crowded. Every class and condition of society was represented. Judge Baldwin was there. Mr. Waite occupied a chair immediately in front of the pulpit; for, be it remembered, the sermon was to be addressed to *him*! Presently Mr. Cravens entered, and passing rapidly down the aisle ascended the pulpit, and opened the exercises in the usual manner with singing and prayer. He then arose with the utmost gravity, and stated that he believed he was here to preach an “apologetic” sermon (emphasizing the adjective). He had searched the Bible through, from Genesis to Revelation, for a suitable text, and not being able to find one, he was driven to the necessity of making a text. And it was this: “*Sell a nigger, and buy a pew.*” (Sensation.) Then fixing his eye on the injured Mr. Waite, he proceeded to deliver a scathing rebuke to the aforesaid individual for his inhumanity in bartering a slave for the privilege of a cushioned seat in the house of God. The audience was thunder-struck, and so was Waite, who, being unable to stand the pressure, sprung from his seat and beat a hasty retreat from the church, “*Old Billy*” crying out to him as he departed, “*Hold on, honey, and I’ll fill your other pocket!*” The effect of the sermon was magical. Public opinion immediately inclined to Mr. Cravens, and he was not prosecuted.

YOUNG AMERICA was very fond of visiting the

room of a lady who was staying at his father’s house. One day when he was there, lying on the floor, his usual position, the lady asked him to get up and shut the door, which he declined to do.

“Why,” said the lady, “I should think you would be willing to do it for me. If you wanted me to do any thing for you I should do it.”

“Should you?” he asked.

“Yes—certainly.”

“Well, then”—and he gave her an arch look—“won’t you please close that door for me?”

It is needless to say that the lady closed the door herself.

“BEFORE the war” I was for a time an inmate of a family “way down South,” where the sun shone a trifle warmer than here, and the breezes were not got up on quite so magnificent a scale as they are on these Iowa prairies. Among the house servants there was a little black-eyed, black-skinned, round-headed son of Africa, who was acknowledged by the entire household to be “a sort of genius in his way; and as all geniuses have their eccentricities, so Charles had his—one of which was that he never acknowledged ignorance on any subject whatever. I do not believe that the universal “I don’t know, Sah”—the refuge of the whole non-committal negro race—ever passed Charles’s lips. There was no word that he could not define, no remark which he could not understand. One evening his master, who was a physician, sent him to his office for a large bottle of ammonia. Charles started, light in hand, when his master stopped him with, “Now, Charles, be very careful, for ammonia is a combustible fluid;” then, thinking to trip Charles where he had never fallen before, he questioned—“Do you know what combustible means?” “Yes, Sah,” was the ready answer; “it means it will knock me down if I smell of it!” It was impossible to keep back the laugh until Charles was out of hearing. All understood at once that he had gained this definition by actual experience,

At another time Charles was waiting, a little while after his usual hour for retiring, with a face which plainly indicated impatience for his release, when his master, somewhat jocosely, said, “It is unnecessary for you to remain longer, Charles. You can abscond.” “Stop, Charles!” cried his young mistress, a child of thirteen years. “What does father mean by *abscond*?” Charles hesitated a moment; when, suddenly recollecting an order given earlier in the day but still unperformed, all doubt vanished from his sleepy face, and he triumphantly exclaimed, “That I’se to kill the chickens for breakfast, Miss Eliza!”

OUR Corps, the Twelfth, passed through Frederick, Maryland, after the battle of Gettysburg, during a cold, drenching rain-storm, many of the boys shoeless and half clad, and all pretty well worn out after four days of hard fighting and many days of forced marching. The gallant Seventh Regiment New York Militia was doing duty then, posted at intervals along the streets of the city, and with their new and well-fitting uniforms, polished boots, white paper collars, and every thing looking as bright as a new bonnet just from the bandbox, they presented a striking contrast to our war-worn veterans.

The boys were disposed to poke a little fun at these fine-looking chaps. One of the devil-may-cares of the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania moved along our ranks, cutting high shines with a huge umbrella he

had just "borrowed" from an indignant citizen, and seeing a fine-looking specimen of the Seventh standing on the sidewalk, stepped up to him, and with a comic mock-politeness addressed him with: "Say, Mister, you'd better come in under this umbrella; you might get damp out there!" The Seventh man wheeled about and disappeared, amidst the loud shouts and laughter of the boys. A little further on a sentinel, erect and in position, a perfect picture of the neat soldier, was posted. One of the boys stopped, and coolly surveying him from head to foot, turned to his comrades, and with finger pointed to the "soger," remarked: "I say, fellers, now wouldn't he make the *puttiest* kind of a corpse?" The Seventh man took the joke in good part, called up the "blue-belly," gave him a V, and told him: "You're a brick!" "I'd like to treat you to a good dinner ever in York!" And the boys passed on, most comfortless and diatressful in appearance, but always lively and ready for a joke.

A CERTAIN church in the city of New York, having without a pastor, invited a somewhat distinguished divine from Central New York to supply their pulpit for two Sabbaths. The minister complied, and when his mission was ended the trustees sent him thirty dollars in "legal tender." He accepted the amount, and left with a friend the following bill:

The Trustees of the ——— Church.

Paid to ——— Dr.	
For preaching two Sabbaths	\$50
Expenses to New York and returning	10
Nine days' board	45
	\$105
CR. By Cash	75
Balance due	\$30

Ordinary swindling is punishable at law, but such sharp practice under the garb of religion goes unrebuked. One of the members is a millionaire. We hope the "parson" will show plank, and collect his bill with interest.

THESE two specimens of intelligence come to us all the way from Nevada:

Whether ignorance is bliss or not is immaterial, so long as it is pertinent to the present occasion to claim that it is another name for content. Let the following bear witness: An extremely ignorant but very contented fellow in these parts got into a conversation with a well-informed gentleman with regard to the Speakership of the lower branch of Congress, when the gentleman informed Ignoramus that the Speaker was elected by the members of that branch.

"There!" exclaimed Ignoramus: "didn't I tell Mr. H—— that the members had no right to make speeches in Congress, but that all the speaking was done by a man elected by them for that purpose?"

If the above is not sufficient to convince you that we have at least one supremely happy man out here, then let the following display of blissful ignorance have a place in the Drawer:

A couple of individuals having located some mining ground which they were anxious to prospect, hunted up Ignoramus, and told him if he would take a one-third interest, and pay his assessments, he should have one-third of the proceeds of their labor.

Ignoramus replied: "If I can't have a sixth or a seventh I won't have any!"

If the above is not a fair sample of man's beset-

ting evil we will agree to pay the forfeit of a bottle of Seneca wine to him who shall send a better one to the Drawer.

A FEW years ago a new postmaster was appointed in the town of Canton, Pennsylvania, who was a gentleman of the "Old School." Entering upon the new duties of the situation, he for a time filled the office with dignity, and, to all appearance, with satisfaction. One day, a large number of persons being in the office, a man called for a letter the initial of the last name being M. Whereupon the worthy postmaster took down a large number of letters, and looking them over said that there was no letter there; adding that all of the letters nearly were for a Mr. P. M., and that he wished he would call and get them. "For," said he, "I don't know what to do with them. I have lived in Canton for twenty-five years, and I never heard of a man by the name of P. M. yet!" The remark that followed gave the P. M. an idea that there was something wrong.

A SHORT time ago, as we were on board a train of cars, a man was very much engaged in trying to prove that all men are growing wiser, when a half-drunken fellow staggered up to him, saying: "Mr. ———, what a big fool your grandfather must have been!" Mr. ——— at once changed the subject, while the car was filled with the most deafening silence.

ON one of the San Francisco thoroughfares, near a popular sea-side hotel, is a Chinese wash-house, the japaui proprietor of which asked a "Meditan man" to write a sign for him. The old-time American complied, and wrote with a marking brush on a large board: "Tye wash—We wash for you—You see!" The gratified Chinaman heaved the singular legend to himself, where it remained to this day, the washerman literal in the belief that it informs the wandering passenger of "Washing and ironing done here cheap."

MANY years ago there was a grand Indian scare in one of our interior towns, and a rallying meeting was held for the purpose of gathering a force to fight the foe. Night came on, and we all were assembled, and every thing was in readiness to start early in the morning; the Indian American gift of gab broke out in the shape of an impromptu oration from a Mr. Winn, who took occasion to "fly the bird," such to the disgust of an honest Irishman, who, stretched on a bench in the back part of the room where the people were assembled, was trying to get some sleep, to be prepared for the early morning march. After turning and twisting in vain, he roused himself up and bellowed: "Misther Winn! Misther Winn!" several times. Soaring the attention of the crowd and the silence of the speaker, he said: "Misther Winn, I say, it's my humble belief that ye're a Winn-dy customer!" There was no more speaking on that occasion.

A BUFFALONIAN says: The following amusing incident occurred at our Internal Revenue office the last time we paid our income-tax. S——, a well-known barber, made up his list, amounting to \$637. The Clerk glanced at the footing and handed it back, saying, "No tax on incomes below \$600." S——, however, waited some time, till noticed by the Clerk, when the following colloquy ensued:

CLERK. "Waiting for any thing?"

S——. "My \$63."

CLERK. "What \$63?"

S——. "Why, my income was only \$537, and I understood the Government would *make it up to me!*"

A FRIEND in Philadelphia writes:

Several years ago I crossed from Palermo to Naples in company with other Americans, one of whom was a merchant of Boston. We went to the same hotel, and the day after our arrival paid a visit to Pompeii. Our Boston friend was disgusted with the appearance of things soon after he entered the ruined city, and was desirous of going back to Naples. He dragged along with us, however, for about half an hour, abusing the place all the time; until at last he stopped short, and said: "*Now, who was this Pompey, any how?*" This reads strangely of Boston, but it is true.

At Utica, New York, the following verdict was given by the jury impaneled by Coroner Munroe, at the inquest which was held on the body of the late William C. Champlin:

"We are of the opinion that the deceased is the body of William C. Champlin, and that he came to his death by hanging himself in his barn with a rope, on the morning of Wednesday, March 28, 1866, and thus died, and not otherwise."

Nor long since we were attending a Sabbath-school in one of the rural districts not a thousand miles from this city, where a worthy "brother" and exemplary Christian was called upon to open the school with prayer. Now this brother was given to much speaking, and was one of those who seem not to know *how* or *when* to end a prayer or an exhortation. He wandered on in his prayer, not forgetting to mention every thing in heaven above or in the earth beneath, and when at last he reached the final "Amen" at least two-thirds of the hour had passed away. It was customary to follow the prayer with singing, but upon this day the worthy Superintendent determined to dispense with that part of the regular programme, and proceed at once to hear the lessons, and he made the announcement in this wise: "As so much time has *run to waste*, we will proceed at once with the lessons!" A good commentary, I thought, upon interminable prayers.

APROPOS to the anecdote in a recent Number of the Magazine in which the "one thing needful" was "a new cart," I send you the following real incident, for the truth of which the lady herself will vouch, if necessary:

Miss Kate W—— having recently become Mrs. Kate S——, and commenced life in her new home, was called upon one evening by the very estimable Mr. and Mrs. James M——. After spending the evening very pleasantly in conversation upon general topics the worthy couple arose to depart, and Kate accompanied them to the door, Mr. and Mrs. M—— the while congratulating her upon the appearance of her house, furniture, and prospects of future happiness; when, casting his eyes over the still unfinished front stairs, Mr. M—— said, very solemnly: "And yet, Mrs. S——, there's one thing needful." "Oh yes," instantly and innocently replied Kate, "a stair-rail and balusters, and we are going to have them before long!"—when the good man's meaning flashed across her mind, and as the door closed upon him her blushes were overlooked

in the hearty laugh which followed. Mr. M—— has never alluded to the "one thing needful" since, doubtless thinking Kate "past redemption."

A FEW army stories are still left:

We had in my Company in the —d Iowa Regiment a member named Charley C——. Charley was the best-natured fellow you ever saw, and very talkative. Politics and military matters were his favorite themes, and he would talk to patient listeners for hours together, arranging every thing to his entire satisfaction. But no sooner was he contradicted than he would begin to argue, and before long wax hot and excited. At such times he would handle the English language rather roughly, and throw about with "big words" indiscriminately, as long as they had a semblance of sound to the one he wished to use. Talking about the merits and demerits of General Burnside one day, Charley suddenly burst forth: "Burnside! don't talk to me about Burnside! Look at what the old *synagogue* did down in Maryland!"

COMPANY "B" of our regiment boasted of a German named B——, who had quite a way of his own in getting off a "joke" or "hit" on somebody. In the month of April, 1864, while stationed at Pulas-ki, Tennessee, the whole division was ordered out one day, and drawn up in line on the principal thoroughfare of the "borough," to witness the drumming-out of three members of the —th Illinois Regiment for stealing. They were sentenced by court-martial to have "one side of their heads shaved, their buttons cut off their dress-coats, and each to have a board, two feet long and ten inches wide, with the word "*Robber*" inscribed upon it, tied to his back." Each regiment, as it stood in line, had to furnish a guard, whose duty it was to keep the citizens back on the opposite side of the street. B—— was one of the number detailed from our regiment. After we had returned to camp and had been dismissed, B—— walked up to the tent of the first sergeant, where quite a number of boys had gathered, and addressed them as follows: "Boys, I tells you someting! As I was valking my peat, just as dem fellows had passed, an honest-looking, gray-headed old citizen stepped up to me, and, pointing after dem fellows, ask me, "Soldier, are dey Quarter-masters?" Pretty good for a Deutscher, ain't it?"

AN old correspondent, now in Nevada, sends the three following:

In the palmy days of Democracy in California I was a member of the Convention which met at Sacramento, and which nominated M. S. Latham for its candidate as Governor. The greater lights at the altar of Democracy desiring to shine on that occasion were John B. Weller and M. S. Latham; among the lesser lights was Wm. L. Dudley. The latter was from Calaveras County. Feeling that his individual chances for the nomination were very slim, he intimated a desire to withdraw his name from the consideration of the Convention. So when his name was mentioned calls for "Bill Dudley" arose in the old Benton Church, and Bill went upon the pulpit stand and withdrew from the contest with thanks, etc., appropriately expressed, and closed as follows: "I have served the Democracy of old Calaveras faithfully for seven years, and received my Leah. I am willing to serve the Democracy of California seven years longer for my *Rebekah!*"

Such a reference to Scripture knowledge had never before come from the pulpit of Denton's Church, and never will again, I think. The Convention roared for a while.

In a late murder trial in our District Court at Austin, in Reese River, a dog was annoying the attendants within the bar by prying his nose every where and getting between the legs of the persons present. The Judge nodded to the Sheriff, who in an instant snatched the dog by the throat and jerked him out of the window. The shock of the seizure by the Sheriff was so great that the cur did not have time to yelp; whereupon a wag at the bar whispered loud enough to be heard, "That dog should have moved for a continuance upon the ground of surprise!" The seriousness of the murder trial was interrupted by quite a titter around the bar.

Our Reese River District Judge is somewhat *jaudicial*. A new member of our bar, who goes by the sobriquet of "Old Dignity," asked the Judge one day, "How *long* the prisoner was sentenced to?" The Judge replied, "He was not sentenced to *long* at all; he was sentenced to the Penitentiary," at which a laugh ensued at the expense of "Old Dig," who only mumbled out, "He thought there was the biggest set of children he ever saw around the court house in this town."

ONE of the most estimable of men some years ago died and left a wife and several children. Among the latter was a boy of eight or ten years, who was the very personification of mischief. His mother, finding she could not control him, put him in charge of a reverend gentleman of the neighborhood, who made it a rule, whenever the boy committed a fault which required correction, to give him a taste of the rod, and then make him get on his knees and ask God to forgive the sin committed and bless his corrector. The boy proved to be too much for the reverend to manage. He was then placed in charge of a very excellent lady, who was distinguished for a long and pointed nose. Shortly after she took him in charge she was obliged to give him a flogging. As soon as it was through she was surprised to see him drop on his knees, and perhaps more surprised to hear him pray to be forgiven for what he had done—and "bless Mrs. J—, and lengthen out her days as long as her nose, only not quite so sharp!"

From Orwell, Ohio, the Drawer receives some pleasant contributions:

In the summer of '64, while the great military bridge was being constructed over the Tennessee River, at Chattanooga, the engineer in charge of the work made a requisition upon Captain Smith, the *Dépôt* Quarter-master, for two steamboat *captains*, to be used in completing the draw of the bridge. As the capstans could not be procured in Chattanooga, a dispatch was sent to the Quarter-master at Bridgeport to forward the same without delay. The next day two burly-looking individuals presented themselves at Captain Smith's office, with a letter of introduction from the Bridgeport Quarter-master, stating that the gentlemen he had sent were intelligent and reliable men, and well qualified, by long experience, to take charge of any kind of river craft. Captain S— read the letter with profound amazement, not having at first the least idea why the men should be sent to him; but

in a moment the truth flashed through his mind, and it was with a great effort that he was enabled to control his risibles so that his visitors' chagrin might not be unnecessarily augmented, when he informed them that the carelessness of the telegraph operator had caused them a trip for nothing, and that boat *captains*, not *capstans*, were wanted!

During the progress of the war I was sitting one day in the office of Able and Co.'s wharf-boat at Cairo, Illinois. At that time a tax was collected on all goods shipped South by private parties, and it was necessary that duplicate invoices of shipments be furnished the Collector before the permits could be issued. Ignorance of this fact by many shippers frequently caused them much annoyance, and invoices were oftentimes made out with great haste, in order to secure shipment by boats on the eve of departure. A sailor with a lot of stores had made out a hasty list of his stock, and gave it to one of the postage clerks on the boat to copy out in due form. The boy worked away down the list, but suddenly he brought up standing, and electrified the whole office by exclaiming, in a voice of undiminished amazement: "What the dickens is that fellow going to do with four boxes Tom Cate?" An incredulous laugh from the other clerks was the reply, but the boy pointed triumphantly to the list, exclaiming, "That's what it is—Tom Cate—Tom Cate, if I know how to read!" The entrance of the sailor at that moment explained the mystery. "Why, confound it!" said he, "that means four boxes Tom's Camp—don't you understand abbreviations?" The roar which followed can be imagined.

A YALE man writes to the Drawer:

The Freshman and Sophomore classes were engaged the other evening in one of their periodical "races," as they call these, and had attracted a great crowd both of participants and spectators. Just then there came by one of the college tutors, a very tall and extremely nervous and excitable man, who of course deemed it his duty to put a stop to the affair. Accordingly, elbowing his way into the middle of the crowd, where his great height made him conspicuous above all the rest, he broke up the "race" with these words: "Despise to your several homes, or you will all be treated as such!"

From Illinois we have those two that follow:

Professor H—, of the Iowa Medical College, is an inveterate joker, as his friends know to their grief. His best joking field is among the students, who semi-annually throng his school for instruction in the healing art. But once upon a time an ex-military student of his class flanked and vanquished him by one of those deceptive movements known generically as "strategy." Professor H— was lecturing his class upon diseases of the cranium generally, and accidents to that locality specially; and, to conclude, quizzed them thoroughly on the difference between fracture of the skull and concussion of the brain, and was pleased to see that all understood it, but was annoyed and pained to find that the military man couldn't see it.

Now you can hardly see the point of the student's joke unless you can understand how fully in earnest the Professor is in all his instructions, and how anxious he is to have his class clearly comprehend every subject introduced. To this end he would, if necessary, spend a whole night in explanations.

On this occasion, when he found the young man still ignorant of the subject, he patiently went through a long and tedious explanation, in the most commonplace terms, and then asked, "What he would do if he had a case of concussion of the brain?" After several minutes of profound cogitation, he replied, "I think I would use the trephine" (an instrument only used in cases of fracture). At this reply the Professor seemed almost to despair of imparting the necessary knowledge to an understanding of the subject, but again gave the student a most elaborate description of the skull and its construction, and a very lucid discourse upon the brain and its functions—expatiating largely upon the different symptoms produced by a fracture of the one and a concussion of the other, and fully explained the treatment adapted to the separate cases, all in his earnest, energetic manner; and then asked, almost triumphantly, as having assisted the young man to surmount a huge obstacle to his ascent of the hill of Science, "Now, what would you do first if you had a case of fracture of the skull?"

"I think I would send for a doctor?"

Such a shout as greeted the disgusted Professor at this reply would have broken up a Western camp meeting. There was no more lecturing that day, and for a long time Professor H—— had "information on the brain" which made him very sensitive to any allusion to that organ.

THE REV. John Henry, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, emigrated to this country from Ireland about the year 1829, and was sent to Eastern Circuit, Talbot County, Maryland, a short time afterward. He was a fine preacher and accomplished theologian, but as simple as a child pertaining to matters of the world. His many innocent and amusing blunders were often the subject of sportive remarks among his friends.

On one occasion he was called on by Hon. John Leeds Kerr, formerly United States Senator, who informed him that his horse had been in the habit of getting into a pasture lot belonging to him (Mr. Kerr), and suggesting that he had better take measures to prevent the trespass in future. "An', Mr. Kerr," said Mr. Henry, "have you a better place to put him?"

On another occasion he was preaching in a country meeting-house, the pulpit, as was frequently the case in those days, being elevated nearly to the ceiling, when he heard a tapping on the roof immediately over his head. He at once stopped and listened. "What's that?" said he. One of the brethren told him not to be alarmed; it was only a woodpecker pecking on the roof. "An' will he hurt my horse?" said he.

MR. DRAWER,—I notice in your collection of curiosities several from Michigan. I will give you another, which created some merriment when it was got off:

We were doing duty in the wilds of Arkansas, and were longing to hear something from our State, when Captain Isaac Wilson, known throughout the regiment (Third Michigan Cavalry) for his "dryness," his length of person, and slender legs—which were got up after the sucker fashion—came up fresh from the Wolverine State (having been absent on leave) to the sutler's tent, where were congregated a number of gossiping officers. After the greeting was over, and hands shaken all around, "Ike" was asked how matters stood in

Michigan. "Right bad!" he said; "I came near being arrested for vagrancy." "Why, how was that?" asked several at once. "Why," answered the imperturbable Cap, "for having no *visible means of support!*"

HERE is another from the same source:

A number of officers were descanting on the business sacrifices each had made by entering the service. Several had expressed their losses in high figures, when the Captain broke in with—"I have lost more by entering the service than any other officer present; I lost ten thousand dollars in gold." "How did that happen?" said an officer who had placed his figures above the others. "When I entered the service," said Ike, "I thought of marrying a girl worth \$10,000, but soon after I left the State she married another chap!"

WE saw Jake nailing up a box, the other day, containing some articles which he intended sending by express. From the nature of the contents we knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage. So we ventured the suggestion to Jake to place the much-abused "*This side up!*" etc., conspicuously upon the cover. A few days after we saw Jake. "Heard from your goods, Jake? Did they get there safely?" "Every one broke!" replied Jake, sullenly. "Lost the hull lot! Hang the Express Company!" "Did you put on, 'This side up,' as we told you?" "Yes, I did; an' fur fear they shouldn't see it on the kiver, I put it on the bottom tew—confound 'em!"

A COUSIN of mine visited Charleston, South Carolina, recently, and seeing a negro lounging on a bale of cotton, accosted him, saying:

"Well, Uncle, I suppose, you are enjoying your freedom?"

"Yes, berry much."

"What are you doing now?"

"Nothing at de present time."

"But 'nothing' won't feed you long."

He replied, with great deliberation: "I am not speaking for long; I am speaking for de present time!"

AMONG the "characters" who have passed away during the past few years is one who was known far and near as "Old Hat," though how he earned this respectful appellation is to the writer unknown. But he bore it well, and always answered to it. He came to Western New York at an early day, secured a competence, and then, resting on his well-earned honors, passed his years at the grocery, the shoemaker's, and the tavern, telling the most prodigious yarns that mortals ever heard. Here is one he used to tell with honesty and sincerity beaming from every feature:

"Yes," Old Hat would say, "that *was* a curious circumstance; but it's true, every word of it—true as I stand here. You see one of my horses was taken sick when I was plowing, and it died in less than ten minutes. It was powerful sudden. I never see the beat on't, and I felt bad, I tell *you*; but the animal was dead, and I was in a mighty hurry; so I jest cut the hide open, hitched t'other hoss to it, and—off it come! Well, I did it up and sent it to the tannery, but pretty soon I see the old hoss wasn't quite dead. It began to kick and breathe regular, and fust I knew it was up on its feet lookin' around, and not a bit of hide on except

round the head. Well, you see it couldn't live so long, so I thought I'd try an experiment. I took four—no, three—no, it was *four* sheep—I want to keep to the truth—and skinned 'em, put their hides right on to the old hoss, tied 'em on tight, and they growed right tight to the critter, all except a little spot on the off fore-shoulder, and that I cured up in a little while. It's a fact; and some years I sheared more'n forty pounds of fine wool off from that ar hoss—just as true as I stand here!" And "Old Hat's" face would beam out with such genial self-satisfaction at his ingenuity, and so brim over with candor, that few were found who dared to throw suspicion on this startling feat of surgical skill.

"MONEY is no 'count to me," he would say. "I had so much stuff of one kind and another when I lived East it fairly pestered me. Why, when I came away I burned up a pile bigger than a room-in'-house, because I didn't know what to do with it! I was in something of a hurry, and when I left there was twenty-two cows—or three—twenty-two, if I remember right—in a barn, one side a little ways, that I forgot all about; and the poor things bein' all tied up starved to death, I found afterward. It was too pesky bad!" "Old Hat" would add, his mouth overflowing with smiles and tobacco-juice—"too bad, but I clean forgot 'em!"

Old Jo Phelps is a character known far and wide through this section of country (Connecticut) as a vendor of fish, very much given to his cups, but a man of good education and considerable wit. About five years ago his eldest son, who is also rather inclined to the use of the flowing bowl, wished to go on a whaling voyage; so old Jo furnished him the needed, and the boy started for New Bedford to ship, but while there he got on a spree and spent all his money; he then concluded he would like to return to his home and give up his proposed voyage, so he wrote to his father for the wherewith to return. Old Jo being a little set up at the time of the receipt of the letter, went to the telegraph office and sent the following message: "If you want to come home all year—od!"

THE little son, only four years old, of a gentleman in Chicago had received, as a present from his father, some chickens and a little dog. Soon after coming into possession of his treasures the chickens commenced to lay, and, as a matter of course, he was much interested in gathering up their eggs. One day he found an egg in the dog-house—a circumstance that to him conveyed only one meaning. When his father came home he ran to him and imparted his bright idea in the following words: "Oh, papa, I think that dog's dittin to be a chitten, he's laid an egg!"

THOMAS lives in Lexington, Missouri, a grand old patriot, Major W. B. Smallwood, now nearly ninety years old. Major Smallwood is emphatically a Western man, having moved from Virginia to Ohio about the year 1800, where he continued to live until some ten or twelve years ago, when he came to Missouri, whither most of his boys had emigrated before him. The old patriot of whom I write served his country in the war of 1812; and when treason raised its standard sheet he was not slow to espouse the cause of his country, and sought to inspire all around him with like patriotic sentiments. At the time General Price's army reached Lexington, on

the occasion of his last raid into Missouri, Mr. S. was staying at his son's residence, about one mile from Lexington. General Shelby's brigade was already encamped all around the house and in the orchard. The old veteran could not keep still, nor stay in the house, but hobbled about with his cane, denouncing traitors as freely as if he had an army at his back. One evening he was standing at the front gate when a rebel officer rode up and accosted him.

"Old gentleman, can you tell me where General Price's head-quarters are?"

"No, Sir, but I can tell you where they ought to be."

"Well, where do you think they ought to be?"

For an instant the blood of his youthful days returned, and the old soldier replied, shaking his faithful cane in the face of the officer:

"In hell, Sir!—in hell!"

A *pretty story* is told of Elder Allen, an aged minister in a part of New England where, at that time, the decorum usually observed in public worship had been but imperfectly developed. The Elder had been greatly annoyed, especially during prayer, by the restless demeanor of members of his congregation. The aisles resounded with the footsteps of those who saw fit to go out, and again returned to the tread of the laggards who, detained by ignorance of civility, crops, and pulpit outside, had just seen fit to come in. The Elder, though strong in edification, was but weak in grammar, and his soul was vexed within him. Frowning in his prayer, and bitterly surveying his flock, he gave vent to the wish that "them that was in would stay in, and them that was out stay out, and put a stop to this carnal transgression."

A *groxy* is preserved among the legends of a New England town of a pair of worthy old ladies—sisters-in-law, we believe. They were—what were quite inseparable indeed! It was a standing joke in the town that if Aunt Sarah should get to heaven her first inquiry would be, "when safe inside the gate?" "Is Sister Champlin here?" The old ladies had many ladies in common; among them was a somewhat singular one—a passionate desire to attend all the funerals in the region round about. One morning a report was circulated of the death of old Mr. Sharp, the minister in a neighboring town. The hour for the funeral services had not been mentioned, but judging that they would occur on the second day, Aunt Sarah and Sister Champlin, each arrayed in a new black silk apron, as being eminently appropriate for funeral wear, set forth at sunrise—determined, at all events, to be in time. Aunt Sarah being the proprietress of a "one-horse shay"—a rickety concern drawn by a lazy old mare—had called for Sister Champlin, and by dint of much persuasion of the obstinate beast, the pair by nine o'clock reached the borders of the town where the minister had resided. At this point they met Mr. Sharp's hired man, driving a yoke of cattle. The old ladies drew up, and Sister Champlin, as spokeswoman, inquired what hour had been appointed for Mr. Sharp's funeral. "Why, bless yer soul, Miss Champlin, the minister ain't dead yet!—shouldn't be surprised if he held out till fall; he's got the wear in him, the old man has!" Aunt Sarah drew up the reins with an air of resignation, as if to turn round. Suddenly she dropped them. "Sister Champlin! Sister Champlin! Sew ask the cretur if he don't know of a funeral we can go to!"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXCIV.—JULY, 1866.—VOL. XXXIII.



RUIN OF OLD CHURCH NEAR CHARLESTOWN.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

[Second Paper.]

PATTERSON'S CAMPAIGN.

DURING the fortnight between the 30th of May and 14th of June I find no event recorded worthy of special comment. The news of Kelley's victory at Phillippi and Butler's defeat at Big Bethel were received and commented upon according to the faith and sympathies of the commentators. The day of vehement protest and passionate discussion was past. Since the voting on the 23d of May Unionism in Jefferson was dumb. All interest was centred in the adverse preparations for the coming struggle. One party gloated in silence over exaggerated rumors of the martial power concentrating at Chambersburg and Washington, while the other with wide-mouthed vaunts told of the invincible hosts at Manassas and Harper's Ferry; yet with the advent of actual war quarreling had ceased in a great measure.

The thunder of the opening cannon had begun to dissipate illusions in which many had indulged. Blood had already flowed. This mustering of armies might, after all, turn out to be something more serious than "a log-cabin and hard-cider demonstration," as some had fondly hoped it would be. We are told of certain savage tribes who believe that an eclipse of the moon is caused by the endeavor of a great codfish to swallow that planet; consequently when an eclipse takes place they get up a mammoth charivari to frighten the fish and make him disgorge. Now there was a very prevalent idea among those who were aiding and abetting Secession that all this military demonstration was nothing more than a grand charivari, calculated to frighten the great Yankee codfish into loosening his hold on the National Government which it was supposed he

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 194.—K

was about to swallow. As the grim reality began to force itself upon them these dreamers grew thoughtful, silent, and some even manifested a willingness to retrograde from their extreme position; but they had kindled a fire which they could not quench, and had raised a storm which would overwhelm them and their infatuated victims in common ruin. It was curious to observe the psychological phenomena of these days. In January, the indignation against South Carolina was universal. A call for volunteers to suppress her would have been answered by a general uprising. In February, indignation had calmed down to simple disapproval, and a disposition to leave South Carolina and the rest to the castigation due from the General Government; yet one who would have publicly advocated the Secession of Virginia ran a risk of being stoned in the streets. In March, advocacy of Secession under certain circumstances was tolerated, and Unionism began to be modified with many an "if" and "but." In April, surprised and overwhelmed by the sudden action of the Richmond Junta, backed by extraneous armed force, Unionism in Eastern and Middle Virginia (after a short and unavailing resistance) yielded soul, body, and estate in ignominious submission to the remorseless conqueror. In May, many of those who had been most positive and uncompromising in their resistance of Secession were now found among its most zealous partisans.

During the prevalence of epidemic diseases it is observed that on their first appearance the cases are of a milder type and slow in development, but as the contagion spreads and progresses its symptoms increase in virulence and intensity; the premonitions of an attack are shorter, and frequently do not appear at all—the incipency, development, and fatal conclusion all occurring within the space of a few hours. It was thus with the great political epidemic of 1860-61, as observed in the districts occupied and covered by Joe Johnston's army. By the month of June the circle of more robust characters that still retained their political sanity was small and diminishing daily. They did not drop off now after long and lingering arguments, painful doubts, rallyings, and relapses as formerly; but a normal mind would fall suddenly into incoherence and frenzy. Principles based upon the education and habits of a lifetime, sustained by the clearest views of interest, the pride of consistency, and every sentiment of honor, would perish in a night, like the gourd of Jonah. This change was easily discernible in the countenance and demeanor of its victims. Yesterday your friend looked in your face with a clear and earnest eye, and discussed questions calmly and logically. To-day he shunned you, his eye was restless and unsteady, his manner painfully excited, his talk full of incoherencies; in a short time you would perceive there was a total absorption of all his previous opinions, idiosyncrasies, social sympathies, and antipathies, mor-

al and intellectual characteristics, in the prevailing frenzy.

These phenomena, which at first excited indignation, grief, and amazement, in the course of time ceased to surprise, and became subjects of merriment. Among ourselves we speculated jocosely as to who would "go under" next; and in the privacy of our own souls entertained the question, whether it was the world around us or ourselves that was mad.

It is useful, perhaps, but not the less humiliating to human pride, to test the depth and power of individual principle and will, to ascertain precisely for how many days and hours one's best-founded opinions and most positive convictions will maintain themselves unsupported against the current of society and the menaces of power. From the observations of these few months I have become convinced that no amount of clear conviction, rectitude of purpose, or moral heroism can long maintain a passive defense against the assaults of an active and fiery enthusiasm. Organization must meet organization; passion blaze out against passion; the audacious and unscrupulous spirit of revolution must be counteracted by a spirit as bold and remorseless as itself. The idea is expressed with more point and brevity in the popular epigram, "One must fight the Devil with fire."

The National Government had thus far lost every thing by its temporizing and conciliatory policy. The conservative and deprecatory Unionism of Jefferson and Lower Virginia generally was by this time virtually dead. The Secessionists had justified their boasts, and now owned the souls, bodies, and estates of the late Union majority by as absolute a tenure as that by which they held their African bondsmen. It was a despotism, moral, social, and political, the most absolute that was ever seen or conceived of. As time passed it was interesting and amusing to gather up the arguments, motives, plans, reasons, and hopes upon which men based and justified their action. The expressions of the rank and file rarely reached beyond the commonplace and indefinite gabble about "Southern rights," "Our slave property," "Sacred soil," "Virginia is gone out," "No right to coerce a State," "Damned abolitionists," and such other catch-words and phrases as had been furnished by their adroit and subtle leaders. As many of these fellows were neither native Virginians nor even native Americans, and most of them entirely innocent of the crime of slave-owning, it is to be supposed that they had but a dim comprehension of the significance of these phrases; yet they were not the less zealous for that.

A more knowing class would inform you that the United States Government had become utterly corrupt, rotten to the core, and was hastening with fearful rapidity toward anarchy and agrarianism. The South, to preserve her purity and vitality, must separate herself from this foul body. You might answer that the Gov-

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ernment had worked well enough when pure and able men directed it; and if of late years it had become corrupt and feeble (a truth in which I fully concurred), had it not deteriorated under the management of the very men who now appeared as the self-constituted founders of a Southern Confederacy? But the experiment of popular government is a failure. It has been tried and found wanting. The extension of popular rights, universal suffrage, elective judiciary, and all similar concessions to the great popular whale must be withdrawn. This could only be done by the secession and separate nationality of the South. We will establish there "a government of broadcloth and brains." This, I believe, was a characteristic epithet invented



A PATENT OF NOBILITY.

by Senator Wigfall, and was usually repeated *sotto voce*, emphasized by a complaisant glance at the speaker's own coat, and a significant touch with the forefinger upon his frontal sinus. It might again be remarked that such declarations, coming from men who had attained power and place by asserting the most extreme Democratic ideas, must convince the country that they were either grossly incompetent as statesmen—having labored so long under a delusion—or that they were hypocrites, utterly unworthy of confidence. They must per force accept one or the other horn of this dilemma. Moreover, how is this governing body of *ἀριστοί* to be designated? The vast wealth which is to inundate the South six months after a proposed date will enable every man to wear broadcloth *ad libitum*; but how is the question of brains to be settled?—by accepting a man's own estimate, or by turning him over to a Committee of Congress?

"Pish!" exclaims our impatient interlocutor, "all these details will be arranged afterward. The plan is, that no man shall be recognized as a gentleman or have a voice in the government who does not own a nigger."

"One poor nigger!—Bah!—that will be a cheap entrance-fee into your House of Peers, scarcely equal to the old property qualification which these same gentlemen were so eager to abolish ten years ago."

"Let us put the qualification up to twenty negroes, or a hundred, if you like."

"Any arrangement will suit, my friend, so that you and I are of the anointed."

A third saw in the Confederacy the realization of an idea such as none but the brain of a Southern statesman could conceive. An assemblage of independent sovereignties, forming a national league, so nicely and delicately adjusted that while each State should have the right to nullify, veto, and despise the decrees of the central power and secede from it at pleasure, at the same time the combination would be powerful enough to overawe Yankeeedom, enforce alliances with France and England, annex Cuba and Mexico, reopen the slave-trade, raise cotton, and bully the world.

The next fellow you met was cock-a-hoop for a monarchy—elective or hereditary, it didn't matter. Popular rights was a humbug. The insolence and ignorance of the masses had become insufferable; "*οἱ πολλοί—οἱ κακοί.*" State Sovereignty was also a humbug—a synonym of anarchy, best illustrated by the fate of the Kilkenny cats. State lines were to be abolished, and absolute centralization established under a king—ay, call him a king, and let him wear a crown. "When a government fails for want of power to sustain itself, falls into disintegration from excess of the Democratic idea of local and individual independ-

ence, to what possible end can a revolution lead if not to establish principles the opposite of those which have caused it?"

"There is philosophy in what you say, my neighbor, but how is your kingdom to be established?"

"We have the power already in our hands, and the men—"

"The monarch, the court, and aristocracy are doubtless ready; but where are your subjects? Can you convert the hereditary free-man of five generations into serfs by a simple edict?"

"Yes. They have not so far to go as you might suppose."

To those familiar with the workings of political power in the Southern States, these assertions will hardly appear rash or unfounded.

Again, those who had large interests in the slave-breeding States, fearing the depreciation of their peculiar wares, did not admit the African slave-trade into their plans. The cotton planters reveled in visions of free trade with all the world; while it was confidently proclaimed that under a tariff, high enough to prohibit Yankee competition, Virginia and the other Border States would grow up vast manufacturing interests, and Richmond would in a few years rival Birmingham.

Many were still sanguine enough to believe

that the great end (whatever it might be) would be accomplished without a serious war. A strong political party in the North was pledged to acquiescence in the movement; the commercial interests of the Free States would render them averse to war; the modern Samson, whose hair was cotton (Sea Island growth, long fibre), would control them as he would the rest of the world. In short, England and France could not and would not permit a long war—they were pledged.

The Confederacy then was an accomplished fact. All that remained to be done was to complete the arrangement of details, about which every body differed radically and irreconcilably; and to portion out the honors and profits of the new concern which every body coveted. Youthful enthusiasts reveled in dreams of unbounded wealth, pomp, luxury, and innumerable negroes; while some of the more judicious were troubled with doubts lest the war of the new nation might be prematurely dimmed, and its vigor corrupted by the very richness of its assured prosperity. Indeed it was difficult to find one of the so-called thinking classes who had not a theoretic plan for the new government; a plan which, while it secured the expansionist's especial interests, was calculated at the same time to raise the prospects of the Confederacy to an amazing height.

A quondam friend—Stephen Mansfield, of happy memory—caused an humble notice in county elections, etc., calling on an acquaintance for the purpose of expressing his sentiments, and incidentally to borrow a dime, declared himself in favor of the new movement. As he had been told that under Secession "every white man would be obliged to own land and negroes," while he had never been able to possess either under the old Government, he thought the change would be an advantage to every body. If this proposition of simple Stephen was in any wise more absurd or impracticable than those emanating from more pretentious sources, I was unable to perceive it.

Beneath this froth of excitement and hallucination there was a solid basis of sincere and educated opinion. The dogma of independent State Sovereignty, in its fullest significance, was constitutionally maintained by a large class of gentlemen in the South and elsewhere. The traditional pride of the Virginian rendered his mind a congenial soil for the cultivation of this plant of local growth. Its roots had struck deep and its branches overshadowed the land. From a mere political dogma it had developed into a pervading social, I might almost say religious, sentiment.

Many who denied the expediency of Secession accepted its accomplishment, and prepared with heavy hearts to maintain it at all hazards. Many who with prophetic vision foresaw the impending destruction



A CANDIDATE FOR THE PEERAGE.

armed their souls with fortitude to meet it in the name of Virginia. Many who denied the justice of Secession and abhorred its leaders shrunk from the idea of fratricidal war, and bowed in acquiescence to a power which demanded blood, exile, or submission. Many continued to protest until their sons drew the sword and their daughters wore the colors of the Confederacy. It then appeared there were no Brutuses in Virginia. Perhaps it is fortunate for society that men of that type are scarce.

While there were still a few men found who stubbornly struggled against the sweeping current, the women of all ages and conditions threw themselves into it without hesitation or reserve. Their voluble tongues discussed the great question as rationally and philosophically as might be expected under the circumstances, while their nimble fingers aided more intelligently in solving the problem of clothing and equipping the hastily levied defenders of "God's glory and Southern rights."



THE HAVELOCK.

Sewing societies were organized, and delicate hands which had never before engaged in ruder labor than the hemming of a ruffle now bled in the strife with gray jeans and tent cloth. Haversacks, knapsacks, caps, jackets, and tents were manufactured by hundreds and dozens. The gift most in vogue from a young lady to her favored knight was a head-dress imitated from those worn by the British troops in India and called a Havelock. Laden with musket, sabre, pistol, and bowie-knife, no youth considered his armament complete unless he had one of these silly clouts stretched over his hat. Woe to the youth who did not need a Havelock; who, owing to natural indisposition or the prudent counsel of a father or a friend, hesitated to join the army of the South. The curse of Clan Alpin on those who should prove recreant to the sign of the fiery cross was mere dramatic noise compared with the curse that blighted his soul. His schoolmates and companions who had already donned "the gray" scarce concealed their scorn. His sisters, rallied, reproached, and pouted, blushing to ac-

knowledge his ignominy. His Jeannette, lately so tender and loving, now refused his hand in the dance, and, passing him with nose in air, bestowed her smiles and her bouquet upon some gallant rival with belt and buttons. Day after day he saw the baskets loaded with choice viands, roasted fowls, pickles, cakes, and potted sweetmeats, but not for him. Wherever he went there was a braiding of caps and coats, a gathering of flowers and weaving of wreaths, but none for him—no scented and embroidered handkerchiefs waved from carriage-windows as he rode by. The genial flood of social sympathy upon which he had hitherto floated so blandly had left him stranded on the icy shore. Then come the cheering regiments with their drums and banners, the snorting squadrons of glossy prancing steeds, the jingling of knightly spurs, the stirring blast of the trumpets. There they went—companionship, love, life, glory, all sweeping by to Harper's Ferry!

Alas! poor boy, what sense of duty or prudent counsels could hold him in the whirl of this moral maelstrom? What did he care for the vague terror of an indictment for treason, or the misty doctrine of Federal supremacy? What did he know of nationality beyond the circle of friends and kindred? What was his sneaking, apologetic, unsympathetic life worth after all? The very bondsman who held his horse as he mounted for his morning ride seemed to reproach him, as, touching his hat, he remarks, suggestively, "Young master, dis hoss of yours is mighty proud and mettlesome—he would look fine in the cavalry." Very well; in two days—more or less—you might see young master in the cavalry, prancing gallantly with the rest of them, a Havelock flapping about his ears, spurs jingling on his heels, the light of manhood rekindled in his eye, and a fresh posy in his button-hole, atoning for his former hesitancy by distinguished zeal in the great cause.

But according to my judgment the greater number of these young volunteers were moved neither by social pressure nor political prejudice. The all-pervading love of adventure and fighting instincts were the most successful recruiting officers of the occasion. For they had heard of battles, and had longed to follow to the field some warlike lord—so at the first roll of the drum they rushed cheerily from school-house and office, counter and work-shop, field and fireside, earnest, eager, reckless fellows, marching with a free and vigorous step, sitting their horses like wild Pawnees, most admirable material for a rebellion, just as good soldiers for the Government if perchance the rub-a-dub of the Union drums had first aroused their martial ardor.

Looming up behind and above this cloud of anarchic passion one can observe the powers that have assumed to direct the storm. The inner circle composed of the so-called statesmen of the South—the Lucifers of the republic—some engaged in devising curbs and bridles for this

wild tornado, upon which they hoped to ride, but which has already begun to alarm them; others luxuriating in visions of prospective empire, so vast and dazzling that the greatness of their present crime appears as nothing in comparison. They may be fairly likened to a boat's crew of adventurers drifting in the current of the upper Niagara—some with anxious faces hold the tiller, tug at the ropes, and turn the sails, while others with cheery shout point to the iridescent clouds that float over the verge of the impending cataract.

As the season advanced the military preparations on either side approached completion, and the air was filled with rumors of movements from every quarter. Bridge-burning on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had already commenced, and a skirmishing warfare initiated all along the line of the upper Potomac between picket guards and independent zealots, who expended much ammunition and valor in firing at each other across the river. During the three or four weeks that this fighting continued I never heard of any one being hurt on the Virginia side, but, if any reliance can be placed on the reports brought into Charlestown, the slaughter on the Maryland bank must have been prodigious.

Although the leaders at Harper's Ferry kept their own counsel, their preparations afforded unmistakable evidence that they would evacuate that place on the first advance of the national troops. What was clear to a military eye was so little credited by the people of Charlestown that those were bitterly denounced and menaced with arrest who ventured to express the opinion that Harper's Ferry would not be held. A prominent and eccentric politician had once called it the "Thermopylae of America," and thereafter the people of the vicinity regarded Harper's Ferry as the impregnable bulwark of the State and the Southern cause. So on the afternoon of the 14th of June, when the advanced brigade of Johnston's army passed through Charlestown, announcing that the evacuation had actually commenced, there was the greatest consternation among the Secessionists, and a corresponding elevation of spirits among the loyal.

June 15.—To-day the main body of Johnston's army passed through town, moving by the turnpike toward Winchester. The force consisted of fourteen regiments or organizations of infantry, twenty-three pieces of artillery, and about six hundred cavalry under Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, with a train of two hundred and forty wagons. Including the brigade which passed yesterday, the whole numbered about twelve thousand men. The day was intensely hot and the roads dusty. The troops moved so deliberately that the column seemed to crawl rather than march. The halts were also very frequent and long continued, so that their passage through the village occupied the whole day.

This easy marching gave the army a fair op-

portunity of testing the hitherto unfathomable hospitality of this village. During the entire day the whole population, white and black, devoted themselves to cooking and serving the soldiers. Of the ten or twelve thousand men that passed, covered with dust and devoured with the chronic hunger and thirst of marching armies, no man asked for meat, drink, or refreshment of any kind which was not cheerfully and gratuitously furnished him. The houses were thronged with officers, the curb-stones lined with soldiers resting under the shade trees, while men, women, and children were circulating among them offering refreshments to all. For that day, at least, all remembrance of political strife and division of sentiment was absorbed in the humane joy of ministering to the hungry wayfarer. Half the available young men of the county were marching with the army, and there was not a mother, wife, sister, or bright-eyed child whose hospitable service was not stimulated through the weary hours by the thought of a son, husband, brother, or father who had donned the gray and was marching to an uncertain future; not one whose heart did not swell with the voiceless prayer, "May the bread which I give to this stranger be returned to my dear one when he shall have need!"

By sunset the army was gone and the town quiet. They encamped for the night on Bull Skin Run, about four miles on the road toward Winchester. During the day I had a full opportunity of scrutinizing the appearance and material of this army. The infantry, despite its rage and dust, had a dangerous look. The regiments from the Gulf States were apparently of picked men. The Tenth Georgia (I think it was), numbering eleven hundred, was the finest-looking regiment I ever saw. Looking along the line you were struck with the uniformity of size and height, all healthy, athletic men, between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. In the Second Virginia and First Maryland regiments there appeared, on the contrary, to be many boys under size and under military age.

Each regiment was followed by a gang of negro servants all bearing arms of some kind, and apparently as much interested in the cause as the whites. Men must be totally blinded by passion not to perceive the sinister significance of this servile armament. Is it to be expected that after having become familiarized with the license of camps and the excitement of campaigning that these men will resume their former lives of rural simplicity and contented bondage? Will the hand that has acquired the usage of pistol and sabre quietly take up the shovel and the hoe again at the bidding of a master? This seems only an example of the general fatuity—a war instituted ostensibly in defense of negro slavery, against the only power on earth which had the will and ability to insure its protection—a war which must inevitably destroy the institution it professes to defend.

Johnston's artillery impressed me as being inferior both in guns and equipment; and it was manned chiefly by raw volunteers, who had had so far very little experience in handling the pieces. Pendleton's Battery was reputed the best drilled in the command. The cavalry, under Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, was admirably mounted, and better equipped according to its needs than any other arm. It was composed almost entirely of volunteers from the rural gentry and independent landholders of the country, who furnished their own horses, arms, and accoutrements. They generally appeared on picked animals, and armed with a greater variety of ordnance stores than was either needful or convenient—not omitting the Havelock *obligé*. These young fellows were bold and dashing riders, good shots, full of spirit and emulation, and promised, with experience and iron discipline, to constitute a formidable body of cavalry. The habits and opinions of the times, however, had developed in them that exaggerated individuality which would render the strict enforcement of discipline almost impossible, and they already had begun to exhibit decided Cossack tendencies.

General Johnston himself appeared in plain citizen's dress, with common round hat, his deportment and manner altogether as unostentatious as his dress. His person seemed to be rather under the medium size, erect, vigorous, with a military whisker and a handsome face. It required no imagination, however, to see through this unimposing exterior the leading attributes which the world characterizes as soldierly.

As the army broke camp at Harper's Ferry the railroad bridge over the Potomac was blown up and burned. The wooden bridge at Shepherdstown was burned the night previous. Those at Berlin and Point of Rocks went several days before, as did the viaducts at Opequan and Martinsburg.

As we sat upon the porch enjoying the evening coolness a squad of infantry, which had been on picket duty somewhere, was passing by to overtake its regiment. They were talking earnestly among themselves, roundly damning their bad luck, and accusing certain officers of favoritism. "If," said one, "there is a bridge to be burned, or shops to be blown up, or any other fun going on, we are sent out on picket, and are never allowed a chance." This was voted a grievous wrong, and their further murmurings died away in the distance. It was a very fair exhibit of the animus which led many of these young patriots into the rebellion.

June 16, *Sunday*.—Accompanied by some friends I visited Harper's Ferry to-day, hoping to find it occupied by the Union troops. On Bolivar Heights we found seven heavy guns which had been abandoned, the pieces spiked and choked, the carriages burned, and a quantity of ammunition scattered over the hill-side. The whole place was in a state of filthy desolation. A few meagre mountaineers were stroll-

ing about to see what they could pick up, while hogs, dogs, and buzzards were disputing over the offal of the recent camps.

The bridge over the Potomac was gone, the *débris* still burning where it had fallen between the piers. The machinery from the armory, except some very heavy pieces, was also gone—sent to Richmond, I was told, and followed by a number of the artisans with their families.

Some of those who had taken refuge in Maryland during the rebel occupation were already returning in boats to rejoin their families, who awaited them at the landing in Harper's Ferry. A considerable number of men, women, and children were collected, when a young girl came running at full speed, and, all rosy and flustered, whispered some startling tidings. There was a sudden scattering of the adult males who had recently landed, some disappearing in adjacent sewers and cellars, while others hastily took the boats and paddled back to Maryland.

It had been rumored that Ashby's cavalry had appeared on Bolivar Heights; but this, it seems, was without foundation. Disappointed at not finding the National army here we returned home to Charlestown. Here we heard that Patterson's army had crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, and was advancing on Martinsburg, while Johnston had suddenly wheeled about at Bunker's Hill, and was hurrying to attack the Federals on the Martinsburg turnpike.

June 17.—The news of yesterday being confirmed by couriers this morning, I mounted my horse and rode to Martinsburg, hoping to witness the battle, and feeling confident of the defeat of the rebels. During my ride of sixteen miles I did not meet a human being on the roads, generally much frequented. When in sight of Martinsburg I met some market people coming out who informed me that the United States army was within two miles of town advancing, and the Southern army had just passed through to meet them. Expecting at each moment to hear the opening cannon, I accelerated my movements, and on entering the main street perceived it was deserted, and the houses closed. A few moments after I saw a body of Confederate cavalry, with a splendid tri-barred flag, wheel in from the Winchester road, and push rapidly in the direction of Williamsport. A friend here informed me that the National army was still reported at Falling Water, eight miles distant, while Johnston with his main body lay between Bunker Hill and Winchester. The only rebel troops which had yet appeared in Martinsburg were the cavalry I had seen—a body about three hundred and fifty strong under Stuart, which had gone forward to reconnoitre. Betwixt hope and impatience the evening passed away, and we went to bed at length, expecting to find the town occupied by the National army on awakening.

June 18.—Every thing quiet as the grave last night. I walked up street, and found the citizens in a state of great excitement, with varying reports from the front. Country folks who

had seen them represented the Federal hosts as glittering with Assyrian splendor, covering the whole land with their numbers. Some affirmed that they were sweeping crops and dwellings from the face of the earth, sparing neither age nor sex. While others gave more reasonable accounts, insisting that they treated the inhabitants with great civility and paid for all they took. The Union people were on the streets and at the windows, hungry with impatience, and scarcely able to restrain themselves in presence of the Confederate troopers, some squads of whom still occupied the town. The feeling among the women was intense, as the young men of Martinsburg were about equally divided between the adverse armies.

Toward mid-day came the astounding and mortifying intelligence that the Union army was falling back. An hour later tidings came that they were actually recrossing at Williamsport. About sunset Colonel Stuart with his cavalry returned, reporting that they had swept the Yankee invaders from the sacred soil.

Bewildered and humiliated I returned to the house of my friends. As we stood upon the sidewalk the triumphant troop rode by, and the political status of the family being a matter of public notoriety, three cheers for Jeff Davis were called and given with unctiousness. The column having reached the end of the street countermarched, and on repassing gave three awful groans for Abe Lincoln. It was quite evident that the troop had made an unnecessary detour and indulged in this yelping demonstration for the express purpose of insulting the loyalty of the venerable patriot around whom we were



RUINS OF RAILROAD BRIDGE, HARTER'S FERRY

grouped. Then in his eighty-second year, the high social position, stainless character, and comprehensive intellect of Philip C. Presbiteros had hitherto commanded the respect and reverence of all who approached him. If the chivalric Colonel Stuart, who rode at the head of this troop, could have witnessed the serene smile, or have heard the expression of benignant pity which this coarse demonstration elicited, I will do him the justice to believe he would have blushed.

To the rest of us it was a dark closing to a day which had dawned so hopefully; but we swallowed the dirt, which was our portion I trust, with becoming resignation, and then,

with undying faith in the speedy reassertion of Federal supremacy over our land, we turned into the house and spent the remainder of the evening at a cheerful game of backgammon.

June 19.—I returned to my family at Charlestown. While these exciting events occupied the public mind certain civic humanitarians were carrying on an entertaining and somewhat peculiar by-play in Jefferson. It was reported that during the halt of the army on Bull Skin Run three of the soldiers had died, and were buried by their comrades in a very hasty manner. Indeed some visitors from the adjoining county of Clarke said this sacred office had been so slightly performed that portions of the bodies were visible above ground, and they would in all likelihood become a prey to hogs and dogs if the neglect was not speedily remedied. This story circulated, and, to the honor of the community, caused a great deal of horror and some indignation; but as the weather was suffocating, and it was nobody's especial business, nothing was done. The Berryvillians were disgusted, and insisted that if the people of Jefferson had no more respect for themselves than to suffer this stain upon their humanity, the people of Clarke would invade their county sovereignty and give decent burial to the patriot soldiers. The Jeffersonians yawned and intimated that their neighbors were meddling. These retorted by saying that people who would leave the bodies of their defenders a prey to swine were not much better than Abolitionists and Yankees.

Aroused at length, the Jeffersonians took immediate steps to vindicate themselves from so foul an imputation. Three neat coffins, with decent grave-clothes, were forthwith prepared and placed in a light wagon. The undertaker, grave-digger, and clergyman mounted beside them, departed to fulfill their worthy mission. The heat was intense, the dust suffocating, but the missionaries were resolute. Arriving in the vicinity of the late encampment they inquired at all the farm-houses for information concerning the locality of the bodies, but to their surprise no one could tell them precisely. The greater part of the day was consumed in going from house to house, vainly seeking for some one who could guide them to the spot. Every body had heard of the story, and every body had some new circumstance of horror to add to it. They visited every grave-yard, public and private, within a circuit of several miles, without finding a grave under twenty years of age. Wearied, vexed, and somewhat mystified they were on the point of giving up the search when, about sunset, an old negro told them he had seen the soldiers burying something in a corn-field at the end of the meadow. Having a superstitious dread of dead people he had not dared to approach the place, but, stimulated by a fee, he led them to the spot.

There, near the brook, they saw the fresh turned earth of three shallow graves, each marked by a rude stone at its head; and there,

pitiful and revolting sight! they beheld portions of the dead men's clothes appearing among the hastily turned clods. Men were not accustomed to such sights in those days. In solemn silence the coffins were lifted from the wagon, opened, and laid in order side by side. Three decent graves were dug with much toil and sweat, the old negro assisting. These arrangements completed, the attendants drew near with pick and shovel to exhume the bodies. The moment was impressive and painful. The minister took off his hat and stood with book in hand, prepared to read the Burial-Service, prefaced by some extemporaneous remarks which he had thought over as they rode along, setting forth the awfulness of death under circumstances like the present. A few turns of pick and shovel revealed, not three festering corpses, but three empty Confederate uniforms, ragged, filthy, and all alive. An exclamation of surprise, a gesture of disgust, and the coffins were quickly hustled into the wagon, and the burial party trotted back to Charlestown; not sadder, perhaps, but wiser men than they had gone forth in the morning.

The Secessionists perceiving that the National troops hesitated to advance, and that Johnston's retrograde from Harper's Ferry was not to be looked upon as a retreat, again took heart and became more offensive than ever in their demonstrations. Wearied and disgusted with the tardy progress of events, I determined to return with my family to the Berkeley Springs. The accustomed mode of travel by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was now completely broken up, and a tedious trip of two days by the ordinary country roads was before us.

On the 20th of June we started for Martinsburg. I on horseback, my family in a carriage under the guardianship of a friend who kindly volunteered to accompany us, it being considered unsafe to trust a servant alone with the horses in these troublesome and uncertain times. As we approached Martinsburg late in the afternoon we heard a strange singing and screaming in the air which resembled the notes of a gigantic Æolian. These sounds grew more distinct and definite as we advanced, and still nearer the town we perceived immense columns of black smoke rolling up between us and the setting sun, and tinging the whole landscape with a coppery hue. As these clouds rose from the direction of the railroad shops it was easy to imagine their origin; but the accompanying sounds were unaccountable, until, turning into one of the lower streets of the town, a scene was suddenly presented to us which more resembled a dream of Dante's Inferno than an exhibition of real life.

Jackson's brigade were performing a grand "*auto da fé*" upon the rolling-stock of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The fore-ground of the picture was occupied by a ruin of classic form and beauty—that of the pillared viaduct which had been destroyed some weeks before. On the open space in front of the work-shops

stood, ranged upon the tracks, between forty and fifty locomotives roasting amidst the flames of a thousand cords of wood, distributed, refreshed, and stirred up continually by a brigade of wild Confederates. The rocks, hills, and houses which surrounded the place of execution were crowded by many hundred spectators, the old men, wives, and children of those who had depended on the road for their subsistence.

Twilight was approaching, and as the lurid light of the fires prevailed the aspect of the scene grew still more unearthly. The rebel soldiers, with their bronzed faces, raggedly picturesque costumes, and fiendish activity, were not unworthy representatives of the familiars of Beelzebub. They worked in silence too, with the sullen and desperate look of men who were executing the work of Fate rather than their own will. Motionless and mute the groups of citizens looked on, terror-stricken, yet every pallid face lowering with dumb execration. The locomotives, as the flames licked their iron bodies, and the heated air rushed through the steam-whistles, despite of mechanism and natural philosophy, impressed the spectator with the idea that they were living victims, who moaned and shrieked with an agony surpassing human comprehension. It was a fitting overture to the Great Drama of the nineteenth century, typifying coming events. A frantic war of barbaric pride, ignorance, and passion against the empire of art, industry, and civilization.

At our house we found a servant who had been left in occupancy, and in due time a comfortable supper was spread for us. We were too much excited to eat, and after the pretense of a meal hurried to bed. To bed, but not to sleep. The house had been dismantled for the



SCENE OF THE PLACE, MARTINSBURG.

season, and our curtainless windows looked toward the railroad. All night long the red light glared and flickered on the walls, and, assisted by semi-convulsed families, painted terrible and prophetic pictures in tints of fire and blood. All night long the tortured Leviathans sung in our ears their shuddering anthems of woe.

June 21.—The dawn of morning dispelled these discomfited families, but brought with it no reviving cheerfulness. Between dreams and realities there was not so much difference after all. On the railroad we could see the wilted and discolored bodies of the locomotives lying amidst the smoke and ashes of their funeral pyres. Their wailings had ceased, and

the general feeling of relief thereat was expressed by one of the negroes, who thanked God they were "out of their misery."

I had resolved on my own account not to ask any favors from the rebel head-quarters, but to take the road and run risks of getting through without a passport. My friend, who expected to return to Charlestown with the carriage, fearing that he might be separated from his family by crossing the lines, insisted that he would go no further unless he had a permit to pass and return with the carriage. Consequently I started out after breakfast to find Jackson's quarters, and, following directions received from stragglers, presently found myself in a piece of wood about half a mile in the rear of our house. Here I found the brigade *en bivouac*, sleeping in line behind their stacked arms. Those that were awake had a jaded, frowzy look, and such as I conversed with did not seem to be in good spirits. The General Head-quarters was not here, but in a house nearly a mile distant. Arrived there, I stated my wishes to the Adjutant General, and the permit was given without difficulty. While talking with this officer, who was an acquaintance, a man came out of an adjoining room, and calling him aside conversed in an undertone. This person, notwithstanding the extreme heat, wore a heavy military over-coat and a plain slouched hat. A stern, sun-burnt face, a short black beard, crisped and grizzled slightly, a serious and resolute air, were the only external characteristics that impressed themselves on my memory during the few moments that I scanned the rebel General—he that was afterward the famous Stonewall Jackson.

Friday, June 21.—We took the road for Berkeley Springs. The old road, once so familiar and busy at this season, was now lonely and desolate. Superseded as a fashionable highway by the railroad, it had for some years fallen into disuse, and we found many of the old farm-houses and stopping-places deserted.

At Tibkenzy's Branch we made our mid-day halt to rest our overheated animals and refresh ourselves from the lunch-basket. We took our meal beside a cool spring bubbling from the rocks beneath the shade of some spreading sycamores. The Blue Mountains were visible in every direction, and we breathed the air with a sense of freedom which we had not experienced for many days, while the unharnessed horses, lately so hot and jaded, rolled in the sand and kicked up their heels with a jollity entirely in unison with our thoughts and feelings.

After an hour or two of refreshing repose we resumed our journey. As we drew near our destination we were a good deal surprised to meet a number of men, women, and children in holiday attire returning to their homes in the hills. On Sunday such an exhibition would have been nothing unusual, but as it was Friday it indicated some extraordinary

event. The idea of a wedding was suggested. But not on a Friday—that was too serious a joke. So we drew rein and stopped a troop of sallow-skinned, tawny-haired girls to inquire.

"Why, to be sure, didn't we know?" replied one, with an expression of mingled pity and surprise at our ignorance. They had been to the hanging at Berkeley. We knew, of course, the Pennsylvanian that killed his wife and chopped her up with a corn-cutter. A short time after we passed the gallows, thanking Providence that this guardian of civilized society still exercised its functions within sight of our mountain home.

At Berkeley we found our friends all well, and pleased with the accession to their social circle. Our news from the seat of war was eagerly discussed, and we heard in return interesting items from the free and loyal mountains. The change was absolutely delicious. We felt like persons escaping from an ill-ventilated, howling ward in Bedlam into the fresh air and coherent society.

The loyal Virginians of the west had risen in arms to defend their Government, their homes, and their native land. They had declared the State Government lately engulfed in Confederate treason to be vacated and of no authority, and had established a loyal State Government based upon popular rights and the Constitution of the country. This movement centred at Wheeling, and was headed by Francis H. Pierpont. We knew nothing of its details; but, amidst the chaos of twaddle, stultification, treason, and timidity, it rose, the first act of clear, vigorous, and comprehensive statesmanship to which the occasion had yet given birth. It was this movement which saved the nation; and so it will be written when impartial Time shall have set his seal upon the records of History.

It could not be expected, however, that our cheerful social circle would be left undisturbed in times so troubled and uncertain. Morgan County unfortunately occupied the corner of what might be called a double political and military frontier. On the north she touched Maryland, which was occupied by the United States forces, and her western boundary was formed by the mountains which were now the military and political line between loyal and rebellious Virginia. Thus claimed by all parties, accessible to all, to be harassed and plundered by all, it was impossible that either party could occupy or protect her. The people were almost universally opposed to Secession; but the wretched blockheads who managed county affairs were almost to a man in the interest of the rebellion. From Winchester, the headquarters of treason in the Valley, these people got their backing and authority, and used it in a manner which recalled the days of the Prussian conscript officers and the British press-gang. Troops rode over the county, penetrating the most secluded nooks, conscripting men and pressing horses and forage in the



A CONFEDERATE VINCENNER.

name of the Confederacy. A large number of men of military age had already escaped into Maryland and Pennsylvania, where they found employment in the United States army or elsewhere. Those who were caught were handcuffed or roped like felons and driven to Winchester, "to fight for their freedom," as they phrased it. They volunteered cheerfully enough on arriving at the rendezvous, and deserted on the first opportunity. The morning report of the Morgan militia regiment at Winchester usually exhibited the following: Colonel, 1; Lieutenant-Colonel, 1; Major, 1; Adjutant, 1; Quarter-master and assistants, 3; Commissary and assistants, 2; Surgeon, 1; Chaplain, 1; Line officers, 15; rank and file, from 3 to 15, according to the luck of the conscript officers and the state of the weather as favorable or unfavorable for desertion.

These conscripting gangs occasionally came into the village, and one day I was warned by a friendly neighbor to be on my guard. A dozen or fifteen of these fellows, he said, were at his store drinking and planning my arrest. It seems that some persons, whom they had been harassing, had twitted them with cowardice, and dared them to conscript me. They resolved to do so, and purchased a jug of whisky to steam up their courage to the point. I immediately went to my house and loaded my whole armory of guns and pistols, seven pieces, allowing sixteen shots. My wife, who observed these preparations, asked what was the matter? I replied by telling her to crawl under the bed if there was any firing. She said she would prefer to stand by and load the guns for me.

I told her I rather apprehended there would be no occasion to use the present charges. Having finished loading I laid my weapons in convenient positions for use, and sat down near the window with a book in my hand. My wife continued her sewing, looking a little paler than usual perhaps, but otherwise emotionless. I did not read to much advantage, I am sure. At sunset, my fellows having devoured all their whisky, found it not sufficiently stimulating, and rode off yelling and firing their pieces in the air.

I was seriously disappointed at this ineffectual conclusion of the day's excitement. Indignant at the manner in which the Union men permitted themselves to be

haunted, plundered, and lashed, I hoped the conscript gang would have afforded me, personally, some justification for a high-handed and decisive act that might have served as an example.

They were careful to afford no such opportunity, even though I afterward threw myself in their way and courted a collision. I should have been ashamed to have sought a quarrel with these "heartless blands" but for the motive assigned.

At night I always slept with doors and windows barred, and with my loaded weapons within reach. On one occasion, about an hour after midnight, I was aroused by an alarming outcry of yells and oaths mingled with the screams of women and children. The idea of midnight arrests immediately flashed upon me. My cousin, Edmund Pendleton of Martinsburg, had distinguished himself in the late Convention by his firm and uncompromising opposition to Secession. He had persistently refused to recognize or acquiesce in it under any circumstances, and had become in consequence very obnoxious to the revolutionary fanatics. When below I had frequently heard him menaced with arrest, and now supposed that a party had followed him to his retreat at Berkeley. I hastily dressed, and, taking my double-barreled piece charged with sixteen buckshot in each barrel, went down into the street resolved to give the contents to the invaders if I did not find the party hopelessly numerous. Before going far I met an acquaintance aroused by the same noise, who informed me it was only a drunken row among the villagers.

These incidents are recorded as illustrating the daily routine of life on the Border. Each hour had its rumors and excitements, every night its strange alarms.

One day the children were holding a tournament, riding their stick horses and catching the ring on mimic lances. Every male child in Virginia is born with an innate idea in his head in the form of a colt, which grows with his growth until it becomes a horse, which hobby he rides from the cradle to the grave. Thus it is that the earliest sports of the children are chivalric. I was acting chief marshal, and the tournament was proceeding with due pomp and ceremony, Union flags adorned the arch where the ring was suspended, and "Sir Knight of the Union," a chevalier of six summers, flaunting his Union badge, had just set his lance in rest for the charge when the martial clangor of fife and drum in the street announced the advent of some new excitement. A moment after several officers in rebel gray were added to the company of spectators in the court-yard where the lists were erected. Their presence did not check the sports. The "Knight of the Union" proclaimed with a trumpet voice, rode his career, and took the ring handsomely. The Union flags kept their places, the officers laughed with the rest, and the tournament was pronounced a decided success.

The party which had arrived was a sort of independent legion, consisting of about sixty infantry and thirty cavalry, under the command of one Tom Edmondson, late a Member of the United States Congress, now holding a Colonel's commission from the Richmond government. He seemed to be roving about with his command without any fixed military purpose, and actuated with a wild desire to do good generally (for the cause). The presence of this force at first chafed and irritated the Union sentiment of the place excessively. Edmondson made several arrests, and endeavored to frighten or persuade the villagers to take an oath of allegiance to the Confederacy. This was persistently refused, and he very judiciously waived the point.

The day after his arrival a sergeant, with two men, came to my house, and, knocking authoritatively, demanded admittance. I thought the critical hour had arrived, and belting on my revolver went to open the door. The sergeant



THE INNATE IDEA.

very civilly presented a politely-worded demand for my arms. I wrote a reply politely declining to part with them, on the ground that I had purchased all the arms that were in my possession, and desired to keep them for my private use. The sergeant presently returned with a note of explanation and apology from Edmondson, saying he had made the demand on information that I had arms belonging properly to the State. The subject was not alluded to afterward.

These first difficulties over, I was relieved to find the invaders a very modest and harmless company. The commander, finding himself surrounded with adverse opinion so universal and determined, did not think it prudent to attempt the coercive, but sought to attain his ends by persuasive means. The men were more orderly and inoffensive than could be believed. They bought a few sheep with orders on the Confederate treasury, took some horses on the same terms, picketed the roads so that we could not visit to Hancock to get Union news, but were otherwise not troublesome. Yet it is very wearing to rise up and lie down, to talk, eat, drink, and live, with the consciousness that you are at the mercy of an irresponsible armed power, without adequate means of resistance or self-protection. Men do get accustomed to this state of things, I suppose; but at Berkeley it was new to us, and we felt it grinding day by day.

Some rumors of Patterson's movements reached us on the 3d of July, but altogether vague and uncertain.

July 4.—Colonel Edmondson delivered a Fourth of July oration in the Methodist church to-day. Curious to know how he would view the national anniversary from his present position I went with my wife to hear him. The oration was a political stump speech of four solid hours' duration. I listened for about an hour, and left the church in disgust, having heard nothing but the flattest egotism, varied with violent abuse of Union men, and clenched with the standing threats of confiscation, exile, and the gallows.

My observations during the last three months had satisfied me as to the true character of the contest which was opening. To my mind it presented the simple choice between a Government and Anarchy. The idea of a Southern Confederacy, a separate nationality, or a tolerable government of any sort being based upon the intractable and irreconcilable elements of which the Southern portion of the United States was made up, struck me as absurd and impossible. Viewing the subject in the most favorable and even flattering light, I could conceive of no other result from the success of the rebellion than bloody and hopeless anarchy involving the whole nation. In the stability and sufficiency of the National Government I had not

much confidence; yet we had lived under it in peace and honor for nearly a century, and it was now our only hope. It would stand or fall as the people who created it should determine. In such a crisis I considered that no citizen could claim the privilege of neutrality. I had some time since decided definitely on the course of action which duty demanded of me; yet I hesitated and lingered; I was held in bondage by social and domestic ties that were hard to break. I was an only son. My father was old and feeble, and appeared to need my presence and support. As I was situated it seemed as if my life belonged more to others than to myself. I doubted my capacity to render the Government services sufficiently important to justify the personal sacrifices I would be obliged to make. Thus I debated with myself, lingering from day to day.

Anger supplied the needful stimulant to action. Edmondson's speech was "the feather that broke the camel's back." The same evening I sought a private interview with my father, and informed him that I had determined to join the National Army. I had fortified myself with arguments to combat his objections and console his grief. They were not needed. No sooner had I announced my intentions than



THE LITTLE COTTAGER.

he seized my hand with both of his, his eyes flashed fire, and his face glowed as if the blood of youth again warmed his veins. "Go, my son, and take my blessing," he said. "It is, of all others, the position I have most wished to see you occupy. I have but one regret," he continued, as the tears began to gather; "it is that my age and infirmities will prevent me from standing beside you in the ranks of battle. I have sometimes thought to go even as I am. A soldier's death in such a cause would not be hard, but I could not support the incidental fatigues and privations, and I may, perhaps, be able to render more efficient service in sustaining and encouraging these people around me."

After this interview I considered myself enlisted for the war, and only awaited the opportunity to fulfill my engagements.

This afternoon we had news of a battle fought between the National forces under Patterson and the rebels at Falling Water. Several of our mountaineers, according to their usual custom, had gone down into the Valley to assist in cutting the harvest. The forces joined battle on the farm where they were employed, and at the first discharge of artillery they took to their heels, and got home yesterday morning, having run about thirty miles during the night.

July 5.—Our military occupants are evidently uneasy. Couriers are going and coming, and their wagons are packed ready for a move. It is reported that Colonel Lew Wallace's regiment of Zouaves is moving down from Cumberland by the national turnpike.

July 7.—To-day our unwelcome visitors are gone, bag and baggage, moving toward Winchester. The Indiana regiment is reported passing through Hancock. From the hill we can hear the drums.

July 9.—To-day I started for Martinsburg on horseback, taking an obscure road to prevent suspicion of my intentions. After traveling through the woods for several miles I saw a log-cabin in a clearing, and rode up to inquire whether the road was safe. As I approached I saw six or eight men escaping from the opposite side of the house and hiding in the adjacent thickets. At the house I found no one but a little girl, who received me with decided composure, and in reply to my inquiries, said there was no one at home and she knew nothing about the road. I then asked her what men those were who had just left the house. She was confused and silent.

I rode toward the thicket, and announcing my own name in a loud voice, told the men to come out. First one head and then another appeared among the bushes, and presently recognizing me the whole company gathered



NOT AT HOME.

around. They had met to devise measures for escaping or resisting the rebel conscription, but on seeing me approach they mistook me for one of the officers, and incontinently fled. I recommended to them to keep their rifles loaded, and to shoot the first State agent or conscript officer that attempted to meddle with them. They promised to follow my counsel.

As I continued my journey I found the whole population in alarm. At the houses I saw none but women and children, all the adult males having taken to the woods. The political bias of the country was unmistakably expressed in favor of the Union. At one house, however, a sharp-eyed, buxom dame returned me the usual "Not at home" with a knowing leer, which induced me to ask where the men had gone. "Gone to Winchester, of course, where they ought to be." As I rode on she screamed after me a warning that I would be picked up myself before I got much farther on my road.

As I neared Sleepy Creek Mountain, in passing through a dense wood I was halted by the challenge of a sentinel—a wild-looking mountaineer armed with a squirrel gun. I named my name and unbuttoned my pistol-holster, uncertain as to what welcome I might receive.

I found a party of friendly refugees all around and bivouacked in a laurel brake. They were glad to see me, and thankful for the encouraging news I gave them. They reported the country toward Martinsburg quiet and safe.

From hence to Hedgeville I rode without meeting a human soul. I arrived here about noon, and stopped at the tavern to procure food and rest for myself and horse. While dinner was preparing I went into the parlor to sleep. I presently was disturbed by some wrangling in the hall, and directly after the landlord entered and told me some of the citizens had called and insisted on seeing me, and on knowing where I was going and what my intentions were. He had resisted them, however, and refused to let them disturb me. I told him to inform these officious gentlemen that I was not disposed to answer impertinent questions, and if they persisted they might expect a bullet for an answer. I got my nap and my dinner in peace, and was permitted to pursue my journey unmolested.

Within three miles of Martinsburg I met a foraging party from Patterson's army, and passed with them into the town, which was environed with the Federal camps. The streets were full of loose soldiers, and a sentinel stood at every house to protect the inhabitants from injury or annoyance. I rode directly to look after Nourbourn, our family mansion, which had been seized and used as a hospital by the rebels. I found it occupied by the medical staff of one of the Pennsylvania brigades. The establishment had been so roughly used by their predecessors that the new occupants could not injure it further. I made myself known to the surgeon in charge, and received his promise that the property and surroundings should be cared for.

The same evening I presented myself at the army head-quarters, and made the acquaintance of the general staff and most of the officers in command. I proposed to General Patterson to let me have a hundred cavalry for twelve hours, and I would insure the capture of Edmonson's party, which lay at Muger's, eighteen miles distant. The General declined to make any detachments, saying he could not afford to weaken his force. Colonel George H. Thomas, who commanded the cavalry, favored the proposition, and seemed anxious to undertake the raid, upon the principle that these little successes, easily obtained, inspired the troops, and gave them more confidence when decisive action was required. After-knowledge has convinced me that General Patterson was entirely right. "The game was not worth the candle."

Our picket lines I found were but a short distance south of Martinsburg, and were continually pressed by an active and audacious enemy. Our foraging parties rarely went out without being fired on or stampeded. Most exaggerated ideas of the rebel force prevailed at head-quarters. The most judicious estimated them at twenty-five or thirty thousand. In talking with Colonel Fitz John Porter, chief

of staff, and Captain Newton, of the engineers, I put Johnston's numbers at fifteen thousand effectives. I did not think it possible he could exceed that number; and as I knew he had a large number of sick, and that desertions had been very frequent, I thought it probable that his effective force would fall below that estimate. I did not think it worth while to compute the militia at all, as they were chiefly Union men and enforced conscripts, and would doubtless run away at the first fire. I must confess I was somewhat irritated at the cavalier manner in which my estimates were received by these men of war. They seemed to be entirely satisfied with information obtained from other quarters, and I was equally well satisfied that this information had been furnished them by persons in the employ of the enemy.

Throughout the camp the battle of Hainesville was the all-absorbing topic. The most preposterous relations are given of the feats of arms performed on that day, and the heaps of rebel dead that covered the field. The staff officers say it was only a lively skirmish, the advance of our column engaging Jackson's brigade, about three thousand strong. The Federal loss was three killed and seven wounded; the loss of the rebels certainly not greater. As the Federals advanced the enemy retreated at a double-quick, leaving their camp-equipage and knapsacks on the ground. This circumstance gave point to the victory, inspired the troops, and delighted the Union people extravagantly.

Lieutenant Kirby Smith, of the Topographical Corps, narrated an incident of the advance which illustrated the innocent simplicity of our soldiers on that day. The skirmishers, excited by the novelty of the occasion, hurried forward until they had left the main column a mile in the rear. Here they were halted to await its approach; and being heated by their exercise, determined to economize time and make themselves comfortable. Consequently about half a mile of the line gathered in about a farmhouse, stacked their arms in the fence corners, and betook themselves to drinking milk, whistling, sleeping, and other jovial and nonchalant amusements. In the midst of it a company of thirty or forty mounted men was seen approaching through the fields. A civil soldier jumped forward and let down the bars, which admitted them into the lane. The next moment he fell with a pistol-ball through his head, and the rebel yell, accompanied by a volley of pistol-shots, informed the astonished skirmishers of the wide difference between a ginger-pop celebration and actual war. Forty-three men surrendered, and were carried off in sight of the main army. Lieutenant Smith mounted and rode off, followed by a rebel horseman. Finding himself in a closed lane, or *cul de sac*, he turned on his pursuer and exchanged two pistol-shots with him, at about twenty paces' distance. At the second fire the trooper turned tail and rejoined his company. Smith broke through the fence and retreated on the main

body, followed by a mingled shower of oaths and bullets.

Captain Perkins of the regular army, commanding a battery of light artillery, was also riding carelessly about half a mile in advance of his battery. He was suddenly accosted by three officers, one of whom exclaimed in a familiar voice and manner:

"Hallo, Perk, I'm glad to see you; what are you doing here?"

The Captain, recognizing in the speaker his old West Point chum, J. E. B. Stuart, returned the salute heartily, recalling his college sobriquet:

"Why, Beauty, how are you? I didn't know you were with us."

"Nor did I know you were on our side," replied Stuart. "What command have you?"

"There's my command coming over the hill," replied Perkins, pointing complaisantly to the well-equipped battery that was approaching with Union colors displayed.

"Oh, the devil!" exclaimed Stuart, wheeling suddenly and plunging into the forest. "Good-by, Perk."

As Colonel Stuart was accompanied by two aids, and Captain Perkins was alone, unguarded, and out of reach of timely assistance, he expresses surprise that he was not called on to surrender. He does not know whether to attribute Stuart's forbearance to his sudden surprise on discovering his real position, or to a generous sentiment which forbid his taking advantage of an old comrade's inadvertency.

July 10.—The temper of this army is eminently imaginative and romantic. The most trifling incident furnishes sufficient material for a Dime Novel. I heard a sergeant of the Indiana regiment narrating, to an assembled crowd of soldiers and citizens, the particulars of the combat, in which he had slain Captain Turner Ashby and his brother Dick, and numerous others of their command. This fight it seems occurred between Cumberland and Romney. Dick Ashby I know was killed; but I had heard nothing of the other's death, and doubt the statement.

I am much pleased with the tone of sentiment about head-quarters. They seem to understand that the inhabitants of this region have been bullied and deluded into their present false position, and the policy to be pursued toward them is to be mild and conciliatory. Their property and persons will be protected, and their negroes returned to them if they take refuge in the camps. This is certainly the true policy as applicable to the mass of the population. They have not been, and can never be, aught else than the dupes and victims of designing men. The Government owes them protection and pity. For the rest I am not sure but a judicious use of hemp would advance the interests of humanity as well as those of law and government.

Our citizens here have fraternized most cordially with the army. Indeed, I do not know

where I have seen so many gentlemen of liberal views, polished manners, and varied accomplishment collected together as may be found among the officers of this command. Free, social intercourse with such men will do much to enlighten and liberalize our people, whose prejudices have arisen not so much from ignorance as from seclusion.

July 11.—To-day I visited Captain Simpson of the Topographical Corps at his tent. After some general conversation in regard to the geography and topography of the Valley he proposed to me to take the place of assistant in his party. I replied that I was seeking a position where I might be useful. I knew something of military matters theoretically, but had never had any experience in the field. He explained the duties attached to the position he offered, dwelt upon their importance, and urged me to accept the place. I agreed to take the matter into consideration. The same afternoon I reported to him and concluded the engagement.

July 12.—Head-quarters was jubilant to-day over the news of McClellan's victory at Rich Mountain. I visited Norbourne and selected three quilts and a piece of oil-cloth to serve me for a camp bed. I also unearthed half a dozen bottles of old port which the soldiers had forgotten. My pony was transferred to the staff-stables and took his first bite of Government oats. My scanty equipage was transported by a negro to the tent of Lieutenant Kirby Smith, with whom I had already become agreeably acquainted.

Now fairly enlisted in the service I began to get some knowledge of the plans and objects of the campaign as well as of the means of carrying it on. On my arrival in town I had been informed by discreet and truthful citizens that the national forces numbered forty-five thousand men with seventy guns. I now learned to my astonishment that we had less than twenty thousand men with only sixteen guns. It was also evident that the commanders were dissatisfied with the line on which they were operating. With both wings "in the air," and communications exposed to attack from an active and well-informed enemy, the disadvantages of their position increased with every march they might make southward. The prevailing opinion seemed to be that the army had no business here at all but should be at Leesburg. Councils were held and plans suggested for moving the supply dépôt to Harper's Ferry. These opinions I heard expressed from time to time; but there was a good deal of reticence about head-quarters, and I was not fully informed as to the general intention of the campaign.

July 13.—I had some conversation with Colonel George H. Thomas to-day. He is a Virginian from the south side of James, a fine commanding figure, and bearing eminently martial. He is said to be remarkable for his tenacious courage and coolness in danger. He

seems gratified to find so much loyal feeling among the men of light and leading in this district. He fully appreciates the weight of the social pressure which has been brought to bear in favor of the rebellion in other portions of the State, and respects the moral courage which is stern enough to bid defiance to it. The sympathy arising from this parity of views and position will lead, I hope, to better acquaintance. I was also introduced to Major Doubleday commanding the heavy battery, with his Lieutenants Hall and Elder. They are fresh from Fort Sumter, and gave some interesting details of the proceedings there and in Charleston.

July 14.—We heard to-day of Pegram's surrender. The Western Virginians seem to be doing their work effectually. Every body is in high spirits, and the trains are all loaded for a move to-morrow. I hope there may be no delay, for I wish to see this infernal fire quenched before it has time to burn out the vitals of the State.

July 15, Monday.—Clear and warm. This morning the army moved on Winchester. It was a day of deep interest and high excitement to many, but to none more intensely interesting than to myself. It was my first military campaign; but a life of varied experiences with its share of stirring adventure had inured me to novelty, yet nothing that I have ever seen surpassed the scenic splendor of this march. The atmosphere was deliciously genial, the country clothed in the full luxury of its summer array, neat farm-houses with white-washed fences dotted the fields all golden with the ungathered harvest. Chains of blue mountains on either hand inclining a picture of smiling beauty seldom equaled outside the Valley of the Shenandoah. A full regiment of infantry deployed as skirmishers led the march, flanking the road for half a mile on either side; the picturesque lines moving irregularly, now over open fields of grass and clover, now wading waist-deep through yellow, waving lakes of uncut grain; anon climbing fences and disappearing in tangled thickets and patch of forest; again reappearing and forming groups upon some sharp ledge of limestone rock to scan the country in front; strong reserves supported the centre and extreme flanks of this line; ever moving, changing, breaking, and re-forming to suit the character of the ground. A body of four hundred regular cavalry, with Captain Tompkins's Rhode Island battery, led by Colonel Thomas, moved next. After them was seen the main column of ten thousand infantry with artillery and supply trains stretching out in interminable perspective. A column of six thousand men, led by Colonel Stone, moved by a parallel road to the left out of sight but with supporting distance. All along the route we found traces of the opposing army in deserted bivouacs, extinguished fires, broken fences, overturned wagons, and dead horses.

At Darksville our skirmishers came upon the

enemy's cavalry pickets, and some scattering shots were exchanged. This firing was occasionally repeated all the way to Bunker's Hill.

About a mile beyond Darksville, several squadrons of rebel cavalry appearing in front, a section of Tompkins's battery was brought forward with a rush, and unlimbering upon an open hill-top, discharged half a dozen shells into the wood where the enemy had disappeared. At Bunker's Hill our skirmish line came upon the main body of Stuart's cavalry posted behind Mill Creek. There was a brisk and exciting fusillade for about twenty minutes without any especial result that I could perceive, when a section of artillery was again brought up, and, obtaining a cross fire on the enemy's position, drove them out. On the left of the turnpike the skirmish line had advanced about half a mile beyond the village. A group of the enemy's cavalry still crowned a hill about twelve hundred yards in front, observing our force. Captain Tompkins very quietly brought one of his rifled guns into a position masked by some trees. The shell was selected, and the piece, loaded carefully, was sighted by the officer himself. The point aimed at was a snow-white Havelock which shone in the centre of the group of horsemen. The skirmish line had halted, and every body stood still to watch the effect of the shot. The word was given, the missile whizzed through the air. Five seconds after there was a whirling among the Havelocks on the hill, as when the wind strikes a heap of dried leaves. The whole troop then started at full speed toward Winchester, the white Havelock bobbing up and down pre-eminently until lost in the distance and the dust-clouds which they had kicked up.

A citizen who came into camp shortly after reported that a sergeant had been killed by that shot, but I never heard this verified. Thus ended the modern battle of Bunker's Hill. About two o'clock in the afternoon the army went into camp on the field, not a very bloody one for the rest, for I did not hear of any killed or wounded on our side, and did not see the enemy's loss. We picked up ten or a dozen prisoners during the day, captured some forage and horses, but accomplished nothing else of importance. I spent the remainder of the day in trying to protect the inhabitants from plunder and annoyance. Notwithstanding the best disposition on the part of the commanding officers I found this a difficult business.

Colonel Stone's column, having had a rougher road to move upon, did not get in until four o'clock in the afternoon. The topographical camp was located in an orchard, near General Cadwallader's head-quarters, a pleasant spot.

July 16, Tuesday.—Clear and warm. Slept heavily. I am told there was a great deal of firing on the picket line last night, but I take no account of these alarms, feeling assured that the enemy does not mean to attack. If he fights at all it will be at Winchester, where he is secure of the advantage of position. This,

it seems, is not the opinion at head-quarters. A brigade of infantry with a battery moved toward Winchester this morning to make a reconnaissance. I was rather surprised to find that the army would not move.

During the day I talked with Captain Simpson about the roads to Winchester, Berryville, Strasburg, and Millwood. Without being fully informed as to the object of the campaign, I was led to infer he wished to know how we could flank Winchester by a movement to the left or the east. I indicated Berryville, seventeen miles distant, as a point from whence the roads leading eastward from Winchester could be commanded. The Captain was decidedly of opinion that we ought to go there.

While we sat at dinner the cannonading at the front became so rapid that our horses were ordered. Before we mounted, however, the firing ceased, and shortly afterward the reconnoitring force returned, reporting that they had advanced to a point within five miles of Winchester without encountering any other force than cavalry. The roads were blockaded with fallen trees, and every thing indicated a defensive policy on the part of Johnston.

During the afternoon we got hold of two white-headed youths, brothers, who had deserted from Winchester, and had given information in regard to matters there. We took them to our tent, and finding one of them intelligent, examined him very carefully. The information he gave us corresponded precisely with my knowledge of localities at Winchester, and previous knowledge of the forces and armament. Upon his information we put down Johnston's force of effectives at seventeen thousand men, and thirty-one pieces of light artillery. Two brigades of infantry and a battery of eight guns having been added to the force which I saw pass through Charlestown on the 15th of June. He described the works as accurately as an inexperienced youth could be expected to do, and said they were armed with ten heavy guns from the Norfolk navy-yard—probably old navy 32-pounders.

I was perfectly satisfied that this information was sincerely given and approximately accurate. He had named all the regiments and their commanders, and we had made our aggregate by allowing eight hundred men to the regiment. There had been much sickness and desertion. I felt assured we had over-estimated the force of effectives somewhat. When these views were presented at head-quarters, what was our astonishment to find that they were totally discredited. They had satisfactory information there that the enemy had a force of forty-two thousand men and seventy guns.

I was indignant and mortified that this "invention of the enemy" should obtain credence, and endeavored to combat it by argument. It was utterly impossible that the Confederacy could have set on foot such a force in addition to what they had at Manassas. They had not

the means of arming or supplying so many men at Winchester. If Johnston had half the force attributed to him he would not have put us to the trouble of following him to Winchester, but would have made us feel him before this. His blockading the roads to impede our advance was an indication of weakness rather than of overwhelming superiority. In short, I was morally certain that there could be no such force in Winchester.

In reply, I was curtly told by a staff officer that my "deserter" was a rogue and would be hung some day. I did not dispute his assertion, but insisted that an intelligent rogue and deserter could give very accurate information when it suited his purpose to do so, and I did not doubt that my man had told me the truth. In short, I found the forty-two thousand men and seventy guns the accepted belief, and no discussion permitted.

Being a stranger in camp, and without credit at head-quarters, I retired to my tent, sketched a map of the route to Charlestown, and went to sleep with a contemptuous sense of security.

July 17, Wednesday.—Clear and warm. We broke camp this morning at two o'clock. When we mounted it was still dark, and the adjacent slopes were blazing with fires, at which the troops were cooking breakfast. At dawn the whole column was in motion on the road to Smithfield, leading eastward and retrograding from Winchester. Colonel Frank Patterson's Pennsylvania regiment (called the Roundheads from the shape of their hats) led the march. As we descended the bluff to Mill Creek, near the Opequan Bridge, a body of men was seen on an overlooking hill, and the Roundheads opened on them briskly, firing twenty or thirty shots before they discovered that it was one of our own posts established the night previous to guard the bridge.

Crossing this bridge we ascended the limestone ridge on the eastern bank, from whence we had a magnificent view of the Valley to Winchester and twenty miles beyond, terminated by the Fort Mountains. The town of Winchester, located in a basin, was not visible, but near its locality we observed a large column of smoke rising as if from the destruction of some buildings or bridges. As our regiments successively filed up from the misty vale of the Opequan their burnished arms and banners caught the rosy light of the sun just rising over the Blue Ridge. It was an inspiring and martial scene. If we had not been on the retrograde I should have enjoyed it more.

At Smithfield we still had choice of roads, one led to Winchester fifteen miles distant, another to Berryville, between Winchester and Snicker's Ferry, about twelve miles distant respectively from Winchester and Smithfield. The third route led to Charlestown, eight miles off and twenty-two from Winchester. A brigade, by way of feint, moved a short distance on the Winchester road, but the main column took the Charlestown route. The van-guard

halted about a mile from Smithfield, and seeing something resembling a body of cavalry drawn up across the road a gun was sent for. It was posted and loaded, but a closer examination showed our enemy to be a six-horse team with a load of hay, and consequently the battery did not open.

As I was riding alone some distance in advance of the column, a tall negro man ran up and addressed me with great earnestness.

"Oh, Sir, why don't you hurry on to Charlestown? Be quick, and you will catch the people that hung that good man John Brown."

"Indeed, Uncle, and so you think John Brown was a good man and should not have been hung?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir. He was a man sent by the Lord to do justice on earth and give liberty to the oppressed, and I don't know how it happened after that the Lord permitted him and them that were with him to die in that miserable way."

The advance of the troops interrupted our conversation, and I rode forward a short distance to speak to a white man who sat on horseback near his gate. I found he was the owner of the slave who had first addressed me, and inquired of him with some feeling of interest. If he had observed any restiveness among his blacks since the National army had entered Virginia? He assured me, in a boastful tone, that he had never known them more contented and obedient, and had no fear that any of his would leave him.

This was only an expression of the faintly which seemed to have possessed the minds of most slave-owners of late years. No class of men had better opportunities of knowing that subtlety, the armor of the weak, is the essential characteristic of the hereditary slave. In the ordinary affairs of life they placed no reliance whatever on the sincerity of his expressed opinions, knowing they were invariably put forth to please and flatter the questioner, especially if he happened to be of the dominant race. Yet now, blinded by passion, they insisted that the slaves feared and hated the Yankees, and would not accept the boon of freedom if offered.

I found a practical commentary on this opinion when I returned to the head of the column. About a dozen negroes, men and women, had come out of the adjoining fields equipped for traveling with their Sunday clothes and bundles. They had evidently prepared themselves beforehand and waited the approach of the army. The spokesman among them was my recent acquaintance. He asked a soldier of the Massachusetts regiment "if this was not the army that was come to set them free?" The soldier replied, "No, my man, we have come here solely to execute the laws. To set you free, or to do any thing contrary to the law of the land, is not our mission. Go, therefore, serve your master faithfully, and be content to know that you are in all probability better off under his protection than if you were free."

The negro looked alternately at the speaker and at the armed host that was sweeping by with an expression of mingled perplexity and disappointment. His companions, although listening with open eyes, mouths, and ears, had scarcely caught the meaning of the soldier's remarks. They turned their chop-fallen countenances toward the big negro as if for further enlightenment.

He repeated, sadly, "Dey say dey ain't come to set us free." A girl, with shining face and yellow headkerchief, retorted, spitefully, "Den what de debble dey come here for, I'd like to know, burnin' people's fences and spadin' dere corn?" Knowing that according to the proclaimed policy of the Government fugitives would be returned to their masters from the camps, and that in a military point of view they could not be tolerated, I felt it my duty to explain to these poor creatures the true state of the case, and to recommend to them not to commit themselves by relying on a refuge with the army. The leader thanked me politely and slowly turned away, looking perplexed, like one who has been awakened from a long-dreamed dream.

At the ruin of the old Episcopal Church—the first built in the valley—the main column halted, and detachments were sent forward to the right and left to inclose the town and capture the militia, which were reported to be assembled there. The army entered Charlestown with drums beating, colors flying, and all the pomp of a grand review. The streets were silent and deserted, the houses generally closed, and only a few negroes and children appeared to witness the "grand entré." As the column passed a Confederate flag was displayed from the upper window of a storehouse. The doors were instantly crushed in and the offensive emblem replaced by the Stars and Stripes. Otherwise every thing was quiet. The sentiment of the army was eunuchary, while, from terror or sullenness, very few of the inhabitants showed themselves on the streets. I assisted my chief in posting the troops as they came in, and at night, weary and dispirited, retired to our camp in a field beside the Harper's Ferry turnpike.

July 18, Thursday.—I am informed to-day that our movement from Martinsburg via Bunker's Hill to this place was a flank march to cover the transfer of our supply train to a new base at Harper's Ferry. The enemy's cavalry picked up a couple of our sutler's wagons yesterday. A reconnoitring party has moved out toward Berryville. There was some spirited shell practice this afternoon which sounded like a battle, while from the continual crackle of small-arms through the camps one might infer there was a chronic skirmish on hand. One of these desultory shots wounded a horse belonging to Perkins's light battery. The Captain, who was fiery, loaded a section with canister and turning the guns on the camp from whence the shot came, declared if another ball was fired into his purview he would open on the

offenders. The infantry got ready to take the battery, and it required some authority to settle the difficulty.

My principal business to-day was mediating between the citizens and the military.

After dark this evening I was informed that Joe Johnston was crossing at Berry's Ferry, moving toward Manassas.

July 19, Friday.—Clear and warm. This morning before breakfast I received positive information that Johnston's whole army had crossed the Shenandoah at Berry's Ferry. A loyal citizen, who was eye-witness of the fact, had ridden during the night to bring the news. I immediately communicated it to Captain Simpson, who said it was important, and hurried over to head-quarters. After a brief absence he returned somewhat irritated, and said the report was not credited at head-quarters. I told him my information was positive and of indubitable authority, although for good reasons I could not reveal the source from whence I obtained it. He expressed full confidence in it, and then questioned me as to the roads from our position leading across the ridge into Loudon, saying we should move immediately by the shortest route toward Manassas. My opinion was that the roads spoken of were scarcely practicable for heavy trains. The troops using them must move light. Johnston would, in any case, have the short line, and nearly two days' start of us.

All the while our force, composed of three months' volunteers, was rapidly melting away. The time of nearly all of them had expired. One or two regiments turned back at Martinsburg before this march began. Three regiments left at Bunker's Hill, marching homeward while the guns were sounding at the front.

To-day other regiments were departing. General Patterson had several regiments whose terms were expired paraded near head-quarters. He came out and addressed them, urging them to remain until the campaign was ended. Colonel Wallace's Zouaves volunteered to remain ten days longer. Some other organizations followed their example. The general feeling among the troops, however, was to go home on the day their engagements terminated, without regard to circumstances.

I was busy to-day getting citizens released from arrest and soliciting protections for the houses and property of others. As we have failed to make any favorable military impression, it is our policy to produce as favorable an impression otherwise as possible.

While I was at head-quarters a committee of soldiers appointed from one of the regiments called on the Commanding General. He received them on the portico of the house, and inquired their business. The committee, composed of three lanky, tallow-faced fellows, took off their hats, and the spokesman, who was especially tall, lanky, and tallow-faced, stood forward and took from under his arm a large package folded in a piece of tent cloth. This

he unrolled with great deliberation, and displayed a side of the whitest and fattest pickled pork that could be conceived of. Then rolling his eyes imploringly upon his chief he began, in a lackadaisical tone:

"General, we've been appointed a committee by our regiment to come and show you how we poor soldiers are treated by our commissaries, and what sort of rations we git. Look at that, General!" he exclaimed, rousing himself to energy. "We've fought hard, and marched hard, but we can't stand it much longer—we're most gone:" and to present more emphatically the exhausted condition of the army the speaker leaned languidly against a pillar of the portico. The two assistants responded with faint groans, and leaned corroboratively against adjoining posts.

The General meanwhile had examined the *corpus delicti*.

"That looks very fine!" he exclaimed; "what's the matter with that?"

"General," gasped the astonished committeeman, leaving the support of his post in his excitement, "we men can't live on that sort of meat: it's all fat!"

"Well," replied the General, "I thought fat pork was always considered the best."

"But," persisted the orator, "this is *all* fat. Men can't march and fight all day and all night as we've done unless they git some lean."

The eye of the old soldier twinkled as he dismissed them, promising to give orders that the Commissary should issue none but lean pork hereafter. The fellows shouldered their greasy grievance and marched off as jauntily as if they had won a victory.

July 20, Saturday.—Clear and pleasant. We received information of the collision between our forces and the enemy at Bull Run on the 19th. It was regarded as a check, and produced a feeling of dissatisfaction and uneasiness.

Our pickets were all night long skirmishing with cows, stumps, and imaginary enemies. I think the men on guard get lonely and frightened, and fire their guns to get up an excitement and relieve their minds. I obtained some valuable maps for the Topographical Department to-day. They are needed, as the Government seems to lack geographical and topographical information in regard to this region especially. This evening Lieutenant Smith is ordered to lead a brigade to Keyes's Ferry. This indicates that we will fall back to Harper's Ferry.

July 21, Sunday.—Clear and pleasant. This morning we broke camp and moved for Harper's Ferry.

Such was my mortification at the result of the campaign that I made it convenient to get off without taking leave of my friends in town. As we drew near Harper's Ferry a tall, thin man, on horseback, saluted Captain Simpson, and reported himself as William Luce, an assistant draughtsman, ordered from Washington

to join us. I was presented to my new companion, and we rode together to Harper's Ferry.

To-day it was frankly revealed to me, for the first time, that a decisive battle was to be fought at Manassas Junction, and was probably in progress. The motive of our late movement was explained, as was also the fact that it had signally failed.

At Harper's Ferry head-quarters were established at the house of the Superintendent of the Armory, while the topographical party pitched their tents near the dwelling of the late paymaster. Some of the officers remarked that Uncle Sam had recovered his own again, but it was only the empty shell. A place more thoroughly gutted could not be imagined.

July 22, Monday.—Warm rain. Lieutenant Smith rejoined us to-day, the troops guarding Keyes's Ferry having returned. The troops whose terms of service have expired are leaving us by regiments, fording the Potomac above the island, every man and officer carrying with him some cumbersome memento of the campaign, in shape of a brick, a cannon-ball, or burned musket-barrel from the ruins of the Arsenal.

I started with my commanding officer to reconnoitre the crest of Loudon Heights, where, it is reported, the enemy had constructed some block-houses. We took an escort of fifty sharpshooters from Brigadier-General N——'s brigade, the General and his staff accompanying us as spectators. Crossing the Shenandoah by an unusual and very rough ford, we ascended the mountain by a winding road shaded by tall forest trees and bordered by the delicious wild-bloom of the season. On the summit we found a cleared space of about twelve hundred yards in length by three hundred wide, with three block-houses so located as to flank and support each other. On the roof of one of these we took lunch, and while thus engaged were accosted by two citizens, who informed us that there was a picket of rebel cavalry in the valley below. It was determined to extend our reconnoissance in that direction, the Captain hoping to hear some tidings of the battle which was probably fought yesterday. We descended by a narrow path winding through dense thickets and scarcely practicable for horses. From the foot of the ridge we made our way across some meadows, fording a pretty stream, and finally reaching the main turnpike leading from Harper's Ferry, *via* Hillsborough, to Leesburg. Calling at a house we were answered by a country fellow, who replied to our questions in so vague and unsatisfactory a manner that he was taken into custody.

Moving on toward Hillsborough our guide pointed out two men mowing in a field. One of them, named Dorrell, he said, was a troublesome man, who had been very active in hunting up "volunteers" for the Confederate army. The man thus indicated justified the accusation brought against him by throwing down his scythe and fleeing toward the mount-

ain as soon as he espied us. The chase was immediately opened; a dozen of the Dutch sharpshooters on foot, and the General with staff and orderlies on horseback, started in full cry after the fugitive. The chase, with all the dodges, leaps, and turns of pursuers and pursued, was in full view for half a mile. Dorrell ran like a buck, while the Dutchmen followed staunchly with whoop and halloo. The hunted party, however, had the advantage of speed and knowledge of localities, and finally escaped to the mountain. The other mower, with superior firmness or a better conscience, kept quietly at his work and was not even questioned.

Gathering up after this unsuccessful chase, the detachment moved on several miles farther to Neersville, a village of a dozen houses. Here separating into two parties our escort took open order and closed around the village, like Highland hunters upon their game. Their rush into the town with fixed bayonets and a cheer was dramatic, and took the inhabitants by surprise. But one adult male was captured, who upon examination was found to be a lame idiot. Finding himself cornered he took off his hat and gave three cheers for Jeff Davis; but the strange oaths and menacing bayonets of the Tentacle guard convinced him of his mistake. He then volunteered three hearty hurrahs for Alse Linsden, whereupon he was liberated with the following commendation, "Dat's a cool feller; he's all right!"

Two miles beyond Neersville we found Dorrell's house. The proprietor was absent from home, of course, but our zealous Dutchmen searched the premises as carefully as if they expected to find him. The only opposition they met was from an old woman who cackled at them and a house-dog that barked. A volley of German oaths silenced the old woman and drove the dog under the house. The only practical result of this search was a huge black stallion that was found in the barn. This animal was led forth shining with fatness and faithful grooming, but with none of the bold, swaggering airs of holiday fairs and militia muster-days. He appeared, on the contrary, with drooping head and tail between his legs, pulled, cuffed, and kicked by his captors, the most humble and cringing creature imaginable, doubtless fully appreciating the fact that he had fallen into the hands of the Hessians. Having accomplished this capture the expedition wheeled to the right about, returning through Neersville.

The cavalry post we had heard of had been withdrawn to Hillsborough. There were some vague rumors of a bloody battle near Manassas, with great loss on both sides. This report was so vague that it might have referred to the affair of the nineteenth. The inhabitants generally seemed well disposed, but they had no information of any importance. At Neersville the Federal oath of allegiance was administered to several citizens, including the principal

saddler and the idiot. This latter at the conclusion of the ceremony again vociferated for Jeff Davis, and was again obliged to change his tune. The orderly who led the newly-recruited horse helped himself to a halter that hung at the saddler's door, pleasantly suggesting to the proprietor that in recognition of the loyalty which he had just proved by taking the oath he would be permitted to contribute something to the great cause.

A guard was sent to arrest a county magistrate named Price, charged with being a zealous administrator of Confederate laws and oaths of fealty to the so-called Government. When arraigned the magistrate firmly asserted his opinions, and was detained under guard. His son, who stood by, then voluntarily proclaimed himself a rebel, and was also taken into custody. I was touched with this exhibition of filial piety, and rode beside the young man for the purpose of relieving any apprehensions he might have in regard to the safety or civil treatment of his father. He recognized me and called me by name, asking why his father had been arrested. I replied, he had been guilty of high treason against the United States in undertaking to administer the laws of a rebellious government. The young man looked as if in a maze.

"The State of Virginia has ordered him to do it, and being a magistrate of the State, how can he refuse?"

I endeavored to explain to him the theory of National Supremacy as it had been taught to me; but he suggested a practical difficulty which the theory did not meet.

"Our State authorities," said he, "threaten us with confiscation and death if we do not obey them, and the United States menaces us with worse if we do. Now what in the name of God are we to do?"

"My young friend," I replied, "your question is a pertinent one, and difficult to answer. It is even now in process of solution, by the last argument of kings and governments. When that thundering debate shall have been closed we may be able to speak advisedly on this subject. Meanwhile, permit me to say that I have been touched by your manly bearing, and will interest myself to procure the speedy release of your father and yourself."

The expedition continued its movement by the Hillsborough pike toward Harper's Ferry. On a tree by the road-side was discovered a written placard ordering the assembly of the militia, and signed by a Captain Tevis. A military ruse was planned by one of the officers, which resulted in the capture of Captain Tevis (whose house was near at hand) and the confiscation of his military dress and equipments.

This exploit concluded the adventures of the day. The rain had ceased, and as we wheeled around the base of Loudon Heights a glorious sunset burst suddenly upon us. The whole western horizon was ablaze, while rivers and

rocks, ruins and camps, appeared all glittering with the golden light. It was a scene of surpassing grandeur, and one calculated to bring into impressive contrast Infinity with the littleness of men.

We returned to Harper's Ferry, having successfully accomplished the serious object of the reconnoissance. If the farcical by-play which I have narrated had added nothing to the military prestige or moral force of the Government, it at least indicated what was to be the fate of the Border people during the coming wars.

July 23, Tuesday.—Clear and pleasant. Mr. Luce, the new draughtsman, who has been lost since Sunday, reported again to-day. I was pleased to find him a clever artist with his pencil. While he, Lieutenant Smith, and myself were amusing ourselves caricaturing each other, Captain Simpson appeared at the door of the tent looking very much flushed and excited.

"Gentlemen," said he, "look at my countenance, and read the news."

"What is it? What of the battle?" exclaimed one and all.

"We have been beaten at Manassas—beaten disgracefully. The troops ran, and were cut to pieces like sheep, abandoning artillery, baggage, and every thing else in their panic."

The pencils were laid aside. Going up to head-quarters with our chief, we heard on all sides the fiery curses of rage, mortification, and disappointment. A proposition to march rapidly on Winchester with a column of five or six thousand men was under discussion. But the decisive battle had been fought, and this tardy effort to retrieve error and disaster could have accomplished nothing to justify the risk. It was very properly dismissed. I did not forget my promise to the Loudon prisoners, who received some judicious counsel, and were discharged—all except the horse.

July 24, Wednesday.—Clear and warm. Our discharged troops are still streaming across the Potomac by regiments, homeward bound. I met some Union refugees from Martinsburg this morning, who told me that Allan's regiment had been dreadfully cut up at Manassas. They named among the killed several young men of my acquaintance and kindred. The bodies had already been brought home and buried. The whole county was in mourning.

The National cause was, for the present, entirely lost in Virginia. I foresaw the effect this victory would have upon public opinion, and trembled for the safety of my friends and family at Berkeley. Having obtained leave of absence, I started the same afternoon to visit them. At Sharpsburg I took supper, and, to shorten the next day's ride, pushed on seven miles further, to Jones's tavern, on the Hagerstown road. I was informed that I could be comfortably lodged there if I could succeed in arousing the landlord, who was notoriously sleepy-headed. I got to the house about ten P.M., and spent the next hour shouting and pounding at the door. My perseverance was

at length rewarded, and I got fairly to bed at eleven.

In reviewing the campaign of General Patterson by the light of experience and fuller information, I am led to the conclusion that its futility was insured in its conception. The movement of the National army by the line of Martinsburg and Banker's Hill must, of course, leave it entirely optional with Johnston whether to reinforce Manassas or to hazard a battle in a position of his own selection. No manœuvre of the Federal commander from that direction could interfere with the free-will of an active and well-informed enemy. Every march which General Patterson made toward Winchester withdrew him from the decisive field of action, while by every retrograde Johnston was thrown nearer his unbroken lines of communication and the vital point of the campaign. Whether General Johnston really intended to

hazard a battle, or to defend Winchester at that time, is best known to himself; but he well knew, as every one else now knows, that the most stunning defeat inflicted on Patterson's army could not have rendered it more useless than it would have been at Winchester, or at any other point in the Valley of the Shenandoah, on the day of the decisive battle at Manassas. Nor does it seem at all probable that an able and subtle enemy would have cared to waste his limited supply of ammunition on a force that was melting away of itself, and in a few days would have been reduced to a mere handful.

This expedition, to have been successful, should have moved from Harper's Ferry on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, or through Leesburg, as its commander suggested. But the bad policy of operating on exterior lines against an enemy on interior lines is too well understood at this day to require discussion.

MIDSUMMER.

Past many a shady nook,
The babbling meadow brook,
Twist grass-grown banks with feathery fern
abundant.

Glides on its devious way
Through all the liveliest day,
While fields and woods with summer song
are sounding.

Far off across the vale,
Where the light vapors sail,
Veiled with thin mist the purple hills are
sleeping.

And in the ripened field,
Amid the summer's yield,
The farmers now the golden grain are reap-
ing.

The beauteous things unseen
Behind some leafy screen,
While the hot sun looks down with fiery
glances;

All Nature seems to swoon
As toward its highest noon,
From heat to heat, the glowing day ad-
vances.

The deep creek, winding, flows
By shelving shores where grows
The silvery willow marked with sun and
shadow,

And in its glassy wave
The cattle come to lave
Their sweltering limbs from feeding in the
meadow.

Steeped in the blinding light,
The clouds, all deathly white,
Across the vault with listless motion sailing,
Below me in the plain,
Along the bending grain,
Their grateful shadows o'er the earth are
trailing.

From farm-yards far and near
The shrill horns, sounding clear,
With answering echoes from the hills are
blending;

The laborers' work is stopped,
The whetted scythes are dropped,
And homeward now their eager feet are
tending.

Beside the cottage porch,
The sunflower's shining torch,
That marked with rings of flame the sum-
mer's coming,

Stands in proud splendor there
Where all the mountain air
Is drowsy with the sweet bees' idle hum-
ming.

Within the garden blows
The fragrant summer rose,
Whose blushing leaves with sweet perfume
are laden;

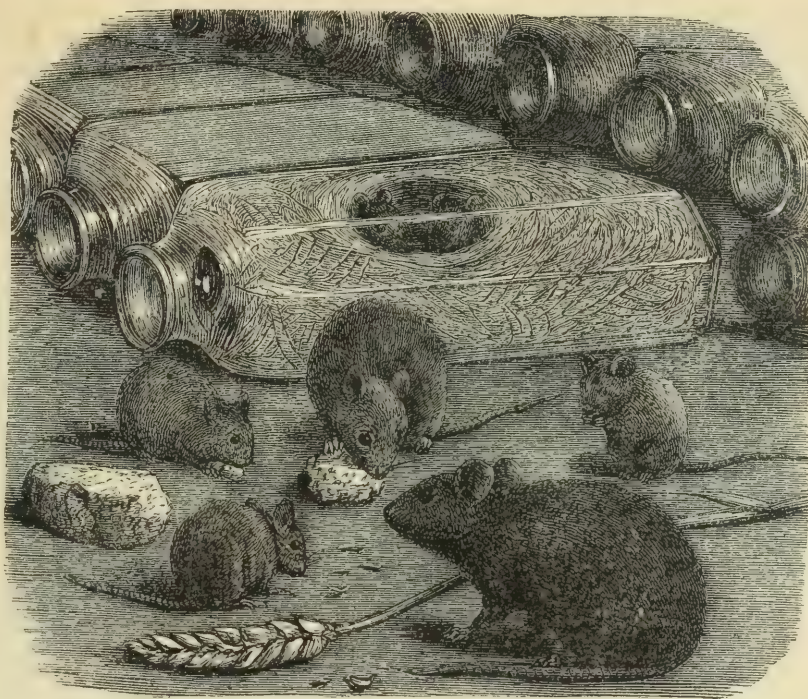
And swaying gently there,
The lily, passing fair,
Hangs her meek head like some retiring
maiden.

Oh, glorious summer! stay,
Nor hasten yet away
From the sweet fields with thy warm beauty
glowing;

My life has reached its prime,
Its radiant summer-time,
And all my blood with added warmth is
flowing.

The day at last declines,
The west with splendor shines
As slantwise now the sun's last beams are
falling.

And all the dazzling air,
Bright with the sunset's glare,
Is filled with myriad voices blithely calling.



MOUSE-NEST IN A BOTTLE.

SOME CURIOUS HOMES.

THERE are very few animals among the Mammalia who venture to exert their skill upon aerial architecture. Consequently the *Harvest Mouse*, found in many parts of England, is regarded with special interest; and this not only because its home is suspended above the ground in such a manner as to entitle it to the name of a true pensile nest, but also on account of its intrinsic beauty and elegance. The nest is generally hung to several stout grass-stems; sometimes it is fastened to wheat straws; and occasionally it is found suspended to the head of a thistle. It is a very beautiful structure, being made of very narrow grasses, and woven so carefully as to form a hollow globe, rather larger than a cricket-ball, and very nearly as round. The Harvest Mouse is an elegant little creature, so tiny that, when full-grown, it weighs scarcely more than the sixth of an ounce, and we can not but wonder how it contrives to form so complicated an object as a hollow sphere with thin walls. The walls are so thin that an object inside the nest can be easily seen from any part of the exterior; there is no opening whatever, and when the young are in the nest they are packed so tightly that their bodies press against the wall in every direction. As there is no defined opening, and as the walls are so loosely woven, it is probable that the mother is able to push her way between the meshes, and so to arrange or feed her young. The position of the nest, which is always at some little height, presupposes a climbing power in the architect. All mice and rats are good climbers, but the Harvest Mouse is especially well fitted for climbing, inasmuch as its long and flexible toes can firmly grasp the grass-stem, and its long slen-

der tail aids it materially in sustaining itself. As the food of the Harvest Mouse consists greatly of insects, flies being especial favorites, it is evident that great agility is needed. In order to show the active character of the quadruped one of the harvest mice is represented in the engraving as climbing toward a fly, upon which it is about to pounce. In such circumstances its leap is remarkably swift, and its aim as accurate as that of a swallow. In the airy cradle of the Harvest Mouse may sometimes be seen as many as eight young mice, all packed together like herrings in a barrel.

The *Common Mouse*, also, is a notable little house-builder, making nests out of various materials, and placing them oftentimes in very odd places, as the following instances will show: At the end of autumn a number of flower-pots had been set aside in a shed, in waiting for the coming spring. Toward the middle of winter the shed was cleared out and the flower-pots removed. While carrying them out of the shed the owner was rather surprised to find a round hole in the mould, and examined it closely. In the hole was seen, not a plant, but the tail of a mouse, which leaped from the pot as soon as it was set down. Presently another mouse followed from the same aperture, showing that a nest lay beneath the soil. On removing the earth a neat and comfortable nest was found, made chiefly of straw and paper, the entrance to which was the hole through which the inmates had fled. The most curious point in connection with this nest was, that although the earth in the pot seemed to be intact except for the round hole, which might have been made by a stick, none was found within it. The ingenious little architects had been clever enough



HARVEST MOUSE

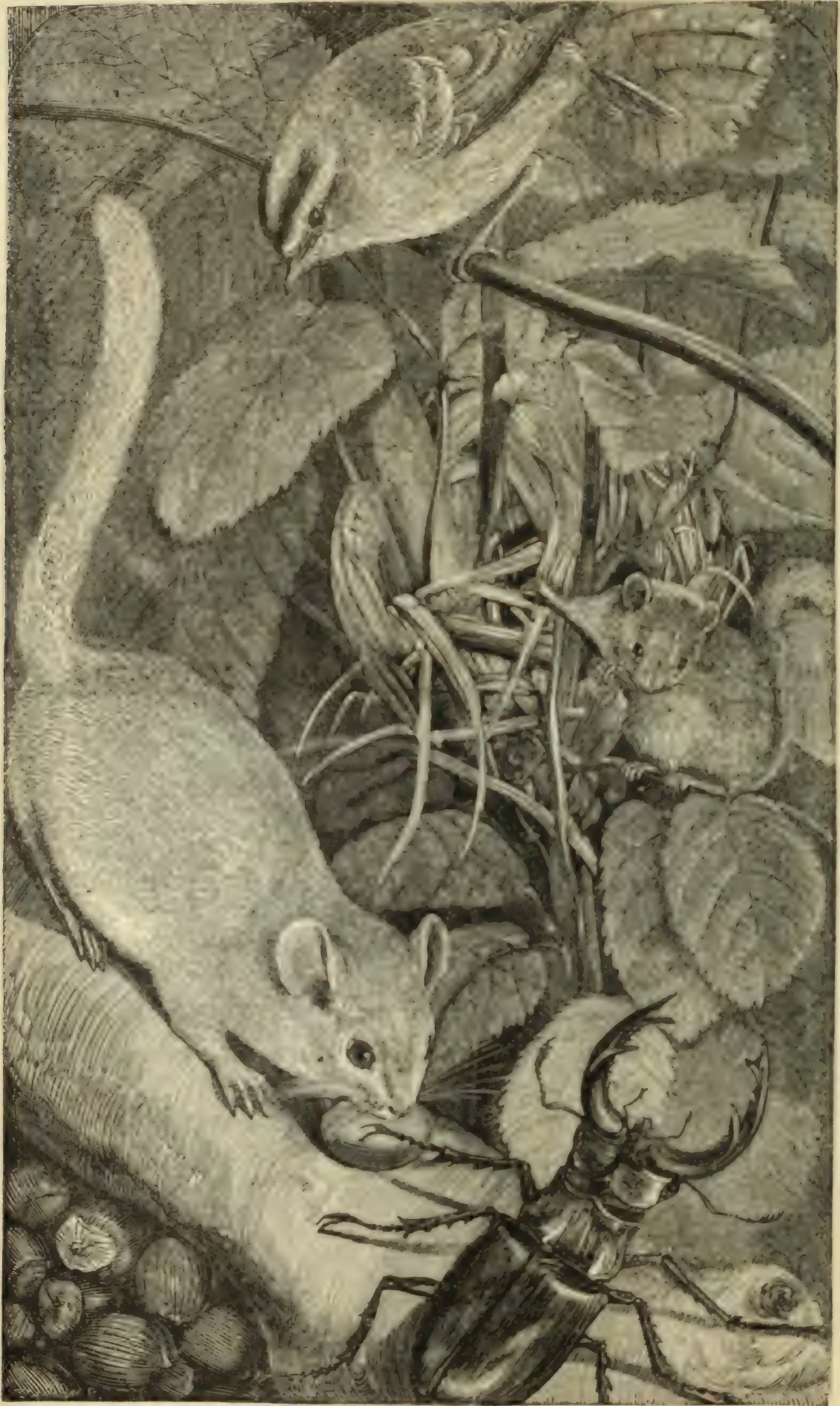
to scoop out the whole of the earth and to carry it away, so as to form a cavity for the reception of their nest. They did not completely empty the pot, as if knowing by instinct that their habitation would be betrayed, but allowed a slight covering of earth to remain upon their nest. A number of empty bottles had been stowed away upon a shelf, and among them was found one which was tenanted by a mouse. The little creature had considered that the bottle would afford a suitable home for her young, and had therefore conveyed into it a quantity of bedding which she made into a nest. The bottle was filled with the nest, and the eccentric architect had taken the precaution to leave a round hole corresponding to the neck of the bottle. In this remarkable domicile the young were placed; and it is a fact worthy of notice that no attempt had been made to shut out the light. Nothing would have been easier than to have formed the cavity at the under-side, so that the soft materials of the nest would exclude the light; but the mouse had simply formed a comfortable hollow for her young, and therein she had placed them. It is therefore evident that the mouse has no fear of light, but that it only chooses darkness as a means of safety for its young. The rapidity with which the mouse can make a nest is somewhat surprising. Some few years ago, in a farmer's house, a loaf of newly-baked bread was placed upon a shelf, according to custom. Next day a hole was observed in the loaf; and when it was cut open a mouse and her nest was discovered within, the latter having been made of paper. On examination, the material of the habitation was found to have been obtained from a copy-book, which had been torn into shreds and arranged into the form of a nest. Within this curious home were nine new-born mice. Thus in the space of thirty-six hours, at most, the loaf must have cooled, the interior been excavated, the book found and cut into suitable pieces, the nest made, and the young brought into the world. Surely it is no wonder that mice are so plentiful, or that their many enemies fail to exterminate them.

When in a state of liberty, and able to work in its own manner, the *Dormouse* is an admirable nest-maker. As it passes the day in sleep, it must needs have some retired domicile in which it can be hidden from the many enemies which might attack a sleeping animal. One of these nests is depicted in the illustration, being situated in a hedge about four feet from the ground, and is placed in the forking of a branch, the smaller twigs of which form a kind of palisade round it. The substances of which it is composed are of two kinds; namely, grass-blades and leaves of trees. Two or three kinds of grass are used, the greater part being the well-known sword-grass, whose sharp edges cut the fingers of a careless handler. The blades are twisted round the twigs and through the interstices, until they form a hollow nest, rather oval in shape. Toward the bottom

the finer sorts of grass are used, as well as some stems of delicate climbing weeds, which are no larger than ordinary thread, and which serve to bind the mass together. Interwoven with the grass are leaves, which fill up the interstices. The entrance to the nest is so ingeniously concealed that to find it is not a very easy matter, even when its precise position is known; and in order to show the manner in which it is constructed, one of the Dormice is represented in the act of drawing aside the grass-blades that conceal it. The pendent pieces of grass that are being held aside by the little paw are so fixed, that when released from pressure they spring back over the aperture and conceal it in a very effectual manner. Such a nest is usually about six inches in length and three in width. Although the Dormouse uses this aerial house as a residence, it does not make use of it as a granary. Like many other hibernating animals, it collects a store of winter food, which generally consists of nuts, grain, and similar substances. These treasures are carefully hidden away in the vicinity of the nest, and in the illustration the animal is shown as eating a nut which it has taken from one of its storehouses beneath the thick branch.

The Stag Beetle and the Golden-crested Wren have been introduced into the illustration to show the comparative size of the animals.

It is hardly possible to overrate the wonderful varieties of form that are assumed by the nests of insects—varieties so bold and so startling that few would believe in the possibility of their existence without ocular demonstration. No rule seems to be observed in them; at all events no rule has as yet been discovered by which their formation is guided; neither has any conjecture been formed as to the reason for the remarkable forms which they assume. In the British Museum there is a splendid collection of curious nests, but none perhaps which awakens more surprise and admiration than the wonderful group represented in the accompanying illustration. Although the seven nests were not all found adhering to a single branch—being placed near each other only to allow of easy comparison—they were all made by an insect bearing the somewhat scientific name of *Apoica*. This insect, although by no means a handsome creature, well deserves its scientific title. By referring to the illustration it will be seen that the nests are by no means uniform in size or shape. The larger one, which occupies the centre, rather exceeds ten inches in diameter, while the small nest at the end of the same branch is scarcely half as wide, and the others are of all the intermediate sizes. In shape, too, they differ, some being perfectly hexagonal, others partly so, while others again are nearly circular, though on a careful inspection they show faint traces of the hexagonal form. The upper surfaces are more or less convex, according to their size; this form being evidently intended for the purpose of mak-



PORCUPINE AND NEST.



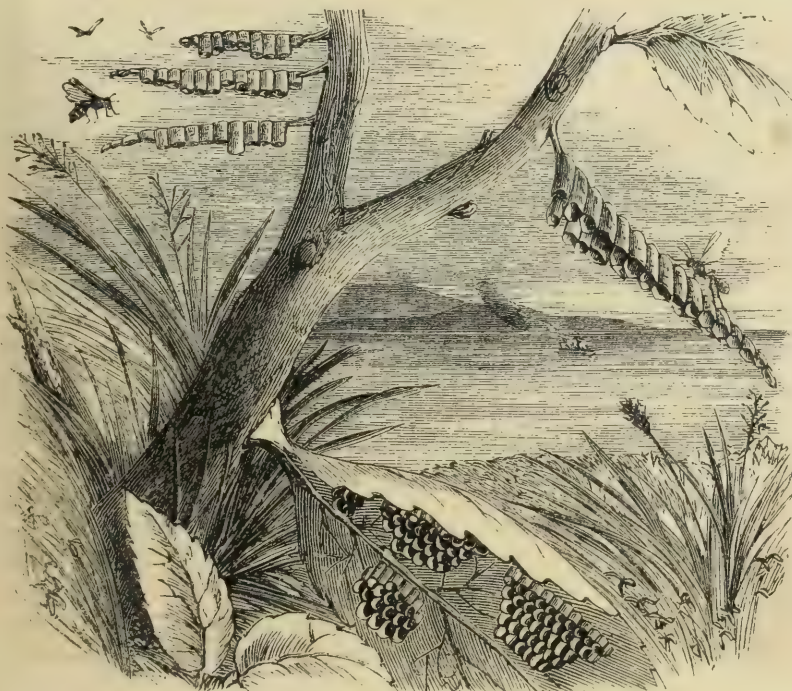
NESTS OF APOIOA.

ing them water-proof. In fact, the nests somewhat resemble shallow basins with very thick sides, and bear an almost startling resemblance to the cap of a very large and well-shaped mushroom, the central specimen being so fungus-like in form that, if it were laid on the ground

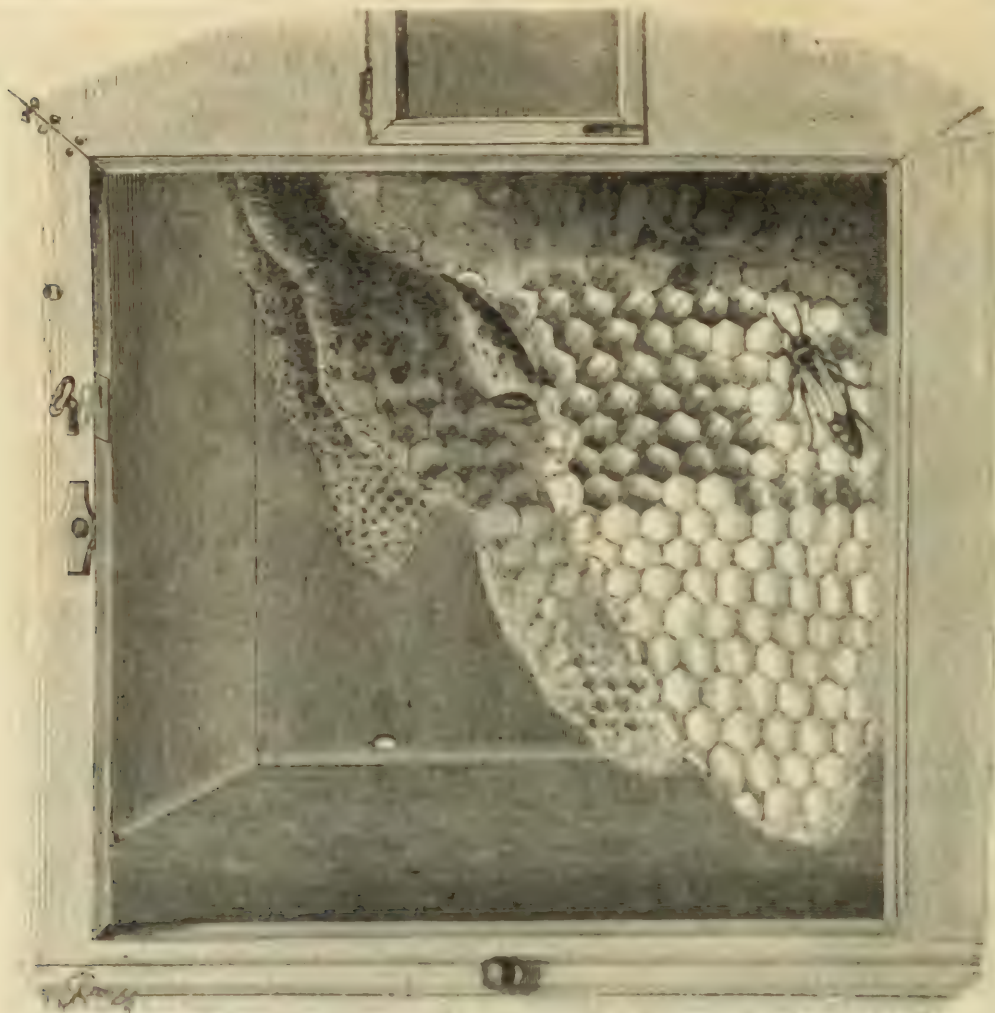
in a waste and moist spot, it would soon be picked up as a veritable mushroom. The color is in general a yellowish brown, although occasionally some nest boldly departs from the general uniformity, presenting a reddish surface, or even a white. All the nests are fixed

in the same manner to a branch or twig passing through the upper surface. When the nest is increased in size the original support is often found to be too slight, and in that case others are added. The cells are arranged in the most systematic manner in rows which follow the exterior outline, and therefore take the shape of a hexagon. How the insect forms these wonderful cell-groups is an enigma to which not the least clew can be found. In proportion to the size of the architect they are simply enormous, and yet the sides and angles are as true and just as if they were single cells.

Very curious nests are made by several species of



NEST OF ICARIAS.



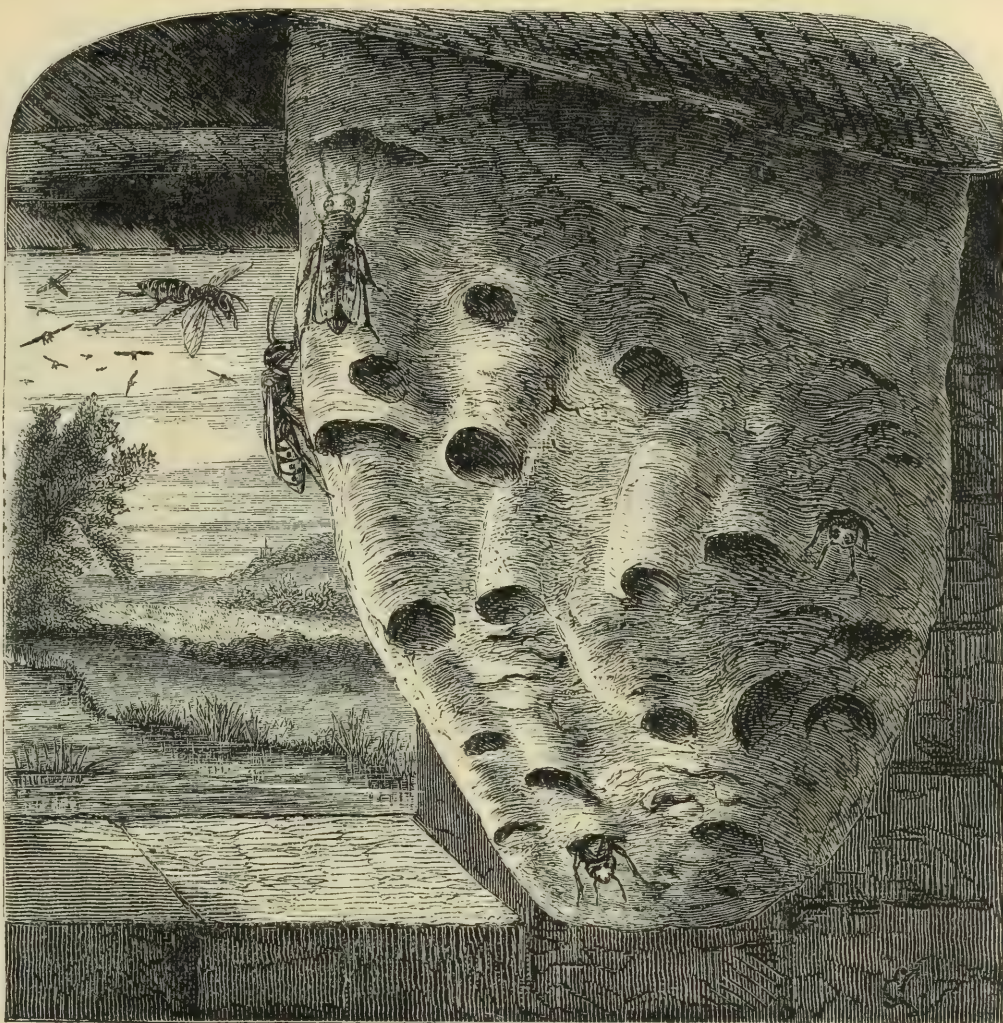
HIVE OF THE HORNET.

an insect belonging to the genus *Vespa*. These nests, or rather these series of cells, are made after a singular fashion. First, the insect attaches to the branch a foot-stalk composed of the same material as that with which the cells are formed. This foot-stalk, although slender, is very hard, solid, and tough, and can uphold a considerable weight, as is necessary from the manner of constructing the nest. She then makes a cell after the ordinary wasp-fashion, attaching it to the foot-stalk with its mouth downward, and at first making it comparatively short. When the cell has nearly attained its due length a second is placed alongside the first, and a third is added in like manner, each being lengthened as required. As the cells at the base of the series are finished first it is evident that they gradually diminish toward the end, those at the extremity being often not one quarter so long as those at the base.

The common Hive Bee deserves our admiration on account of the wonderful manner in which it constructs its social home, and the method by which that home is regulated. But there is another insect, as well known by name, but with whose habits we are somewhat shy of attempting to become intimately familiar. This is the common *Hornet*, whose nest is almost invariably built in hollow trees, deserted out-houses, and places of a similar description.

Whenever the Hornet takes up its residence in an inhabited house, as is sometimes the case, the inmates are sure to be in arms against the insect, and with good reason. Its sting is exceedingly venomous, and it is popularly said that three hornets can kill a man. Moreover, the Hornet is an irascible insect, and given to assault those whom it fancies are approaching its nest with evil intentions. Consequently it is a matter of no slight difficulty to obtain a nest, or to watch the process of its construction. In the illustration is shown the exterior of a partially finished nest, and the manner in which the hornets enter at different parts. Hornets may be forced to build a much more beautiful nest than they ordinarily construct. One nest, when of moderate size, was removed by a naturalist from the head of a tree, and placed in a large glazed box, within which the hornets continued their labors, and a most beautiful nest was produced, symmetrical in shape and variegated with wonderfully rich colors. In order, however, to produce this result it is necessary to select the richest-colored woods, and place them where the insects shall be induced to use them in the construction of their nest.

In the collection of the British Museum may be seen a very remarkable nest, which is made by some species of wasp at present unknown,



NEST OF THE HORNET.

but which may appropriately be called the *Mud Wasp*. It was found in a Guianan forest suspended to a branch, which passed through a hole in the solid walls of the nest. Unfortunately, in its passage to England, it was broken and much damaged, but the fragments were collected and skillfully put together, and the nest restored to its original shape, with the exception of an aperture through which the interior may be seen. The material of which it is formed is mud, or clay, which is moulded by the insect until it has attained a wonderful tenacity and strength, and is rendered so plastic as to be worked nearly as neatly as the waxen bee-cell. It is of rather a large size, measuring about thirteen inches in length, by nine in width, and filled with combs. A large quantity of clay is worked around the chosen branch, and made very strong, in order to sustain the heavy weight which will be suspended from it. This clay foundation is very hard, though brittle. One of the most remarkable points in the construction of this nest is the entrance. In pensile nests the insect usually forms the opening below, so that it may be sheltered from the wind and rain. Moreover, it is usually of small dimensions, evidently in order to prevent the inroads of parasitic insects and other foes, and to give the sentinels a small gateway to defend. But the particular wasp which built this

remarkable nest seems to have set every rule at defiance, and to have shown an entire contempt of foes and indifference to rain. As may be seen by reference to the illustration, the entrance is extremely long, though not wide, and extends through nearly the length of the nest, so that the edges of the combs can be seen by looking into the aperture. The edges of the entrance are rounded, so that the outer edge is wider than the inner; but it is still sufficiently wide to allow the little finger of a man's hand to be passed into the interior; while its length is so great that forty or fifty insects might enter or leave the nest together.

The nest of the *Pasteboard Wasp* is suspended to a branch, which passes through a hole or ring, so large that the structure is permitted to swing freely in the wind. The dimensions of the nest are variable, each one appearing to be capable of unlimited enlargement. The mode by which the wasps increase the size of their pensile home is equally simple and efficacious. When the number of the inhabitants becomes so large that a fresh series of cells is required, the insects enlarge their home with perfect ease, and at the same time without destroying its symmetry, a point which is often forgotten when human architects undertake the enlargement of some fine old edifice. Taking the bottom of the nest as the starting-point, they



NEST OF THE MUD WASP.

build upon it a series of cells, taking care to add another row or two to the circumference, so as to increase the diameter in proportion to the length. They then add fresh material to the outer wall, which is lengthened so as to include

the new tier of cells, and then the bottom is closed with a new floor, which in its turn will become the ceiling of the next tier of cells. An average nest is about one foot in length and of proportionate width; but now and then



NEST OF THE PASTEBOARD WASP.

a positive giant of a nest is discovered where the colony has been undisturbed, and circumstances have been favorable to its increase. One of the largest, if not the very largest, of these pasteboard nests that has yet been discovered, was found in Ceylon, attached to the inside of a huge palm-leaf, and was of the astonishing length of six feet. Now, to form an idea of a nest six feet in length is not very easy. It is so huge as scarcely to be credited except from actual sight. We all know how conspicuous among ordinary men is one who measures six feet in height, and we shall form a better idea of the nest in question, if we reckon it to be equal in



NESTS OF POLISTES.

length to a "six-foot" man, and of course to occupy much more space on account of its bell-like shape.

The members of the genus *Polistes* are in the habit of building their cells in the open air, and leaving them without covering to defend them. The species which make the cells represented in the illustration is one of the most remarkable, both from the elegant form of the combs and the singular method of their attachment. Generally, the shape of the comb is nearly round, as is seen in the upper figure of the illustration. The cells are remarkable for their radiating form, the bases being a trifle smaller than the mouths, a peculiarity which would hardly be noticed in a single cell, but which produces the spreading outline when a number of them are massed together. Some of the cells are closed, indicating that the undeveloped insect is within. Now comes the curious part of the

structure. The combs are not fastened directly to the branches, but are attached to foot-stalks which spring from their centre, and are firmly cemented upon the branch or twig. How wonderfully the insect must manage the comb so that it shall be balanced on this slender foot-stalk! To preserve the equilibrium of even an empty comb would be difficult enough, but when the cells are filled with fat, heavy grubs the difficulty must be multiplied with every one. The foot-stalks are made of the same papier-mâché-like substance as the cells, only the layers are so tightly compressed together that they form a hard, solid mass, very much like the little pillars which support the different stories of an ordinary wasp's nest, but of much greater size. The position of the combs is extremely variable, some being nearly horizontal, and others perpendicular, as shown in the illustration. These came from Bareilly, in the East Indies.



A LOOK AT LISBON.

PUBLIC attention has recently been attracted to the city of Lisbon by the unfortunate firing into the Niagara from Belem Tower, and by the unusual frequency with which arrivals of our national vessels are announced at this port. Before the rebellion our vessels of war seldom entered the Tagus; now it is generally understood that the European squadron will winter there. Conveniently situated as a point of departure for the chief commercial countries of the Christian world, and possessed of unequalled natural advantages, it is remarkable that only Great Britain should heretofore have made it a naval rendezvous. Our vessels, in times past, confined to the Mediterranean, have had their head-quarters at Port Mahon in the Island of Minorca, and more recently at Spezzia in Italy, but the necessity for watching rebel cruisers compelled them to seek shelter and repair in the sea-ports of the western coast, while the distrust with which we must hereafter regard the movements of the great maritime powers will require us to keep a force in their waters on the alert to vindicate the national honor and authority.

The advantage of having our chief naval rendezvous at Lisbon is evident. Being within speedy telegraphic communication with all Europe, and receiving news less than a fort-

night old from our own country, emergencies arising in the North and West, on the African coast, among the Atlantic islands, the West Indies, and even in South America may be far more promptly attended to than though it were inside the Straits of Gibraltar, through which the only powers that are apt to give us offense could render exit difficult. The same might be said in favor of Cadiz—if not from time immemorial at least from that of the Phœnicians, who called it Gades—the favorite entrepôt of Southwestern Europe; but the Bay of Cadiz is an unsheltered roadstead, visited at all seasons by high winds, for days interrupting communication with the city, which, from the shallowness of the water, is always inconveniently distant from the ship, while Lisbon is but seven miles above the mouth of the Tagus, where it averages from one to four miles in width, with an anchorage always easy of access, and, but a few hundred yards from the quays of one of the great marts of the Old World, at which, however tempestuous the weather, it is never impossible to land. Were every thing else equal, the annoyances attending the quarantine at Cadiz, which, as elsewhere within the Spanish dominions, is a disgrace to civilization, should decide men-of-war to prefer Lisbon, where no such inconveniences are experienced.

Not many months ago, one of our vessels of war at Tangier, having been telegraphed that her presence was needed in the north of Europe, put into Cadiz to fill up with provisions from our own stores, and although a Spanish steamer, which had preceded her departure from Tangier and anticipated her arrival, was admitted to *pratique*, she was subjected to three days' quarantine for not having obtained the Spanish Vice Consul's *visé* to her bill of health, though Tangier was less than thirty miles distant, and notoriously healthy, while coasting steamers traded daily between the two ports. The city officials were informed that the interests of our Government might be seriously compromised by any delay, yet the ship was detained three days for the non-observance of a municipal regulation, which it is an outrage to apply to any vessel of a national character. On another occasion a ship of war arrived with a clean bill of health from a port where Spain was not represented by any consular authority, yet the absence of the *visé* induced the visiting health-officer to order the yellow flag at her fore until the Council of Health could meet to determine whether it was proper to admit her. Were similar exactions made by other nations, a man-of-war would have to obtain the *visés* of all the consuls residing at every place from which she sailed, since she never clears for any port, but changes her destination as the interests of her flag require. Happily this requirement is peculiar to Spain. Every where else the certificate of the surgeon, that the vessel is free from contagious and infectious diseases, and that she has not communicated with any other vessel or port where epidemics were prevailing, is satisfactory to the health officials, and is a much more effectual guarantee of her sanitary condition than a bill of health, as it makes the surgeon directly responsible for the faithfulness of his report. The health-officers of Lisbon, who will be found courteous and obliging to the extent of making the visit at night to avoid causing unnecessary detention, refuse any other than such a statement by the senior medical officer.

Lisbon is less known to Americans than many cities of minor interest. Situated beyond the ordinary routes of tourists' travel, and possessing little American trade, it is seldom visited for business or pleasure by our countrymen, who therefore rarely see it, except when, as passengers aboard the steamers to Brazil, they are carried there for the few hours' detention required for coaling. While it possesses a large resident English population, only half a dozen Americans have made it their home. Perhaps, therefore, a few notes of what is to be seen of greatest interest within its limits will not be out of place in a Magazine which has devoted so many pages to the description of strange places in every quarter of the globe.

Lisboa is the Portuguese designation of the city, and the name should be so written in English, there being no reason why foreign nations should vary the orthography of geograph-

ical terms. The Quaker City becomes "Fildelfia" in Spanish; we make "Vienna" out of Wien; and many places altogether lose their identity in their passage into other tongues. "Lisboa," itself is asserted by Portuguese antiquarians to be a derivative from "Olisippo," a word of Phœnician origin, or of "Ulyssippo," *The City of Ulysses*, who, it is said, was carried into the Tagus in the course of a stormy and dangerous voyage. Without resorting to poetic fable, authentic history establishes its many centuries. Whether first Phœnician or Grecian, it was subsequently Carthaginian; then Roman, and called "Felicitas Juliæ" by the Emperors; then Gothic, and styled "Lispo;" for hundreds of years afterward the property alternately of Christian and Moorish sovereigns, the latter softening its name to "Lisbo," to which the ancestors of the present inheritors have added the final vowel.

The city proper stretches three and a half miles along the western bank of the Tagus, or *Tajo*—its sparsely-built suburbs as many more—and extends irregularly inland an average breadth of a mile and a quarter, covering its seven principal hills with lofty houses, and streets so steep that steps are constructed in many of them to make travel through them possible. The terrible earthquake of 1755 shook down seventeen thousand houses, and buried twenty-five thousand people; but their survivors and descendants have rebuilt the ruined quarter more substantially than ever, and so ably repaired the human void that the population of the city has increased to more than three hundred thousand.

The traveler, approaching Lisbon from seaward, begins his sight-seeing when Cape Roca (the Lisbon Rock of sailors) first looms up on the horizon. As the panorama, bounded at the southward and eastward by the lofty perpendicular face of Cape Espichel, is brought nearer and nearer to him, he will discover something novel and beautiful in every part of the landscape. The convent dome of Nossa Senhora da Penha glistens far up on the summit of the Hill of Cintra; the pretty villages of Guia and Cascars skirt the shore; vegetation of every hue, fantastic rocks, vine-clad hills, ancient castles, and elegant creations of modern art and wealth, meet the eye wherever it rests. The scenery from the mouth of the river to the city is surpassingly beautiful, and whoever is fortunate enough to enter the "golden Tagus" on one of these bright days or glorious moonlit nights, here so numerous, will enjoy one of the loveliest spectacles in nature. The appearance of the city from the anchorage is very imposing. The several convent and castle-crowned hills are the back-ground of a picture, studded every where with picturesque freaks of nature, the ruins of the past and the industry of the present.

All these visions of beauty used to be dispelled on landing, but the stories of municipal and social neglect and uncleanness are no longer



HILL OF LISBON.

true. The refuse of the kitchen, the stable, and the factory does not now obstruct the streets, which are carefully swept at night, but, being macadamized, are dusty in summer and pasty after rains. The cry of *agua* is no longer affrights the belated pedestrian, who did not always escape the deluge of what was not altogether water, which preceded rather than followed the warning. Soap has ceased to be contraband, and splendid floating baths attract the thousands who can not afford to visit the watering-places at the entrance of the river. The revenues arising from soap and tobacco, until a few years past, were sold annually by the Government to a company, which appointed its own agents to collect the import duties. The domestic manufacture of soap was prohibited under heavy penalties. Women were subjected to the greatest indignities at the gates by having their persons rudely searched for concealed soap; and very recently several foreign naval officers were grievously insulted by tobacco agents thrusting their hands in their pockets to find a cigar that had not paid its tax. The great wealth of the Company long enabled them to control the Cortes, but an increasing desire to be clean at a cheap rate, and an unconquerable fondness for good cigars, finally triumphed; and the monopolies, which were as disgraceful to Portugal as the quarantine is to Spain, were added to the list of abandoned bar-

barisms. The words *Sabon, Ropa, Tabaco* (Soap, Snuff, Tobacco), on the signs of old cigar stores still indicate the places that used to be licensed by the Company to sell these articles.

The latitude of Lisbon is that of Washington, but the climates of the two places are unlike. The average temperature of the year is about 60° Fahrenheit, a lower range of the thermometer and greater prevalence of rains and easterly storms alone denoting the winter season. It never freezes, and few of the inhabitants have ever seen snow fall upon it. Artificial heat is so little needed that scarcely any of the houses are built with chimney flues except in the kitchens, where a small fire ordinarily suffices for the Portuguese cuisine. A few foreigners and natives, who are over-sensitive to the chilliness of a prolonged rainy season, warm their rooms by gas-burners, and others have introduced stoves and furnaces, requiring an enormous pipe along the front wall to the roof.

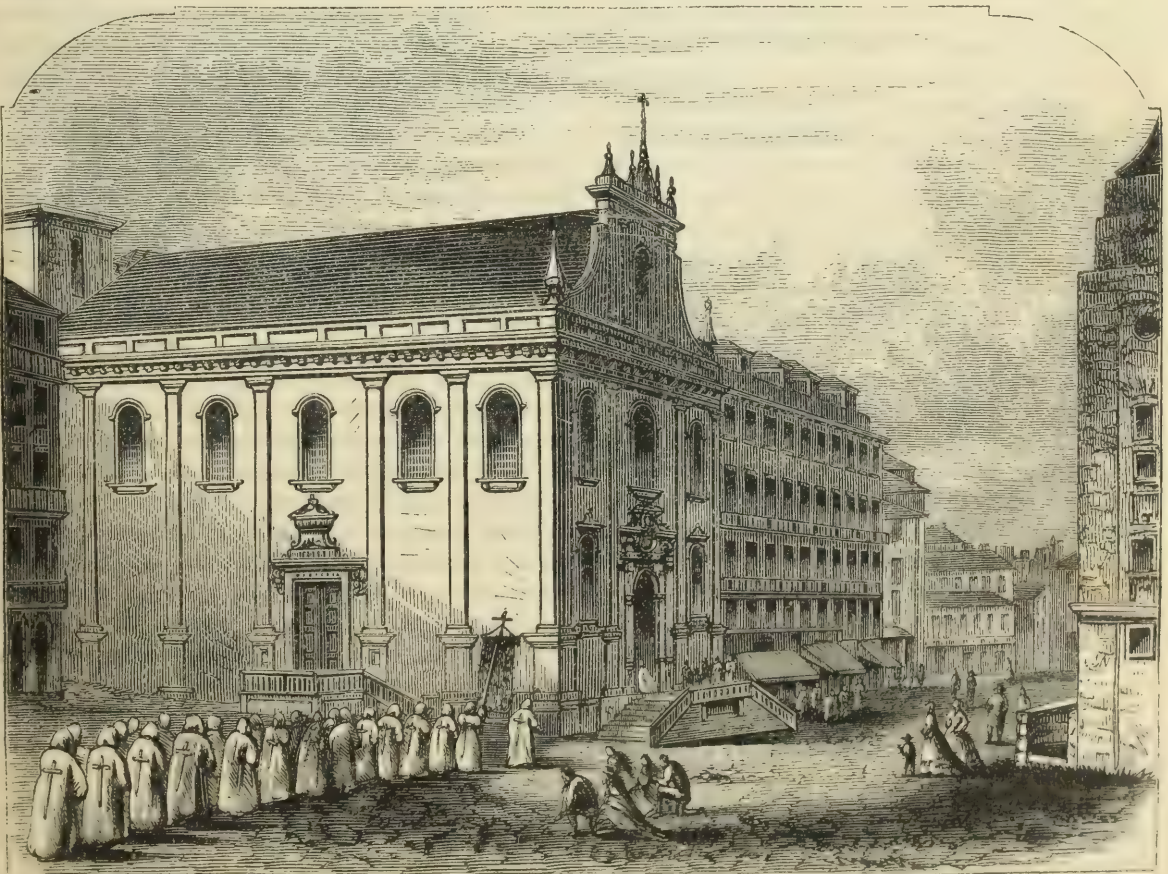
There is little architectural display, and no exclusively aristocratic quarter. Palaces, churches, and brothels stand side by side. Houses are generally five or six stories in height, roofed with tiles, and have plain stone or stucco fronts, with iron balconies and overhanging shades at each window, where the dark-eyed *alfazindas* ("salad-eaters"—the fair Lisbonenses being inordinately fond of salad) collect to watch the passers-by.

There are no elegant stores in Lisbon. The *Rua do Chiado*—a short, broad street leading from the *Praça do Cumoes*—and one or two still shorter thoroughfares connected with it, comprise all the fashionable establishments for the sale of ladies' apparel; but the display in the finest is not comparable to that of a third-rate store in New York. Save the red hand of the glover, the mammoth gilt tooth of the charlatan dentist, and a few similar barbaric devices, little attempt is made at sign-representation. A simple announcement of the name and trade of the proprietor is usually thought sufficient, unless he is privileged to exhibit the royal escutcheon, denoting that the inmates of the Palace have patronized him. In some instances not even the trade is expressed: a white cross on each door-post indicating the residence of the midwife, who here replaces the accoucheur, as a fluttering green cloth used to point out the barber-shop, and pieces of plain white paper on the window-panes still announce that the owner of the building has a room to let. Salesmen take as little trouble within to encourage purchases as the proprietor does by exterior allurements. The advent of a customer seldom calls the attendant from the farther end of the room, and when sought he waits leisurely for Madame to announce the article she seeks, which, being produced, she is expected to buy without cavil and carry away. The skillful sparring of smiling counter-jumpers and hypercritical customers who make shopping a profession is unknown here. The polite demands and indignant remonstrances, the

pleading for abatement of charge, the repeated assurances of rare quality and economic price, which create a ceaseless din in one of our large stores, are not heard at a Lisbon counter.

Lack of energy characterizes this race. A people of frugal habits, and accustomed to sacrifice fully a third of the year in the observance of religious feasts and royal anniversaries, can not be expected to exhibit the activity and vigor of the hardier Saxon and Celt, whose more unfruitful lands compel them to labor or starve. *Amanha* ("To-morrow") and *Tenha paciencia* ("Have patience") are the only replies your tailor, your bootmaker, or your laundress will make for keeping you waiting week after week for articles they will finish in a day when they make the effort to begin, and the stranger will cheerfully resign himself to his washer-woman's dilatoriness if he can be satisfied that her son has not enjoyed a week's wear of his linen in the interim.

The habits of life of the Portuguese depart altogether from an American standard. They neither live, eat, dress, nor are buried as we are. Every American, however humble his lot, aspires to occupy his own castle, and sons and daughters quit the paternal roof with unseemly and regretted haste to begin their own establishments. In Lisbon only the wealthier nobles and a few very rich merchants occupy an entire house, which is then styled a "palace." Few houses are less than five stories in height. The ground-floor is almost always appropriated to stores, and each story, or *andar*, above is subdivided into suits of rooms, occu-



CHURCH OF LORETTO.

pied by different families, whence it happens that communities of very dissimilar character dwell under the same roof, while the general stairway, being the subject of no one person's care, is always dirty and unlighted. There is no porter's lodge, as in France, the common entrance from the street being opened at night, when only it is closed, by a sesame of loud raps corresponding in number to the floor on which lives the person sought, whose servant is spared the trouble of descent from these supernal regions by a series of cords leading from each suit of apartments to the latch. It is an ingenious means of saving labor; but it produces an alarming effect on the timid stranger, who is conducted for the first time up a dimly-lighted street to a huge iron-bound door, hears four or five mysterious raps, followed by the opening of the door by unseen hands, and is made to follow his conductor up a dark staircase till he sees a light flickering through a little square grating, and listens to the sharp challenge, *Quem é?* ("Who is it?") and the query, *Que quer?* ("What do you want?"). The reply satisfactory, huge bolts slide back, the massive door swings open, a second is unfolded, and the visitor introduced into gayly-furnished, brilliantly-lighted parlors, where the polite people in Europe are waiting to give him a kind, hospitable welcome. The police are efficient, and the garrote not an institution, else it would be a risksome venture to commit these silent, dark stairways, with no other guide than the balusters and the recollection of the landing stages passed.

Assassinations were once rife in the streets, but at present there is no more orderly city in the world. There are no great drinking saloons to send forth gangs of brawlers. The Lisbon gentleman, after dinner, frequents his favorite café, drinks his harmless cup of coffee or thimbleful of cognac, smokes a cigarette, and wastes an hour or two at dominos or billiards. Only when a British man-of-war gives general liberty to her crew is the pedestrian apt to be jostled from the pavement by reeling drunkards, and they, fortunately, seldom stray far from the English chop-house by the riverside, where the vile stuff is sold which steals away their brains.

The people of Lisbon are perhaps better dressed than any where else in Europe, though the smallness of their incomes compels them to maintain their fine exterior by the sacrifice of many items of domestic comfort. Neatness of attire characterizes all classes but the beggars, who affect rags and filth. These and a brass badge stamped with the letter *M* (*Maldito*), and a number indicating their license to importune you at every corner for "a little something for the love of God," are regarded by the experienced as signs of danger, to be avoided by an abrupt change of direction. The unlucky stranger who stops to bestow alms on the *pobre miserável* is dogged by a score of others who have witnessed this evidence of a ten-

der heart. Pity soon becomes banished from the breast in Lisbon. Woeful lamentations, for which the sounds of the Portuguese language so well adapt it, are whined forth in tones to melt the heart of even one who does not understand the meaning of the words; but mendicancy is a profession, and these are its masters, who have studied to give expression to misery as closely as has the tragedian to portray the passions of men. The wailings of pretty little children about the places of amusement at midnight appeal to those who are insensible to the demands of older artists; yet nine times in ten the *coisa miserável* ("little half-cent") solicited goes to swell the horde of the miserly crone who has hired the little actress for a pittance. The veiled beggars, who come quietly upon you from the shadow of some dark doorway late at night, profess to be women of respectable birth and station, driven by want to solicit charity, and yet too modest or too proud to expose their features. Poverty and ignorance drive the lowest grades of society in every country to acts of self-degradation; but humanity is nowhere more outraged than here, where inhuman mothers raffle their innocent daughters among the dissipated scions of aristocratic families. Among the fairest beauties who sit in the *primeira ordem* at the opera may be seen one more fortunate than her sister victims in this infamous lottery, who, having gained the affection of the youth who won her, was educated by him and finally made his wife.

The Portuguese are even more ceremoniously polite than the French. Strangers will not fail to remark how generally characteristic this is of all classes of this community. Gentlemen invariably salute when they enter a room, wheresoever it may be, and whether or not they recognize acquaintances. A bow and "May God be with you!" or "Have patience, friend!" are the only rebuffs addressed to the most importunate beggar, who receives it with a sigh and upturned eyes, when the ruder Englishman's angry *curse* has elicited a torrent of abuse that is taken up from corner to corner by the incensed fraternity. Certainly it is pleasant to see so much attention paid to the little courtesies of life, though, carried to the extent of formal ceremonial, it is apt to suggest a doubt of its sincerity.

It is a fearful undertaking for an American to enter a parlor, approach the sofa flanked by chairs, forming three sides of a parallelogram, where the ladies are seated together, and execute the proper number of bows and utter the proper number of felicitations, with due regard to the rank and precedence of the fair; and the performance is none the easier when the room is darkened for the eight days assigned by Portuguese etiquette to the reception of visits of condolence after a death in the family. Every woman, except a menial, is an *Excellência*, respectability having nothing to do with her right to the title. Madame's letters

must be addressed to the *Illustrissima e Excel-lentissima Senhora* ("Most Illustrious and Most Excellent Lady"). No more serious affront can be given than to employ a form of address applicable to a lower grade of society; and, therefore, to be considered well-bred, foreigners must learn when to say, "Your Excellency," "Your Lordship," "Sir," or "Your Worship:" to which last even a servant is entitled, unless admitted to the more familiar household *tu* ("thou"). Among men only the higher ranks of nobles are *Excellenzus*, and only very intimate male friends hug and kiss each other on meeting.

Nearly all the servants in Lisbon come from the Spanish province of Galicia, adjoining Portugal on the north. No Portuguese will demean himself to carry a bundle, but will step to the door, and, uttering a peculiar hish, summon a Gallego, who is ever ready, bag on shoulder, to perform any service required. As a class, they are justly renowned for their honesty and integrity, and may be confided with any mission, however delicate, as many a fair intriguingante can testify. The female domestics are remarkable for their peculiar costume—a heavy cloth cloak with cape, and a white handkerchief tied under the chin instead of a bonnet, both being worn on all occasions and at all seasons, even throughout the hottest summer. Having first obtained a cloak, which, from the costliness of the material and their scanty wages (two to four dollars a month), requires the labor of years, they devote their savings to the acquisition of expensive jewelry. The *capote* of every middle-aged Gallega conceals the neck hung around with heavy gold chains, and fingers thickly decked with rings.

The Gallegos are literally the hewers of wood and drawers of water of Lisbon, the latter being supplied to the city from numerous public fountains, at which hundreds of water-carriers fill their little kegs, from which they supply their patrons as regularly as the baker and milkman. A municipal ordinance requires every water-carrier to fill his cask before going to bed, to be kept in readiness for fires. They are the only fire brigade. Fortunately their services are seldom needed, the few fires kept in the houses rendering conflagrations of rare occurrence, and the little hand-pumps, supplied from the casks, being feeble opponents to a serious fire. The city was burned down in 1372 by Henriques of Castile to avenge the repudiation of his daughter by her husband, the Portuguese monarch; and during the great calamity of 1755 fire destroyed most of what the earthquake had left standing.

The principal place of debarkation is at the site where this awful catastrophe created its greatest ravages, rather above midway of the city proper, at the magnificent *Praça do Commercio*, called by the English, who bestow names every where to suit themselves, Black Horse Square, from the bronze statue of King José

I., whose reign, about the time of our Revolution, was made historic by the ambition and energy of his minister, the celebrated Marquis of Pombal. Forty tons of bronze, supported on either side by a marble horse and elephant, sculptured of equal size for the sake of symmetry, do honor to the sovereign; while a little bronze medallion at his feet, alternately removed and replaced by friends and enemies, is the only memorial of the far greater minister. The Square is a paved parallelogram, five hundred and fifty feet wide by six hundred and fifteen long, and is surrounded by the buildings of the *Arsenal da Marinha*, or navy-yard; the *Alfandega*, or Custom-house; the Exchange, and India House—massive structures, which make this one of the finest quarters of the city, and the centre of its commercial activity.

The boatmen, who are a race of good-natured vagabonds, having no other homes than their boats, and no other beds than the bare stones, usually land strangers at the *Caes do Sodre*, on the *Praça dos Romulares*—a little square, tessellated, after the fashion of the place, in pretty patterns of white and black stones. Most of the commercial agencies, steamship offices, bankers, and the two principal hotels are in this vicinity. Of the latter the *Bragança* attracts Englishmen, and the *Grand Hotel Central* the travelers of most other nationalities. The tables are well kept at both; and the stranger, interested in seeing the source whence they are so abundantly supplied, may satisfactorily employ an hour or two before breakfast among the markets, which are but a few blocks farther down the river. A cup of coffee in any of the ever-open cafés, and then a few bunches of luscious grapes, a fresh and juicy orange, or tangerine, or a delicate banana eaten at the stalls, will dispose him to await amicably the somewhat tardy morning meal. Lisbon is justly celebrated for its fish, among which Americans will rejoice to recognize their favorite table-friend, the shad, one of the few articles of food obtainable abroad quite as good as at home.

A short walk along the street bounding the Arsenal, by the lottery-offices, where each temptingly displays the record of its prizes in long columns of red and black figures, bewilderingly abundant from the smallness of the unit of Portuguese currency, the *re* being the equivalent of a "mill," and through the *Praça do Pelourinho*, where a globe of iron rings, surmounting a curiously twisted marble column, covers the spot on which the heads of state criminals and inquisitors' victims were exposed to public view, conducts back to the *Praça do Commercio*, trending northward from which are three parallel wide streets, the *Rua Aurea*, *R. Augusta*, and *R. Bella da Rainha*—named by the English, who have here again imposed their nomenclature where it only serves to embarrass strangers, Gold, Silver, and Cloth streets, from the number of dealers in goods of those descriptions who have located themselves in



RIO DE JANEIRO.

each respectively. This segregation of trades, so remarkable in Chinese cities, is observable to a certain extent in Lisbon, and gave origin originally to many of the streets, the *Rua dos Sapateiros* being chiefly peopled by shoemakers, the *R. dos Ourives* by goldsmiths, and the *R. dos Costeiras* by confectioners. Strangers may well regret that such a simplicity of arrangement has not characterized the naming of streets elsewhere. Some of the finest and longest thoroughfares are baptized anew every few blocks with names the most dissimilar and unmanageable. The *Rua Direita do Sacramento* becomes the *Calçada da Paçoalha*, and two blocks farther on *R. Direita de São Francisco de Paula*, then *R. Direita dos Joalhos Verdes*, and assumes five other metamorphoses within a quarter of a mile, before its career is arrested.

The length of a name is no indication of the extent of the street, for the *Calçada nova do Convento do Coração de Jesus* is only a few hundred feet long, and the *Rua da Santa Anna da Boa Morte* extends just two squares. Nor will it do to omit half this surplussage of name, since the *Rua Direita de Buenos Ayres*, if simply called *R. Direita*, a straight street, would be confounded with the *R. Direita de São Francisco da Cidade*, and the latter, unless the saint's attributes are fully expressed, with the *R. Direita de São Francisco de Sales*, *R. Dir. de São Francisco de Borja*, and *R. Dir. de S. Francisco de Paula*. Even the word *rua* must be specified to distinguish from the *becos*, *largos*, *tra-*

versos, *prigos*, *cravados*, *calçados*, and *estradais*, which often bear the same designation. Saintly and holy names enter largely into every system of nomenclature, and sometimes blasphemously, as when such expressions as *Coração de Jesus* ("Heart of Jesus"), *Mãe de Deus* ("Mother of God"), and *Esperita Santa* ("Holy Ghost"), are applied to places only remarkable for the misery and licentiousness of their inhabitants.

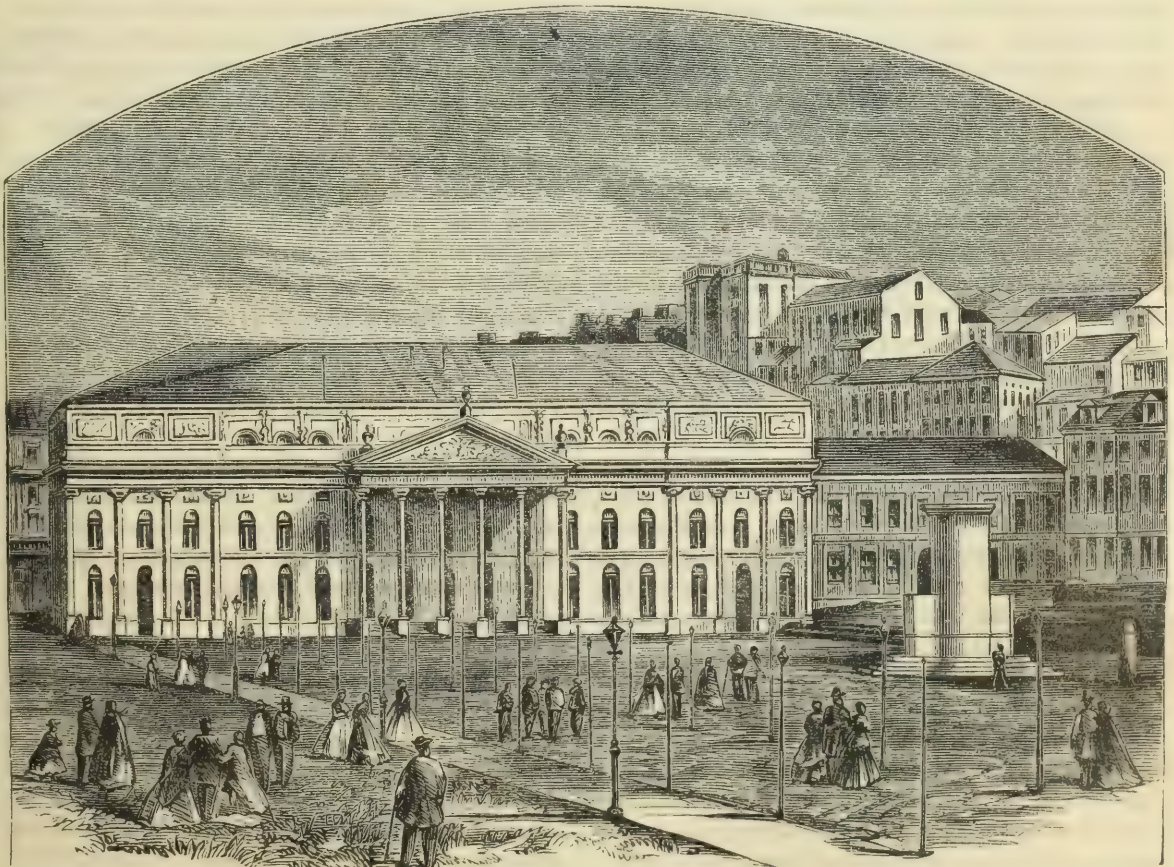
The unevenness of the land necessitates a great irregularity in the plan of the city. The older portions are made up of narrow lanes and long, lean houses characteristic of their century, but the site of the earthquake is laid out as rectangularly as Philadelphia and Buenos Ayres. Here the houses are lofty, the streets wide and level, and many of the stores, particularly those of the jewelers and silversmiths on Gold and Silver streets, very neat and pretty. Block after block of these little jewel-boxes, so like in arrangement, contents, and attendants that they are only distinguishable by the number of the building, tempt the passer with rings, chains, bracelets, brooches, and silver purses of the same patterns, which have been repeated by generations of workmen, but are valuable on account of the fineness of their material. The penalties inflicted for selling the precious metals below the standard alloy are so severe that the purchaser may buy without fear of being cheated, paying only a small percentage additional to the actual value of the metal contained.

Two large open squares, separated from each other by a row of buildings, terminate these streets. That to the eastward is the *Praça da Figueira*, the pretty flower and fruit market, surrounded on its four sides by little stalls teeming with olives, oranges, tangerines, bananas, lemons, citrons, figs, almonds, and dates, the air fragrant with the perfume of an abundance of flowers, and noisy from the chattering of hundreds of bright-eyed, saucy country girls, who dispense gratuitous smiles and badinage upon the purchasers of their flowers, or, if these be wanting, amuse themselves by bantering each other. The other, approached from the *Rua Amea* or *R. Augusta*, is the *Praça do Rocio*, or the Square of Dom Pedro I., beautifully paved with waved lines of black and white stones, and a favorite evening promenade. The pedestal for a monument to this illustrious ex-king, ex-emperor, and ex-regent, who voluntarily abdicated three successive thrones, stands in the centre, but the monument is wanting, his spouse the dowager Empress of Brazil, surviving daughter of Eugène de Beauharnais, refusing to contribute toward it from her ample means unless her dead lord is mounted on horseback like his predecessor Dom José, who rides his black steed in the *Praça do Commercio* at the other end of the street, while the Cortes insist on representing him standing erect, as more becoming a monarch renowned rather as legislator than soldier. His daughter, the late Queen Dona Maria II. (*da Gloria*), is commemorated by a splendid theatre, erected at the northern end of the

square, upon the site of the old Inquisition building.

Overlooking Dom Pedro Square, on the one hand, are the picturesque ruins of the *Carmo*, the convent of the Carmelite monks, which was erected in 1389, and on the other the *Castello* or Castle of St. George, whence the best *coup d'œil* of the city, harbor, and surrounding country may be obtained.

Beyond the Rocio is the beautiful *Passeio Publico*, the public promenade, where, during the months that the Sao Carlos is not in operatic blast, the public are entertained by excellent music from three superior bands, which play alternately, while the crowd pass up and down the brilliantly-lighted central walk, which is more than a quarter of a mile long. A small charge at the gate excludes the rabble; and the beneficiaries of the *Asylo da Mendicidade* collect a considerable revenue for their institution by renting chairs for a few pence to the tired promenaders. Strangers will find the *Passeio Publico* always a delightful resort, and, in the heat of summer, will pass many a pleasant hour under the shaded trees beside its fountains. The people of Lisbon in general possess considerable taste for music. The audience of the Sao Carlos is one of the most critical in Europe. No performer is tolerated on its stage if found unworthy after a sufficient allowance has been made for diffidence and inexperience. Its five tiers are partitioned into little boxes, in the seclusion of which the devotee may, for a moderate charge, listen to the finest productions of the masters without the etiquette of



PRAÇA DO ROCIO AND D. MARIA THEATRE.

full dress. The wives and mistresses of the great nobles and their wealthy imitators, here as elsewhere, delight to display the treasures of their jewel-caskets and wardrobes—the wife and mistress of the same man often *vis-a-vis* and equally notorious—but the parquette and upper-circles are crowded with an intelligent auditory, intent upon the performance, whose countenances exhibit, by one general sympathetic expression of disapproval, every faulty departure from the score of the composer.

Surveying the audience at the opera, or indeed at any other place of public entertainment, Americans will at once be struck with the not infrequent appearance, even among the first circles, of very dusky negroes from Brazil and the African settlements, generally accompanied by beautiful white wives, more fair by contrast with their swarthy lords. These are usually magnates of the slave-trade, which is indebted to Portuguese rather than to Spanish subjects for its vitality. They are received on a footing of perfect equality, and their children may be met in the streets every day, walking hand in hand with their white school-fellows. Thick lips, flat noses, recedent foreheads, and tawny complexions attest the frequency of miscegenation, though perhaps not so common here as in Brazil. Time will determine whether the resulting mixture presents the hybrid characteristics of the people of Mexico and Peru, where races less dissimilar than the white and black have mingled their blood for centuries.

Besides the concerts at the *Franco*, the general public is entertained with music by a military band, every Sunday afternoon, in the *Estrella Garden*, a park of considerable extent, laid out with serpentine graveled walks, and adorned with artificial hills, lakes, grottoes, swans, and deer. The services at the English chapel of St. George, erected on the grounds of the Protestant cemetery adjoining the garden, finish as the *nocturne begins outdoors*; so that the stranger, if disposed to be a Roman in Rome, may quit the sanctuary for a promenade among the *senhoras* to the symphonies of the opera. The cemetery is very neatly arranged, and possesses a large grove of magnificent cypresses, which are visible at a considerable distance. The remains of Fielding and Dodworth are interred here.

There are several other interesting parks in Lisbon. The *Praga de San Pedro d'Alcantara*, a finely-shaded promenade, with a shell grotto and fountain, affords an excellent view of the better portion of the city and harbor. The *Campo Grande*, which is a mile long, with a carriage-road all around it, is pleasantly situated, a little distance out of town, for an afternoon drive or ride on horseback. At the *Campo de Santa Anna* there is held, once a week, the *Feria da Ladra*, or Rag Fair, at which all sorts of discarded garments and used-up furniture, odd pieces of glass-ware and crockery, bits of iron, cloth, and refuse of every kind, are offered for sale; and every Sunday, in the

adjoining *Praga dos Toros*, there may be witnessed a Portuguese bull-fight—a much less brutal exhibition than the Spanish, since the bull's horns are sawn off and padded, to prevent the wounding of the men and horses. Sometimes a very savage and powerful animal succeeds in trampling to death an unlucky picador, whose iron-clad trousers hinder him from escaping by flight should his horse fall.

The Botanical Gardens, near the suburbs of Belem, are laid out with much taste, and possess a very large collection of indigenous and exotic plants. Two grotesque military statues, of reputed Phœnician origin, dug up on the grounds more than a hundred years ago, are among the curiosities exhibited.

Lisbon is thickly studded with churches and conventual establishments. In 1830 there were one hundred and twenty-one religious edifices within the city limits. They crown all the hills, and constitute a prominent feature in the landscape seen from the anchorage. Few of them possess any architectural merit. The most beautiful is probably the church and convent of *Sao George*, at Belem, which was commenced by the great Manuel in 1499, at the site whence Vasco da Gama embarked for those discoveries in India which gave his royal master pretext for entitling himself "King of Portugal and of the Algarves, here and beyond the sea in Africa, Lord of Guinea, and of the conquest, navigation, and commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India"—of which grandiloquence all that remains to his successors is "King of Portugal and of the Algarves," one of the latter being an insignificant settlement on the African coast, and the other only the southern province of the kingdom of Portugal—both kingdoms together scarcely exceeding the State of Kentucky in area. The cloisters of this convent are among the most beautiful on the Continent, and the columns which support the roof of the church are so light, and apparently unable to sustain the superincumbent weight, that the scaffolding around them was removed by felons, who were promised liberty as their reward for exposing themselves to so great a danger. The doorway of the church is a splendid Gothic arch, with life-size statues of the Apostles, rising one above the other to its apex.

The church of the Heart of Jesus (*Coracao de Jesus*), on the summit of the *Estrella Hill*, and facing the Gardens, is built in imitation of St. Peter's, without the colonnade. Its fine dome is the only one of any pretension in the city.

The little church of *Sao Roque*, notwithstanding its unostentatious exterior, attracts more visitors than any other by its wonderful chapel of St. John, built by Joao V., because his patron saint had no church nor chapel of his own in all the city, and enriched beyond the value of many an entire church. The back and sides of the chapel are formed principally by three large mosaics, copies of the actual size of

Michael Angelo's Baptism of Christ, Guido's Annunciation, and Raphael Urbino's Descent of the Holy Ghost; and so perfect, that it is necessary to ascend a ladder to be assured that they are not paintings. An elaborate mosaic constitutes the floor of the chapel, and beautifully-carved panels of Carrara marble the ceiling. Eight columns of lapis-lazuli surround the altar, which is composed of large masses of amethyst, Egyptian alabaster, granite, cornelian, verde-antique, Roman marble, porphyry, and jauf. The metal ornaments are heavily gilded; the hanging lamps, and two monster candlesticks are of solid silver. The chapel was set up in Rome, and blessed by Pope Benedict XIV., who celebrated a mass within it before it was transferred to its present site, where its millions have ever since lain idle, which might far better have been devoted to the establishment of public schools and libraries, that would have banished so much poverty and vice from this land, and at the same time have been a nobler monument to the saint.

The church of *Sao Domingo*, near the Rocio, is the present see of the Cardinal Patriarch, who is the head of the Church in Portugal, and is of such great size that it invited desecration by the French Marshal Junot, who quartered and drilled a regiment upon its floor.

At *Sao Vicente*, which is the mortuary church of the House of Bragança, are collected all but two of the defunct members of the reigning royal family, piled away in gilt-trimmed trunk-like boxes, on an elevated platform around the vault, the late king occupying a catafalque in the centre, until a successor crowds him into a less honored place. The church itself, like the memorable cape, derives its name from the martyr St. Vincent, whose body is interred at the Cathedral, where a pair of ravens are kept, in commemoration of the miraculous birds which guided the saint during his pilgrimage.

With profound reverence for the traditions of their religion, boasting of their city as the birth-place of five canonized saints—among them St. Anthony—and one Pope (John XXII.), observing scrupulously all the festivals of the church—every head uncovered, every knee bent to the ground as the host approaches; even the theatres stopping their performances when the bell is heard announcing the passing viaticum—the people of Lisbon are still very liberal in religious matters. Their educated classes exercise unrestrained license in criticising the ministers of their faith, who are too often amenable to charges of hypocrisy and licentiousness. They applauded their King for allying himself by marriage with the excommunicated Victor Emanuel, and joyfully acquiesced in the expulsion of the Jesuits and the suppression of the convents. Thousands of the best citizens are active and zealous members of the masonic fraternity, notwithstanding the papal interdiction. A Protestant chapel and burial-place cast their shadows over one of their most venerated temples, and crowds

of curious natives unhesitatingly enter and decorously witness the manner of heretic worship. The despoiled priests and their bigoted adherents attribute the decadence of their nation to the sacrilege committed in transferring the sacred candlesticks and chalices to the mint, and in occupying the vacant conventual establishments as schools, asylums, hospitals, barracks, libraries, and similar institutions. The great number of these found available for such purposes is the explanation of the absence of public buildings. Very few of the latter have been specially designed for their purpose. The Naval Arsenal, Exchange, Custom-house, and India House, and the recently-finished Polytechnic School, are splendid structures. The Mint, Bank of Portugal, and S. Carlos Opera House, which, receiving an annual subsidy of twenty thousand milreis from the Government, should be regarded as a national rather than a private institution, are unattractive edifices. The Cortes still meet in the old convent of *Sao Bento*, where the fine library of the *Torre do Tombo*, with its treasures of rare editions and old manuscripts, will be found interesting even by those not learned in archæology. The hundred and fifty thousand volumes of the *Public Library* are huddled together in the cells and corridors of the old Franciscan convent, and as many more manuscripts are piled away in its loft. The collection of coins belonging to this library is very large and very valuable; and almost equally prized is a case believed to contain a copy of every edition in every language (though there is none with an American imprint), of the *Lusiad* of Camoes, who is especially revered in Lisbon as a native of the city. A statue is about being erected to him on the little praça, bearing his name at the beginning of the *Rua do Chiado*.

The *Santa Cara da Misericordia*, adjoining and connected with St. Roque's, is the home of two thousand foundlings, and one of the noblest charities of the city—an institution which Americans refuse to tolerate, though even their religious newspapers advertise the detestable nostrums and infamous callings which are its inevitable substitutes. Better far the little window, with *expositos* painted on its lintel, where the open mouth of a revolving cylinder is ever ready to receive the fatherless infant, who passes from the mother, who can not, dare not, or will not nurture it, to the tender care of those good sisters of the unfortunate, who, actuated by whatever amount of mistaken zeal, fill the measure of their lives with doing so much good that the church may well be proud of them, than the too well-known sign of the false physician which, in every one of our great cities, allures the poor sinner to death or deeper guilt. Better, too, the municipal supervision of the social evil and the biweekly sanitary inspections, required by the health officers of Lisbon, which have banished the black lion and her whelps from this part of Portugal, once their favorite



THE PALACE OF AJUDA.

lair, than that the undying poison-tree should send its roots through the whole substratum of society, and cast its baneful shadow over the lives of the young, down to the third and fourth generation of those who have eaten of its fruit.

Lisbon is abundantly supplied with royal residences. Ascending the river, the most prominent object in the view, after the range of wind-mill covered hills, is the *Palace of the Ajuda*, itself an immense building, though only the eastern wing of an enormous edifice projected to accommodate the royal family, the Cortes, officers of state, and diplomatic corps. The unfinished face, where it was to have been connected with the main building, looks to the westward, and, for many years, has been only roughly boarded up, exhibiting a strange display of royal pomp and national poverty. The hope of completing the palace, as designed, has been abandoned, yet the authorities refuse to appropriate the sum required to cover in the exposed end. The palace, which was the favorite home of the royal family until death visited it so often, was that of the *Novas-Libas*, the singular name of which gave a foreign minister occasion to exclaim: "What good can be expected of a country where the monarch lives in the Palace of Want (*Palacio das Necessidades*), the Minister in 'Thieves' Lane' (*Travessa das Ladrois*), and where the height of pleasure (*alto dos prazeres*), belongs to the confined dead." The royal family has dwindled down to the father, brother, and grandmother of the King, and two sisters married to petty German princes.

The late king, Pedro V., his wife, and two brothers, died within a few months of each other, believed by many to be the victims of Miguelite poison, but more probably of that constitutional impairment which is consequent upon incestuous connections. Intermarriage of uncles with nieces, and of nephews with aunts, is not uncommon in Portuguese society. It occurred in the case of Maria I. and Pedro IV., and many estimable people declare that if Dom Miguel had not broken faith with his betrothed niece, the young Maria II., the revolution would not have occurred, and Portugal not been divided between two factions, which hate each other cordially, and represent each other with *amer* care.

There are several other spacious palaces within the city, and a number of summer resorts beyond its limits. Those at Cintra and Mafra are especially worthy of being seen. The palace of Cintra is disfigured by two immense chimney-like towers, which give it the appearance of a factory. The great saloon is surrounded with the escutcheons of all the noble families of the kingdom. Two blackened shields represent the dishonored families of the attempted assassins of Jose I., whose knightly bearings have been here blotted out, as their very dwellings were razed to the ground. Strangers are also shown the room where Afonso VI. wore out the floor by pacing up and down during fifteen years' imprisonment, for no greater offense than physical incapacity.

The palace is the least of the attractions of

Cintra. Childe Harold, long ago, confessed his inability to describe the munificence of nature's riches in this region :

"Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah, me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates,
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd Elysium's gates.

"The horrid crags by toppling convent crown'd,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

Surmounting the loftiest peak of the coast range at an elevation of nineteen hundred feet stands *Penha Castle*, an old convent converted into a quinta by Dom Fernando II., the father of the late and reigning kings and regent during their minority. He is personally the most popular individual in Lisbon. Whenever his tall form is recognized people hasten to throw themselves in his way to receive the salutation he is always prompt to return. When political disputes raged so fiercely that civil government was almost completely suspended, Dom Fernando was the only person who could safely walk the streets at night without a guard. His late refusal of the crown of Greece has considerably augmented his popularity, though it would have been a most unwise act for a man, who is regarded as clear-headed as his cousin, the late Prince Albert, to surrender his present enormous incomes and kingly comforts for the annoyances and anxieties of an insecure throne. Exceedingly well educated, able to address seven or eight foreign Ministers in their own languages, accomplished as a musician and artist, he has identified himself with the progressive movements of the age, patronizes institutions of learning, and has filled his palace at Cintra with works of art, which are open to the inspection of visitors whenever His Majesty is not occupying it. The architecture of the building and its internal arrangements are peculiar, and the grounds are laid out with taste and elegance.

This vicinity is replete with interest to tourists. On an adjacent peak is an old Moorish Castle and strong-hold in admirable preservation, and near by, the celebrated *Convento da Cortica*, or Cork Convent, instituted by Joao de Castro, who, though once Viceroy of India, died a beggar. It derives its name from the material which has replaced wood in its construction, and which is furnished abundantly by a grove of cork-oaks in the neighborhood. The hole in front of the convent still remains, in which poor Honorius dwelt sixteen years,

"In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell."

After exhausting Cintra, which is not done without visiting Monserrat, the gorgeous residence of Beckford, author of "*Vathek*," and

after drinking a glass of *vinho de Collares*, at the village where it is made, a long and tiresome jolt on the back of a diminutive donkey brings to Mafra, renowned for its great building erected by Joao V. in 1730, and comprising within its immense square of eleven hundred and fifty feet a church, a monastery, and two palaces, containing in the aggregate eight hundred and sixty-six rooms, and having space enough upon its roof to drill ten thousand men. The organs and chimes in the church are scarcely excelled by any in the world, but the latter are seldom rung unless some of the royal family are present. This Joao V. was the same who erected the chapel of St. John in the church of St. Roque, and whose zeal in building religious edifices induced Benedict IV. to bestow the title of *Fidelissimo* on him and his successors, whence they have ever since been styled "Most Faithful Majesties," as those of France and Spain are "Most Christian" and "Most Catholic." The environs of Mafra have none of the beauties of Cintra. The country here is a waste, and the site was selected by the King in fulfillment of a vow, that, if blessed with an heir, he would build a church on the most barren spot within his dominions. The saintly confessor who heard the vow is said to have taken good care that the monarch's prayer should be realized.

Royalty is an expensive luxury. It cost a million of dollars to marry the boy and girl who sit upon the throne before which this nation bows down. Groaning with want, it spends millions annually in feeding and clothing the relatives, parasites, and mistresses of the royal family. Yet the people are loyal. Though they retail the scandal of the court they doff their hats and bend obsequiously to the very spendthrifts and libertines whose flagrant violations of propriety they condemn without having the independence to punish. Two families enjoy the privilege of keeping on their hats in the presence of royalty, and Vasco da Gama's descendant, the Marquis of Niza, as hereditary Admiral of the Indies, precedes the King in going on board a man-of-war. Though not ordinarily included among public sights, Americans should not neglect to visit the collection of state coaches at the Calvario, as a part of their study of the peculiarities of royalty. Here are stowed away the huge, lumbering gilded coaches in which the kings and queens have for centuries, on all state occasions, been drawn through the streets for the dazzling of the vulgar. The oldest coach, as well as the simplest and least absurd, belonged to Affonso Henriques, who established the kingdom of Portugal in 1132, and who was the first of the line of thirty-one sovereigns that have occupied its throne. Of kindred interest, as illustrating the senseless extravagance entailed by monarchical institutions, are the royal stables, with a population of one hundred and twenty horses and half as many mules.

Farther on, in the suburb of the same name,



THE GREAT ARCH OF THE AQUEDUCT.

is the pretty *Torre of Lido*, from which an over-zealous sergeant fired three shots at the *Niagara*, which for a moment raised the national Eagle to ruff his feathers. A single shell would have demolished the fort, but at the same time would have destroyed a beautiful relic of the art of three hundred and fifty years ago. Its guns are as harmless for offensive as its walls are powerless for defensive purposes. It was once used as a prison for female offenders against the state, but is now merely a station from which the sunset gun, and signals for vessels to heave to for the health-officer's visit, are fired. Its battery does saluting service, with half a dozen others, on all those royal and religious festivals which require the burning of powder, that most grateful incense to Portuguese and Spanish dignitaries. Guns have to be fired whenever the King or any of the royal family embark or disembark, on the anniversaries of their births, baptism, marriage, and death; and when a new heir appears the salutes are repeated day after day according to the caprice of the moment. The Cortes, in an ebullition of revolutionary fervor, declared that sovereignty resided in the people, and enacted that the title of Majesty should be applied to their own collective body, at the same time requiring the King to swear himself as the first citizen of the kingdom; hence their assembling and dissolution have likewise to be saluted; but the custom appears most absurd, when all the men-of-war and forts fire salvos on the day of Corpus Christi as the Host is taken from the church for its procession through the streets,

and again on its return. The Tower of Belem was built on an islet, but the rising of the river bank has left it a considerable distance from the water's edge.

Nothing, however, in or about Lido will so much excite the astonishment and admiration of strangers as the great arch of the aqueduct of Agosteiros, which supplies the city with water brought ten miles from the village of Bellas. This marvelous creation of man ranks higher as a wonder of the world than the Colossus of Rhodes or the Pharos of Alexandria. The aqueduct is partly underground; and modern science would have conducted it so all the way, but the architects of Joao V. carried it across the valley of the Alcantara, in the suburb of that name, over a series of thirty arches, the largest of which, at the point of lowest depression of the dry bed of the streamlet, is two hundred and sixty-four feet high, and has a width from pier to pier of one hundred and seven. Its symmetry and simplicity, at the first view, disappoint the spectator, who does not fully realize the immensity of the work until he compares it with surrounding heights, and, standing directly beneath it, follows its piers upward until they lose themselves in the narrow line of stone overhead. The corridor is only five feet wide, and is traversed by three channels of thirteen inches each, of which two are ever running, and the third used only when the others are being cleaned or repaired. The water is poured into an immense covered reservoir, whence it is conducted to the several public *chafariz* or fountains. A famil-

iar experiment in acoustics may be performed by whispering close to one of the abutments of the great arch in a tone too low to be heard by a by-stander, but perfectly intelligible to a third person whose ear presses the opposite abutment, more than a hundred feet distant, and even a more interesting cataphonic effect is observed by standing directly beneath the centre of the arch and beginning to speak aloud, each word will be repeated distinctly four several times, in different tones as the voice is reflected from side to side, until it is lost nearly three hundred feet above. Guides may be obtained at the *Deposito das Agoastiores*, who, for a cruzado, will take the visitor as far as he wishes to walk inside the corridor, and also upon the top of the aqueduct over the great arch, which has been closed as a highway on account of the temptation it offered to the commission of suicides and murders, at one time so alarmingly frequent that a fresh victim was looked for every morning on the rocky bottom of the valley.

Lisbon is being rapidly brought within communication with other portions of the continent. A line of French steamers coasts around the peninsula from Brest to Marseilles, and makes weekly stoppages going and returning. Railroads are being projected all over the kingdom, and connects its interior with the capital. An hour's ride, after ferrying across the river, which widens to four miles at the upper end of the city, carries you to Setúbal (*Anglicè*, St. Ubes, famous for salt), a city so old, say its admirers, that it derives its name from Tubal Cain. It stands on the shore of a lagoon, covering the site of the Roman town of Cedobriga, where lights were seen one night by a sentinel on a neighboring height to wave to and fro and then disappear. Coins and pieces of tessellated pavement reward the patient seeker after relics, who is content to dig an hour or two among the sands at low-tide. The lines of *Torres Vedras*, by which Wellington defended Lisbon against the French in 1810, are only a pleasant drive from the city.

If the traveler examines attentively all the objects and places of interest which have here been cursorily enumerated, and the many others of scarcely less attraction, with which this city is so full, he will find occupation for many weeks, and will depart well satisfied with the manner in which he has employed his time, and quite disposed to agree with the boast of its citizens, that

"Quem nao tem visto Lisboa,
Nao tem visto villa boa."

HIGH DAYS IN A VIRGINIAN VILLAGE.

OUR village was ensconced among the Virginia mountains, and the epoch of which we now write was considerably over a third of a century ago. The Blue Ridge on the one side, and the Alleghanies on the other, seemed to shut us out from all the world. In the sum-

mer, as the silvery morning mists curtained these mountain barriers, or as the cloud-shadows moved along them, or as the storm came sweeping over them, they were very beautiful and grand; and hardly less so when winter draped them in mantles of snow. Sometimes in the autumn the dried leaves and woods would ignite, and for weeks the bright chain of the "fire in the mountains," circling around peak, knoll, and precipice, was a splendid spectacle as seen through the black night.

A village far removed from the great marts of commerce and thoroughfares has but little to disturb its quiet. Often through the whole length of our principal street not a moving thing was to be seen. A few loungers were usually to be found about the corners, whittling the empty boxes which served them as seats; and a cluster of village politicians at times oscillated on the hinder legs of chairs at the tavern door, discussing the affairs of the nation. If a traveling horseman happened to arrive he was keenly scanned, and his name, residence, and destination carefully searched out. In the summer season tourists came along, regaling their city eyes amidst our fine scenery, and were treated with no little deference and hospitality. Great droves of horned cattle from the counties beyond us, on their way to distant markets, also not unfrequently relieved the monotony, some inquisitive soul always calling out, "Whose drove is that? How many have you in your drove?" If the stupid and perverse drove "broke" in the street and got into higgledy-piggledy, running in the wrong direction and in all directions, it was most inspiring to behold.

No railroad with its shriek and clatter, no steamboat disgorging impatient throngs, no rumbling omnibuses or noisy, insolent cabmen, no bustle and din of trade invaded our quiet. The only link connecting us with the rest of mankind was a tri-weekly mail stage—a long, ponderous, yellow wagon. The body sat low on the axles, as a preventive against upsets, and the driver's seat inside. Slowly and with great toil it made its way over the long, precipitous hills, over the great boulders and ridges of limestone which obstructed the ill-made and dangerous roads. As it was the custom to condemn intractable horses to stage service, there were sometimes terrible accidents—the desperate beasts, taking fright on some hill-top and dashing like so many furies, would drag the pitching vehicle down the long descent and at last hurl it bottom upward on the rocks, a mass of rubbish, maiming the passengers, and perhaps killing the driver. Some of these perils of stage-travel were the theme of oft-repeated narrative to intensely interested and dismayed young auditors in the nursery, or around the winter evening's fire. The difficulties of communication made every where else seem very far from us, and some people nowadays would laugh at our ideas of distances. For instance, I remember that when one of our villagers was on one occasion about setting off for Alabama, he went around from house to house,

with great solemnity and tenderness telling every body farewell.

But the stirring times for our village were certain public days of annual occurrence when the country people flocked in, filling the tavern and crowding the street. "Court days" were seasons of general convocation. With few occasions for personal intercourse, the people from different sections availed themselves of these opportunities for settling up business matters. Then customers were dunned, bills paid, the public crier sold worthless horses with high eulogiums on their matchless qualities, and the sheriff brought down his ruthless hammer on the household effects of some poor unfortunate who had failed to make both ends meet, while his busy deputy called the names of tardy jurors or witnesses three times over from the court-house steps; farmers poured doleful plaints into each other's ears over backward seasons, droughts, short crops, and low prices, while family affairs and gossip in general were not neglected. Rich were the stores of news carried at the close of such days to country homes. Oft were the references for weeks afterward to what the good-man had "heard at court."

"Election-day," however, was one of our high days. All the voters of the county then assembled, and great was the bustle and the throng. Candidates for Congress and the Legislature, in their best Sunday clothes, were complements—shaking hands with young and old, inquiring about the good-wife and children, hoping all were well. On the hustings, too, they stood in imposing array, pouring out their well-conned speeches—some with stammering tongues, others facetious and humorous, making the sober farmers shake their sides over happy hits and oft-told jokes, others polished, classical, eloquent; for some of our orators were men whose splendid declamation thrilled the councils of the nation. Eager were the eyes turned upon each voter, as, according to the custom there, the sheriff grasped his hand, called aloud his name, and demanded, "Whom do you vote for?" And when at last the setting sun gave the signal for closing the polls, and the result was announced, great was the joy, and great the disappointment too. Long and deep were the potations of the victors: long and deep were the potations of the vanquished.

But "General Muster" was the day of days. For us young folk, at least, it was first in the calendar. Then from early dawn the crowds began to gather—pouring in from every road and by-way, from farm-house and secluded mountain valley. The court-house sidewalk and the public corners were the property for the time being of thrifty country dames, whose tables were laden with small-beer, apples, chestnuts, and piles of ginger-cakes—particularly aggravating to penniless urchins—round ones a cent apiece, square ones, artistically embossed, four cents. Horse cakes were not yet introduced.

But the soldiers. What an array! Troopers with stub-tailed coats profusely buttoned, un-

comfortable leather helmets with horse-tail pendants, and glittering swords, dashed through scampering crowds on sleek, fat, prancing steeds. Drums rattled, fifes shrieked, captains and subordinates roared "Fall into ranks!" "Dress by the right!" "Mark time!" with a dignity and fervor reflecting upon them and their county the highest credit. Then appeared in all his majesty the Colonel, with plumed chapeau, the observed of all observers, a noble looking man, said to resemble the great Washington; there, too, was the stirring, lively, ardent adjutant; and the spruce young surgeon, casting furtive glances at the pretty faces and bright eyes in those upper windows.

"Forward, march!" at last echoes along the line, and our warriors defile through the village and move off to the parade-ground on a neighboring hill. Let us review them. John Falstaff, what a regiment! Sixteen of the sixty troopers in the full panoply of horse-tail helmets and bullet buttons, the remainder arrayed each as seemed best in his own eyes. Horses jogging along as if going to church, horses standing on their hind legs, horses trotting sidewise, horses with their heads where their tails should have been, horses incessantly charging on apple-women and rake tables. The infantry perform fewer evolutions, but they are fit match for the troopers. Here is a uniform (sic?) coat with short waist and long, narrow skirts that may be a relic of historic Yorktown; here is another of scarlet, probably captured from some unlucky Britisher at the same eventful locality; and there is a jaunty one fresh from a Northern city tailor. Here are all varieties of "citizens" costume; black coats, blue coats, green coats, limey woolsey coats, gingham coats, no coats, round jackets, and hunting shorts. Here are shot guns, rifles, old muskets, rusty swords, bludgeons, pea-sticks, and no sticks. Some are keeping step, some running to catch up; talking, laughing, playing tricks, and eating ginger-cakes.

Once on the neighboring hill—our *Champs de Mars*—our regiment "springs itself." Its manœuvres are miscellaneous and original, not to say impromptu. For a while it stands at rest, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar." Some tired of standing lie down on the grass; some achieve various practical jokes. They march, they counter-march; they form hollow squares that are not at all square; the lively adjutant gallops and vociferates in intense excitement; the troopers scour the hill-side and parts adjacent with a desperation and expenditure of horse-flesh and horse-perspiration worthy of the highest admiration. What prodigies of valor would such soldiers not perform had they only the chance!

Our regiment having displayed its powers and prowess to the satisfaction of the admiring public and its own, wound up the eventful day by an extemporaneous charge on the cake-stands and on the taverns too. Some of the heroes not having exhausted their valor, undertook individual adventures, or what is popularly known

as "on their own hook," the consequence of which were many black eyes and bloody noses. From the effects of the various "charges" not a few found it difficult to mount their horses when the time came for turning their faces homeward, or to sit erect in their saddles. Wild whoops and hurrahs disturbed our usually quiet village long after nightfall. Not a few of the sturdy countrymen reached their mountain homes through no small perils, and not a little the worse for "General Muster Day."

Another of our village high days was the 22d of February, the birth-day of Washington, for we were a patriotic people. How it was that the Fourth of July was not equally esteemed I can not explain, but such was the fact. On one of the beautiful hills overlooking the village was an institution of learning which had done much toward diffusing the intelligence of which we were no little proud, and which had enabled us to furnish men of renown for both Church and State. Washington's birthday was always the occasion of a grand celebration. Orations were delivered, our cannon was fired—especially the "butt," the remains of an exploded iron cannon—the best music we could command discoursed its enlivening strains, country people came in to gaze and admire, and the young maidens mustered in strength, their rich mountain complexions set off to the best advantage by the latest city fashions. The village belles were accustomed to befriend their respective college favorites by making for them ribbon rosettes, with long streamers, the society badges, blue for the one, white for the other. Fastened to the lapel they decidedly added to the effectiveness of a young gentleman's presence.

With these preliminaries, if the 22d happened to be a fair, bright day, not always to be reckoned upon in February, we were sure of a good time. At the appointed hour the societies formed in column, two abreast, and marched from the classic halls on College Hill to the court-house in the midst of the town. The band by which they were preceded usually comprised the very modest allowance of two flutes, and nothing else, played by amateurs. But that procession, that music, those blue-and-white streamers flying in the mountain breezes, the patriotic orations, the throng of bright faces, and the rounds of rapturous applause, if ever human glory had reached its culminating point, it seemed to us youngsters that this must be it. It has fallen to my lot since to see Kossuth's reception into New York, and Queen Victoria's reception into Edinburgh, with the review of 80,000 troops by the Emperor and Empress of France, with numerous other pageants; but these were tame and small affairs compared with that 22d of February turn-out, as I used to see it in our mountain village. This grand gala occasion usually wound up with a ball, which was, of course, in harmony with the splendors of the day—in fact, the very blossom and flower of its

glories. Our village at this time, so far as my memory serves me, could boast but one four-wheeled carriage; and this was brought into requisition to transport the young ladies from their homes to the ball. One or more of the "managers" took the houses *seriatim*, bringing from each its precious contribution to the aggregate female loveliness of the occasion. As we boys stood at the village tavern-door, and saw one after another of these carriage-loads drive up, and youth and beauty in all its charms gracefully and gallantly handed from the steps and tripping merrily into the scene of festivity, it seemed almost too much bliss for mortals. The reader must bear in mind that in those primitive times ladies did not postpone their appearance in the ball-room till from ten o'clock P.M. to midnight; they went before dark, and could, of course, be seen and admired by all curious spectators. When the famous black fiddler at length struck up an old "Virginia Reel," the gayety set in in good earnest, and many a blooming belle and manly beau, as they tripped together "the light fantastic toe," wished in their hearts that the 22d of February would come every month in the year.

But it must not be supposed that our village was given up to "the pomps and vanities of the world." On the contrary, we were rather uncommonly religious. Hence I must not fail to mention among our high days the meetings of Presbytery and Synod—for our population was chiefly of Scotch-Irish descent, and consequently Presbyterian—Synod did not come except after intervals of some years; but when it did, it was worth while to be there. The writer of this was not much of a judge of the preaching in those days; but of the eating he felt himself authorized to speak in terms of the most unqualified approbation. "The big pot was put in the little one." Every house was filled with guests, on the principle of the largest hospitality. Ministers, laymen, and ladies were alike welcome; and they came from every part of the State—from hundreds of miles away. Great were the crowds. The old church was too small to contain them; and when Sunday came, "the great day of the feast," the throng surpassed all description. And very good times these were; many the pleasant acquaintances formed, many the genial hours passed, many the fine sermons, many the pious impressions—to last, it was to be hoped, forever. It was worth going a very long way to participate in these good things.

But the times of which I write are long since passed. Our mountain village has so changed that we of the by-gone days returning there would hardly know it. Modern fashions and modern airs have usurped the place of the former simplicity. But it is questionable whether any advance has been made on the real enjoyment of life which attended those unsophisticated "high days" of "auld lang syne."

ARMADALE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS, AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE LAST.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE HOUSE.

NOTICING Mr. Bashwood's confusion (after a moment's glance at the change in his personal appearance), Midwinter spoke first.

"I see I have surprised you," he said. "You were looking, I suppose, for somebody else? Have you heard from Allan? Is he on his way home again already?"

The inquiry about Allan, though it would naturally have suggested itself to any one in Midwinter's position at that moment, added to Mr. Bashwood's confusion. Not knowing how else to extricate himself from the critical position in which he was placed he took refuge in simple denial.

"I know nothing about Mr. Armadale—oh dear, no, Sir, I know nothing about Mr. Armadale," he answered, with needless eagerness and hurry. "Welcome back to England, Sir," he went on, changing the subject in his nervously talkative manner. "I didn't know you had been abroad. It's so long since we have had the pleasure—sure I have had the pleasure—Have you enjoyed yourself, Sir, in foreign parts? Such different manners from ours—yes, yes, yes—such different manners from ours! Do you make a long stay in England, now you have come back?"

"I hardly know," said Midwinter. "I have been obliged to alter my plans, and to come to England unexpectedly." He hesitated a little; his manner changed, and he added in lower tones, "A serious anxiety has brought me back. I can't say what my plans will be until that anxiety is set at rest."

The light of a lamp fell on his face while he spoke, and Mr. Bashwood observed, for the first time, that he looked sadly worn and changed.

"I'm sorry, Sir—I'm sure I'm very sorry. If I could be of any use—" suggested Mr. Bashwood, speaking under the influence in some degree of his nervous politeness, and in some degree of his remembrance of what Midwinter had done for him at Thorpe-Ambrose in the by-gone time.

Midwinter thanked him, and turned away sadly. "I am afraid you can be of no use, Mr. Bashwood; but I am obliged to you for your offer, all the same." He stopped, and considered a little: "Suppose she should not be ill? Suppose some misfortune should have happened?" he resumed, speaking to himself, and turning again toward the steward. "If she has left her mother, some trace of her *might* be found by inquiring at Thorpe-Ambrose."

Mr. Bashwood's curiosity was instantly aroused. The whole sex was interesting to him now for the sake of Miss Gwilt.

"A lady, Sir?" he inquired. "Are you looking for a lady?"

"I am looking," said Midwinter simply, "for my wife."

"Married, Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Bashwood. "Married since I last had the pleasure of seeing you! Might I take the liberty of asking—?"

Midwinter's eyes dropped uneasily to the ground.

"You knew the lady in former times," he said. "I have married Miss Gwilt."

The steward started back as he might have started back from a loaded pistol leveled at his head. His eyes glared as if he had suddenly lost his senses, and the nervous trembling to which he was subject shook him from head to foot.

"What's the matter?" asked Midwinter. There was no answer. "What is there so very startling," he went on, a little impatiently, "in Miss Gwilt's being my wife?"

"Your wife?" repeated Mr. Bashwood, helplessly. "Mrs. Armadale—!" He checked himself by a desperate effort, and said no more.

The scope of astonishment which possessed the steward was instantly reflected in Midwinter's face. The name in which he had secretly married his wife had passed the lips of the last man in the world whom he would have dreamed of admitting into his confidence! He took Mr. Bashwood by the arm, and led him away to a quieter part of the terminus than the part of it in which they had hitherto spoken to each other.

"You referred to my wife just now," he said; "and you spoke of Mrs. Armadale in the same breath. What do you mean by that?"

Again there was no answer. Utterly incapable of understanding more than that he had involved himself in some serious complication which was a complete mystery to him, Mr. Bashwood struggled to extricate himself from the grasp that was laid on him, and struggled in vain.

Midwinter sternly repeated the question. "I ask you again," he said, "what do you mean by it?"

"Nothing, Sir! I give you my word of honor I meant nothing!" He felt the hand on his arm tightening its grasp; he saw, even in the obscurity of the remote corner in which they stood, that Midwinter's fiery temper was rising and was not to be trifled with. The extremity of his danger inspired him with the one ready capacity that a timid man possesses when he is compelled by main force to face an emergency—the capacity to lie. "I only meant to say, Sir," he burst out, with a desperate effort to look and speak confidently, "that Mr. Armadale would be surprised—"

"You said Mrs. Armadale!"

"No, Sir—on my word of honor, on my sacred word of honor, you are mistaken—you are indeed! I said *Mr. Armadale*—how could I say any thing else? Please to let me go, Sir—I'm pressed for time. I do assure you I'm dreadfully pressed for time!"

For a moment longer Midwinter maintained his hold, and in that moment he decided what to do.

He had accurately stated his motive for returning to England as proceeding from anxiety about his wife—anxiety naturally caused (after the regular receipt of a letter from her every other, or every third day) by the sudden cessation of the correspondence between them on her side for a whole week. The first vaguely-terrible suspicion of some other reason for her silence than the reason of accident or of illness, to which he had hitherto attributed it, had struck through him like a sudden chill the instant he heard the steward associate the name of "*Mrs. Armadale*" with the idea of his wife. Little irregularities in her correspondence with him, which he had thus far only thought strange, now came back on his mind and proclaimed themselves to be suspicious as well. He had hitherto believed the reasons she had given for referring him, when he answered her letters, to no more definite address than an address at a post-office. *Now* he suspected her reasons of being excuses for the first time. He had hitherto resolved, on reaching London, to inquire at the only place he knew of at which a clew to her could be found—the address she had given him as the address at which "*her mother*" lived. *Now* (with a motive which he was afraid to define even to himself, but which was strong enough to overbear every other consideration in his mind), he determined, before all things, to solve the mystery of *Mr. Bashwood's* familiarity with a secret, which was a marriage-secret between himself and his wife. Any direct appeal to a man of the steward's disposition, in the steward's present state of mind, would be evidently useless. The weapon of deception was, in this case, a weapon literally forced into Midwinter's hands. He let go of *Mr. Bashwood's* arm and accepted *Mr. Bashwood's* explanation.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I have no doubt you are right. Pray attribute my rudeness to over-anxiety and over-fatigue. I wish you good-evening."

The station was by this time almost a solitude; the passengers by the train being assembled at the examination of their luggage in the custom-house waiting-room. It was no easy matter ostensibly to take leave of *Mr. Bashwood* and really to keep him in view. But Midwinter's early life with his gipsy master had been of a nature to practice him in such stratagems as he was now compelled to adopt. He walked away toward the waiting-room by the line of empty carriages, opened the door of one of them as if to look after something that he had left behind, and detected *Mr. Bashwood* making for the cab-rank on the opposite side

of the platform. In an instant Midwinter had crossed, and had passed through the long row of vehicles, so as to skirt it on the side farthest from the platform. He entered the second cab by the left-hand door the moment after *Mr. Bashwood* had entered the first cab by the right-hand door. "Double your fare, whatever it is," he said to the driver, "if you keep the cab before you in view, and follow it wherever it goes." In a minute more both vehicles were on their way out of the station.

The clerk sat in his sentry-box at the gate, taking down the destinations of the cabs as they passed. Midwinter heard the man who was driving him call out "*Hampstead!*" as he went by the clerk's window.

"Why did you say '*Hampstead?*'" he asked, when they had left the station.

"Because the man before me said '*Hampstead,*' Sir," answered the driver.

Over and over again, on the wearisome journey to the northwestern suburb, Midwinter asked if the cab was still in sight. Over and over again the man answered, "Right in front of us."

It was between nine and ten o'clock when the driver pulled up his horses at last. Midwinter got out and saw the cab before them waiting at a house-door. As soon as he had satisfied himself that the driver was the man whom *Mr. Bashwood* had hired he paid the promised reward and dismissed his own cab.

He took a turn backward and forward before the door. The vaguely terrible suspicion which had risen in his mind at the terminus had forced itself by this time into a definite form which was abhorrent to him. Without the shadow of an assignable reason for it he found himself blindly distrusting his wife's fidelity, and blindly suspecting *Mr. Bashwood* of serving her in the capacity of gobetween. In sheer horror of his own morbid fancy he determined to take down the number of the house and the name of the street in which it stood; and then, in justice to his wife, to return at once to the address which she had given him as the address at which her mother lived. He had taken out his pocket-book, and was on his way to the corner of the street, when he observed the man who had driven *Mr. Bashwood* looking at him with an expression of inquisitive surprise. The idea of questioning the cab-driver while he had the opportunity instantly occurred to him. He took a half-crown from his pocket and put it into the man's ready hand.

"Has the gentleman whom you drove from the station gone into that house?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you hear him inquire for any body when the door was opened?"

"He asked for a lady, Sir—*Mrs.*—" The man hesitated. "It wasn't a common name, Sir; I should know it again if I heard it."

"Was it '*Midwinter?*'"

"No, Sir."

"'*Armadale?*'"

"That's it, Sir. Mrs. Armadale."

"Are you sure it was 'Mrs.' and not 'Mr.'?"

"I'm as sure as a man can be who hasn't taken any particular notice, Sir."

The doubt implied in that last answer decided Midwinter to investigate the matter on the spot. He ascended the house-steps. As he raised his hand to the bell at the side of the door the violence of his agitation mastered him physically for the moment. A strange sensation as of something leaping up from his heart to his brain, turned his head wildly giddy. He held by the house-railings and kept his face to the air, and resolutely waited till he was steady again. Then he rang the bell.

"Is—?" he tried to ask for "Mrs. Armadale" when the maid-servant had opened the door, but not even his resolution could force the name to pass his lips—"Is your mistress at home?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir."

The girl showed him into a back-parlor, and presented him to a little old lady with an obliging manner and a bright pair of eyes.

"There is some mistake," said Midwinter. "I wished to see—" Once more he tried to utter the name, and once more he failed to force it to his lips.

"Mrs. Armadale?" suggested the little old lady, with a smile.

"Yes."

"Show the gentleman up stairs, Jenny."

The girl led the way to the drawing-room floor.

"Any name, Sir?"

"No name."

Mr. Bashwood had barely considered his report of what had happened at the terminus; Mr. Bashwood's impetuous passion was still sitting speechless under the shock of the discovery that had burst on her—when the door of the room opened, and, without a word of warning to precede him, Midwinter appeared on the threshold. He took one step into the room, and mechanically pushed the door to behind him. He stood in dead silence, and confronted his wife with a scrutiny that was terrible in its unnatural self-possession, and that enveloped her steadily in one comprehensive look from head to foot.

In dead silence on her side she rose from her chair. In dead silence she stood erect on the hearth-rug and faced her husband in widow's weeds.

He took one step nearer to her and stopped again. He lifted his hand and pointed with his lean brown finger at her dress.

"What does that mean?" he asked, without losing his terrible self-possession, and without moving his outstretched hand.

At the sound of his voice the quick rise and fall of her bosom—which had been the one outward betrayal thus far of the inner agony that tortured her—suddenly stopped. She stood impenetrably silent, breathlessly still, as if his

question had struck her dead and his pointing hand had petrified her.

He advanced one step nearer and reiterated his words, in a voice even lower and quieter than the voice in which he had spoken first.

One moment more of silence, one moment more of inaction might have been the salvation of her. But the fatal force of her character triumphed at the crisis of her destiny and his. White and still, and haggard and old, she met the dreadful emergency with a dreadful courage, and spoke the irrevocable words which renounced him to his face.

"Mr. Midwinter," she said, in tones unnaturally hard and unnaturally clear, "our acquaintance hardly entitles you to speak to me in that manner." These were her words. She never lifted her eyes from the ground while she spoke them. When she had done, the last faint vestige of color in her cheeks faded out.

There was a pause. Still steadily looking at her he set himself to fix the language she had used to him in his mind. "She calls me 'Mr. Midwinter,'" he said, slowly, in a whisper. "She speaks of 'our acquaintance.'" He waited a little and looked round the room. His wandering eyes encountered Mr. Bashwood for the first time. He saw the steward standing near the fire-place, trembling and watching him.

"I never did you a service," he said, "and you once told me you were not an ungrateful man. Are you grateful enough to answer me if I ask you something?"

He waited a little again. Mr. Bashwood still stood trembling at the fire-place, silently watching him.

"I see you looking at me," he went on. "Is there some change in me that I am not conscious of myself? Am I seeing things that you don't see? Am I hearing words that you don't hear? Am I looking or speaking like a man out of his senses?"

Again he waited, and again the silence was unbroken. His eyes began to glitter, and the savage blood that he had inherited from his mother rose dark and slow in his ashy cheeks.

"Is that woman," he asked, "the woman whom you once knew, whose name was Miss Gwilt?"

Once more his wife exhibited her fatal courage. Once more his wife spoke her fatal words.

"You compel me to repeat," she said, "that you are presuming on our acquaintance, and that you are forgetting what is due to me."

He turned upon her with a savage suddenness which forced a cry of alarm from Mr. Bashwood's lips.

"Are you or are you not My Wife?" he asked through his set teeth.

She raised her eyes to his for the first time. Her lost spirit looked at him, steadily defiant, out of the hell of its own despair.

"I am *not* your wife," she said.

He staggered back, with his hand groping for something to hold by, like the hands of a man in the dark. He leaned heavily against the

wall of the room, and looked at the woman who had slept on his bosom, and who had denied him to his face.

Mr. Bashwood stole, panic-stricken, to her side. "Go in there!" he whispered, trying to draw her toward the folding-doors which led into the next room. "For God's sake be quick! He'll kill you!"

She put the old man back with her hand. She looked at him with a sudden irradiation of her blank face. She answered him with lips that struggled slowly into a frightful smile.

"Let him kill me," she said.

As the words passed her lips he sprang forward from the wall with a cry that rang through the house. The frenzy of a maddened man flashed at her from his glassy eyes, and clutched at her in his threatening hands. He came on till he was within arm's-length of her, and suddenly stood still. The black flush died out of his face in the instant when he stopped. His eyelids fell, his outstretched hands wavered and sank helpless. He dropped as the dead drop. He lay as the dead lie, in the arms of the wife who had denied him.

She knelt on the floor and rested his head on her knee. She caught the arm of the steward hurrying to help her with a hand that closed round it like a vice. "Go for a doctor," she said, "and keep the people of the house away till he comes." There was that in her eye, there was that in her voice which would have warned any man living to obey her in silence. In silence Mr. Bashwood submitted, and hurried out of the room.

The instant she was alone she raised him from her knee. With both arms clasped round him the miserable woman lifted his lifeless face to hers, and rocked him on her bosom in an agony of tenderness beyond all relief in tears, in a passion of remorse beyond all expression in words. In silence she held him to her breast; in silence she devoured his forehead, his cheeks, his lips with kisses. Not a sound escaped her till she heard the trampling footsteps outside hurrying up the stairs. Then a low moan burst from her lips as she looked her last at him, and lowered his head again to her knee, before the strangers came in.

The landlady and the steward were the first persons whom she saw when the door was opened. The medical man (a surgeon living in the street) followed. The horror and the beauty of her face as she looked up at him absorbed the surgeon's attention for the moment, to the exclusion of every thing else. She had to beckon to him, she had to point to the senseless man, before she could claim his attention for his patient and divert it from herself.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

The surgeon carried Midwinter to the sofa, and ordered the windows to be opened. "It is a fainting fit," he said; "nothing more."

At that answer her strength failed her for the first time. She drew a deep breath of relief, and leaned on the chimney-piece for support.

Mr. Bashwood was the only person present who noticed that she was overcome. He led her to the opposite end of the room, where there was an easy-chair—leaving the landlady to hand the restoratives to the surgeon as they were wanted.

"Are you going to wait here till he recovers?" whispered the steward, looking toward the sofa, and trembling as he looked.

The question roused her to a sense of her position—to a knowledge of the merciless necessities which that position now forced her to confront. With a heavy sigh she looked toward the sofa, considered with herself for a moment, and answered Mr. Bashwood's inquiry by a question on her side.

"Is the cab that brought you here from the railway still at the door?"

"Yes."

"Drive at once to the gates of the Sanatorium, and wait there till I join you."

Mr. Bashwood hesitated. She lifted her eyes to his, and, with a look, sent him out of the room.

"The gentleman is coming to, ma'am," said the landlady, as the steward closed the door. "He has just breathed again."

She bowed in mute reply, rose, and considered with herself once more—looked toward the sofa for the second time—then passed through the folding-doors into her own room.

After a short lapse of time the surgeon drew back from the sofa, and motioned to the landlady to stand aside. The bodily recovery of the patient was assured. There was nothing to be done now but to wait, and let his mind slowly recall its sense of what had happened.

"Where is she?" were the first words he said to the surgeon and the landlady anxiously watching him.

The landlady knocked at the folding-doors, and received no answer. She went in, and found the room empty. A sheet of note-paper was on the dressing-table, with the doctor's fee placed on it. The paper contained these lines, evidently written in great agitation or in great haste: "It is impossible for me to remain here to-night after what has happened. I will return to-morrow to take away my luggage, and to pay what I owe you."

"Where is she?" Midwinter asked again, when the landlady returned alone to the drawing-room.

"Gone, Sir."

"I don't believe it!"

The old lady's color rose. "If you know her handwriting, Sir," she answered, handing him the sheet of note-paper, "perhaps you may believe that?"

He looked at the paper. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, as he handed it back. "I beg your pardon, with all my heart."

There was something in his face as he spoke those words which more than soothed the old lady's irritation—it touched her with a sudden pity for the man who had offended her. "I am afraid there is some dreadful trouble, Sir, at the

bottom of all this," she said, simply. "Do you wish me to give any message to the lady when she comes back?"

Midwinter rose, and steadied himself for a moment against the sofa. "I will bring my own message to-morrow," he said. "I must see her before she leaves your house."

The surgeon accompanied his patient into the street. "Can I see you home?" he said, kindly. "You had better not walk, if it is far. You mustn't over-exert yourself; you mustn't catch a chill this cold night."

Midwinter took his hand and thanked him. "I have been used to hard walking and to cold nights, Sir," he said; "and I am not easily worn out, even when I look so broken as I do now. If you will tell me the nearest way out of these streets, I think the quiet of the country and the quiet of the night will help me. I have something serious to do to-morrow," he added, in a lower tone, "and I can't rest or sleep till I have thought over it to-night."

The surgeon understood that he had no common man to deal with. He gave the necessary directions without any further remark, and parted with his patient at his own door.

Left by himself, Midwinter paused and looked up at the heaven in silence. The night had cleared, and the stars were out—the stars which he had first learned to know from his gipsy master on the hill-side. For the first time his mind went back regretfully to his boyish days. "Oh, for the old life!" he thought, longingly. "I never knew till now how happy the old life was!"

He roused himself and went on toward the open country. His face darkened as he left the streets behind him and advanced into the solitude and obscurity that lay beyond.

"She has denied her husband to-night," he said. "She shall know her master to-morrow."

CHAPTER III.

THE PURPLE FLASK.

The cab was waiting at the gates as Miss Gwilt approached the Sanatorium. Mr. Bashwood got out and advanced to meet her. She took his arm and led him aside a few steps, out of the cabman's hearing.

"Think what you like of me," she said, keeping her thick black veil down over her face, "but don't speak to me to-night. Drive back to your hotel as if nothing had happened. Meet the tidal train to-morrow as usual, and come to me afterward at the Sanatorium. Go without a word, and I shall believe there is one man in the world who really loves me. Stay and ask questions, and I shall bid you good-by at once and forever!"

She pointed to the cab. In a minute more it had left the Sanatorium and was taking Mr. Bashwood back to his hotel.

She opened the iron gate and walked slowly

up to the house door. A shudder ran through her as she rang the bell. She laughed bitterly. "Shivering again!" she said to herself. "Who would have thought I had so much feeling left in me?"

For once in his life the doctor's face told the truth, when the study door opened between ten and eleven at night, and Miss Gwilt entered the room.

"Mercy on me!" he exclaimed, with a look of the blindest bewilderment, "what does this mean?"

"It means," she answered, "that I have decided to-night instead of deciding to-morrow. You, who know women so well, ought to know that they act on impulse. I am here on an impulse. Take me or leave me, just as you like."

"Take you or leave you?" repeated the doctor, recovering his presence of mind. "My dear lady, what a dreadful way of putting it! Your room shall be got ready instantly! Where is your luggage? Will you let me send for it? No? You can do without your luggage to-night? What admirable fortitude! You will finish it yourself to-morrow? What extraordinary independence! Do take off your bonnet! Do draw in to the fire! What can I offer you?"

"Offer me the strongest sleeping-draught you ever made in your life," she replied. "And leave me alone till the time comes to take it. I shall be your patient in earnest!" she added, fiercely, as the doctor attempted to remonstrate. "I shall be the maddest of the mad if you irritate me to-night!"

The Principal of the Sanatorium became gravely and briefly professional in an instant.

"Sit down in that dark corner," he said. "Not a word shall disturb you. In half an hour you will find your room ready, and your sleeping-draught on the table. It's been a harder struggle for her than I anticipated," he thought, as he left the room and crossed to his Dispensary on the opposite side of the hall. "Good Heavens, what business has *she* with a conscience, after such a life as hers has been!"

The Dispensary was elaborately fitted up with all the latest improvements in medical furniture. But one of the four walls of the room was unoccupied by shelves, and here the vacant space was filled by a handsome antique cabinet of carved wood, curiously out of harmony, as an object, with the unornamented utilitarian aspect of the place generally. On either side of the cabinet two speaking-tubes were inserted in the wall, communicating with the upper regions of the house, and labeled respectively, "Resident Dispenser," and "Head Nurse." Into the second of these tubes the doctor spoke on entering the room. An elderly woman appeared, took her orders for preparing Mrs. Armadale's bed-chamber, courtesied, and retired.

Left alone again in the Dispensary, the doctor unlocked the centre compartment of the cabinet, and disclosed a collection of bottles in-

side, containing the various poisons used in medicine. After taking out the laudanum wanted for the sleeping-draught, and placing it on the dispensary-table, he went back to the cabinet—looked into it for a little while—shook his head doubtfully—and crossed to the open shelves on the opposite side of the room. Here, after more consideration, he took down one out of the row of large chemical bottles before him, filled with a yellow liquid: placing the bottle on the table, he returned to the cabinet, and opened a side compartment, containing some specimens of Bohemian glass-work. After measuring it with his eye, he took from the specimens a handsome purple flask, high and narrow in form, and closed by a glass stopper. This he filled with the yellow liquid, leaving a small quantity only at the bottom of the bottle, and locking up the flask again in the place from which he had taken it. The bottle was next restored to its place, after having been filled up with water from the cistern in the Dispensary, mixed with certain chemical liquids in small quantities, which restored it (so far as appearances went) to the condition in which it had been when it was first removed from the shelf. Having completed these mysterious proceedings, the doctor laughed softly, and went back to his speaking-tubes to summon the Resident Dispenser next.

The Resident Dispenser made his appearance shrouded in the necessary white apron from his waist to his feet. The doctor solemnly wrote a prescription for a composing draught and handed it to his assistant.

"Wanted immediately, Benjamin," he said, in a soft and melancholy voice. "A lady-patient—Mrs. Armadale, room No. 1, Second floor. Ah, dear, dear!" groaned the doctor, absently; "an anxious case, Benjamin—an anxious case." He opened the bran-new ledger of the establishment and entered the Case at full length, with a brief abstract of the prescription. "Have you done with the laudanum? Put it back, and lock the cabinet, and give me the key. Is the draught ready? Label it 'to be taken at bedtime,' and give it to the nurse, Benjamin—give it to the nurse."

While the doctor's lips were issuing these directions, the doctor's hands were occupied in opening a drawer under the desk on which the ledger was placed. He took out some gayly-printed cards of admission "to view the Sanatorium between the hours of two and four P.M.," and filled them up with the date of the next day, "December tenth." When a dozen of the cards had been wrapped up in a dozen lithographed letters of invitation, and inclosed in a dozen envelopes, he next consulted a list of the families resident in the neighborhood and directed the envelopes from the list. Ringing a bell this time, instead of speaking through a tube, he summoned the man-servant and gave him the letters, to be delivered by hand the first thing the next morning. "I think it will do," said the doctor, taking a turn in the Dispensary when the servant had gone out; "I think it will

do." While he was still absorbed in his own reflections the nurse reappeared to announce that the lady's room was ready; and the doctor thereupon formally returned to the study to communicate the information to Miss Gwilt.

She had not moved since he left her. She rose from her dark corner when he made his announcement, and, without speaking or raising her veil, glided out of the room like a ghost.

After a brief interval the nurse came down stairs again with a word for her master's private ear.

"The lady has ordered me to call her tomorrow at seven o'clock, Sir," she said. "She means to fetch her luggage herself, and she wants to have a cab at the door as soon as she is dressed. What am I to do?"

"Do what the lady tells you," said the doctor. "She may be safely trusted to return to the Sanatorium."

The breakfast hour at the Sanatorium was half past eight o'clock. By that time Miss Gwilt had settled every thing at her lodging, and had returned with her luggage in her own possession. The doctor was quite amazed at the promptitude of his patient.

"Why waste so much energy?" he asked, when they met at the breakfast-table. "Why be in such a hurry, my dear lady, when you had all the morning before you?"

"Mere restlessness!" she said, briefly. "The longer I live the more impatient I get."

The doctor, who had noticed before she spoke that her face looked strangely pale and old that morning, observed when she answered him that her expression—naturally mobile in no ordinary degree—remained quite unaltered by the effort of speaking. There was none of the usual animation on her lips, none of the usual temper in her eyes. He had never seen her so impenetrably and coldly composed as he saw her now. "She has made up her mind at last," he thought. "I may say to her this morning what I couldn't say to her last night."

He prefaced the coming remarks by a warning look at her widow's dress.

"Now you have got your luggage," he began, gravely, "permit me to suggest putting that cap away and wearing another gown."

"Why?"

"Do you remember what you told me a day or two since?" asked the doctor. "You said there was a chance of Mr. Armadale's dying in my Sanatorium?"

"I will say it again if you like."

"A more unlikely chance," pursued the doctor, deaf as ever to all awkward interruptions, "it is hardly possible to imagine! But as long as it is a chance at all it is worth considering. Say then that he dies—dies suddenly and unexpectedly, and makes a Coroner's Inquest necessary in the house. What is our course in that case? Our course is to preserve the characters to which we have committed ourselves—you as his widow, and I as the witness of your marriage—and, in those characters, to court the

fullest inquiry. In the entirely improbable event of his dying just when we want him to die, my idea—I might even say, my resolution—is, to admit that we knew of his resurrection from the sea, and to acknowledge that we instructed Mr. Bashwood to entrap him into this house by means of a false statement about Miss Milroy. When the inevitable questions follow I propose to assert that he exhibited symptoms of mental alienation shortly after your marriage—that his delusion consisted in denying that you were his wife, and in declaring that he was engaged to be married to Miss Milroy—that you were in such terror of him on this account, when you heard he was alive and coming back, as to be in a state of nervous agitation that required my care—that at your request, and to calm that nervous agitation, I saw him professionally, and got him quietly into the house by a humoring of his delusion perfectly justifiable in such a case—and lastly, that I can certify his brain to have been affected by one of those mysterious disorders, eminently incurable, eminently fatal, in relation to which medical science is still in the dark. Such a course as this (in the remotely possible event which we are now supposing) would be, in your interests and mine, unquestionably the right course to take—and such a dress as that is, just as certainly, under existing circumstances, the wrong dress to wear."

"Shall I take it off at once?" she asked, rising from the breakfast-table, without a word of remark on what had just been said to her.

"Any time before two o'clock to-day will do," said the doctor.

She looked at him with a languid curiosity—nothing more. "Why before two?" she inquired.

"Because this is one of my 'Visitors' Days.' And the Visitors' time is from two to four."

"What have I in the with your visitors?"

"Simply this. I think it important that perfectly respectable and perfectly disinterested witnesses should see you in my house in the character of a lady who has come to consult me."

"Your motive seems rather far-fetched. Is it the only motive you have in the matter?"

"My dear, dear lady!" remonstrated the doctor, "have I any concealments from you? Surely you ought to know me better than that?"

"Yes," she said, with a weary contempt.

"It's dull enough of me not to understand you by this time.—Send me up stairs when I am wanted." She left him, and went back to her room.

Two o'clock came; and in a quarter of an hour afterward the Visitors had arrived. Short as the notice had been, cheerless as the Sanatorium looked to spectators from without, the doctor's invitations had been largely accepted nevertheless by the female members of the families whom he had addressed. In the miserable monotony of the lives led by a large section of the middle classes of England, any thing is welcome to the women which offers them any sort of

harmless refuge from the established tyranny of the principle that all human happiness begins and ends at home. While the imperious needs of a commercial country limited the representatives of the male sex, among the doctor's visitors, to one feeble old man and one sleepy little boy, the women, poor souls, to the number of no less than sixteen—old and young, married and single—had seized the golden opportunity of a plunge into public life. Harmoniously united by the two common objects which they all had in view—in the first place, to look at each other, and in the second place to look at the Sanatorium—they streamed in neatly-dressed procession through the doctor's dreary iron gates, with a thin varnish over them of assumed superiority to all unlady-like excitement, most significant and most pitiable to see!

The proprietor of the Sanatorium received his visitors in the hall with Miss Gwilt on his arm. The hungry eyes of every woman in the company overlooked the doctor as if no such person had existed, and fixing on the strange lady, devoured her from head to foot in an instant.

"My First Inmate," said the doctor, presenting Miss Gwilt. "This lady only arrived late last night; and she takes the present opportunity (the only one my morning's engagements have allowed me to give her) of going over the Sanatorium.—Allow me, ma'am," he went on, releasing Miss Gwilt, and giving his arm to the eldest lady among the visitors. "Shattered nerves—domestic anxiety," he whispered, confidentially. "Sweet woman! sad case!" He smiled softly, and led the old lady across the hall.

The flock of visitors followed, Miss Gwilt accompanying them in silence, and walking alone—among them, but not of them—the last of all.

"The grounds, ladies and gentlemen," said the doctor, wheeling round and addressing his audience from the foot of the stairs, "are, as you have seen, in a partially unfinished condition. Under any circumstances I should lay little stress on the grounds, having Hampstead Heath so near at hand, and carriage-exercise and horse-exercise being parts of my System. In a lesser degree it is also necessary for me to ask your indulgence for the basement floor, on which we now stand. The waiting-room and study on that side, and the Dispensary on the other (to which I shall presently ask your attention) are completed. But the large drawing-room is still in the decorator's hands. In that room (when the walls are dry—not a moment before) my inmates will assemble for cheerful society. Nothing will be spared that can improve, elevate, and adorn life at these happy little gatherings. Every evening, for example, there will be music for those who like it."

At this point there was a faint stir among the visitors. A mother of a family interrupted the doctor. She begged to know whether music "every evening" included Sunday evening; and, if so, what music was performed?

"Sacred music, of course, ma'am," said the

doctor. "Handel on Sunday evening—and Haydn occasionally, when not too cheerful. But, as I was about to say, music is not the only entertainment offered to my nervous inmates. Amusing reading is provided for those who prefer books."

There was another stir among visitors. Another mother of a family wished to know whether amusing reading meant novels.

"Only such novels as I have selected and perused myself in the first instance," said the doctor. "Nothing painful, ma'am! There may be plenty that is painful in real life—but for that very reason we don't want it in books. The English novelist who enters my house (no foreign novelist will be admitted) must understand his art as the healthy-minded English reader understands it in our time. He must know that our purer modern taste, our higher modern morality, limits him to doing exactly two things for us when he writes us a book. All we want of him is—occasionally to make us laugh; and invariably to make us comfortable."

There was a third stir among the visitors—caused plainly this time by approval of the sentiments which they had just heard. The doctor, wisely cautious of disturbing the favorable impression that he had produced, dropped the subject of the drawing-room, and led the way up stairs. As before, the company followed—and, as before, Miss Gwilt walked silently behind them, last of all. One after another the ladies looked at her with the idea of speaking, and saw something in her face, utterly unintelligible to them, which checked the well-meant words on their lips. The prevalent impression was, that the Principal of the Sanatorium had been delicately concealing the truth, and that his first inmate was mad.

The doctor led the way—with intervals of breathing-time accorded to the old lady on his arm—straight to the top of the house. Having collected his visitors in the corridor, and having waved his hand indicatively at the numbered doors opening out of it on either side, he invited the company to look into any or all of the rooms at their own pleasure.

"Nos. 1 to 4, ladies and gentlemen," said the doctor, "include the dormitories of the attendants. Nos. 4 to 8 are rooms intended for the accommodation of the poorer class of patients, whom I receive on terms which simply cover my expenditure—nothing more. In the cases of these poorer persons among my suffering fellow-creatures, personal piety and the recommendation of two clergymen are indispensable to admission. Those are the only conditions I make; but those I insist on. Pray observe that the rooms are all ventilated, and the bedsteads all iron; and kindly notice as we descend again to the second floor, that there is a door shutting off all communication between the second story and the top story, when necessary. The rooms on the second floor, which we have now reached, are (with the exception of my own room) entirely devoted to the reception of

lady inmates—experience having convinced me that the greater sensitiveness of the female constitution necessitates the higher position of the sleeping apartment, with a view to the greater purity and freer circulation of the air. Here the ladies are established immediately under my care, while my assistant-physician (whom I expect to arrive in a week's time) looks after the gentlemen on the floor beneath. Observe, again—as we descend to this lower, or first floor—a second door, closing all communication at night between the two stories to every one but the assistant-physician and myself. And now that we have reached the gentlemen's part of the house, and that you have observed for yourselves the regulations of the establishment, permit me to introduce you to a specimen of my system of treatment next. I can exemplify it practically by introducing you to a room fitted up, under my own directions, for the accommodation of the most complicated cases of nervous suffering and nervous delusion that can come under my care."

He threw open the door of a room at one extremity of the corridor, numbered 4. "Look in, ladies and gentlemen," he said; "and if you see any thing remarkable pray mention it."

The room was not very large, but it was well lit by one broad window. Comfortably furnished as a bedroom, it was only remarkable among other rooms of the same sort in one way. It had no fire-place. The visitors having noticed this, were informed that the room was warmed in winter by means of hot-water; and were then invited back again into the corridor, to make the discoveries, under professional direction, which they were unable to make for themselves.

"A word, ladies and gentlemen," said the doctor; "literally a word, on nervous derangement first. What is the process of treatment when, let us say, mental anxiety has broken you down, and you apply to your doctor? He sees you, hears you, and gives you two prescriptions. One is written on paper, and made up at the chemist's. The other is administered by word of mouth, at the propitious moment when the fee is ready; and consists in a general recommendation to you to keep your mind easy. That excellent advice given, your doctor leaves you to spare yourself all earthly annoyances by your own unaided efforts until he calls again. Here my System steps in and helps you! When I see the necessity of keeping your mind easy, I take the bull by the horns and do it for you. I place you in a sphere of action in which the ten thousand trifles which must, and do, irritate nervous people at home, are expressly considered and provided against. I throw up impregnable moral intrenchments between Worry and You. Find a door hanging in *this* house if you can! Catch a servant in *this* house rattling the tea-things when he takes away the tray! Discover barking dogs, crowing cocks, hammering workmen, screeching children *here*—and I engage to close My Sanatorium to-morrow! Are

these nuisances laughing matters to nervous people? Ask them! Can they escape these nuisances at home? Ask them! Will ten minutes' irritation from a barking dog or a screeching child undo every atom of good done to a nervous sufferer by a month's medical treatment? There isn't a competent doctor in England who will venture to deny it! On those plain grounds my System is based. I assert the medical treatment of nervous suffering to be entirely subsidiary to the moral treatment of it. That moral treatment of it you find here. That moral treatment sedulously pursued throughout the day, follows the sufferer into his room at night, and soothes, helps, and cures him, without his own knowledge—you shall see how."

The doctor paused to take breath, and looked for the first time since the visitors had entered the house at Miss Gwilt. For the first time, on her side, she stepped forward among the audience and looked at him in return. After a momentary obstruction in the shape of a cough, the doctor went on:

"Say, ladies and gentlemen," he proceeded, "that my patient has just come in. His mind is one mass of nervous fancies and caprices, which his friends (with the best possible intentions) have been ignorantly irritating at home. They have been afraid of him, for instance, at night. They have forced him to have somebody to sleep in the room with him, or they have forbidden him, in case of accidents, to lock his door. He comes to me the first night, and says, 'Mind, I won't have any body in my room!'—'Certainly not!'—'I insist on locking my door!'—'By all means!' In he goes, and locks his door; and there he is, soothed and quieted, predisposed to confidence, predisposed to sleep, by having his own way. 'This is all very well,' you may say; 'but suppose something happens—suppose he has a fit in the night, what then?' You shall see! Hello, my young friend!" cried the doctor, suddenly addressing the sleepy little boy. "Let's have a game. You shall be the poor sick man, and I'll be the good doctor. Go into that room and lock the door. There's a brave boy! Have you locked it? Very good. Do you think I can't get at you if I like? I wait till you're asleep—I press this little white button, hidden here in the stenciled pattern of the outer wall—the motion of the lock inside falls back silently against the door-post—and I walk into the room whenever I like. The same plan is pursued with the window. My capricious patient won't open it at night, when he ought. I humor him again. 'Shut it, dear Sir, by all means!' As soon as he is asleep I pull the black handle hidden here, in the corner of the wall. The window of the room inside noiselessly opens, as you see. Say the patient's caprice is the other way—he persists in opening the window when he ought to shut it. Let him! by all means let him! I pull a second handle when he is snug in his bed, and the window noiselessly closes in a moment. Nothing to irritate him, ladies and gentlemen—

absolutely nothing to irritate him! But I haven't done with him yet. Epidemic disease, in spite of all my precautions, may enter this Sanatorium, and may render the purifying of the sick-room necessary. Or the patient's case may be complicated by other than nervous malady—say, for instance, asthmatic difficulty of breathing. In the one case, fumigation is necessary; in the other, additional oxygen in the air will give relief. The epidemic nervous patient says, 'I won't be smoked under my own nose!' The asthmatic nervous patient gasps with terror at the idea of a chemical explosion in his room. I noiselessly fumigate one of them; I noiselessly oxygenize the other, by means of a simple Apparatus fixed outside in the corner here. It is protected by this wooden casing; it is locked with my own key, and it communicates by means of a tube with the interior of the room. Look at it!"

With a preliminary glance at Miss Gwilt, the doctor unlocked the lid of the wooden casing, and disclosed inside nothing more remarkable than a large stone jar, having a glass funnel, and a pipe communicating with the wall, inserted in the cork which closed the mouth of it. With another look at Miss Gwilt the doctor locked the lid again, and asked in the blandest manner whether his System was intelligible now?

"I might introduce you to all sorts of other contrivances of the same kind," he resumed, leading the way down stairs, "but it would be only the same thing over and over again. A nervous patient who always has his own way is a nervous patient who is never worried—and a nervous patient who is never worried is a nervous patient cured. There it is in a nut-shell! Come and see the Dispensary, ladies; the Dispensary and the kitchen next!"

Once more Miss Gwilt dropped behind the visitors, and waited alone—looking steadfastly at the Room which the doctor had opened, and at the Apparatus which the doctor had unlocked. Again, without a word passing between them, she had understood him. She knew as well as if he had confessed it, that he was craftily putting the necessary temptation in her way, before witnesses who could speak to the superficially-innocent act, which they had seen, if any thing serious happened. The Apparatus, originally constructed to serve the purpose of the doctor's medical crotchets, was evidently to be put to some other use, of which the doctor himself had probably never dreamed till now. And the chances were that before the day was over that other use would be privately revealed to her at the right moment, in the presence of the right witness. "Armada will die this time," she said to herself as she went slowly down the stairs. "The doctor will kill him by my hands."

The visitors were in the Dispensary when she joined them. All the ladies were admiring the beauty of the antique cabinet; and, as a necessary consequence, all the ladies were desirous of seeing what was inside. The doctor—after a

preliminary look at Miss Gwilt—good-humoredly shook his head. “There is nothing to interest you inside,” he said. “Nothing but rows of little shabby bottles containing the poisons used in medicine which I keep under lock and key. Come to the kitchen, ladies, and honor me with your advice on domestic matters below stairs.” He glanced again at Miss Gwilt as the company crossed the hall, with a look which said plainly, “Wait here.”

In another quarter of an hour the doctor had expounded his views on cookery and diet, and the visitors (duly furnished with prospectuses) were taking leave of him at the door. “Quite an intellectual treat!” they said to each other, as they streamed out again in neatly-dressed procession through the iron gates. “And what a very superior man!”

The doctor turned back to the Dispensary, humming absently to himself, and failing entirely to observe the corner of the hall in which Miss Gwilt stood retired. After an instant’s hesitation she followed him. The assistant was in the room when she entered it—summoned by his employer the moment before.

“Doctor,” she said, coldly and mechanically, as if she was repeating a lesson, “I am as curious as the other ladies about that pretty cabinet of yours. Now they are all gone won’t you show the inside of it to *me*?”

The doctor laughed in his pleasantest manner.

“The old story,” he said. “Blue-Beard’s locked chamber, and female curiosity! (Don’t go, Benjamin, don’t go.) My dear lady, what interest can you possibly have in looking at a medical bottle, simply because it happens to be a bottle of poison?”

She repeated her lesson for the second time.

“I have the interest of looking at it,” she said, “and of thinking if it got into some people’s hands, of the terrible things it might do.”

The doctor glanced at his assistant with a compassionate smile.

“Curious, Benjamin,” he said; “the romantic view taken of these drugs of ours by the unscientific mind. My dear lady,” he added, turning again to Miss Gwilt, “if *that* is the interest you attach to looking at poisons, you needn’t ask me to unlock my cabinet—you need only look about you round the shelves of this room. There are all sorts of medical liquids and substances in those bottles—most innocent, most useful in themselves—which, in combination with other substances and other liquids, become poisons as terrible and as deadly as any that I have in my cabinet under lock and key.”

She looked at him for a moment, and crossed to the opposite side of the room.

“Show me one,” she said.

Still smiling as good-humoredly as ever, the doctor humored his nervous patient. He pointed to the bottle from which he had privately removed the yellow liquid on the previous day, and which he had filled up again with a carefully-colored imitation, in the shape of a mixture of his own.

“Do you see that bottle?” he said; “that plump, round, comfortable looking bottle? Never mind the name of what is inside it; let us stick to the bottle, and distinguish it, if you like, by giving it a name of our own. Suppose we call it ‘our Stout Friend!’ Very good. Our Stout Friend, by himself, is a most harmless and useful medicine. He is freely dispensed every day to tens of thousands of patients all over the civilized world. He has made no romantic appearances in courts of law; he has excited no breathless interest in romances; he has played no terrifying part on the stage. There he is, an innocent, inoffensive creature, who troubles nobody with the responsibility of locking him up! *But* bring him into contact with something else—introduce him to the acquaintance of a certain common mineral Substance, of a universally accessible kind, broken into fragments; provide yourself with (say) six doses of our Stout Friend, and pour those doses consecutively on the fragments I have mentioned, at intervals of not less than five minutes. Quantities of little bubbles will rise at every pouring; collect the gas in those bubbles, and convey it into a closed chamber—and let Samson himself be in that closed chamber, our Stout Friend will kill him in half an hour! Will kill him slowly, without his seeing any thing, without his smelling any thing, without his feeling any thing but sleepiness. Will kill him and tell the whole College of Surgeons nothing, if they examine him after death, but that he died of apoplexy or congestion of the lungs! What do you think of *that*, my dear lady, in the way of mystery and romance? Is our harmless Stout Friend as interesting *now* as if he rejoiced in the terrible popular fame of the Arsenic and the Strychnine which I keep locked up there? Don’t suppose I am exaggerating! Don’t suppose I’m inventing a story to put you off with, as the children say. Ask Benjamin, there,” said the doctor, appealing to his assistant, with his eyes fixed on Miss Gwilt. “Ask Benjamin,” he repeated, with the steadiest emphasis on the next words, “if six doses from that bottle, at intervals of five minutes each, would not, under the conditions I have stated, produce the results I have described?”

The Resident Dispenser, modestly admiring Miss Gwilt at a distance, started and colored up. He was plainly gratified by the little attention which had included him in the conversation.

“The doctor is quite right, ma’am,” he said, addressing Miss Gwilt, with his best bow, “the production of the gas, extended over half an hour, would be quite gradual enough. And,” added the Dispenser, silently appealing to his employer to let him exhibit a little chemical knowledge on his own account, “the volume of the gas would be sufficient at the end of the time—if I am not mistaken, Sir?—to be fatal to any person entering the room in less than five minutes.”

“Unquestionably, Benjamin,” rejoined the doctor. “But I think we have had enough of

chemistry for the present," he added, turning to Miss Gwilt. "With every desire, my dear lady, to gratify every passing wish you may form, I venture to propose trying a more cheerful subject. Suppose we leave the Dispensary, before it suggests any more inquiries to that active mind of yours? No? You want to see an experiment? You want to see how the little bubbles are made? Well, well! there is no harm in that. We will let Mrs. Armadale see the bubbles," continued the Doctor, in the tone of a parent humoring a spoiled child. "Try if you can find a few of those fragments that we want, Benjamin. I dare say the workmen (slovenly fellows!) have left something of the sort about the house or the grounds."

The Resident Dispenser left the room.

As soon as his back was turned the doctor began opening and shutting drawers in various parts of the Dispensary, with the air of a man who wants something in a hurry, and doesn't know where to find it. "How say you?" he exclaimed, suddenly stopping at the drawer from which he had taken his cards of invitation on the previous day. "What's that? A key? A duplicate key, as I'm alive, of my Fumigating Apparatus up stairs! Oh dear, dear, how careless I got!" said the doctor, coming round briskly to Miss Gwilt. "I hadn't the least idea that I possessed this second key. I should never have missed it. I do assure you I should never have missed it, if any body had taken it out of the drawer!" He hustled away to the other end of the room—without closing the drawer, and without taking away the duplicate key.

In silence Miss Gwilt looked till he had done. In silence she glided to the drawer. In silence she took the key and hid it in her apron pocket.

The Dispenser came back, with the fragments required of him, collected in a basin. "Thank you, Benjamin," said the doctor. "Kindly cover them with water, while I get the bottle down."

As accidents sometimes happen in the most perfectly regulated families, so sometimes sometimes someone kind of the most perfectly disciplined hands. In the process of its transfer from the shelf to the doctor the bottle slipped, and fell smashed to pieces on the floor.

"Oh, my fingers and thumb!" cried the doctor, with an air of comic vexation, "what in the world do you mean by playing me such a wicked trick as that? Well, well, well—it can't be helped. Have we got any more of it, Benjamin?"

"Not a drop, Sir."

"Not a drop!" echoed the doctor. "My dear Madam, what excuses can I offer you? My clumsiness has made our little experiment impossible for to-day. Remind me to order some more to-morrow, Benjamin—and don't think of troubling yourself to put that mess to rights. I'll send the man here to mop it all up. Our Stout Friend is harmless enough now, my dear lady—in combination with a boarded floor

and a coming mop! I'm so sorry; I really am so sorry to have disappointed you." With these soothing words he offered his arm, and led Miss Gwilt out of the dispensary.

"Have you done with me for the present?" she asked, when they were in the hall.

"Oh dear, dear, what a way of putting it!" exclaimed the doctor. "Dinner at six," he added, with his politest emphasis, as she turned from him in disdainful silence and slowly mounted the stairs to her own room.

A clock of the nameless sort—incapable of offending irritable nerves—was fixed in the wall, above the first-floor landing, at the Sanatorium. At the moment when the hands pointed to a quarter before six, the silence of the lonely upper regions was softly broken by the rustling of Miss Gwilt's dress. She advanced along the corridor of the first floor—paused at the covered Apparatus fixed outside the room numbered 4—hesitated for a moment—and then unlocked the cover with the duplicate key.

The open lid cast a shadow over the inside of the casing. All she saw at first was what she had seen already—the jar, and the pipe and glass funnel inserted in the cork. She removed the funnel; and, looking about her, observed in the window—ill closed by a man-topped wind used for lighting the gas—she took the wand, and, introducing it through the aperture occupied by the funnel, moved it to and fro in the jar. The faint splash of some liquid, and the grating noise of rough hard substances which she was stirring about, were the two sounds that caught her ear. She drew out the wand, and cautiously touched the wet felt on it with the tip of her tongue. Caution was quite needless in this case. The liquid was—water.

In putting the funnel back in its place she noticed something faintly shining in the chimney-like recess space at the side of the jar. She drew it out, and produced a Purple Flask. The liquid with which it was filled showed dark through the transparent coloring of the glass; and, fastened at regular intervals down one side of the Flask, were six thin strips of paper which divided the contents into six equal parts.

There was no doubt now that the Apparatus had been secretly prepared for her—the Apparatus of which she alone (besides the Doctor) possessed the key.

She put back the Flask, and locked the cover of the casing. For a moment she stood looking at it with the key in her hand. On a sudden her lost color came back. On a sudden her natural animation returned, for the first time that day, to her face. She turned and hurried breathlessly up stairs to her room on the second floor. With eager hands she searched her trunk out of the wardrobe and took her bonnet from the box. "I'm not in prison!" she cried out, impatiently. "I've got the use of my limbs! I can go—no matter where, as long as I am out of this house!"

With her cloak on her shoulders, with her

bonnet in her hand, she crossed the room to the door. A moment more—and she would have been out in the passage. In that moment the remembrance flashed back on her of the husband whom she had denied to his face. She stopped instantly, and threw the cloak and bonnet from her on the bed. “No!” she said; “the gulf is dug between us—the worst is done!”

There was a knock at the door. The doctor’s voice outside politely reminded her that it was six o’clock.

She opened the door and stopped him on his way down stairs.

“What time is the train due to-night?” she asked, in a whisper.

“At ten,” answered the doctor, in a voice which all the world might hear and welcome.

“What room is Mr. Armadale to have when he comes?”

“What room would you like him to have?”

“No. 4.”

The doctor kept up appearances to the very last.

“No. 4 let it be,” he said, graciously. “Provided, of course, that No. 4 is unoccupied at the time.”

* * * * *

The evening wore on, and the night came.

At a few minutes before ten Mr. Bashford was again at his post; once more on the watch for the coming of the tidal train.

The inspector on duty, who knew him by sight, and who had personally ascertained that his regular attendance at the terminus implied no designs on the purses and portmanteaus of the passengers, noticed two new circumstances in connection with Mr. Bashwood that night. In the first place, instead of exhibiting his customary cheerfulness, he looked anxious and depressed. In the second place, while he was watching for the train, he was to all appearance being watched in his turn by a slim, dark, undersized man, who had left his luggage (marked with the name of Midwinter) at the custom-house department the evening before, and who had returned to have it examined about half an hour since.

What had brought Midwinter to the terminus? and why was he, too, waiting for the tidal train?

After straying as far as Hendon during his lonely walk of the previous night he had taken refuge at the village inn, and had fallen asleep (from sheer exhaustion) toward those later hours of the morning, which were the hours that his wife’s foresight had turned to account. When he returned to the lodging the landlady could only inform him that her tenant had settled every thing with her, and had left (for what destination neither she nor her servant could tell) more than two hours since.

Having given some little time to inquiries, the result of which convinced him that the clew was lost so far, Midwinter had quitted the house, and had pursued his way mechanically to the busier and more central parts of the metropolis. With the light now thrown on his wife’s character, to call at the address she had given him

as the address at which her mother lived would be plainly useless. He went on through the streets, resolute to discover her, and trying vainly to see the means to his end, till the sense of fatigue forced itself on him once more. Stopping to rest and recruit his strength at the first hotel he came to, a chance dispute between the waiter and a stranger about a lost portmanteau reminded him of his own luggage, left at the terminus, and instantly took his mind back to the circumstances under which he and Mr. Bashwood had met. In a moment more the idea that he had been vainly seeking on his way through the streets flashed on him. In a moment more he had determined to try the chance of finding the steward again on the watch for the person whose arrival he had evidently expected by the previous evening’s train.

Ignorant of the report of Allan’s death at sea; uninformed, at the terrible interview with his wife, of the purpose which her assumption of a widow’s dress really had in view, Midwinter’s first vague suspicions of her fidelity had now inevitably developed into the conviction that she was false. He could place but one interpretation on her open disavowal of him, and on her taking the name under which he had secretly married her. Her conduct forced the conclusion on him that she was engaged in some infamous intrigue; and that she had basely secured herself beforehand in the position of all others in which she knew it would be most odious and most repellent to him to claim his authority over her. With that conviction he was now watching Mr. Bashwood, firmly persuaded that his wife’s hiding-place was known to the vile servant of his wife’s vices—and darkly suspecting, as the time wore on, that the unknown man who had wronged him, and the unknown traveler for whose arrival the steward was waiting, were one and the same.

The train was late that night, and the carriages were more than usually crowded when they arrived at last. Midwinter became involved in the confusion on the platform, and in the effort to extricate himself he lost sight of Mr. Bashwood for the first time.

A lapse of some few minutes had passed before he again discovered the steward talking eagerly to a man in a loose shaggy coat, whose back was turned toward him. Forgetful of all the cautions and restraints which he had imposed on himself before the train appeared, Midwinter instantly advanced on them. Mr. Bashwood saw his threatening face as he came on and fell back in silence. The man in the loose coat turned to look where the steward was looking and disclosed to Midwinter, in the full light of the station-lamp, Allan’s face!

For the moment they both stood speechless, hand in hand, looking at each other. Allan was the first to recover himself.

“Thank God for this!” he said, fervently. “I don’t ask how you came here—it’s enough for me that you have come. Miserable news has met me already, Midwinter. Nobody but

you can comfort me and help me to bear it." His voice faltered over those last words, and he said no more.

The tone in which he had spoken roused Midwinter to meet the circumstances as they were by appealing to the old grateful interest in his friend which had once been the foremost interest of his life. He mastered his personal misery for the first time since it had fallen on him, and gently taking Allan aside, asked what had happened.

The answer—after informing him of his friend's reported death at sea—announced (on Mr. Bashwood's authority) that the news had reached Miss Milroy, and that the deplorable result of the shock thus inflicted had obliged the major to place his daughter in the neighborhood of London under medical care.

Before saying a word on his side Midwinter looked distrustfully behind him. Mr. Bashwood had followed them. Mr. Bashwood was watching to see what they did next.

"Was he waiting your arrival here to tell you this about Miss Milroy?" asked Midwinter, looking back again from the steward to Allan.

"Yes," said Allan. "He has been kindly waiting here, night after night, to meet me and break the news to me."

Midwinter passed on to move. The attempt to reconcile the conclusion he had drawn from his wife's conduct with the discovery that Allan was the man for whose arrival Mr. Bashwood had been waiting was hopeless. The one present chance of discovering a least solution of the mystery was to press the steward on the one available point to which he had laid himself open to attack. He had positively denied on the previous evening that he knew any thing of Allan's movements, or that he had any intention in Allan's return to England. Having detected Mr. Bashwood in one he told to himself, Midwinter instantly imported him of telling another to Allan. He seized the opportunity of giving the statement about Miss Milroy on the spot.

"How have you become acquainted with this sad news?" he inquired, turning suddenly on Mr. Bashwood.

"Through the major, of course," said Allan, before the steward could answer.

"Who is the doctor who has the care of Miss Milroy?" persisted Midwinter, still addressing Mr. Bashwood.

For the second time the steward made no reply. For the second time Allan answered for him:

"He is a man with a foreign name," said Allan. "He keeps a Sanatorium near Hampstead. What did you say the place was called, Mr. Bashwood?"

"Fairweather Vale, Sir," said the steward, answering his employer as a matter of necessity, but answering very unwillingly.

The address of the Sanatorium instantly reminded Midwinter that he had traced his wife to Fairweather Vale Villas the previous night.

He began to see light through the darkness, dimly, for the first time. The instinct which comes with emergency, before the slower process of reason can assert itself, brought him at a leap to the conclusion that Mr. Bashwood—who had been certainly acting under his wife's influence the previous day—might be acting again under his wife's influence now. He persisted in sifting the steward's statement, with the conviction growing firmer and firmer in his mind that the statement was a lie, and that his wife was concerned in it.

"Is the major in Scotland?" he asked, "or is he near his daughter in London?"

"In Scotland," said Mr. Bashwood. Having answered Allan's look of inquiry, instead of Midwinter's spoken question, in those words, he looked, looked Midwinter in the face for the first time, and asked, suddenly, "I object, if you please, to be cross-examined, Sir. I know what I have told Mr. Armadale, and I know no more."

The words, and the voice in which they were spoken, were alike at variance with Mr. Bashwood's usual language and Mr. Bashwood's usual tone. There was a sudden depression in his face—there was a furrow between and dislike in his eyes when they looked at Midwinter, which Midwinter himself now noticed for the first time. Before he could answer the steward's extraordinary outburst, Allan intervened.

"Don't shock me, gentlemen," he said. "But it's getting late; it's a long way to Hampstead. I'm afraid the Sanatorium will be shut up."

Midwinter started. "You are not going to the Sanatorium tonight?" he exclaimed.

Allan took his friend's hand and wrung it hard. "If you were as fond of her as I am," he whispered, "you would take no rest, you would get no sleep, till you had seen the doctor, and heard the how and the what he had to tell you. Poor dear little soul! who knows, if she could only see me alive and well!" The tears came into his eyes, and he turned away his head in silence.

Midwinter looked at the steward. "Stand back," he said. "I want to speak to Mr. Armadale." There was something in his eye which it was not safe to scoff with. Mr. Bashwood drew back out of hearing, but not out of sight. Midwinter laid his hand softly on the friend's shoulder.

"Allan," he said, "I have reasons—" He stopped. Could the reasons be given before he had fully realized them himself; at that time, too, and under those circumstances? Impossible! "I have reasons," he murmured, "for advising you not to believe too readily what Mr. Bashwood may say. Don't tell him this, but take the warning."

Allan looked at his friend in astonishment. "It was you who always liked Mr. Bashwood!" he exclaimed. "It was you who trusted him, when he first came to the great house!"

"Perhaps I was wrong, Allan, and perhaps you were right. Will you only wait till we can

telegraph to Major Milroy and get his answer? Will you only wait over the night?"

"I shall go mad if I wait over the night," said Allan. "You have made me more anxious than I was before. If I am not to speak about it to Bashwood, I must and will go to the Sanatorium, and find out whether she is or is not there from the doctor himself."

Midwinter saw that it was useless. In Allan's interests there was only one other course left to take. "Will you let me go with you?" he asked.

Allan's face brightened for the first time. "You dear, good fellow!" he exclaimed. "It was the very thing I was going to beg of you myself."

Midwinter beckoned to the steward. "Mr. Armadale is going to the Sanatorium," he said, "and I mean to accompany him. Get a cab and come with us."

He waited to see whether Mr. Bashwood would comply. Having been strictly ordered, when Allan did arrive, not to lose sight of him, and having, in his own interests, Midwinter's unexpected appearance to explain to Miss Gwilt, the steward had no choice but to comply. In sullen submission he did as he had been told. The keys of Allan's baggage were given to the foreign traveling servant whom he had brought with him, and the man was instructed to wait his master's orders at the terminus hotel. In a minute more the cab was on its way out of the station—with Midwinter and Allan inside, and with Mr. Bashwood by the driver on the box.

* * * * *

Between eleven and twelve o'clock that night Miss Gwilt, standing alone at the window which lit the corridor of the Sanatorium on the second floor, heard the roll of wheels coming toward her. The sound, gathering rapidly in volume through the silence of the lonely neighborhood, stopped at the iron gates. In another minute she saw the cab draw up beneath her, at the house door.

The earlier night had been cloudy, but the sky was clearing now, and the moon was out. She opened the window to see and hear more clearly. By the light of the moon she saw Allan get out of the cab and turn round to speak to some other person inside. The answering voice told her, before he appeared in his turn, that Armadale's companion was her husband.

The same petrifying influence that had fallen on her at the interview with him of the previous day fell on her now. She stood by the window, white and still, and haggard and old—as she had stood when she first faced him in her widow's weeds.

Mr. Bashwood, stealing up alone to the second floor to make his report, knew, the instant he set eyes on her, that the report was needless. "It's not my fault," was all he said, as she slowly turned her head and looked at him. "They met together, and there was no parting them."

She drew a long breath and motioned him to be silent. "Wait a little," she said; "I know all about it."

Turning from him at those words she slowly paced the corridor to its furthest end; turned, and slowly came back to him with frowning brow and drooping head—with all the grace and beauty gone from her but the inbred grace and beauty in the movement of her limbs.

"Do you wish to speak to me?" she asked, her mind far away from him, and her eyes looking at him vacantly as she put the question.

He roused his courage as he had never roused it in her presence yet.

"Don't drive me to despair!" he cried, with a startling abruptness. "Don't look at me in that way, now I have found it out!"

"What have you found out?" she asked, with a momentary surprise in her face, which faded from it again before he could gather breath enough to go on.

"Mr. Armadale is not the man who took you away from me," he answered. "Mr. Midwinter is the man. I found it out in your face yesterday. I see it in your face now. Why did you sign your name 'Armadale' when you wrote to me? Why do you call yourself 'Mrs. Armadale' still?"

He spoke those bold words at long intervals, with an effort to resist her influence over him pitiable and terrible to see.

She looked at him for the first time with softened eyes. "I wish I had pitied you when we first met," she said, gently, "as I pity you now."

He struggled desperately to go on and say the words to her which he had strung himself to the pitch of saying on the drive from the terminus. They were words which hinted darkly at his knowledge of her past life; words which warned her—do what else she might, commit what crimes she pleased—to think twice before she deceived and deserted him again. In those terms he had vowed to himself to address her. He had the phrases picked and chosen; he had the sentences ranged and ordered in his mind; nothing was wanting but to make the one crowning effort of speaking them; and even now, after all he had said and all he had dared, the effort was more than he could compass. In helpless gratitude, even for so little as her pity, he stood looking at her, and wept the silent, womanish tears that fall from old men's eyes.

She took his hand and spoke to him—with marked forbearance, but without the slightest sign of emotion on her side.

"You have waited already at my request," she said. "Wait till to-morrow, and you will know all. If you trust nothing else that I have told you, you may trust what I tell you now. *It will end to-night.*"

As she said the words the doctor's step was heard on the stairs. Mr. Bashwood drew back from her, with his heart beating fast in unutterable expectation. "It will end to-night!" he repeated to himself, under his breath, as he moved away toward the far end of the corridor.

"Don't let me disturb you, Sir," said the doctor, cheerfully, as they met. "I have nothing to say to Mrs. Armadale but what you or any body may hear."

Mr. Bashwood went on, without answering, to the far end of the corridor, still repeating to himself, "It will end to-night!" The doctor, passing him in the opposite direction, joined Miss Gwilt.

"You have heard, no doubt," he began, in his blindest manner and his roundest tones, "that Mr. Armadale has arrived. Permit me to add, my dear lady, that there is not the least reason for any nervous agitation on your part. He has been carefully humored, and he is as quiet and manageable as his best friends could wish. I have informed him that it is impossible to allow him an interview with the young lady to-night, but that he may count on seeing her (with the proper precautions) at the earliest propitious hour after she is awake to-morrow morning. As there is no hotel near, and as the propitious hour may occur at a moment's notice, it was clearly incumbent on me, under the peculiar circumstances, to offer him the hospitality of the Sanatorium. He has accepted it with the utmost gratitude; and has thanked me in a most gentlemanly and touching manner for the pains I have taken to set his mind at ease. Perfectly gratifying, perfectly satisfactory as far. But there has been a little hitch—now happily got over—which I think is right in attention to you before we all retire for the night."

Having paved the way in those words (and in Mr. Bashwood's hearing) for the statement which he had previously announced his intention of making, in the event of Allan's dying in the Sanatorium, the doctor was about to proceed, when his attention was attracted by a sound below like the trying of a door.

He instantly descended the stairs and unlocked the door of communication between the first and second floors, which he had locked behind him on his way up. But the person who had tried the door—if such a person there really had been—was not quick for him. He looked along the corridor, and over the staircase into the hall, and, discovering nothing, returned to Miss Gwilt, after securing the door of communication behind him once more.

"Pardon me," he resumed; "I thought I heard something down stairs. With regard to the little hitch that I adverted to just now, permit me to inform you that Mr. Armadale has brought a friend here with him, who bears the strange name of Midwinter. Do you know the gentleman at all?" asked the doctor, with a suspicious anxiety in his eyes which strangely belied the elaborate indifference of his tone.

"I know him to be an old friend of Mr. Armadale's," she said. "Does he—?" Her voice failed her, and her eyes fell before the doctor's steady scrutiny. She mastered the momentary weakness, and finished her question. "Does he, too, stay here to-night?"

"Mr. Midwinter is a person of coarse man-

ners and suspicious temper," rejoined the doctor, steadily watching her. "He was rude enough to insist on staying here as soon as Mr. Armadale had accepted my invitation."

He paused to note the effect of those words on her. Left utterly in the dark by the caution with which she had avoided mentioning her husband's assumed name to him at their first interview, the doctor's distrust of her was necessarily of the vaguest kind. He had heard her voice fail her—he had seen her color change. He suspected her of a mental reservation on the subject of Midwinter—and of nothing more.

"Did you permit him to have his way?" she asked. "In your place I should have shown him the door."

The impenetrable composure of her tone warned the doctor that her self-command was not to be further shaken that night. He resumed the character of Mrs. Armadale's medical referee on the subject of Mr. Armadale's mental health.

"If I had only had my own feelings to consult," he said, "I don't disguise from you that I should (as you say) have shown Mr. Midwinter the door. But on appealing to Mr. Armadale, I found he was himself anxious not to be parted from his friend. Under those circumstances but one alternative was left, the alternative of humoring him again. The responsibility of thwarting him—to say nothing," added the doctor, drifting for the moment toward the truth, "of my natural apprehension, with such a temper as his friend's, of a scandal and disturbance in the house—was not to be thought of for a moment. Mr. Midwinter accordingly remains here for the night, and occupies (I ought to say, immoderately occupying) the next room to Mr. Armadale. Advise me, my dear Madam, in this emergency," concluded the doctor, with his loud-est emphasis, "What means shall we put them in, on the first floor?"

"Put Mr. Armadale in No. 4?"

"And his friend next to him, in No. 3?" said the doctor. "Well! well! well! perhaps they are the most comfortable rooms. I'll give my orders immediately. Don't hurry away, Mr. Bashwood," he called out, cheerfully, as he reached the top of the staircase. "I have left the assistant-physician's key on the window-sill yonder, and Mrs. Armadale can let you out at the staircase-door whenever she pleases. Don't sit up late, Mrs. Armadale! Yours is a nervous system that requires plenty of sleep. 'Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.' Grand line! God bless you—good night!"

Mr. Bashwood came back from the far end of the corridor—still pondering, in unutterable expectation, on what was to come with the night.

"Am I to go now?" he asked.

"No. You are to stay. I said you should know all if you waited till the morning. Wait here."

He hesitated and looked about him. "The doctor," he faltered. "I thought the doctor said—"

"The doctor will interfere with nothing that I do in this house to-night. I tell you to stay. There are empty rooms on the floor above this. Take one of them."

Mr. Bashwood felt the trembling fit coming on him again as he looked at her. "May I ask—?" he began.

"Ask nothing. I want you."

"Will you please to tell me—?"

"I will tell you nothing till the night is over and the morning has come."

His curiosity conquered his fear. He persisted.

"Is it something dreadful?" he whispered.

"Too dreadful to tell me?"

She stamped her foot with a sudden outbreak of impatience. "Go!" she said, snatching the key of the staircase-door from the window-sill. "You do quite right to distrust me—you do quite right to follow me no farther in the dark. Go before the house is shut up. I can do without you." She led the way to the stairs, with the key in one hand and the candle in the other.

Mr. Bashwood followed her in silence. No one, knowing what he knew of her earlier life, could have failed to perceive that she was a woman driven to the last extremity, and standing consciously on the brink of a Crime. In the first terror of the discovery he broke free from the hold she had on him—he thought and acted like a man who had a will of his own again.

She put the key in the door and turned to him before she opened it with the light of the candle on her face. "Forget me and forgive me," she said. "We meet no more."

She opened the door, and, standing inside it, after he had passed her gave him her hand. He had resisted her look, he had resisted her words, but the magnetic fascination of her touch conquered him at the final moment. "I can't leave you!" he said, holding helplessly by the hand she had given him. "What must I do?"

"Come and see," she answered, without allowing him an instant to reflect.

Closing her hand firmly on his she led him along the first-floor corridor to the room numbered 4. "Notice that room," she whispered. After a look over the stairs to see that they were alone, she retraced her steps with him to the opposite extremity of the corridor. Here, facing the window which lit the place at the other end, was one little room, with a narrow grating in the higher part of the door, intended for the sleeping apartment of the doctor's deputy. From the position of this room the grating commanded a view of the bedchambers down each side of the corridor, and so enabled the deputy-physician to inform himself of any irregular proceedings on the part of the patients under his care, with little or no chance of being detected himself. Miss Gwilt opened the door and led the way into the empty room.

"Wait here," she said, "while I go back up stairs, and lock yourself in, if you like. You will be in the dark, but the gas will be burning in the corridor. Keep at the grating and make

sure that Mr. Armadale goes into the room I have just pointed out to you, and that he doesn't leave it afterward. If you lose sight of the room for a single moment before I come back you will repent it to the end of your life. If you do as I tell you you shall see me to-morrow and claim your own reward. Quick with your answer! Is it Yes or No?"

He could make no reply in words. He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it rapturously. She left him in the room. From his place at the grating he saw her glide down the corridor to the staircase-door. She passed through it and locked it. Then there was silence.

The next sound was the sound of the women-servants' voices. Two of them came up to put the sheets on the beds in No. 3 and No. 4. The women were in high good-humor, laughing and talking to each other through the open doors of the rooms. The master's customers were coming in at last, they said, with a vengeance; the house would soon begin to look cheerful, if things went on like this.

After a little the beds were got ready, and the women returned to the kitchen-floor, on which the sleeping-rooms of the domestic servants were all situated. Then there was silence again.

The next sound was the sound of the doctor's voice. He appeared at the end of the corridor, showing Allan and Midwinter the way to their rooms. They all went together into No. 4. After a little the doctor came out first. He waited till Midwinter joined him, and pointed with a formal bow to the door of No. 3. Midwinter entered the room without speaking and shut himself in. The doctor, left alone, withdrew to the staircase-door and unlocked it—then waited in the corridor, whistling to himself softly, under his breath.

Voices pitched cautiously low became audible in a minute more in the hall. The Resident Dispenser and the Head Nurse appeared on their way to the Dormitories of the Attendants at the top of the house. The man bowed silently and passed the doctor; the woman courtesied silently and followed the man. The doctor acknowledged their salutations by a courteous wave of his hand; and once more left alone, paused a moment, still whistling softly to himself—then walked to the door of No. 4, and opened the case of the fumigating apparatus fixed near it in the corner of the wall. As he lifted the lid and looked in his whistling ceased. He took a long purple bottle out, examined it by the gas-light, put it back, and closed the case. This done, he advanced on tip-toe to the open staircase-door, passed through it, and secured it on the inner side as usual.

Mr. Bashwood had seen him at the apparatus; Mr. Bashwood had noticed the manner of his withdrawal through the staircase-door. Again the sense of an unutterable expectation throbbed at his heart. A terror that was slow and cold and deadly crept into his hands, and guided them in the dark to the key that had

been left for him in the inner side of the door. He turned it in vague distrust of what might happen next, and waited.

The slow minutes passed and nothing happened. The silence was horrible; the solitude of the lonely corridor was a solitude of invisible treacheries. He began to count to keep his mind employed—to keep his own growing dread away from him. The numbers, as he whispered them, followed each other slowly up to a hundred, and still nothing happened. He had begun the second hundred; he had got on to twenty—when, without a sound to betray that he had been moving in his room, Midwinter suddenly appeared in the corridor.

He stood for a moment and listened; he went to the stairs and looked over into the hall beneath. Then, for the second time that night, he tried the staircase-door, and for the second time found it fast. After a moment's reflection he tried the doors of the bedrooms on his right hand next, looked into one after the other, and saw that they were empty, then came to the door of the end room in which the steward was concealed. Here again the lock resisted him. He listened, and looked up at the grating. No sound was to be heard; no light was to be seen inside. "Shall I break the door in," he said to himself, "and make sure? No; it would be giving the doctor an excuse for turning me out of the house." He moved away and looked into the two empty rooms in the row occupied by Allan and himself, then walked to the window at the staircase end of the corridor. Here the case of the fumigating apparatus attracted his attention. After trying vainly to open it his suspicion seemed to be aroused. He searched back along the corridor, and observed that no object of a similar kind appeared outside any of the other bedchambers. Again at the window, he looked again at the apparatus, and turned away from it with a gesture which plainly indicated that he had tried, and failed, to guess what it might be.

Baffled at all points, he still showed no sign of returning to his bedchamber. He stood at the window, with his eyes fixed on the door of Allan's room, thinking. If Mr. Bashwood, furtively watching him through the grating, could have seen him at that moment in the mind as well as in the body, Mr. Bashwood's heart might have throbbed even faster than it was throbbing now, in expectation of the next event which Midwinter's decision of the next minute was to bring forth.

On what was his mind occupied as he stood alone at the dead of night in the strange house?

His mind was occupied in drawing its disconnected impressions together, little by little, to one point. Convinced, from the first, that some hidden danger threatened Allan in the Sanatorium, his distrust—vaguely associated thus far with the place itself; with his wife (whom he firmly believed to be now under the same roof with him); with the doctor, who was as plainly in her confidence as Mr. Bashwood himself—

now narrowed its range, and centred itself obstinately in Allan's room. Resigning all further effort to connect his suspicion of a conspiracy against his friend, with the outrage which had the day before been offered to himself—an effort which would have led him, if he could have maintained it, to a discovery of the Fraud really contemplated by his wife—his mind, clouded and confused by disturbing influences, instinctively took refuge in its impressions of facts as they had shown themselves, since he had entered the house. Every thing that he had noticed below stairs suggested that there was some secret purpose to be answered by getting them to sleep in the Sanatorium. Every thing that he had noticed above stairs associated the lurking-place in which the danger lay hid with Allan's room. To reach this conclusion, and to decide on baffling the conspiracy, whatever it might be, by taking Allan's place, was with Midwinter the work of an instant. Confronted by actual peril the great nature of the man intuitively freed itself from the weaknesses that had beset it in happier and safer times. Not even the shadow of the old superstition rested on his mind now—no fatalist suspicion of himself disturbed the steady resolution that was in him. The one last doubt that troubled him, as he stood at the window thinking, was the doubt whether he could persuade Allan to change rooms with him, without involving himself in an explanation which might lead Allan to suspect the truth.

In the minute that elapsed, while he waited with his eyes on the room, the doubt was resolved—he found the trivial yet sufficient excuse of which he was in search. Mr. Bashwood saw him rouse himself, and go to the door. Mr. Bashwood heard him knock softly, and whisper, "Allan, are you in bed?"

"No," answered the voice inside, "come in."

He appeared to be on the point of entering the room when he checked himself as if he had suddenly remembered something. "Wait a minute," he said, through the door, and, turning away, went straight to the end room. "If there is any body watching us in there," he said, aloud, "let him watch us through this!" He took out his handkerchief and stuffed it into the wires of the grating so as completely to close the aperture. Having thus forced the spy inside (if there was one) either to betray himself by moving the handkerchief, or to remain blinded to all view of what might happen next, Midwinter presented himself in Allan's room.

"You know what poor nerves I have," he said, "and what a wretched sleeper I am at the best of times. I can't sleep to-night. The window in my room rattles every time the wind blows. I wish it was as fast as your window here."

"My dear fellow!" cried Allan, "I don't mind a rattling window. Let's change rooms. Nonsense! Why should you make excuses to me? Don't I know how easily trifles upset those excitable nerves of yours? Now the doctor has quieted my mind about my poor little Nellie, I

begin to feel the journey—and I'll answer for sleeping any where till to-morrow comes." He took up his traveling-bag. "We must be quick about it," he added, pointing to his candle. "They haven't left me much candle to go to bed by."

"Be very quiet, Allan," said Midwinter, opening the door for him. "We mustn't disturb the house at this time of night."

"Yes, yes," returned Allan, in a whisper. "Good-night—I hope you'll sleep as well as I shall."

Midwinter saw him into No. 3, and noticed that his own candle (which he had left there) was as short as Allan's. "Good-night," he said, and came out again into the corridor.

He went straight to the grating, and looked and listened once more. The handkerchief remained exactly as he had left it, and still there was no sound to be heard within. He returned slowly along the corridor, and thought of the precautions he had taken for the last time. Was there no other way than the way he was trying now? There was none. Any openly-avowed posture of defense—while the nature of the danger, and the quarter from which it might come, were alike unknown—would be useless in itself, and worse than useless in the consequences which it might produce by putting the people of the house on their guard. Without a fact that could justify to other minds his distrust of what might happen with the night; incapable of shaking Allan's ready faith in the fair outside which the doctor had presented to him, the one safeguard in his friend's interests that Midwinter could set up was the safeguard of changing the rooms—the one policy he could follow, come what might of it, was the policy of waiting for events. "I can trust to one thing," he said to himself, as he looked for the last time up and down the corridor—"I can trust myself to keep awake."

After a glance at the clock on the wall opposite he went into No. 4. The sound of the closing door was heard, the sound of the turning lock followed it. Then the dead silence fell over the house once more.

Little by little the steward's horror of the stillness and the darkness overcame his dread of moving the handkerchief. He cautiously drew aside one corner of it—waited—looked—and took courage at last to draw the whole handkerchief through the wires of the grating. After first hiding it in his pocket, he thought of the consequences if it was found on him, and threw it down in a corner of the room. He trembled when he had cast it from him, as he looked at his watch and placed himself again at the grating to wait for Miss Gwilt.

It was a quarter to one. The moon had come round from the side to the front of the Sanatorium. From time to time her light gleamed on the window of the corridor, when the gaps in the flying clouds let it through. The wind had risen, and sung its mournful song faintly, as it swept at intervals over the desert ground in front of the house.

The minute-hand of the clock traveled on half-way round the circle of the dial. As it touched the quarter past one Miss Gwilt stepped noiselessly into the corridor. "Let yourself out," she whispered through the grating, "and follow me." She returned to the stairs by which she had just descended; pushed the door to softly after Mr. Bashwood had followed her; and led the way up to the landing of the second floor. There she put the question to him which she had not ventured to put below stairs:

"Was Mr. Armadale shown into No. 4?" she asked.

He bowed his head without speaking.

"Answer me in words. Has Mr. Armadale left the room since?"

He answered, "No."

"Have you never lost sight of No. 4 since I left you?"

He answered, "*Never.*"

Something strange in his manner, something unfamiliar in his voice, as he made that last reply, attracted her attention. She took her candle from a table near, on which she had left it, and threw its light on him. His eyes were staring, his teeth chattered. There was every thing to betray him to her as a terrified man—there was nothing to tell her that the terror was caused by his consciousness of deceiving her, for the first time in his life, to her face. If she had threatened him less openly; if she had spoken less unreservedly of the interview which was to reward him in the morning, he might have owned the truth. As it was, his strongest fears and his dearest hopes were alike interested in telling her the fatal lie that he had now told—the fatal lie which he reiterated when she put her question for the second time.

She looked at him, deceived by the last man on earth whom she would have suspected of deception—the man whom she had deceived herself.

"You seem to be over-excited," she said, quietly. "The night has been too much for you. Go up stairs and rest. You will find the door of one of the rooms left open. That is the room you are to occupy. Good-night."

She put the candle (which she had left burning for him) on the table, and gave him her hand. He held her back by it desperately as she turned to leave him. His horror of what might happen when she was left by herself forced the words to his lips which he would have feared to speak to her at any other time.

"Don't," he pleaded in a whisper; "oh, don't, don't, don't go down stairs to-night!"

She released her hand, and signed to him to take the candle. "You shall see me to-morrow," she said. "Not a word more now!"

Her stronger will conquered him at that last moment, as it had conquered him throughout. He took the candle and waited—following her eagerly with his eyes as she descended the stairs. The cold of the December night seemed to have found its way to her through the warmth of the house. She had put on a long, heavy black

shawl, and had fastened it close over her breast. The plated coronet in which she wore her hair seemed to have weighed too heavily on her head. She had untwisted it, and thrown it back over her shoulders. The old man looked at her flowing hair, as it lay red over the black shawl—at her supple, long-fingered hand, as it slid down the balusters—at the smooth, seductive grace of every movement that took her farther and farther away from him. "The night will go quickly," he said to himself as she passed from his view; "I shall dream of her till the morning comes!"

She locked the staircase-door after she had passed through it—listened, and satisfied herself that nothing was stirring—then went on slowly along the corridor to the window. Leaning on the window-sill she looked out at the night. The clouds were over the moon at that moment; nothing was to be seen through the darkness but the scattered gaslight in the suburb. Turning from the window she looked at the clock. It was twenty minutes past one.

For the last time the resolution that had come to her in the earlier night, with the knowledge that her husband was in the house, forced itself uppermost in her mind. For the last time the voice within her said, "Think if there is no other way!"

She pondered over it till the minute-hand of the clock pointed to the half hour. "No!" she said, still thinking of her husband. "The only chance left is to go through with it to the end. He will leave the thing undone which he has come here to do; he will leave the words unspoken which he has come here to say—when he knows that the act may make me a public scandal, and that the words may send me to the scaffold!" Her color rose, and she smiled with a terrible irony as she looked for the first time at the door of the Room. "I shall be your widow," she said, "in half an hour!"

She opened the case of the apparatus, and took the Purple Flask in her hand. After marking the time by a glance at the clock she dropped into the glass funnel the first of the six separate Pourings that were measured for her by the paper slips.

When she had put the Flask back she listened at the mouth of the funnel. Not a sound reached her ear: the deadly process did its work in the silence of death itself. When she rose and looked up the moon was shining in at the window, and the moaning wind was quiet.

Oh, the time! the time! If it could only have been begun and ended with the first Pouring!

She went down stairs into the hall—she walked to and fro, and listened at the open door that led to the kitchen stairs. She came up again; she went down again. The first of the intervals of five minutes was endless. The time stood still. The suspense was maddening.

The interval passed. As she took the Flask for the second time and dropped in the second Pouring the clouds floated over the moon, and

the night-view through the window slowly darkened.

The restlessness that had driven her up and down the stairs, and backward and forward in the hall, left her as suddenly as it had come. She waited through the second interval, leaning on the window-sill, and staring, without conscious thought of any kind, into the black night. The howling of a belated dog was borne toward her on the wind at intervals from some distant part of the suburb. She found herself following the faint sound as it died away into silence with a dull attention, and listening for its coming again with an expectation that was duller still. Her arms lay like lead on the window-sill; her forehead rested against the glass without feeling the cold. It was not till the moon struggled out again that she was startled into sudden self-remembrance. She turned quickly, and looked at the clock: seven minutes had passed since the second Pouring.

As she snatched up the Flask, and fed the funnel for the third time, the full consciousness of her position came back to her. The fever-beat throbbled again in her blood, and flashed fiercely in her cheeks. Swift, smooth, and noiseless, she paced from end to end of the corridor, with her arms folded in her shawl, and her eye moment after moment on the clock.

Three out of the next five minutes passed, and again the suspense began to madden her. The space in the corridor grew too confined for the illimitable restlessness that possessed her limbs. She went down into the hall again, and circled round and round it like a wild creature in a cage. At the third turn she felt something moving softly against her dress. The house-cat had come up through the open kitchen-door—a large, tawny, companionable cat that purred in high good temper, and followed her for company. She took the animal up in her arms—it rubbed its sleek head luxuriously against her chin as she bent her face over it. "Armadale hates cats," she whispered in the creature's ear; "come up and see Armadale killed!" The next moment her own frightful fancy horrified her. She dropped the cat with a shudder; she drove it below again with threatening hands. For a moment after she stood still—then, in headlong haste, suddenly mounted the stairs. Her husband had forced his way back again into her thoughts; her husband threatened her with a danger which had never entered her mind till now. What if he were not asleep? What if he came out upon her and found her with the Purple Flask in her hand?

She stole to the door of No. 3, and listened. The slow, regular breathing of a sleeping man was just audible. After waiting a moment to let the feeling of relief quiet her she took a step toward No. 4, and checked herself. It was needless to listen at that door. The doctor had told her that Sleep came first, as certainly as Death afterward, in the poisoned air. She looked aside at the clock. The time had come for the fourth Pouring.

Her hand began to tremble violently as she fed the funnel for the fourth time. The fear of her husband was back again in her heart. What if some noise disturbed him before the sixth Pouring? What if he woke on a sudden (as she had often seen him wake) without any noise at all?

She looked up and down the corridor. The end room, in which Mr. Bashwood had been concealed, offered itself to her as a place of refuge. "I might go in there!" she thought. "Has he left the key?" She opened the door to look, and saw the handkerchief thrown down on the floor. Was it Mr. Bashwood's handkerchief, left there by accident? She examined it at the corners. In the second corner she found her husband's name!

Her first impulse hurried her to the staircase-door to rouse the steward and insist on an explanation. The next moment she remembered the Purple Flask, and the danger of leaving the corridor. She turned and looked at the door of No. 3. Her husband, on the evidence of the handkerchief, had unquestionably been out of his room—and Mr. Bashwood had not told her. Was he in his room now? In the violence of her agitation, as the question passed through her mind, she forgot the discovery which she had herself made not a minute before. Again she listened at the door; again she heard the slow regular breathing of the sleeping man. The first time, the evidence of her ears had been enough to quiet her. *This* time, in the tenfold aggravation of her suspicion and her alarm, she was determined to have the evidence of her eyes as well. "All the doors open softly in this house," she said to herself; "there's no fear of my waking him." Noiselessly, by an inch at a time, she opened the unlocked door, and looked in the moment the aperture was wide enough. In the little light she had let into the room the sleeper's head was just visible on the pillow. Was it quite as dark against the white pillow as her husband's head looked when he was in bed? Was the breathing as light as her husband's breathing when he was asleep?

She opened the door more widely, and looked in by the clearer light.

There lay the man whose life she had attempted for the third time, peacefully sleeping in the room that had been given to her husband, and in the air that could harm nobody!

The inevitable conclusion overwhelmed her on the instant. With a frantic upward action of her hands she staggered back into the passage. The door of Allan's room fell to—but not noisily enough to wake him. She turned as she heard it close. For one moment she stood staring at it like a woman stupefied. The next, her instinct rushed into action before her reason recovered itself. In two steps she was at the door of No. 4.

The door was locked.

She felt over the wall with both hands, wildly and clumsily, for the button which she had seen the doctor press, when he was showing the room

to the visitors. Twice she missed it. The third time her eyes helped her hands—she found the button and pressed on it. The mortice of the lock inside fell back, and the door yielded to her.

Without an instant's hesitation she entered the room. Though the door was open—though so short a time had elapsed since the fourth Pouring that but little more than half the contemplated volume of gas had been produced as yet—the poisoned air seized her, like the grasp of a hand at her throat, like the twisting of a wire round her head. She found him on the floor at the foot of the bed—his head and one arm were toward the door as if he had risen under the first feeling of drowsiness, and had sunk in the effort to leave the room. With the desperate concentration of strength of which women are capable in emergencies she lifted him and dragged him out into the corridor. Her brain reeled as she laid him down and crawled back on her knees to the room, to shut out the poisoned air from pursuing them into the passage. After closing the door she waited, without daring to look at him the while, for strength enough to rise and get to the window over the stairs. When the window was opened, when the keen air of the early winter morning blew steadily in, she ventured back to him and raised his head, and looked for the first time closely at his face.

Was it death that spread the livid pallor over his forehead and his cheeks, and the dull leaden hue on his eyelids and his lips?

She loosened his cravat and opened his waistcoat, and bared his throat and breast to the air. With her hand on his heart, with her bosom supporting his head so that he fronted the window, she waited the event. A time passed: a time short enough to be reckoned by minutes on the clock; and yet long enough to take her memory back over all her married life with him—long enough to mature the resolution that now rose in her mind as the one result that could come of the retrospect. As her eyes rested on him a strange composure settled slowly on her face. She bore the look of a woman who was equally resigned to welcome the chance of his recovery or to accept the certainty of his death.

Not a cry or a tear had escaped her yet. Not a cry or a tear escaped her when the interval had passed, and she felt the first faint fluttering of his heart, and heard the first faint catching of the breath at his lips. She silently bent over him and kissed his forehead. When she looked up again the hard despair had melted from her face. There was something softly radiant in her eyes, which lit her whole countenance as with an inner light, and made her womanly and lovely once more.

She laid him down, and, taking off her shawl, made a pillow of it to support his head. "It might have been hard, love," she said, as she felt the faint pulsation strengthening at his heart. "You have made it easy now."

She rose, and, turning from him, noticed the

Purple Flask in the place where she had left it since the fourth Pouring. "Ah!" she thought, quietly, "I had forgotten my best friend—I had forgotten that there is more to pour in yet."

With a steady hand, with a calm, attentive face, she fed the funnel for the fifth time. "Five minutes more," she said, when she had put the Flask back, after a look at the clock.

She fell into thought—thought that only deepened the grave and gentle composure of her face. "Shall I write him a farewell word?" she asked herself. "Shall I tell him the truth before I leave him forever?"

Her little gold pencil-case hung with the other toys at her watch-chain. After looking about her for a moment, she knelt over her husband, and put her hand into the breast-pocket of his coat.

His pocket-book was there. Some papers fell from it as she unfastened the clasp. One of them was the letter which had come to him from Mr. Brock's death-bed. She turned over the two sheets of note-paper on which the rector had written the words that had now come true—and found the last page of the last sheet a blank. On that page she wrote her farewell words, kneeling at her husband's side.

"I am worse than the worst you can think of me. You have saved Armadale by changing rooms with him to-night—and you have saved him from Mr. You can guess how what a wretch I should have claimed to be if you had not preserved his life; and you will know what a wretch you married when you married the woman who writes these lines. Still, I had some innocent moments—and then I loved you dearly. Forget me, my darling, in the love of a better woman than I am. I might, perhaps, have been that better woman myself if I had not lived a miserable life before you met with me. It matters little now. The one atonement I can make for all the wrong I have done you is the atonement of my death. It is not hard for me to die now I know you will live. Even my wickedness has one merit—it has not prospered. I have never been a happy woman."

She folded the letter again and put it into his hand, to attract his attention in that way when he came to himself again. As she gently closed his fingers on the paper and looked up, the last minute of the last interval faced her, recorded on the clock.

She bent over him and gave him her farewell kiss.

"Live, my angel, live!" she murmured tenderly, with her lips just touching his. "All your life is before you—a happy life, and an honored life, if you are freed from me."

With a last, lingering tenderness she parted the hair back from his forehead. "It is no merit to have loved you," she said. "You are one of the men whom women all like." She sighed and left him. It was her last weakness. She bent her head affirmatively to the clock, as if it had been a living creature speaking to her—and fed the funnel for the last time, to the last drop left in the Flask.

The waning moon shone in faintly at the window. With her hand on the door of the room she turned and looked at the light that was slowly fading out of the murky sky.

"Oh, God, forgive me!" she said. "Oh, Christ, bear witness that I have suffered!"

One moment more she lingered on the threshold; lingered for her last look in this world—and turned that look on him.

"Good-by!" she said, softly.

The door of the room opened—and closed on her—there was an interval of silence.

Then a sound came dull and sudden, like the sound of a fall.

Then there was silence again.

The hands of the clock, following their steady course, reckoned the minutes of the morning as one by one they lapsed away. It was the tenth minute since the door of the room had opened and closed before Midwinter stirred on his pillow, and, struggling to raise himself, felt the letter in his hand.

At the same moment a key was turned in the staircase-door. And the doctor, looking expectantly toward the fatal room, saw the Purple Flask on the window-sill, and the prostrate man trying to raise himself from the floor.

THE END OF THE LAST BOOK.

EPILOGUE.

CHAPTER I.

NEWS FROM NORFOLK.

From *Mr. Polduff, Senior* (*Thames-Ambrose*), to *Mr. Polduff, Junior* (*Paris*).

"Hill Street, December 23.

"MY DEAR AUGUSTUS,—Your letter reached me yesterday. You seem to be making the most of your youth (as you call it) with a vengeance. Well! enjoy your holiday. I made the most of my youth when I was your age; and, wonderful to relate, I haven't forgotten it yet!

"You ask me for a good budget of news, and especially for more information about that mysterious business at the Sanatorium.

"Curiosity, my dear boy, is a quality which (in our profession especially) sometimes leads to great results. I doubt, however, if you will find it leading to much on this occasion. All I know of the mystery at the Sanatorium I know from Mr. Armadale; and he is entirely in the dark on more than one point of importance. I have already told you how they were entrapped into the house, and how they passed the night there. To this I can now add that something did certainly happen to Mr. Midwinter, which deprived him of consciousness; and that the doctor, who appears to have been mixed up in the matter, carried things with a high hand, and insisted on taking his own course in his own Sanatorium. There is not the least doubt that the

miserable woman (however she might have come by her death) was found dead—that a coroner's inquest inquired into the circumstances—that the evidence showed her to have entered the house as a patient—and that the medical investigation ended in discovering that she died of apoplexy. My idea is, that Mr. Midwinter had a motive of his own for not coming forward with the evidence that he might have given. I have also reason to suspect that Mr. Armadale, out of regard for him, followed his lead, and that the verdict at the inquest (attaching no blame to any body), proceeded, like many other verdicts of the same kind, from an entirely superficial investigation of the circumstances.

“The key to the whole mystery is to be found, I firmly believe, in that wretched woman's attempt to personate the character of Mr. Armadale's widow, when the news of his death appeared in the papers. But what first set her on this, and by what inconceivable process of deception, she can have induced Mr. Midwinter to marry her (as the certificate proves), under Mr. Armadale's name, is more than Mr. Armadale himself knows. The point was not touched at the inquest, for the simple reason that the inquest only concerned itself with the circumstances attending her death. Mr. Armadale, at his friend's request, saw Miss Blanchard, and induced her to silence old Darch on the subject of the claim that had been made relating to the widow's income. As the claim had never been admitted, even our stiff-necked brother practitioner consented for once to do as he was asked. The doctor's statement that his patient was the widow of a gentleman named Armadale was accordingly left unchallenged, and so the matter has been hushed up. She is buried in the great cemetery, near the place where she died. Nobody but Mr. Midwinter and Mr. Armadale (who insisted on going with him) followed her to the grave; and nothing has been inscribed on the tombstone but the initial letter of her Christian name and the date of her death. So, after all the harm she has done, she rests at last—and so the two men whom she has injured have forgiven her.

“Is there more to say on this subject before we leave it? On referring to your letter I find you have raised one other point, which may be worth a moment's notice.

“You ask if there is reason to suppose that the doctor comes out of the matter with hands which are really as clean as they look? My dear Augustus, I believe the doctor to have been at the bottom of more of this mischief than we shall ever find out; and to have profited by the self-imposed silence of Mr. Midwinter and Mr. Armadale, as rogues perpetually profit by the misfortunes and necessities of honest men. It is an ascertained fact that he connived at the false statement about Miss Milroy, which entrapped the two gentlemen into his house—and that one circumstance (after my Old Bailey experience) is enough for *me*. As to evidence against him, there is not a jot—and as to Retri-

bution overtaking him, I can only say I heartily hope Retribution may prove in the long-run to be the more cunning customer of the two. There is not much prospect of it at present. The doctor's friends and admirers are, I understand, about to present him with a Testimonial, ‘expressive of their sympathy under the sad occurrence which has thrown a cloud over the opening of his Sanatorium, and of their undiminished confidence in his integrity and ability as a medical man.’ We live, Augustus, in an age eminently favorable to the growth of all roguery which is careful enough to keep up appearances. In this enlightened nineteenth century, I look upon the doctor as one of our rising men.

“To turn now to pleasanter subjects than Sanatoriums, I may tell you that Miss Neelie is as good as well again, and is, in my humble opinion, prettier than ever. She is staying in London, under the care of a female relative—and Mr. Armadale satisfies her of the fact of his existence (in case she should forget it) regularly every day. They are to be married in the spring—unless Mrs. Milroy's death causes the ceremony to be postponed. The medical men are of opinion that the poor lady is sinking at last. It may be a question of weeks or a question of months—they can say no more. She is greatly altered—quiet and gentle, and anxiously affectionate with her husband and her child. But in her case this happy change is, it seems, a sign of approaching dissolution, from the medical point of view. There is a difficulty in making the poor old major understand this. He only sees that she has gone back to the likeness of her better self when he first married her; and he sits for hours by her bedside now, and tells her about his wonderful clock.

“Mr. Midwinter, of whom you will next expect me to say something, is improving rapidly. After causing some anxiety at first to the medical men (who declared that he was suffering from a serious nervous shock, produced by circumstances about which their patient's obstinate silence kept them quite in the dark), he has rallied, as only men of his sensitive temperament (to quote the doctors again) *can* rally. He and Mr. Armadale are together in a quiet lodging. I saw him last week, when I was in London. His face showed signs of wear and tear, very sad to see in so young a man. But he spoke of himself and his future with a courage and hopefulness which men of twice his years (if he has suffered as I suspect him to have suffered) might have envied. If I know any thing of humanity this is no common man—and we shall hear of him yet in no common way.

“You will wonder how I came to be in London. I went up with a return ticket (from Saturday to Monday) about that matter in dispute at our agent's. We had a tough fight; but, curiously enough, a point occurred to me just as I got up to go, and I went back to my chair, and settled the question in no time. Of course

I staid at Our Hotel in Covent Garden. William, the waiter, asked after you with the affection of a father; and Matilda, the chamber-maid, said you almost persuaded her that last time to have the hollow tooth taken out of her lower jaw. I had the agent's second son (the young chap you nick-named Mustapha, when he made that dreadful mess about the Turkish Securities) to dine with me on Sunday. A little incident happened in the evening which may be worth recording, as it connected itself with a certain old lady who was not 'at home' when you and Mr. Armadale blundered on that house in Pimlico in the by-gone time.

"Mustapha was like all the rest of you young men of the present day—he got restless after dinner. 'Let's go to a public amusement, Mr. Podgift,' says he. 'Public amusement? Why, it's Sunday evening!' says I. 'All right, Sir,' says Mustapha. 'They stop acting on the stage, I grant you, on Sunday evening—but they don't stop acting in the pulpit. Come and see the last new Sunday performer of our time.' As he wouldn't have any more wine there was nothing else for it but to go.

"We went to a street at the West End, and found it blocked up with carriages. If it hadn't been Sunday night I should have thought we were going to the opera. 'What did I tell you?' says Mustapha, taking me up to an open door with a gas star outside and a bill of the performance. I had just time to notice that I was going to one of a series of 'Sunday Evening Discourses on the Pomps and Vanities of the World, by A Sinner Who Has Served Them,' when Mustapha jugged my elbow, and whispered, 'Half a crown is the fashionable tip.' I found myself between two demure and silent gentlemen, with plates in their hands, uncommonly well filled already with the fashionable tip. Mustapha patronized one plate, and I the other. We passed through two doors into a long room crammed with people. And there, on a platform at the farther end holding forth to the audience, was—not a man, as I had expected, but a Woman, and that woman MOTHER OLDERSHAW! You never listened to any thing more eloquent in your life. As long as I heard her she was never once at a loss for a word any where. I shall think less of oratory as a human accomplishment for the rest of my days after that Sunday evening. As for the matter of the sermon, I may describe it as a narrative of Mrs. Oldershaw's experience among dilapidated women, profusely illustrated in the pious and penitential style. You will ask what sort of audience it was. Principally women, Augustus—and, as I hope to be saved, all the old harri-dans of the world of fashion, whom Mother Oldershaw had enameled in her time, sitting boldly in the front places, with their cheeks ruddled with paint, in a state of devout enjoyment wonderful to see! I left Mustapha to hear the end of it. And I thought to myself, as I went out, of what Shakspeare says somewhere—'Lord, what fools we mortals be!'

"Have I any thing more to tell you before I leave off? Only one thing that I can remember.

"That wretched old Bashwood has confirmed the fears I told you I had about him when he was brought back here from London. There is no kind of doubt that he has really lost all the little reason he ever had. He is perfectly harmless, and perfectly happy. And he would do very well if we could only prevent him from going out in his last new suit of clothes, smirking and smiling, and inviting every body to his approaching marriage with the handsomest woman in England. It ends, of course, in the boys pelting him, and in his coming here crying to me, covered with mud. The moment his clothes are cleaned again he falls back into his favorite delusion, and struts about before the church gates, in the character of a bridegroom, waiting for Miss Gwilt. We must get the poor wretch taken care of somewhere for the rest of the little time he has to live. Who would ever have thought of a man at his age falling in love? and who would ever have believed that the mischief that woman's beauty has done could have reached as far in the downward direction as our superannuated old clerk?

"Good-by, for the present, my dear boy. If you see a particularly handsome snuff-box in Paris, remember—though your father scorns Testimonials—he doesn't object to receive a present from his son.

"Yours affectionately,

"A. FALGOUT, SENR.

"Postscript.—I think it likely that the account you mention, in the French papers, of a fatal quarrel among some foreign sailors in one of the Lipari Islands, and of the death of their captain, among others, may really have been a quarrel among the scoundrels who robbed Mr. Armadale, and scuttled his yacht. Those fellows, luckily for society, can't always keep up appearances; and, in their case, Rogues and Retribution do occasionally come into collision with each other."

CHAPTER II.

MIDWINTER.

THE spring had advanced to the end of April. It was the eve of Allan's wedding-day. Midwinter and he had sat talking together at the great house till far into the night—till so far that it had struck twelve long since, and the wedding-day was already some hours old.

For the most part the conversation had turned on the bridegroom's plans and projects. It was not till the two friends rose to go to rest that Allan insisted on making Midwinter speak of himself. "We have had enough, and more than enough, of *my* future," he began, in his bluntly straightforward way. "'Let's say something now, Midwinter, about yours. You have promised me, I know, that if you take to Literature, it sha'n't part us, and that if you go on a sea voyage you will remember when you come back that my house is your home. But this is

the last chance we have of being together in our old way; and I own I should like to know—" His voice faltered, and his blue eyes moistened a little. He left the sentence unfinished.

Midwinter took his hand and helped him, as he had often helped him to the words that he wanted in the by-gone time.

"You would like to know, Allan," he said, "that I shall not bring an aching heart with me to your wedding-day? If you will let me go back for a moment to the past, I think I can satisfy you."

They took their chairs again. Allan saw that Midwinter was moved. "Why distress yourself?" he asked, kindly—"why go back to the past?"

"For two reasons, Allan. I ought to have thanked you long since for the silence you have observed, for my sake, on a matter that must have seemed very strange to you. You know what the name is which appears on the register of my marriage—and yet you have forborne to speak of it, from the fear of distressing me. Before you enter on your new life, let us come to a first and last understanding about this. I ask you—as one more kindness to me—to accept my assurance (strange as the thing must seem to you) that I am blameless in this matter; and I entreat you to believe that the reasons I have for leaving it unexplained are reasons which, if Mr. Brock was living, Mr. Brock himself would approve."

In those words he kept the secret of the two names—and left the memory of Allan's mother, what he had found it, a sacred memory in the heart of her son.

"One word more," he went on—"a word which will take us, this time, from past to future. It has been said, and truly said, that out of Evil may come Good. Out of the horror and the misery of that night you know of has come the silencing of a doubt which once made my life miserable with groundless anxiety about you

and about myself. No clouds, raised by my superstition, will ever come between us again. I can't honestly tell you that I am more willing now than I was when we were in the Isle of Man, to take what is called the rational view of your Dream. Though I know what extraordinary coincidences are perpetually happening in the experience of all of us, still I can not accept coincidences as explaining the fulfillment of the Visions which our own eyes have seen. All I can sincerely say for myself is, what I think it will satisfy you to know, that I have learned to view the purpose of the Dream with a new mind. I once believed that it was sent to rouse your distrust of the friendless man whom you had taken as a brother to your heart. I now know that it came to you as a timely warning to take him closer still. Does this help to satisfy you that I, too, am standing hopefully on the brink of a new life, and that while we live, brother, your love and mine will never be divided again?"

They shook hands in silence. Allan was the first to recover himself. He answered in the few words of kindly assurance which were the best words that he could address to his friend.

"I have heard all I ever want to hear about the past," he said; "and I know what I most wanted to know about the future. Every body says, Midwinter, you have a career before you—and I believe that every body is right. Who knows what great things may happen before you and I are many years older?"

"Who need know?" said Midwinter, calmly. "Happen what may, God is all-merciful, God is all-wise. In those words, your dear old friend once wrote to me. In that faith, I can look back without murmuring at the years that are past, and can look on without doubting to the years that are to come."

He rose, and walked to the window. While they had been speaking together the darkness had passed. The first light of the new day met him as he looked out, and rested tenderly on his face.

THE END.

GETTYSBURG:—JULY, 1863.

O PRIDE of the days in prime of the months
Now trebled in great renown,
When before the ark of our holy cause
Fell Dagon down—

Dagon foredoomed, who, armed and targed,
Never his impious heart enlarged
Beyond that hour; God walled his power,
And there the last invader charged.

He charged, and in that charge condensed
His all of hate and all of fire;
He sought to blast us in his scorn,
And wither us in his ire.

Before him went the shriek of shells—
Aerial screamings, taunts, and yells;
Then the three waves in flashed advance
Surged, but were met, and back they set:
Pride was repelled by sterner pride,
And Right is a strong-hold yet.

Before our lines it seemed a beach

Which wild September gales have strown
With havoc on wreck, and dashed therewith
Pale crews unknown—

Men, arms, and steeds. The evening sun
Died on the face of each lifeless one,
And died along the winding marge of fight
And searching-parties lone.

Sloped on the hill the mounds were green,
Our centre held that place of graves,
And some still hold it in their swoon,
And over these a glory waves.

The warrior-monument, crashed in fight,
Shall soar transfigured in loftier light,
A meaning ampler bear;
Soldier and priest with hymn and prayer
Have laid the stone, and every bone
Shall rest in honor there.



FRANCIS ASBURY.

FRANCIS ASBURY.

THERE is a man, not even named in our leading histories, who yet has wrought more deeply into American life in its social, moral, and religious facts than any other who lived and acted his part in our more formative period. His name was FRANCIS ASBURY. His life is overlooked, and so spiritual, pervasive, and effective a force is left unnoticed. And this is but an instance in which history is ever repeating its own method. How much broader the place occupied by Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte than by Plato and Martin Luther in European history! Yet a tyro in historic study knows that the latter were incomparably the greater forces in forming the real life of Europe. So the names of Ethan Allen and Anthony Wayne have been more familiar to the popular ear of America than that of Asbury; yet how trivial their influence compared with his!

In the parish of Handsworth, in Staffordshire, England, lived Joseph and Elizabeth Asbury, husband and wife, and among the best of the peasant class. In the year 1745 they welcomed to their cottage a little son, and called him

Francis. He and a little sister were all the children that came to gladden this peasant-home. She, though lovely and most dear to the small family circle, remained in it but a few summers, when the Good Father took her to his own home. The parents and brother cherished her memory in love, and felt that heaven was rendered more dear and attractive by her presence. The event, so sad in itself, came accompanied with rich religious blessings. And who can tell the result? Deep impressions in youth often give tone to a long life. So it was here. And when, as in this case, that life is singularly good, and sends out influences that survive it and go down the ages, only the divine mind can estimate the benign results of that early impression.

Childhood is ever much the same. The least differences are mainly in fable. Francis slept and waked, smiled and wept, was caressed and corrected much as other children. Still early traits foretold a good and useful life. He writes: "I remember, when I was a small boy and went to school, I had serious thoughts, and a particular sense of the being of a God; and

greatly feared both an oath and a lie. Wicked as my companions were, and fond as I was of play, I never imbibed their vices." He dates the beginning of his spiritual life in his fourteenth year; though he sincerely prayed and felt God near as early as seven. His parents, intelligent for their class, were anxious for his education, but unfortunately were sadly balked in their plan. When sent to school at the age of seven he fell into the hands of a morose, cruel pedagogue. The wanton beatings which he suffered, and only the severer as their victim was the better deserving, gave his feelings an uncontrollable revulsion from school, and turned his thoughts to a trade. Their only good result, and certainly one due to the good temper of the boy, was a deeper religious feeling and more earnestness in prayer. A sudden transition from under the rod of such a master into a family of wealth and fashion was a very great change. But here while his trials were not felt to be so great his perils were really greater; and it is much to his credit that, with a conscience peculiarly sensitive, the worst he could write against himself is that he became a little vain.

In his fourteenth year he began a trade which for several years he prosecuted with great diligence. Fortunately his home was with a kind family who treated him as a son—a fact that bespeaks his own worth as well as their kindness. His religious feelings, for a while past somewhat abated, now returned with increased force. He was regular in prayer and a devout attendant upon Christian worship. In West Brunswick he often heard Stillingfleet, Baynel, Ryland, and others, men who preached the truth, and who were eminent in the Church. Little thought they that they were ministering to an apprenticed lad who in real greatness and in the breadth of his influence would so far surpass them. His leisure hours were carefully spent in reading and study. His selection of books was most fortunate. While they informed the mind they also nourished his piety and inspired noble purposes of a good and useful life.

As, long ago, devout minds in Jerusalem waited for the Messiah, and gladly received him when he came; so now the mind of young Asbury waited for the manifestation of Christianity in its most spiritual form, and with a readiness to receive it. About this time he asked information of his good mother concerning the Methodists—a sect much spoken against and in many places bitterly persecuted. She communicated the little she knew, and directed him to an acquaintance who would further inform him. Soon his steps were directed to a Methodist preaching. How strange it all seemed! No church; sermon without manuscript or notes even; prayers without books; singing in full and mighty chorus; but the holy fervor that pervaded all the service wrought deeply into his soul. Henceforth he was a Methodist, though he did not formally unite with them till sometime after. The inner religious life as unfolded in the ser-

mon of this day far exceeded his own experience, but that experience soon had large increase. Soon he began to hold meetings for reading the Scriptures, prayer, and exhortation. Many attended these gatherings, and holy influences rested upon the people. The fervency of his prayers and the eloquence and unction of his exhortations were singularly effective. Persecution soon arose and drove him from one and another place of worship, when the parental home became his sanctuary.

A beautiful fact is given in this connection. This lad regularly accompanied his mother to a religious meeting of females, where he conducted the exercises, giving out the hymns, and reading and expounding the Scriptures. These must have been happy hours to his devout and loving mother. And how pure and good the moulding of his own youthful life in such fellowships! After a while he sought fellowship with the Methodists, who highly appreciated his remarkable gifts. Soon he was licensed to preach, and multitudes flocked to hear one so young and yet so effective in his ministrations. At twenty-one he began to travel and preach under the direction of the Wesleyans. This was in 1766. Hence it is a fact not unworthy of note that the beginning of his regular ministry synchronizes with the origin of American Methodism, in the founding and building up of which his own life would have its richest unfolding.

John Wesley's thoughts were often beyond the sea, observing the colonies rising on these shores. He anticipated their rapid growth, and looked to them as fruitful fields for the earnest religious movement, with its peculiarly active and aggressive methods, now under his own direction. It was already begun here, but the laborers were very few for fields so broad. So in the Conference of 1771, Wesley said, "Our brethren in America call aloud for help; who will go?" Young Asbury, with others, responded. This call, though unexpected, did not take him by surprise or bring a new subject to his mind. Already, while preaching the Gospel through Northamptonshire and Wiltshire, his own thoughts were turned to America, and he felt his soul strongly drawn toward her. Indeed he had, in a measure, reached the conclusion that here would be the field of his life-labor. So, often, souls are moved by unconscious influences toward their true mission. Asbury, in his peculiar mood, regarded this call as from the Master, and hence could not decline or even hesitate. Of course so wise an overseer as Wesley promptly accepted him. Immediately he departed for home to commune with his fond parents, and to inform them of his plan. The communication was a trial both to himself and to them. Specially must it have been so to the mother, who had so wisely and lovingly nurtured the son. He makes the following brief note in his journal: "I went home to acquaint my parents with my great undertaking, which I opened in as gentle a manner as possible. Though it was grievous to flesh and

blood, they consented to let me go. My mother is one of the tenderest parents in the world; but, I believe, she was blessed in the present instance with Divine assistance to part with me." So, after a brief visit among his friends and to the fields of his earlier labors, he sailed, September 3, 1771, for this country.

Then America was farther away from England than now. More than fifty days were required to bring him to these shores. The voyage was stormy and tedious. His discomforts were many. Some strange oversight had let him depart without a bed or sufficient provisions. Sleeping on the boards and short meals were not agreeable; but he murmured not, as many, with far less motives to patience, had equal trials. The period was not an idle one. The ship was his parish. He preached, prayed, exhorted, and went the rounds of pastoral visitation. There was diligence, also, in reading and study. Of course it was a period of much devout reflection; and a little insight into those reflections is far more interesting than the ordinary experiences of such a voyage. His own words afford us that insight:

"Sept. 12.—I will set down a few things that lie on my mind. Whither am I going? To the New World. What to do? To gain souls? No, if I know my own heart. To get money? No; I am going to live to God, and to bring others to do so. If God does not acknowledge me in America I will soon return to England. I know my views are upright now; may they never be otherwise?" "Sept. 15.—I feel my spirit bound to the New World, and my heart united to the people, though unknown; and have great cause to believe that I am not running before I am sent. The trials trouble I meet with the more convinced I am that I am doing the will of God." He and his companion, Richard Wright, landed in Philadelphia October 17. They were most welcome. The former writes: "The people looked on us with pleasure, kindly enquiring how to show their love sufficiently, bidding us welcome with fervent affection, and resolving us as angels of God."

The Methodist movement was already begun in America. It commenced in 1766, five years before Mr. Asbury's arrival. Hence, this is its centennial year.

Events widely separated are often strangely united. In the latter half of the seventeenth century the troops of Louis XIV. laid waste the Palatinate on the Rhine. These sorely persecuted Palatines, being Protestants, were scattered abroad, many of them to distant lands. About fifty families, through the favor of Queen Anne, escaped to Ireland, and settled near Rathkeale, in the County of Limerick. But isolated, as they were, and without proper pastors, they became greatly demoralized. Vice reigned over them with little restraint. But Wesley's itinerants came early among them, and a wonderful reformation was wrought. Wesley, who visited them in 1758, made record in his journal of the wonderful change. He found "no cursing or swearing, no Sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no ale-house among them. They had become a serious, thinking people, and their diligence had turned all their land into a garden." Out of this vineyard came the vine of Methodism for the New World.

In 1760 a company of these people came to New York. Among them were Philip Embury, a local preacher, and Mrs. Barbara Heck—names worthy of record. But for a while the religious life of these Wesleyans declined. Embury, a modest man, neglected to preach. Matters grew worse and worse. But a better day was at hand. Barbara Heck, finding a number playing cards, was deeply moved in her soul, and, seizing the cards, threw them into the fire, and then poured burning words of warning and exhortation into the ears of the men. Straight she went to Philip Embury, and summoned him, as from God, to his mission, charging upon him a responsibility for their blood. It was enough. Immediately she went and brought four persons to his house, who, with herself, formed the congregation; and he preached and then organized a class.

Thus began the Methodist movement in America. The little company grew rapidly and soon overcrowded the house of Embury. He was early reinforced by Captain Webb, of the British army. He was remarkably zealous and effective, and not only contributed much to the progress of the work in New York, but also successfully preached the Gospel through the surrounding country.

About the same time Robert Strawbridge, also a local preacher from Ireland, began the work in Frederick County, Maryland. He commenced preaching in his own house, and there formed the first Society. Soon he built, near by, the noted Log Meeting-house. It was a rude structure, twenty-two feet square, with holes cut for a door and windows, but remained without either, as, also, without a floor. But it had a pulpit and a preacher in it. This unfinished cabin was the cradle of a vigorous, noble Methodism. The Society worshiping in it sent its messengers and spread its healthful influence through vast regions of the country. Strawbridge himself was full of zeal, itinerated extensively, and preached in various parts of Maryland, in Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. When he died his old parishioners of the Log Church bore him to his grave, singing as they went a triumphal hymn of Charles Wesley. The new religious movement constantly spread, and societies began to be formed at different points from New York to Virginia. Upon the arrival of Asbury there were about six hundred members.

Asbury landed, as we have seen, in Philadelphia. Methodism was introduced there by the zealous Captain Webb in 1767 or 1768. Through his exertions St. George's Church was purchased in 1770, and was, for many years, the great church, the cathedral of American Methodism. There it still stands. Mr. Asbury was taken to this church on the evening of his arrival, and there he began his American labors. And we have now before us a ministry running through nearly forty-five years, and which, for its energy and industry, its toils and trials, its travels and suffering, its sermons, pastoral services, general supervision, and results, rises upon our view in almost peerless grandeur. Even to sketch such a life through all these years would

far exceed our limits. Brief and rare jottings are all that we can give. These, with a summation in the proper place, will suffice for our own purpose and the interest of the reader.

After laboring a while in Philadelphia, he set out for New York. But he never forgets the command, "As ye go, preach;" and hence his journey through New Jersey was a preaching tour. On the way he meets with Mr. P. Van Pelt, who had heard him preach in Philadelphia, and now kindly invited him to his house on Staten Island. Having no fixed time to be in New York, he accepted the invitation, accompanied him home, and preached in his house on the day of arrival, it being Saturday. On Sabbath he preached again, morning and afternoon; and in the evening at Justice Wright's. Mr. Van Pelt was a man of worth and position, and his home furnished a favorite resort for Asbury for many years. In the prevalent notion the earlier operations of the Methodists were limited to the poor and ignorant. This opinion is erroneous. Their early history contains the names of many families of affluence and high social position.

Asbury now went to New York and began his labors there. But though these were abundant in the city, they were by no means limited to it. He made constant preaching excursions through all the surrounding country. Thus Staten Island, Westchester County, and parts of Long Island and New Jersey, were soon added to his parish. This was his invariable custom. Whether in New York, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, or Norfolk, he always added a large circuit, through which he would travel and preach, mainly during the week-days. And these excursions were often extended many miles. Thus he kept constantly moving and preaching.

He has now fairly entered upon his American work. He has left his home and come over the broad sea to labor among strangers. He has found an open door. Having mingled with the people, and preached from place to place already in several colonies, he has had opportunity for observation upon colonial life, its spiritual wants, and the probabilities of successfully ministering to them. He has had time too for much personal reflection, and a searching inquisition into his own motives and aims. There has been time for reaction, had there been any such tendency, from the enthusiasm that brought him to these shores. Under such conditions observations upon his inner life, such as his journal enables us to make, picture the man to our view more perfectly than any narrative of his daily labors. Here we find as a chief fact his entire consecration to his chosen work. He has no powers to except or hold in reserve. His motives are the purest and noblest. The love of God and man is a fire in his soul. And there is the most utter absence of selfishness and worldly aspiration. Intensely earnest, and formed to rule, he is yet free from all fanaticism, arrogance, and severity: indeed is clothed in humility and kindness, most rigid in observ-

ing the rules that he urges upon others, and specially self-chiding. We give in illustration a few extracts from his journal, running through several months after his arrival:

"I find my mind drawn heavenward. The Lord hath helped me by his power, and my soul is in a paradise. Whatever I do, wherever I go, may I never sin against God, but always do those things that please him!" "I trust that I am in the order of God, and that there will be a willing people here. My heart and mouth are open; only I am still sensible of my deep insufficiency, and that mostly with regard to holiness. It is true, God has given me some gifts; but what are they to holiness? It is for holiness my spirit mourns."

Having stated that he preached three times on a Sabbath in New York, though very ill, and that the next day he rode to New Rochelle and preached twice, he adds:

"In the night I had a sore throat, but through the help of God I go on, and can not think of sparing myself:

"No cross, no suff'ring I decline,
Only let all my heart be thine."

"I want to breathe after the Lord in every breath."

Earnest as these words are, and intense as the religious feelings expressed, they are yet the utterances of a man remarkably calm, reflective, and self-poised. Nor are they the promptings merely of youthful ardor, or the inspiration of new scenes. They had no abatement, but rather increase, through all the years of his American mission, till in a good old age he finished his work and went home to rest. The same fervent piety and glowing zeal pervade his journal to the very close. And never was a life more in harmony with a record. This insight into his inner life is requisite to any proper estimate of his character.

Asbury was a most effective preacher. His manner was plain, direct, fervent, and devout. Often he was eloquent; not so much in the sweep of thought or glow of the imagination as in a marvelous pungency of the home truths which he uttered, and the holy unction which inspired him. He ever looked for immediate fruits, and was rarely disappointed. In all his bearing there was a moral elevation that commanded the respect of the thoughtful. Hence he found a welcome not only in the cabins of the poor, but in the mansions of the rich and refined. It was a common thing for him to be invited into families of the higher circles, and those not Methodists or members of any church. And as he was the representative man of religious societies as yet little respected—indeed, much contemned, this fact clearly shows his personal manners and worth to have been such as to command the esteem and friendship of many who else had regarded him with disfavor.

He was a chief directive force in the Methodist Societies before he became formally their head; and his influence, so judiciously wielded, supplied a pressing need. These Societies wanted a controlling mind. Good men were serving them as pastors; yet each was virtually independent, and some evils had already grown up. The Wesleyan usages were not carefully observed. No primary necessity for these was

ever claimed, yet they seemed requisite to the Methodist movement. Its methods were homogeneous to its spirit and mission. Asbury was most earnest for these usages, and with kindness, but with unyielding firmness, he everywhere insisted upon their observance. Thus the Societies soon acquired uniformity and stability.

He was specially grieved to find the itinerancy tending to a disuse in America. The preachers were inclined to remain in the cities or to limit their labors to particular points. Such a mode, while serving well for others, was not suited to the Methodists or to their mission in America. Asbury brought all his strength to correct the existing tendencies, and to secure the itinerancy in its most active form. Upon nothing did he utter more earnest words. And he did not thrust others out, assuming the Metropolitan for himself, but was ever ready to go the first and the furthest. "My brethren seem unwilling to leave the cities, but I think I will show them the way." So he wrote, and so he earnestly performed. Thus again: "I humbly hope before long about seven preachers of us will spread seven or eight hundred miles, and preach in as many places as we are able to attend." And he made no delay. Ever moving himself upon extended tours, he gradually brought others into the same plan. Thus "running to and fro," and preaching almost every day in the week, and often two or three times, they bore the Gospel to thousands who else had rarely heard it. And this itinerant measure, whereby the Methodist ministry have gone through villages, and rural districts, and out-of-the-way places, and kept pace with the rapid frontier advance of the people, is largely due to the good service of Asbury.

In 1772, when he had been one year in the Colonies, and was twenty-seven years of age, Wesley appointed him Assistant, or Superintendent, under himself, of the American Societies. He was now really their head, with an appointing power over the preachers. Wesley was far away, and knew that the government was with Asbury. This appointment is a noteworthy fact, and shows his standing in as competent a judgment as the world knew. True, these Societies were small; but they were rapidly growing, and, in the remarkable provision of Wesley, their early greatness was clearly seen. He was himself a man of almost peerless administrative powers, and of large experience in just such work as he assigned to Asbury. He knew well its difficulties and importance, and that the future of the cause largely depended upon the character of its founder and organizer. He, too, ever chose men only for their fitness, and expected a thorough performance of the work assigned them; hence his selection of one so young for such a position evinces his lofty appreciation of Asbury's qualities. And that marvelous judgment never went more directly to the mark. Though he was probably, at his own request, superseded for a while by Mr. Ran-

kin, a man of large experience and abilities, yet his was ever the moulding mind.

Asbury spent six and a half years at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Norfolk, as centres, but only as centres. The labor given to these cities was immense, but was more than duplicated by that given to "the regions round about." He was ever moving, and no opportunity for preaching was ever omitted. In churches, in cabins and mansions, in school-houses and groves, in taverns and under jail walls, every where, and without ceasing, he was preaching the word of life. Then he added an immense sum of pastoral labor in visitations, and in meeting and edifying the Societies in the methods peculiar to themselves. Withal he was a most diligent student, and given to reading.

His life-drama has an episode. In the summer of 1776, having suffered a severe illness, and being much exhausted, he determined to go to the Hot Sulphur Springs in Virginia and recruit. Why shouldn't he? People go now to watering-places; good people and ministers go, and who blames? After prostrating and severe toils do they not need recreation and recuperation? Then let them away to Saratoga, or Newport, or to whatever place may promise best. But the privilege is not of modern growth; it belonged to Asbury as much as to any now. So he went to the Springs. We shall be entertained in following him, and also enlarge our knowledge of his character. We start with his journal:

"Monday, July 15, 1776. We set off for the Springs. That no opportunity might be lost, I started at night in the tavern where we lodged. On Tuesday we reached Frederick, and collected as many people as we could by a short notice. I preached, and found my spirit at liberty."

We proceed with the merest jottings. Next day he was thrown from his chaise, but, through a kind Providence, not much hurt. Coming to Hagerstown, it seemed to him that Satan ruled there; but his mind found relief and comfort in delivering his Gospel message, though he saw little fruit. He considers it "one thing for a preacher to do his duty, and another thing for the audience to do theirs." On the next day a ride of forty miles brought him to the Springs. His ever observant mind quickly surveyed the ground, and as quickly formed its conclusions and purposes. Thus he writes: "There was work enough for a preacher if he desired to be faithful. My soul was happy; and I felt myself totally delivered from the fear of man, determined, by the grace of God, to discharge my duty." Next day: "My soul was in peace; but the burden of the Lord rested upon me. I could not be satisfied till I declared to the people their danger and duty." So he preached the first day, and held a meeting for exhortation and prayer in the evening. The Springs, where he has come to rest and recruit, are at once his parish. He is always methodic, and has his rules here, while resting, as well as when laboring. Thus:

"My present mode of conduct is as follows: to read

about a hundred pages a day; usually to pray in public five times a day; to preach in the open air every other day; and to lecture in prayer-meeting every evening. And if it were in my power, I would do a thousand times as much for such a gracious and blessed Master. But in the midst of my little employments I feel myself as nothing, and Christ to me is all in all."

One day a sore throat and a rain compel him "to be dumb." Next day his throat is worse, and he has a blister behind his ear; but his conscience is pure, and he quietly submits to the will of Heaven. But he soon transcends his prescribed limits, and preaches every day, adding the labor of extended excursions through the surrounding country. He will ever have a circuit, and we shall soon find it embracing the whole country.

Now that he is at the Springs will it not be well to observe a little his inner religious life? People and ministers who are deeply religious at watering-places can be trusted at home and in church. How is it with Asbury under these new conditions? He speaks for himself:

"My soul enjoys sweet communion with God." "The peace of God abideth constantly with me." "The congregation was rather increased; many were affected, and one man fell down. It clearly appears that I am in the line of my duty, in attending the Springs; there is a manifest check to the overflowing tide of immorality, and the prejudices of many people are in a great degree removed. So that I hope my visit to this place will be for the benefit of the souls of some, as well as for the benefit of my own body." "My soul is kept in the love of God, but longs for an increase of the divine gift." "Spent some time in the woods alone with God, and found it a peculiar time of love and joy. O delightful employment! All my soul was centred in God!"

These jottings, out of what would fill pages, and running through many days, evince the same deep, earnest religious life that we have observed elsewhere. Upon the whole, with all the Christian advancement, he would be rather a curiosity at Saratoga in the year of grace 1866.

Thus he rests and recruits for about six weeks. His home is none the pleasantest. "The house in which we live at the Springs is not the most agreeable; the size of it is twenty feet by sixteen; and there are seven beds and sixteen persons therein, and some noisy children. So I dwell among briars and thorns; but my soul is in peace." But, pleasant or unpleasant, his time is up, and he must away. The Springs having been his parish for six weeks, he must give the people his farewell:

"Having taken my leave yesterday, in discoursing on the parable of the sower, I this day turned my back on the Springs, as the best and the worst place that I ever was in; good for health, but most injurious to religion."

We reach a period of deep trial in Mr. Asbury's life. The war of the Revolution was now upon the colonies, and though there was nothing in fact that indicated a want of friendliness on his part to the American cause, yet circumstances were such as to awaken suspicion and place him under sharp surveillance. He was an Englishman, as a number of his fellow-laborers were. They were all under Wesley, who had declared himself in opposition to our cause; and though he soon changed his mind

and earnestly defended us, the knowledge of this did not for a long time reach the Americans to relieve the adverse impression of his earlier sentiments. Besides, most of the English missionaries were unfriendly—some of them imprudent, and all, except Asbury, left the country. Under the intense excitement of the times here were facts enough to awaken suspicion, and arouse a fiery persecution against him. But he felt upon him the care of many souls; and, though sad at being left alone, was resolved to remain whatever might come. For a while he was in peril of prisons, and death even. Once a ball passed through his chaise, but harmed him not. Through all this he bore himself as a hero. But at length the storm raged so furiously that it was deemed judicious for him to withdraw for a season from his more public labors. He consented, and retired to Judge White's in Delaware. He was a man of position and influence, and a very devoted friend of Asbury. Only for a brief period, however, did he seek entire seclusion, as, ere long, he secured the friendship of many leading men of the State, which greatly enlarged his bounds. Soon he had the whole State for his parish; but still he felt greatly straitened, and sighed for broader fields.

Here he spent a little over two years, but was far from idle. With the exception of a few weeks, he almost constantly traveled and preached. And thus he laid broadly and deeply the foundations of Methodism in the State. Many leading families were added to it. And though at the time Asbury severely felt the straitness of his limitations, yet afterward he regarded this as one of the most useful periods of his life.

There were several leading families that befriended him, and some that he added to Methodism, of which we would gladly write. One we can not pass unnoticed. We refer to Richard Bassett's, of Dover. A lawyer by profession, and on his way to Maryland, he stopped for the night at Judge White's. Asbury and some of his preachers were there at the same time, and the opening of a door disclosed them to his view. Learning from the good hostess who they were, he requested his horse that he might leave, but was urged to stay. Then he was peremptory in his demand, but she was more peremptory in hers that he should remain; so he yielded to his fate. In his interview with them the impression made upon him was rather favorable, so that, at least for form's sake, he invited a visit from Asbury. He accepted, and in due time went. His coming was rather a trial to both the lawyer and his wife, but they tried to make the best of it. The result was the conversion of both, and their warm, loving attachment both to Asbury and to Methodism in all its peculiar usages. Afterward, this same couple once rode forty miles to see the good and great man. Mr. Bassett was one of the first men of Delaware, of vast influence, and very large wealth. "He was an eminent lawyer, a

Judge, Governor of Delaware, a member of the old Congress in 1787, and a Senator under the new Constitution. He was a delegate from Delaware to the Convention that formed the Constitution of the United States." Till the day of his death he was a simple-hearted, earnest, joyous Christian and Methodist. When they were both old and near their rest, Asbury was pleased to record him his "long-loved friend."

But, in 1780, the time of his enlargement came, when he was free to go where he would; and quickly he was away, as upon the wings of the wind. As an eagle, just liberated from his cage and bearing away into the azure heights, thrills in every fibre with the joy of his freedom and heavenward flight, so Asbury exulted to be away through the valleys and over the mountains as an evangelist to the people. We have already thought him a wonderfully moving man; but the future so far transcends the past that he seems just now to have started. His tours henceforth, and running through thirty-six years, are continental. We are jaded and puzzled in following him. He is, say, in Ohio, and starts for South Carolina, having to pass through the vast wildernesses or thinly-settled regions of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia; but etc. etc. we would expect him there, he is far away into New York or Massachusetts, having passed through all the intervening States, holding conferences and constantly preaching on the way.

Before his starting upon this great career a number of the preachers had met with him at Judge White's and formally appointed him Superintendent, Rankin having left the country. He was now again the head of the Methodist Societies, with an appointing power over the preachers. One who has thoroughly studied his life thus pictures his future career and its results. "And now began those incredible tours over the continent for the remainder of his life, which, with his daily preaching in chapels, court-houses, barns, private houses, or the open air, present perhaps the most extraordinary example of ministerial labor in the history of the Church, ancient or modern. The reader is bewildered with the rapidity of his movements; but through them all the tireless, the invincible, the gigantic apostle appears, planning grandly, and as grandly executing his plans; raising up hosts of preachers, forming new churches, new circuits, and new conferences—extending his denomination north, south, east, west, till it becomes, before his death, coextensive with the nation, and foremost, in energy and success, of all American religious communions."

He first hastened southward, through Virginia and North Carolina, to quiet some troubles, and to prevent division among his Societies. There had been wonderful revivals, especially in Virginia; but disputations had arisen upon some points, and he could not rest till harmony again prevailed. Here are jottings from his journal that lift the curtain from the country and the people, and also reveal the tolls of

his journeyings as well as his own invincible spirit:

"We set out for Crump's, over rocks, hills, creeks, and pathless woods and lowland. The young man with me was heartless before we had traveled a mile; but when he saw how I could bush it, and sometimes force my way through a thicket and make the young saplings bend before me, and twist and turn out of the way or path—for there was no proper road—he took courage. With great difficulty we came in about two o'clock, the people looking almost as wild as the deer in the woods. I preached. I have only time to pray and write my journal—always upon the wing, as the rides are so long and bad roads. I could see little else but yahoos in their parcs, built with poles. I could keep river in a ditch; and the poor forty-four men swore because I had not a silver shilling to give him. Some were drunk, and had their guns in meeting."

This is in North Carolina:

"We crossed the mountain at the Gap, near my bed where I slept last summer. We have, not surprisingly, at large in the same room with the family, the horses having but one room. This, with the nightly din of the dogs to annoy us, shows the necessity of crying to the Lord for patience. In the midst of all I thank God I enjoy peace of mind. Oh, how many thousands of poor souls have we to seek out in the wilds of America, who are but one remove from the Indians in the conduct of civilized society?"

We have seen that a number of the preachers, being Englishmen, had left their work and returned home; but many were being raised up, who more than replaced them. A valuable accession about this time was Thomas Ware. His commencing to preach has a little romance in it; and Asbury is so brought into the scene as to appear in an interesting phase of his versatile character. Coming into young Ware's neighborhood he sent for him, and after a very interesting interloquution on religious topics, "he then," the young man relates, "looked at me very sternly, and said: 'What is this I hear of you? It is said you have disturbed the peaceful inhabitants of Holly by rudely entering into a house where a large number of young people were assembled for innocent amusement, and when welcomed by the company and politely invited to be seated, you refused, and proceeded to address them in such a way that some became alarmed and withdrew, and the rest soon followed.'" The young man replied, in substance, that perhaps he had been over-zealous, though the matter had been much exaggerated; that they were his acquaintances and friends; and that, having related to them his Christian experience, and reminded them that he had often gladly mingled with them in such scenes of gaiety, he now in turn wished them to go with him to hear the excellent Mr. Pedicor, his spiritual father, preach his farewell sermon. The grave man had another question.

"Was it not bold and adventurous for so young a Methodist to fill, for a whole week, without license or consultation, the appointments of such a preacher as George Mair?" An explanation of this also was attempted. Mr. Mair was suddenly called away by family affliction; there was much religious interest in some places—some of the appointments were new, and there was no one to hold any meetings: "I was

therefore induced soon after he was gone to resolve on going to some of these places and telling those who might come out the cause of the preacher's absence; and if I was sometimes constrained to exhort these people without a formal license it was with fear and trembling and generally very short, unless when the tears of the people caused me to forget that I was on unauthorized ground."

All this while Asbury was reading the young man, and now knew him well. The sequel is this: "I said, 'Mr. Asbury, if the person who informed you against me had told me of my errors I would have acknowledged them.' Here he stopped me by clasping me in his arms, and saying in an affectionate tone: 'You are altogether mistaken, my son; it was your friend Pedicora who told me of your pious deeds.'" Henceforth he was a preacher, and fully realized the large expectations of the stern, tender Asbury.

While Asbury moves rapidly upon his extended tours, overlooking the Societies, holding the Conferences, and ever preaching, we will hasten directly to Delaware, and to the famed Barratt's Chapel. It is Sunday morning, and he is there to enter the chapel at the same time, having come to preach. But the pulpit is already occupied by a man small of stature, and gowned as an English clergyman. Asbury advances to the pulpit, and, extending his strong arms, embraces the little man and kisses him in the presence of the whole congregation. Who is he? A great leader in the cause of Methodism, and famed both in the Old World and the New; who in rapidity of movement excels both Wesley and Whitefield; the father of Methodist missions, and to whom the missionary movements of the various Evangelical churches are far more indebted than to any other; who, many years after, died on shipboard, while conducting a missionary force to Ceylon, and was buried in the Indian Ocean: Rev. Thomas Coke, LL.D., late of Jesus College, Oxford. When Asbury saw that this great and good man had come to help him in the work so dear to his heart that great heart melted in grateful love. After many years, when he had entered upon the next century, and had heard that Dr. Coke was buried in the deep sea, he was pleased to record him "the greatest man of the last century in Christian labors."

We are in 1784, an epochal year of American Methodism. The war of the Revolution is now over, and the old colonies are free and independent States. The Methodist Societies have come out of the dark and trying period of the war largely increased. And Mr. Wesley, recognizing the new state of things as providential, deems it wise that these growing Societies should cease from all formal connection with those in England, and be regularly organized into a church. To accomplish this was one object of Dr. Coke's coming. So he brought strange things to the ears of their chief pastor. Asbury was astounded, and none the less that it was proposed to

consecrate him the episcopal head of the newly organized church. But the famed Christmas Conference was soon held, and both the organization and consecration became facts. Francis Asbury is henceforth known in Methodist parlance as Bishop Asbury.

It is proper here more directly to describe him. Many portraitures, taken by gifted pens, are at hand:

"Bishop Asbury was 5 feet 9 inches high, weighed 151 pounds, erect in person, and of very commanding appearance. His features were rugged, but his countenance was intelligent. His nose was prominent, his mouth large, as if made on purpose to talk, and his eyes of a bluish cast, and so keen that it seemed as if he could look right through a person. He had a fine forehead, indicative of no ordinary brain, and beautiful white locks which hung about his brow and shoulders. There was as much native dignity about him as any man I ever saw. He seemed born to sway others. In dress he was a pattern of neatness and plainness." "He was studious, somewhat introspective, with a thoughtfulness which was tinged at times with melancholy. His was one of those minds which can find rest only in labor; designed for great work, and therefore endowed with a restless instinct for it. He was a rigorous disciplinarian, disposed to do every thing by method; a man of few words, and these always to the point; of quick and marvelous insight into character. His mind had eminently a military cast. He could plan sagaciously, seldom pausing to consider theories of wisdom or policy, but as seldom failing in practical prudence. The rigor which his disciplinary predilections imposed upon others was so exemplified by himself that his associates or subordinates, instead of revolting from it, accepted it as a challenge of heroic emulation." "Who of us could be in his company without feeling impressed with a reverential awe and profound respect? It was almost impossible to approach him without feeling the strong influence of his spirit and presence. There was something in this remarkable fact almost inexplicable and indescribable. Was it owing to the strength and elevation of his spirit, the sublime conceptions of his mind, the dignity and majesty of his soul, or the sacred profession with which he was clothed? But so it was; it appeared as though the very atmosphere in which he moved gave unusual sensations of diffidence and humble restraint to the boldest confidence of man."

Now that it is Bishop Asbury he does not linger, but, if possible, hastens the more, and from year to year enlarges the bounds of his circuit. Ere long we find him, with Dr. Coke, at Mount Vernon, in an interesting, friendly interview with General Washington. Their reception is most cordial, and they dine with him, and are warmly urged to tarry for the night. A leading subject of conversation is the ever "vexed question," and as much vexing as vexed; also the matter of a petition to the Assembly of Virginia for the abolition of slavery in that State. They find that great man in full harmony with themselves in opposition to the institution. Bishop Asbury ever had a profound esteem for General Washington, and it is plain that that esteem was sincerely reciprocated. In the New York Conference of 1789 the Bishop moved that it was proper for the Church to present a congratulatory address to General Washington, lately inaugurated President of the United States, also expressing therein their approbation of the Constitution and their allegiance to the Government. The Conference unanimously acceded to the proposition, and, at their request, the Bishop prepared the address, and presented it to the President at a time which he appointed.

The President's response, proceeding in fitting terms and noble sentiments, concludes thus:

"It always affords me satisfaction when I find a concurrence of sentiment and practice between all conscientious men, in acknowledgment of homage to the great Governor of the universe, and in professions of support to a just civic government. After mentioning that I trust the people of every denomination, who demean themselves as good citizens, will have occasion to be convinced that I shall always strive to prove a faithful and impartial patron of genuine, vital religion, I must assure you in particular, that I take in the kindest part the promise you make of presenting your prayers at the throne of grace for me, and that I likewise implore the divine benediction on yourselves and your religious community."

This was the first address of gratulation and loyalty that he, as President, received from any Christian communion.

Again the Bishop is far away upon his toilsome journeys. He is now penetrating the rough Holstein country, and makes the following entry in his journal:

"We made a move for Halatsch, and entered upon the mountains; the first of which I called Steel, the second Stone, the third Iron Mountain; they are rough, and difficult to climb. We were spoken to on our way by most awful thunder and lightning, accompanied by heavy rain. We crept for shelter into a little dirty house, where the fifth night have been taken from the floor with a spade. We felt the want of fire, but could get little wood to make it."

But he is soon far away into other regions:

"We had to cross the Alleghany Mountain again at a bad passage. We went to an old forsaken habitation in Tyler's Valley. Here our horses grazed about, while we haled our mule. Midnight brought us up at Jones's, after riding forty or perhaps fifty miles. The old man, our host, was kind enough to wake us at four o'clock in the morning. We journeyed on through swamps, bogs, and fields, where no food might be found, except what grew in the woods, or was carried with us. Near midnight we stopped at A——'s, who lit the dogs at us, but we went in. I lay along the floor on a few deer-skins with the flock."

He is still upon his tour, preaching as he goes:

"There attended about seven hundred people, to whom I preached with freedom; and I believe the Lord's power reached the hearts of some. After administering the sacrament I was well satisfied to take my leave. We rode thirty miles to Father Haymond's, after three days, and made it nearly eleven before we came in. About midnight we went to rest, and rose at five o'clock next morning. My mind has been severely tried under the great fatigue endured both by myself and my horse. Oh, how glad I should be of a plain, clean plank to lie on, as preferable to most of the beds; and where the beds are in a bad state the floors are worse!"

In the spring of 1790 he sets off through Tennessee for the interior of Kentucky. Then these regions were mainly a wilderness. Here and there was a station or block-house, with a few settlers. Massacres by the Indians were a common occurrence. The journey was full of toils and perils, but the Bishop had been requested to come to Kentucky, and he was not the man to decline. A guard met him in the Holstein country; and the whole company made eighteen men, with thirteen guns. He writes: "Our way is over mountains, steep hills, deep rivers, and muddy creeks; a thick growth of reeds for miles together; and no inhabitants but wild beasts and savage men."

Having spent a few days in Lexington, preaching and holding a Conference, he writes again:

"My soul has been blessed, and I am exceedingly pleased with the people. I would not, for the worth of all the place, have been prevented in this visit, having no doubt but that it will be for the good of the present and rising generation. It is true, such exertions of mind and body are trying; but I am supported under it; if souls are saved, it is enough. We fixed a plan for a school, and called it the *block*, and obtained a subscription of upward of three hundred pounds toward its establishment."

After traveling hither and yon, preaching to the scattered settlements, he writes: "We set out on our return through the wilderness with a large and helpless company; we had about fifty people, twenty of whom were armed, and five of whom might have stood fire." The Bishop was chief of the band. Once, being threatened with an attack by the Indians, they traveled nearly all night before halting. He notes three days' travel: "Monday, forty-five miles; Tuesday, fifty miles; Wednesday, sixty miles." And this in such a wilderness!

But now he is the head of a numerous people, and well paid for his toils! Yes, he receives *sixty-four dollars* a year and traveling expenses.

Through all these years he is establishing schools, founding various charities, and is no doubt himself the most generous giver on the continent. He is the first to introduce Sunday-schools into America, and is a Bible and tract distributor long before there is either Bible or Tract Society.

In his travels perils often came with toils. Thus we read in his journal:

"We came upon Catawba river, where we could neither get a canoe or guide. We entered the water at an improper place, and were soon among the rocks and in the whirlpools: my head swam, and my horse was affrighted; the water was to my knees, and it was with difficulty we retreated to the same shore."

Having at last got over, he writes:

"We went on, but our troubles were not at an end; night came on, and it was very dark. It rained heavily, with powerful lightning and thunder. We could not find the path that turned out to Connell's. In this situation we continued until midnight or past; at last we found a path, which we followed till we came to dear old Father Harper's plantation; we made for the house and called: he answered, but wondered who it could be; he inquired whence we came; I told him we would tell that when we came in, for it was raining so powerfully we had not much time to talk. When I came dripping into the house, he cried, 'God bless your soul, is it brother Asbury? Wife, get up!'"

The home of Dr. S. Hines, in Kentucky, was a favorite stopping-place with the Bishop. One night, while lodging there, a messenger came in haste for the Doctor's professional service in behalf of a man who was dangerously ill. It was at quite a distance, the night dark and stormy, the Doctor himself quite feeble; so he responded that he thought he could not go. Asbury heard the conclusion, and it was more than he could bear; so he shouted out, "Go, Doctor, instantly, and save the man's life!" It seemed to the Doctor as a voice from heaven, and he made the greatest possible haste to be off. Returning in the morning, the Bishop saluted him, "Well, Doctor, how is your patient?" The re-

sponse was, "To you, Bishop, under the blessing of God, that man owes his life, as he must have died before morning." The Bishop, speaking right from his ever-working soul, said, "As long as you can drag yourself about always be found doing something." The Doctor was now an earnest Methodist, but once was very different. Upon the conversion of his worthy wife, which was before his own, he deemed her in a kind of derangement, and put a large blister upon her back to draw out the Methodism. Years after, in relating it to Bishop Asbury, he might well say, "What a fool I was to do so!" Her patience and meekness soon won him to the same cause.

Traveling through East Tennessee, he was impressed with the fact that so many were migrating westward. His first thought was for their spiritual good. So he writes: "We must take care to send preachers after these people." These words expressed the very life of the religious movement which he was leading. Then from the trials of these people he derived a lesson of personal patience. Thus: "A man who is well mounted will scorn to complain of the roads when he sees men, women, and children, almost naked, paddling barefoot and barelegged along, or laboring up the rocky ascent, while those who are best off have only one horse for two or three children to ride at once."

Bishop Asbury was never married; a fact regretted by some of his friends. But he gave his reasons for it, and whoever fairly weighs them will scarcely find it in his heart to blame him:

"If I should die in celibacy, which I think quite probable, I give the following reasons for what can scarcely be called my choice. I was called in my fourteenth year; I began my public exercises between sixteen and seventeen; at twenty-one I traveled; at twenty-six I came to America; thus far I had reason enough for a single life. It had been my intention of returning to Europe at thirty years of age; but the war continued, and it was ten years before we had a settled, lasting peace; this was no time to marry or be given in marriage. At forty-nine I was ordained Superintendent Bishop in America. Among the duties imposed upon me by my office was that of traveling extensively, and I could hardly expect to find a woman with grace enough to enable her to live but one week out of the fifty-two with her husband; besides, what right has any man to take advantage of the affections of a woman, make her his wife, and by voluntary absence subvert the whole order and economy of the marriage state, by separating those whom neither God, nature, nor the requirements of civil society permit long to be put asunder? It is neither just nor generous. I may add to this, that I had little money, and with this little administered to the necessities of a beloved mother until I was fifty-seven. If I have done wrong, I hope God and the sex will forgive me; it is my duty now to bestow the pittance I may have to spare upon the widows and fatherless girls, and poor married men."

He did not urge his own course upon his preachers, though, as to the young men, he deemed it important that they should not be too hasty in the matter. Much of his work, specially on the extended frontiers, required single men; besides, his theory was, that they should wait till they had formed a ministerial character, and acquired some suitable qualifications for the duties of their office, and also, by a larger experience,

be the better qualified for the judicious selection of a wife. He had his troubles in this matter. Many of his young preachers were early captured. It is related that there was a certain circuit in Virginia where they almost invariably married. So the Bishop, supposing the women to be blamable in the matter, and resolving to balk their business, sent two decrepit old men into the circuit, persuaded that no one would woo them, however easily they might be won. But the balking was in his own plan, for both married during the year.

His soul, in all its studies, plannings, and cares, in the supervision of so many preachers and churches, was ever the home of the most beautiful and tender filial love. Thus he writes to his parents:

"I last evening made arrangements for a remittance to you. My salary is \$64. I have sold my watch and library, and would sell my shirts before you should want. The contents of a small pair of saddle-bags will do for me. Your son Francis is a man of honor and conscience. As my father and my mother never disgraced me by an act of dishonesty, I hope to echo back the same sound of an honest, upright man. I am well satisfied that the Lord saw fit you should be my parents rather than the king and queen, or any of the great."

Again:

"I have often revolved the serious thought of my return to you. I have frequently asked myself if I could retire to a single circuit, step down, and act as lay-preacher. This, if I know my own heart, is not my difficulty. With humility I may say one hundred thousand respectable citizens of the New World, three hundred traveling and six hundred local preachers, would advise me not to go. I hope the voice of the people is the voice of God. I am like Joseph, I want to have my parents near me. I am not ashamed of your *poverty*; and, I hope, after so many years professing religion, you will not be wanting in *piety*. You have spent many pounds upon Christian people, I know, from my childhood. Happy was I when this was done, and I hope it will come home to you in mercy."

When his good mother died he wrote in his journal a beautiful tribute to her memory:

"For fifty years her hands, her house, and her heart were open to receive the people of God and the ministers of Christ, and thus a lamp was lighted up in a dark place. She was an afflicted yet most active woman, of quick bodily powers and masculine understanding nevertheless, so kindly all the elements mixed in her. Her strong mind quickly felt the subduing influences of that Christian sympathy which 'weeps with those that weep,' and 'rejoices with those who rejoice.' As a woman and a wife she was refined, modest, blameless; as a mother—above all the women in the world I claim her for my own—ardently affectionate. As a mother in Israel few of her sex have done more by personal labor to support the Gospel and wash the saints' feet. As a friend she was generous, true, and constant."

Asbury's whole nature was generous and kindly. He dearly loved his friends, was tenderly affectionate toward children, and deeply sympathized with the suffering. When in Chillicothe, Ohio, he visited the grave of a dear friend, wife of Governor Tiffin, and sister of Governor Worthington; and returning to her late home, he wrote:

"Within sight of this beautiful mansion lies the precious dust of Mary Tiffin. It was as much as I could do to forbear weeping as I mused over her speaking grave. How mutely eloquent! Ah! the world knows little of my sorrows; little knows how dear to me are my many friends, and how deeply I feel their loss!"

His attentions to children were most kindly and winning. Like the Master, he would take them in his arms and bless them. Here a simple fact speaks much. One day a little boy, seeing him approach the house, ran in and said: "Mother, I want my face washed and a clean apron on; for Bishop Asbury is coming, and I am sure he will hug me up." When his dear friend, Rev. Henry Willis, died he hastened to the stricken family, expressed his deepest sympathy for the bereaved wife, then kissed and encircled in his arms the six orphan children, blessed them in the name of the Lord, and prayed with them. This was the stern man, the autocrat—i. e., Bishop, ruling over many preachers and people.

His tours were now, and had been for many years, truly continental. He had no starting-place, his round being as complete as a circle, though his movements through it, if not quite so rapid as the lightning, were often quite as zigzag. Once, when travelling in Ohio, a man met him, who abruptly asked, "Where are you from?" He promptly answered, "From Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or almost any place you please." No answer could have been more literally true. Never was it truer of a general-in-chief that his headquarters were in the field than it was of Bishop Asbury. If we should take Baltimore as a starting-point, his course would lie through Delaware and New Jersey, touching Philadelphia by the way, and reaching on through New York and through New England as far as Maine; then it would sweep round northward and westward into Western New York. Once it carried him around through Canada. From New York his course would lie westward through Pennsylvania and Ohio to its southern boundary, often touching Western Virginia by the way. His route on the return would carry him through Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, and Maryland. For many years he made annually this long tour. And there were so many divergences from the directer lines that the average of his yearly travels was eight thousand miles. Nearly all was accomplished on horseback. Much of it was through wildernesses and against many hindrances. Add now his ceaseless preaching, his frequent illness, his seven or eight yearly conferences, each occupying nearly a week, his care of so many churches and preachers, with all the thousand incidental demands upon his time and strength, and you have a measure of toil never surpassed, if ever equaled.

He is always at work in the families or taverns where he lodges on the ways of travel, in the churches and conferences on week-day and on Sunday. When sixty-seven years of age, and much broken, we find him traveling six thousand miles in eight months. This is twenty-five miles a day, and, considering the roads, enough of toil in itself. But you must deduct eight or ten weeks for his conferences, and hindrances by sickness, and by floods and mount-

ains that could not be carried by assault. Then, adding all the other labors, where is the like of this? In such labors he has reached Virginia and held his conference. Now he has twenty days till the Baltimore Conference, and may rest. We want him to rest. We say in our souls, Dear Bishop, rest! How welcome in many good homes in Virginia and Maryland! There, near Baltimore, is Perry Hall, the splendid home of his dear friend Harry Gough, and a favorite resort of his. Or, how his coming would gladden the beautiful homes of Governor Barratt, or Judge White, or Governor Bassett, of Delaware? But does he rest? No. "The Bishop preached every day, going miles out of our direct route, visiting and confirming the churches during the interval between the Virginia and Baltimore Conferences."

Amidst all he is a diligent student. Beginning his ministry with little culture, and ever upon the wing, he made himself familiar with the Scriptures in the original Hebrew and Greek. He was well informed on general subjects, particularly history and theology. "In practical prudence, the wisdom which is profitable to direct in the government of large bodies of men, he perfected himself beyond almost any modern example, as the great results of his administration prove." He encouraged education, and founded schools, and a college even, though he perished by fire while he was yet in the career of his toils. Finding, in his extended frontier tours, very many without proper medical treatment, he studied medicine and profitably ministered to the sick.

Who can estimate the deep and pervasive, healthful and elevating influence of such a life? It is as broad as the whole country, and there are few homes in which it is not directly or indirectly felt. His preachers and people felt the glow of his piety and zeal, and the inspiration of his heroic life. He was as an oracle among them, and, traveling so extensively, was the teacher of all. His sermons, his counsels, his exhortations, and prayers would be remembered and talked over in each place for months after he had passed on. Then his expected return would renew the recollection and the conversation; so that he was much as one with them all the while. Such a life is mighty, and beautiful as well. Away in Ohio, and in 1812, he writes: "People call me by name as they pass me on the road, and I hand them a religious tract in German or English, or I call at a door for a glass of water and leave a little pamphlet. How can I be useful?"

Thus, going with the people, and sending his preachers with them through all those vast regions, now forming numerous mighty States, he laid deeply and broadly the foundations of a noble Christian civilization. He wielded the chief forces which have moulded and fashioned their social, moral, and religious life. These forces have survived him, and moved onward with the people, and wrought upon them to the present day. They have likewise extended to

the utmost east, and north, and south, and wrought upon them there. And however others may have influenced the speculative, religious thought of America, no one has wrought so deeply and broadly into its living religious thought and feeling. The fruits of his plans and labors were marvelous in his own day; and they have wonderfully flourished down to the present time. To-day his followers, in the close affinities of ecclesiastic polity and Christian faith, number, in their ministry with the local, 28,000, in their communicants about 2,000,000, with all their vast educational, moral, and Christian appliances, and an affiliated population of about 8,000,000.

But now in his seventy-first year, in the spring of 1816, he is still upon his great tour. He has come up through the Carolinas into Virginia. He is in Richmond, worn, weak, sick. Most men would have been sick abed while he has been traveling and preaching. It is Sunday morning. He must preach. Entreaties and remonstrances ever are resisted; he must once more deliver his message in Richmond. Then strong and kindly arms bear him gently into the church. And there, seated in the midst of the thronged people, he opens his message: "For he will finish the work and cut it short in righteousness." For nearly an hour, his words, still plain and wise, direct and pungent, fall upon the listening, weeping people. It is his last sermon. In a few days the wheels of life that have run so swiftly stop forever. From Richmond he moves on till he reaches the friendly home of George Arnold, near Fredericksburg. There he lingered a few days amidst loving friends. On the Sabbath a Christian service was held in

his room, and just at its close he went home to his rest.

Thus he ended his forty-five years of American labor. When he came to these shores the materials gathered to his hand were 8 or 10 preachers and 600 members. With these he began to lay the foundations and rear the Church. He lived to see it a noble structure. He left 211,000 members, and about 3000 preachers, itinerant and local. His sermons in America are reckoned at 16,500, or at least one a day; his travels at 270,000 miles, or 6000 miles a year. He presided in about 225 conferences, and ordained more than 4000 preachers. These conferences must have required the time of four years. In Christian labors none have equaled; in the wisdom of his administration and the success of his plans, few, if any, have surpassed him.

In the May soon following his death, and during the session of the General Conference, his remains were carried to Baltimore. There all his leading preachers, and a multitude of members and citizens, followed him to his grave and buried him as their father. And here we pronounce over his grave his own words uttered over that of Willis, and in which he so vividly pictures his own life of toil in contrast with the peaceful repose of his friend:

"Rest, man of God! Thy quiet dust is not called to ride 5000 miles in eight months, to meet 10 conferences in a line of sessions from the district of Maine to the banks of the Cayuga, to the States of Ohio, Tennessee, Mississippi, to Cape Fear, James River, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and the completion of the round. Thou wilt not plan and labor and arrange the stations of 700 preachers. Thou wilt not attend camp-meetings and take a daily part in the ministration of the Word, and often consume the hours which ought to be devoted to sleep in writing letters upon letters."

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

He who reads that ancient fable,
Wondering at the plot,
Seeing in it no resemblance
To life's common lot,
Reads it as an unknown language,
Comprehending not.

Over every human being
Hangs a sword in air,
From mysterious heights suspended
By a single hair;
Though perceived not, though unheeded,
Yet forever there.

Keener than the sword Assyrian
Flashing through the fight;
Deadlier than the sword of Gideon
Battling for the right;
Than Excalibur more subtle
In its cunning might.

Like the Damoclesian weapon
On the palace wall,
Hangs Fate's falchion, sternly threatening
Evermore to fall,
On the lofty, on the lowly,
On the great and small.

On thy head, oh child of folly,
With the blow of blame;
On thy heart, unconscious lover,
With the smite of shame;
On thy hopes, ambitious dreamer,
Leaving not a name.

On thy gray hairs, weeping mother,
Ere they bring thy dead;
On thy pale face, girl of passion,
Ere the night is sped;
On thee, priest before the altar,
Ere thy prayer is said.

On thee, maiden, with eyes shaded,
Waiting at the gate;
On thee, young man, ripe and earnest,
Come to thy estate;
On thee, weary one, who crieth,
"Why so late—so late?"

Fall it may with swift-winged vengeance
Bidding evil cease;
Fall it may with blest redemption
Bringing sweet release;
Fall it may with angel's summons
Like a song of Peace.

THE FOOL CATCHER.

THE Fool Catcher and I were walking down the street, the Fool Catcher with his book of names under his arm, and I, wishing that I had been born, lived, and died, in those quiet days before he commenced his grand rounds. Mrs. Smythe herself came to the first door at which we rang; the briskest little woman in the neighborhood. With a bow the Fool Catcher handed her his card.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Smythe, looking first at the card and then curiously at my companion, "So you really do make your rounds! But you are at the wrong house; Mrs. Clematis lives the next—the next—why—good Mr. Fool Catcher," stammering and startled by something in the look of his eye—"you don't, you can't, you surely don't mean that you came for me?"

"Dear Mrs. Smythe," answered the Fool Catcher, blandly, "there are many species of Fool; and, candidly, I have not on my books a more monstrous instance of extravagant folly than your life. Why, my dear Madam, it is well known that you have paid over all your husband's peace and your children's comfort to keep the sun from your carpets, dust from your cornices, and scratches from your furniture; to say nothing of the fact that being given a good husband and seven children to develop into a family, you have nothing to show, at the end of fifteen years, but an unfaded carpet and a set of china, without a flaw, that you had on your marriage. Sorry to distress you, but really you must fall into line, ma'am."

So Mrs. Smythe took up her march behind me, and we went on to the door of Mrs. Clematis, a dear little soul; but standing to Mrs. Smythe for smartness in the ratio of a tack to a marble-spike.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Clematis," said the Fool Catcher, politely raising his hat to that little woman, quaking in her door. "Scotche, wons-shiny woman!" to us. "She has discovered that families are not made for houses, but houses for families. I have a great respect for her. Her husband is one of the happiest men in town," and if you can credit me, the Fool Catcher passed on; actually passed Mrs. Clematis's door and stopped at Grinder's. I was not anxious to attract the Fool Catcher's attention more particularly to myself, but I could not help ejaculating:

"Why, this is Grinder's house!" as if I had said Minerva's.

"Yes," retorted the Fool Catcher, curtly: "one of the greatest fools on my list. Men desire money to buy ease and the good things of this life; but Grinder sacrifices all ease and all good things to get more money. He has a charming wife, whom he might love if he had time; but he hardly exchanges ten words with her a week, he has no time to spare from money-making; children running wild, because he can spare them no time from money-making. Fine tastes never gratified; he must make more mon-

ey; an iron constitution wearing thin for want of rest, from the hurry of money-making. Fall into line, Mr. Grinder!"

And so here were we—Mrs. Smythe, Grinder, and I—marching on after the Fool Catcher.

Across the street stood an Irish girl at her area gate, and, as she stared at us, dropped from her hand a letter which the Fool Catcher caught, and glancing over it, smiled grimly. It read as follows:

"Be trovin again I've been Mager & livin out now is like the young ladies at the piano you know one day here & another there & don't stay long in none of them. When I'm sick of 20th Street I tries 17th unless I takes a notion to 24th when I likes a temper with 17th Street & so on. And so I'm livin now with a woman in 23d Street. I has the wildest place & those two ladies handle myself, for cook & chambermaid & a colored boy to do errands & tend door & a day woman in every week to do the washing & seeing that the woman Mistress Blivins that is used first to put off on the lady that cook & myself & we are very respectable though we just to tempt our day & to men wait. But this I can't let them things the less that I have my eye on a game in the evening & in this way we has variety & a chance to study the american female character & I done the thing regular before I wants to impress my mind & acquire general information & the Mollie fits a square thing to the american female character for the ladies you see are all as good as each other & is none of em want M's a finger before her neighbor door & the poor american women that's worth out their hearts they are all as good as any body too & they'll starve rather nor live out before they want their the ladies wife & the ladies if suffer some out have our before they can stand the women and & we are steps to even if we don't know b from tails due & raise the ladies that is as good as each other & better for the poor american women but before there's nobody else to be had & they know if they send us off to day they'll get no better or worse to morrow & if you think that this is none of my business why didn't I hear Mistress Blivins with her own ears complain that she couldn't eat the dinner & that I looks more nor my women in china up the street than that she doesn't need no pack- ing."

"Oh, Holy Vargin!" here burst in the Irish girl, "to think that I shud iver be cotched fur a fool! Worra! worra! and what will—"

"You are quite mistaken," cut in the Fool Catcher, handing back her letter. "You are any thing but a fool, my dear; but you can call your mistress if you please."

And so Mrs. Blivins fell into line, and we marched on—Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Blivins, Grinder, and I—when we came suddenly on Mollie, in very high boots, and very short skirt, scalloped, ruffled, be-braided, be-buttoned, and be-tasseled; a monstrous knob of back-hair, covered with a net, bristling with small curls, of which I haven't the name, but which unassisted Nature would be apt to term *coiffure à la Fok*; in front a species of hair-work, a hirsute fortification, elevated high above her forehead, and likewise defended by curls, and somewhere between the front and back-hair a small flat pancake of straw and ribbon, half hidden on the top of her head. As this dainty apparition approached us, shoulders held high and square, elbows stiffly out, and head *very* high, as if determined not to be held responsible for the wonderful exhibition under her huge, stiff, swaying hoop, we halted involuntarily to add her to our ranks; but the Fool Catcher suffered her to

pass on, which she did without once glancing toward us, following her with something like pity in his inflexible face.

"We make distinctions," he explained to us. "Some are born fools, some achieve folly, and some have folly thrust upon them. You have all of you achieved folly; but she has folly thrust upon her. I have considered her case, and I really can not find that she has any thing else offered her. She is a girl of enterprise, and if any thing better was given her to do, would be likely to do it; but the father and mother, who have not educated their daughter beyond the standard of a fashion-plate, deserve a place in my ranks. Step in, Madam; walk up, Sir!"

And so we marched on—Mollie's father and mother, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Blivins, Grinder, and I. On the next corner stood Judge Cathcart's house, and on the steps the old gentleman himself was watching us.

"Step down, Judge," said the Fool Catcher. "You belong to me, since your wisdom consists in not advancing, when you have legs, and the rest of the world is getting ahead of you."

"Don't believe in your modern improvements and new-fangled notions!" growled the old gentleman. "There were no Fool Catchers in my time."

"Or you would have been snapped up long ago," retorted the Fool Catcher; "and you too, Miss Stryffer," seeing that lady peeping out from her blinds. "You have made some good points concerning the duties and rights of your own sex; but when, to gain these points with men, you threw aside the gentleness that belongs to women, I was obliged to set you down in my book. Step down, Madam! I ask you reluctantly, I assure you; but then you should have remembered that men are used to hard names, ridicule, and denunciation from other men, and know how to meet it; while by nature they are incapable of making good defense against the tough blade of a truth, or a good argument, with a hilt of feminine sweetness." And so we marched on—Judge Cathcart, Miss Stryffer, Mollie's father and mother, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Blivins, Grinder, and I—to Mrs. Patchouli's door. I stared; Miss Stryffer stared.

"Why, what has she done?" asked Grinder.

"A very estimable woman," quavered Mollie's mother.

"Yes, but jealous of her husband's very eyelashes," said the Fool Catcher, with an air of disgust. "If he looks down, she knows he is guilty; if he glances aside, it is at the lady in the window; if he chats with a neighbor, ah! there is an intrigue. Whereas, if Mrs. Patchouli would only spend the time and energy that she devotes to discovering and denouncing her husband's infidelities in making herself agreeable, she would have in herself the best possible warrant against a cause for jealousy. Fall in, Mrs. Patchouli!"

At the same time ringing vigorously the bell next door. I had done with astonishment, or here would have been cause for wonder, for this

was John Pilar's house, who looked at the Fool Catcher and at us with ineffable surprise.

"Gentlemen, here is some mistake," remarked John Pilar, with dignity.

The Fool Catcher ran over the list in his book.

"John Pilar, No. 7684 Fifth Avenue; owns also house in Fisher's Alley.' This must be you, Sir. You live in this palace; you own that pigsty. You live in the palace because it is comfortable, and you own the pig-sty because it pays well. No need of repairs there—no matter who complains, or who moves out, or what horrible hole it becomes! There are always more who must have homes. So here are you, called a sensible man, yet forgetting that there is an air-line on which your tenement-house sends your palace its daily quota of disease and death; and wondering, when your daughter dies of malignant fever, whence it came, as she was never exposed. And here are you, supposing yourself a Christian man, and yet doing unto your brother—because he is your poor tenant and helpless—all that you would dislike to have him do to you in his place. Come down, John Pilar. Here is no mistake!"

And so we marched on—John Pilar, Mrs. Patchouli, Miss Stryffer, Judge Cathcart, Mollie's father and mother, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Blivins, Grinder, and I—till we came to Mrs. Pelion's door, where the Fool Catcher had difficulty in making himself heard, so great was the clamor within of Mrs. Pelion's children.

"I think no woman was ever so troubled as I!" cried Mrs. Pelion, coming out from among them with an exhausted air of having been torn in pieces, and of bringing only a very small portion of herself to meet us. "Herbert is so spirited, and the baby is so precocious!"

"Make them obey; other mothers do," suggested the Fool Catcher.

"Oh! but my children are unlike others," answered Mrs. Pelion, looking fondly on her offspring, who were disobeying her in all directions. "They laugh at punishment," administering as she spoke a series of pats, of about one-kitten power (a nine-days' old kitten), about the shoulders of the offending Herbert; and then turning on us pathetically, "You see; they are so determined. Herbert! put that book down!" Was there ever such a child? Herbert!" But Herbert, hearing that he was invincible, went, of course, calmly on his way with the forbidden volume, and shrugging his shoulders, the Fool Catcher requested Mrs. Pelion to fall into line; and so we marched on—Mrs. Pelion, John Pilar, Mrs. Patchouli, Miss Stryffer, Judge Cathcart, Mollie's father and mother, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Blivins, Grinder, and I—till we found old Catchew, furiously berating his son, young Tom.

"Softly, softly, my good Sir! What is the trouble here?" inquired the Fool Catcher.

"The trouble!" roared Catchew, who was in a purple rage; "why here is this thankless spendthrift puppy complaining of his allowance;

and that he can't keep even pace with the follies of other young fellows of fashion like himself. Whining to me for spending money! Why, when I was his age I was at the head of a firm; I was, by George, Sir; and if—"

"One moment, Mr. Catchew," interrupted the Fool Catcher, quietly. "Has young Tom any business or profession?"

"Certainly not," returned the old gentleman, briskly. "I intend my son to be a gentleman, a college-bred gentleman. If I have no education no one can say but he has, and been brought up in luxury too! Never had to lift his finger for himself; and to think now that he should fly out—"

"As you say," cut in the Fool Catcher. "To fly out at him now would be a sort of treachery on your part when you have so carefully trained him to luxury, helplessness, and dependence on you. For what I can see you must die or support him, Mr. Catchew."

"When I was his age I supported myself," commenced old Catchew, but the Fool Catcher stopped him short, and so we marched on—old Catchew, Mrs. Pelion, John Pilar, Mrs. Patchouli, Miss Stryffer, Judge Cathcart, Mollic's father and mother, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Blivins, Grinder, and I; when who should we meet but Mrs. Phylle!

"How are the children, Mrs. Phylle?" asked the Fool Catcher, softly.

The lady stared.

"I haven't the least—I mean—really—how can I tell? They are with their nurses."

"And your husband, Mrs. Phylle? I hope he is quite well."

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Phylle, fretfully; "why, I hardly see him except at church. How can a woman know any thing about husband and children that has three parties a night and such a visiting list as mine on her hands? to say nothing of one's business and back hair."

The Fool Catcher sighed.

"And where are you going, Mrs. Phylle?"

"To order a pair of wings," cried the lady, with animation. "I am to appear as an archangel, like the French countess, of whom I read, at somebody's ball in Paris."

"Fall into line, Madam!" said the Fool Catcher; but lo! Mrs. Phylle slipped out of his hands, and floated away like so much thistle-down.

"Too light to be caught," murmured the Fool Catcher, looking regretfully after her; "decidedly we must have butterfly traps! Ah! good-morning, Mr. Kral;" but Mr. Kral, who with his wife was entertaining a guest, did not hear.

"Lovely weather for walking," observed the lady.

"Yes," returned Mr. Kral, "but you could never persuade my wife of that. *She* never finds any weather for walking."

"Any time since my marriage, you mean, dear!" answered Mrs. Kral, quickly, and growing furiously red.

"Have you seen your new neighbors?" asked the guest uneasily, turning the conversation.

"Ah, there it is!" cried Mrs. Kral. "I have been trying to induce Mr. Kral—"

"My dear, permit me—our neighbors are not yet—"

"Mr. Kral is always behindhand," continued the wife.

"Or has not so much curiosity, perhaps, as—"

"You have curiosity enough in some cases," cries Mrs. Kral, with great spirit. "You beset me to call on the Simpsons, but then Mrs. Simpson has young and pretty daughters."

"If you mean by that—"

"Oh! I mean nothing at all. I am quite in the wrong, of course. I always have been since my marriage, though before it I was supposed—"

Here the Fool Catcher stepped in, to the relief of the lady who sat aghast before the furious couple, with "Fall into line, my good friends!" and so we marched on—Mr. Kral, Mrs. Kral, old Catchew, Mrs. Pelion, John Pilar, Miss Stryffer, Mrs. Patchouli, Judge Cathcart, Mollic's father and mother, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Blivins, Grinder, and I; and seeing Jack's father helping his little son at work on a mud fort, we opened our ranks; but the Fool Catcher only lifted his hat respectfully, and passed on to the study where John's father sat grimly reading the news.

"And where is John?" asked the Fool Catcher. John's father looked at his watch.

"At his Greek; every thing goes by system here. Up at five, Sir; shower-bath, ten minutes for dressing, hour's reading, walk, breakfast. Greek, arithmetic, Latin, drawing, dinner. Geometry, history, walk, composition, elocution, supper; an hour's play, reading aloud, prayers, and bed at half past nine precisely. That's my system, Sir," said the father; "no useless talking allowed; no straying off with other boys; bed hard; food plain; reading all solid; every thing hard, solid, thorough; that's my plan, Sir; and it works—works like clock-work!"

"But then the poor little pendulum will wear out one day," said the Fool Catcher. "Step into line, Sir!" and so we marched on—John's father, Mr. Kral, Mrs. Kral, old Catchew, Mrs. Pelion, John Pilar, Miss Stryffer, Mrs. Patchouli, Judge Cathcart, Mollic's father and mother, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Blivins, Grinder, and I—when we met young Bourse, who buttonholed the Fool Catcher, to talk to him about the Jack Beanstalk's stock.

"Can't be a mistake!" said he, energetically. "I have some twigs from the stalk, here, in my pocket. A bean that I planted in my own garden sprung up in the first hour, and grew ten feet in a day. If you will step down to my office I will show you one of the golden eggs laid by the hen of the giant that lives at the top in the glass-house; and some of our men have been far enough up to hear the twanging of the giant's harp; while only yesterday we

found among the leaves a touching letter dropped by the giant's wife begging us to effect her release. I tell you it is a sure thing; stock going like—"

"Fall in line!" said the Fool Catcher, coolly, pouncing at the same instant on one man trying to convince another by argument, and a woman who was snubbing another woman.

"Fall in line! Fall in line!" cried the Fool Catcher, very red: "you, Sir, ought to know better; and you, Madam, why do you complain of men while you use your own sex so ill?" and so we marched on—the man, the woman, young Bourse, old Catchew, John's father, Mrs. Pelion, Mr. Kral, Mrs. Kral, John Pilar, Miss Stryffer, Mrs. Patchouli, Judge Cathcart, Mollie's father and mother, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Blivins, Grinder, and I—till we reached the counting-house of old Ossa, who was just looking over his insurance policies.

"How about your daughter?" asked the Fool Catcher. "Is she insured?"

"Don't know what you mean," said old Ossa, staring.

"Does she know any thing?" asked the Fool Catcher.

"Not much," returned Ossa, grinning.

"What is the need? I hate clever women."

"How if you fail, then?"

"But I sha'n't fail. Besides, she'll marry some rich fellow or other—young Bourse, or young Tom Catchew."

"How if she marries some poor fellow?"

"If she does, I'll cut her off."

"How if young Bourse or young Catchew should fail?"

"But he won't fail."

"How if he dies and leaves his property involved?"

"What the deuce are you driving at?" cries old Ossa, perplexed.

"Why not instruct your daughter in something beyond beaus and back-hair?" pursued the Fool Catcher.

"But nobody does; and I hate clever women; besides, she will marry some rich fellow, I tell you."

And so we marched on—old Ossa, the man, the woman, young Bourse, old Catchew, John's father, Mrs. Pelion, Mr. Kral, Mrs. Kral, John Pilar, Miss Stryffer, Mrs. Patchouli, Judge Cathcart, Mollie's father and mother, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Blivins, Grinder, and I, when—in no matter what street—stepped out from her carriage Mrs. Prew, of whom the Fool Catcher made polite inquiries concerning a journey she had just achieved.

"The country was very well, but the people are really intolerable," returned Mrs. Prew.

"People who desire to be exclusive will soon be forced to eschew traveling. I assure you, Mr. Fool Catcher, I had no comfort. I turned my back to people on the boats and cars. I had all my meals served in my own rooms. I looked over every body's head; but, after all, do what you will, there is the consciousness of a

crowd, promiscuous, ill-dressed, second-rate, staring."

"Fall in line, Madam!" cried the Fool Catcher, hastily, as if conscious and afraid of a strong desire to box the lady's ears; and so we marched on—Mrs. Prew, old Ossa, the man, the woman, young Bourse, old Catchew, John's father, Mrs. Pelion, Mr. Kral, Mrs. Kral, John Pilar, Miss Stryffer, Mrs. Patchouli, Judge Cathcart, Mollie's father and mother, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Blivins, Grinder, and I—till we came to a lecture-room, where Mr. Anonymous was addressing Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Browning, Rosa Bonheur, Gail Hamilton, Harriet Hosmer, and Mrs. Lewes, as follows:

"MY DEAR LADIES,—Homer represents the queens of antiquity as spinning wool, while the kings held counsel. Penelope spun. Lucretia spun. Milton sent Eve into the kitchen, while the angel was talking; and really, ladies, when women paint pictures as well as men, or write better essays than I can myself, or imagine a Zenobia, or give to the world a high-souled woman like Romola, or make two nations weep with a mother's wail for her sons, or help the great step of the century upward by an Uncle Tom, I must remind you gently, but firmly, that you are out of your spheres, and for what? Your painting, writing, sculpture is not equal to the best efforts of men, in similar departments, because—it is not; and if you advance the plea that you do such things to earn bread and butter, or support your children, I answer that there are other and more womanly ways of earning a subsistence, in which you can starve with decency and propriety; and in which you must remain if you hope for our admiration. Say to yourselves, ladies, not that I love dinner less but admiration more; and perish rather than get out of your sphere. If you are disturbed by what are called the promptings of genius remember that Penelope spun; a voice from the auditorium reminds me that she fibbed also. I shall only remark that I consider the interruption unladylike. I repeat; Penelope spun. Go to the sewing-machine, Rosa Bonheur; busy yourselves with puddings and hem towels, Mrs. Stowe. Make yourself a set of night-caps, Gail Hamilton. Ladies all, keep your respective talents with which, the Lord only knows why, you were endowed safe somewhere out of sight. Acknowledge your intellectual inferiority to man. When you meet an Irishman with a hod over his shoulder say to yourself this is a man. All men are superior to all women. This is my superior. Do this, and we will cheerfully acknowledge your spiritual superiority, and your greater fitness for heaven—"

"Fall in line, Sir!" interrupted the Fool Catcher, much disgusted; and so we marched on—Anonymous, Mrs. Prew, old Ossa, the man, the woman, young Bourse, old Catchew, John's father, Mrs. Pelion, Mr. Kral, Mrs. Kral, John Pilar, Miss Stryffer, Mrs. Patchouli, Judge Cathcart, Mollie's father and mother, Mrs. Smythe, Mrs. Blivins, Grinder, and I, till we saw Mr. Grimme and a woman in battered hoops and bonnet, thin, gray, anxious, and deprecating before a counter, on which was an armful of military coats.

"If you are not satisfied you can leave them,"

said Grimme. "There are plenty who will do the work at half the price."

"Three dollars a week," said the woman, plaintively.

"They will do it for half, I tell you."

"But with two children—"

"This is not an alms-house, Madam. I pay you for your work. Eight children or none makes no difference."

"Well," sighed the woman. "It is cruel hard. It does seem sometimes as if we couldn't live so; but I don't know where else to turn, and if you will pay me—"

"Can't pay now," cut in Grimme, sharply, and buttoning up his coat. "I have paid out so much I am short; but you shall have it next week."

"Oh! but Mr. Grimme—"

"Will you take them or not?" says Grimme, with a savage thrust at the bundle of coats. "Come, one thing or the other; quick! I can't wait! I am going to prayer-meeting."

"Prayer-meeting!" echoed the Fed-Catcher, with a gasp. "Why this is the greatest one of them all. Think he can cheat Heaven. Head the procession, Sir?" and so we marched out—Mr. Grimme, Anonymous, Mrs. Perry, the woman, old Ouse, young Rogers, old Conchey, John's father, Mrs. Pellow, Mr. Kral, Mrs. Kral, John Pileat, Mrs. Fairbairn, Judge Calkins, Max Boyette, Mother's father and mother, Mrs. Boyette, Mrs. Elvira, Grindley, and I.

"SANCTUARY PRIVILEGES" IN ROME.

(CHRISTMAS-EVE in Rome? When, as I went with the slight under the stars of Bethlehem, could one keep watch this holy night more fittingly than under the dome of Jesus, filled with the heavenly studies of the Pietà?)

"But, my dear, remember the medical man."

"Yes, as I do; but I hope you don't call him at three o'clock in the morning going out in the evening!"

What mortal woman, weary despite sleep she were, could withstand such a night as this? "Christmas comes but once a year," and Christmas in Rome has come in every lifetime.

In anticipation of and by way of atonement for this dubious indulgence, we piously set ourselves to the zealous cultivation of health by retiring, shortly after eight o'clock, to the bedroom which had been prepared for us, somewhat to our surprise, by a venerable chamber-maid in black broadcloth and gold-laced spectacles.

Prolonged silence.

"What time was it to?"

"Good! so you are not asleep!"

"Asleep one's first night in Rome! The air is full of electric influences, and glorious ghosts, and—and [yawningly] the music of the spheres."

"The air is fuller of must and dust, which

that musty, fusty, crusty old chamber-maid stirred up with his solemn old jaws; and all the music you hear is that squeaky old bag-pipe in the roof below; and, what is worse, it is only ten o'clock!"

"Is that all? Hoigh-he! What was it that Mother said about seven o'clock at the French Church?"

"Military mass; the same?"

"Let's go! It will be over in season for St. Peter's. We might as well make a night of it; for what with the air, and the noise, and the whinery of a first night in Rome, there is no sleep for us."

First we went into the night, as innocent of all knowledge of Roman topography as the Balloon in the Wind; but, thanks to the special Providence which protects all "innocents," we came to no harm, although more than one villain must have spared us for the very sake of the thing. Brigandage was rife at the time even in the best and most frequented streets of Rome, and our course led us through gloomy by-ways, ill-lighted and unwatched.

Furthermore, so incalculated were we with the rich old wine of classic, historic, artistic (in one word), Romantic association, which we had this day for the first time begun to drink, that ordinary caution seemed to have forsaken us, and we sought our way recklessly, asking it of hury and hurry a piece-by; but almost pausing under some last square street-lamp to do liberally would the way of our "Murray," whose red hat unfortunately betrayed our greenness to every observer. This after midnight, in the tortuous paths which we struck out for ourselves, between the great dome of the Pantheon and the lesser dome of the Vatican. The only apology for this fool-hardiness is the prolonged some experience of the one, and the fascination of a rare "lark" to the other.

At San Luigi *de' Francesi*, where we passed on our way, a superb illumination of the high altar, a following crowd of spectators (including, possibly, two or three hundred workmen), and a mighty mass of good organs and piousible vocal music.

No childlike and absolute was our faith in Murray at that time that we should meet past one o'clock, Christmas morning, amidst the horrid din and oppressive silence, patiently waiting for the exhibition of the "fine music" and "the military mass with great pomp." But the music waxed coarser and more blatant till its final colossal crash; and wherein consisted the militariness of the mass, which was celebrated pompously enough, we have yet to discover, unless it lay in the dozen French soldiers who shouldered arms and growled through the shades with their ugly hats on.

Reluctantly following the retiring multitude, we withdrew our unsatisfied souls and exhausted bodies; but speedily forgot all in the delicious excitement of searching for St. Peter's. To be sure the service was announced for three o'clock, but must we not (oh, innocents!) go early to

get a seat? On we went. What cared we for cavernous streets, for weary feet, for lurking robbers? Were we not every moment drawing nearer and nearer to *It*—the wonder of the world? It was an epoch when our feet at last struck the old Pons Ælius, flanked by seventeenth century angels (which some one wittily calls Bernini's "breezy maniacs"), and when, crossing the Tiber, we passed under the shadow of that mighty tomb where Rome lies buried, with an angel balancing himself above the door of the sepulchre.

Ye who are whirled in millionaire state to St. Peter's, heralded and encompassed by commisionaire, courier, and lackeys, and behold for the first time its glories, vulgarized by the garish sunlight, receive—whether ye will or no—the commiseration of a pair of foot-sore pilgrims who, following only the beams of a strange constellation—a starry cross shining afar, with no other attendants than the midnight stars—came out at last into the great Piazza, with no sound to break the sacred silence but the musical rhythm of the twin fountains, at once the simplest and the grandest in all Rome. There they stood, clinging to each other, thrilled and entranced in that awful solitude, scarcely daring to lift their eyes so far toward heaven as that Marvelous Dome, whose mere shadow crushed them. The darkness, and their excited imagination, magnified indescribably the proportions of the immense Cathedral in their view, until—what with the season, the hour, the solitude, the companionship, the weird duskiness, no mortal eye, I am convinced, ever beheld St. Peter's more impressively.

When our senses returned we realized that we were indeed all alone. The Piazza, which strikes the beholder often at first as disproportionately small, lengthened and broadened as we walked on and on toward the sombre pile. After we had passed the cruciform gas-lights not a gleam of light appeared, except here and there in the remote colonnades which shut in the Piazza. Obviously the sexton hadn't come, and we began to exercise our fledgling skepticism in fearing that Murray had blundered, and the Pastorella was not for our ears.

After sitting for some time on the great flight of steps leading up to the Cathedral, meek and subdued under the natural action of our fatigue, the languor of the hour, and the reaction from our ecstasy, we suddenly discovered an apparition under the colonnade on our left. One of the Papal guard was pacing his beat sullenly, occasionally glowering at us as suspicious characters. Having projected at him—done up in choice French—the Yankee question, "What time are the meeting begun?" he received it, metaphorically, on the point of his bayonet, and gruffly rejected it. But here, as often, German proved our angel of deliverance. The guard could not withstand the same inquiry done up in his vernacular burr, so he graciously informed us that the sacred doors would open at three o'clock—and not till then.

Returning a quarter of an hour later from an unsuccessful search for a cup of black coffee, in which to drown our impatience, we found that a few shivering shades had crept into view at immense intervals along the great flight of steps. To our distempered vision they seemed the remorseful ghosts of Nero's band of tormentors, who were wont to kindle into awfully grotesque torch-light devout martyrs for the illumination of this old arena, and who on this holy night were come to do grievous penance where once they kept impious revel. But when at last an official ascended the steps and unlocked the massive door, we recognized somewhat offensively the mortality of those with whom we came in contact, as we pushed with the now numerous crowd into the vestibule. So high did my enthusiasm run that for a moment after the sudden illumination of this vestibule I mistook it for the Basilica itself, but fortunately did not beat a hasty retreat, like the Yankee of the British Apocrypha, who departed inveighing against the "conceit of these fellows, when their confounded old meetin'-house ain't any bigger than Brattle Street!"

Having lighted the great lamps of the vestibule, our "light-bearer and path-preparer" unlocked a little side-door, and, as we followed him curiously with our eyes, began to ascend a flight of stone steps, torch in hand. We were half inclined to follow bodily, not knowing but through that strait gate our way to the Holy of Holies must lie. But we refrained, although a dozen men pressed after him; and presently the bells of the tower rang out merrily, and the ringers came tumbling down the steps, and unlocked at last the temple itself to our eager feet. The romantic excitement of the time and place almost overpowered us as the people lifted the ponderous leathern curtain and we passed in.

In a moment the crowd had melted away in the immensity, and we stood alone in St. Peter's in the dead of Christmas-eve. The delicious atmosphere rapt us away into a trance of delight. Far away tremulous stars faintly glimmered before the high altar; near us all was dim, save that on our right a lamp burned before the exquisite *Pietà* of Michael Angelo, the *Mater Dolorosa* holding the dead Christ in her arms. The Lord pardon thy servant in this thing, if in the house of Rimmon I bowed down myself then and thereafter, whenever I entered the cathedral, feeling that the living Christ was not far from that little chapel! It was strange, and consoling as strange, to kneel on this storied pavement, and offer petitions for the little soul far away whose sweetest eyes were at that moment just opening to the dawn of her first Christmas. With hearts at rest we wandered through the beautiful twilight, dimly discerning the magnificence of the pavement and the columns, and the stately grandeur of statues and sepulchral monuments, with whose minutest lines we subsequently became familiar, till finally we stood by the great baldacchino which

flaunts its stolen bronze beneath the pure majesty of the dome.

As we reverently approached the marble railing which incloses the shrine of St. Peter's chair we started back abashed as we saw below us, kneeling on the floor of the Confessional, no other than the Holy Father himself. It was only after repeated glances at the majestic figure, and a furtive consultation of our Handbook, that we were reassured that we were not trespassing upon private devotions, but were viewing instead Canova's admirable statue of Pius VI. This monument contrasts pleasantly with the self-complacent attitudes of the majority of his predecessors and successors throughout the cathedral.

It was now after 3 o'clock. On either side of the altar are a few permanent "pews," in Yankee parlance. In one of these we solemnly seated ourselves, wondering at the scantiness of the congregation. Half a dozen gentlemen and ladies were near us, but where were the crowd who had entered with us? After patient waiting for half an hour without sign of increased illumination, parson, choir, or congregation, our attention was fixed, during our restless glances about us, by a brilliant light in a chapel far down the nave. Suspecting the truth, we left the upper seats of the synagogue as speedily and shamefacedly as possible, and hastening to the blaze, find that there indeed is service already begun—and why not, for is this not the chapel of the choir? The half-dozen benches were of course already occupied by less punctual worshippers, so that we "early birds," instead of winning the proverbial reward, were doomed to stand throughout the service.

Every thing around us was novel. The altar was one blaze of light. The little chapel was crowded suffocatingly as to its auditory; while its equal number of priests, etc., spread themselves aggravatingly at ease in their ample stalls. In the topmost range were seated the biggest wigs, or rather tonsures, comfortably wrapped in ornate capes; below them sat a row of gray squirrelskins; and still lower, violet robes with tumbles of lace and muslin; while last of all came a bench full of violet and very sleepy boys. This last bench frequently sent forth skirmishers into the midst of the *mêlée*, who darted hither and thither armed with candles and authority by no means little or brief. Once in a while an ermine or a squirrel who had overslept himself would come pattering in, with a bow for the altar and a profounder bow for his fellow-rodents, who reciprocated the compliment without intermitting the discordant, but it is to be hoped devout, growl, which they had been pleased to set up before our entrance.

When at last the grand procession came marching in with candles, croziers, mitres, and what-nots, I am afraid somebody thought the Grand Mogul thereof was no less than Pio Nono himself, and gazed accordingly with quickened pulse-beat. But it was only a comfortable cardinal-bishop who played he was Pope, with gorgeous

paraphernalia to perfect the illusion. After his attendants had marched him in and deposited him in his gorgeous seat, as if he had been a big doll which they had just found in one of their red stockings, they at once set themselves at work in awkward boy-fashion to undress him to an alarming degree, and then to attire him again in what a Yankee would call his "store-clothes," and finally to prance about him admiringly, precisely as my baby is now doing with her beloved doll Minnie. This Doll behaved well, considering his provocations; and when at last his tormentors had retired to a little distance to rest themselves and survey their treasure, he gazed complacently upon his fat, bejeweled fingers, spread out upon his knees, and seemed to think the rôle of show-puppet not so bad after all.

During the lull we inspected our fellow-auditors. Judging from appearances there were among them not more than ten Romanists, and the majority of the assembly were unmistakably English. Murray very properly censures all improprieties in the behavior of tourists during Romish ceremonials, but it was just a little funny to notice the anxious subservience of that autocrat's slaves—"Britons never will be," notwithstanding. Having read in their authority that a black dress and veil were *en règle* for all services in the Sistine Chapel, and for reserved seats at the ceremonies in the Basilica of the Vatican during Holy Week, almost every dowager and damsel of them all was scrupulously clad in weeds on this joyful anniversary, and exposed herself to rheumatism and catarrhs by the supererogatory concession of a flimsy veil in lieu of a sensible hat. Furthermore, these excellent women (like the aggravating wife in Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities") "flopped" at the least provocation, and some of them were sure to go down at the wrong time, and discover the blunder just in season to lift up their heads and stare about defiantly for any chance observer during the solemnest parts of the service. Quite a number, indeed, knelt unflinchingly during the whole ceremony, so as to be on the safe side.

There was, however, one Aunt Betsey Trotwood who stood bolt upright with Protestant lip, sneering and nose sniffing even at the very instant of the elevation of the Host. An outraged official behind her whispered "down," but she only tossed her head an inch higher, and settled herself more firmly upon her broad English basis; whereupon by a dextrous application of his staff of office to the rear of the rebellious knees, he brought her suddenly into position, where she had the sense to remain.

When one's conscience forbids sufficient compliance with the prescribed rites of any place or season, what alternative remains to good-breeding but to forego the service? That boor who, having solicited the honor of presentation to Pio Nono, refused to receive the customary papal benediction, deserved a sharper rebuke than that of the gentle-eyed father, "I think

the blessing of an old man could do you no harm!"

But to return to the chapel of the choir. Amusing Britons ceased to interest when the heavenly music of the Pastorella began. We have longed to lay hands on the score, and assure ourselves whether this music were really more seraphic than we had ever heard besides. Certainly our enjoyment of its exquisite harmony was so great that the three hours' standing which we endured for its sake were of little account to us, and the strains which still float in our memories are marvelously sweet. The organ was superbly played, and the choir of male voices left no room for desire that Patti, or even Jenny Lind, had been there. The soprano was singularly smooth and sweet. Possibly the beauty of the music was enhanced by its contrast with the responsive chanting of the squirrels, ermines, etc., wherein they went on to iterate and reiterate in the gruffest and most snuffling manner that they were respectively Owls of the Desert, Pelicans of the Wilderness, and Bulls of Bashan.

Talk of Yankee exhortation! Every priest and Levite in Rome takes snuff, and uses a great banner of a yellow pocket-handkerchief with a resonance that would put to shame the most cattarrhal State Legislature in our country, while no spot or time is sacred to them. Our good Abbé S—— told us, with the naïvest delight (as proving the Vicegerent's humanity), that he actually saw the Pope take snuff as he was going up to the altar to celebrate Mass!

This is an old scandal. As long ago as Pope Urban a bull of excommunication was issued against any priest who should introduce his snuff-box into his official service, whereupon Pasquin turned against the Pope a blast from the sacred canon, quoting Job's remonstrance: "Against a leaf driven to and fro by the wind wilt thou show thy strength, and wilt thou pursue the light stubble?"

This Christmas service was shamelessly disfigured. One gross fellow, upon whom devolved the onerous duty of holding up a candle while the Doll spelled out occasionally a sentence from a big book held before him by another obese boy, when he rested from his labors sat just behind the Cardinal, and actually spat offensively directly before the holy altar upon the stair of which he sat.

It was good to go out into pure daylight, for as we descended the steps the guns of St. Angelo hailed the rising of the Christmas sun with a grand salute, and our first night in Rome was over.

Twelfth-Night, the anniversary of the presentation of gifts to the Christ-child by the three kings, is the favorite gift-season in Rome. Santa Claus is ousted by a certain old beldame, yeleft Befana (corruption of Epiphania), wizened and ugly, who delivers rods to bad and presents to good children. Tradition reveals something to the following effect in regard to her origin and history. She seems to have been the prototype of Martha, the famous housewife of Bethany.

When the gorgeous train of the three kings swept by her domicile she was absorbed in the fascinations of Spring cleaning, and in response to all entreaties to gaze at the holy cavalcade, she only brandished her broom the more zealously, saying: "I'll see them when they come back!" But, alas! every body knows that they returned by another way; and wicked King Herod was foiled, and poor old Befana stands to this day, broom in hand, and eyes protruded, looking in vain for glories which she will never, never see. It is not strange she should be so implacable toward even childish peccadilloes, inflicting present pain to avert eternal dole.

Why all the Roman world should flock to the Piazza di San Eustachio on this famous night I know not; but thither they have been, year after year, since the beginning, and find rare entertainment for their pains; and with them went I, under the protection of a party of Americans, on the last anniversary, stealing away from my sleeping invalid like an arch-conspirator. It was after midnight, yet the Corso was all alive, and every shop whose specialty is eating, drinking, or articles of virtue, open and thronged. It was charming to meet the fathers, mothers, big brothers, godfathers, bachelor uncles, etc., hastening home with love-laden eyes and hands, or in eager pursuit of some treasure for the little people who lay dreaming compassionately of poor old Befana.

As we approached the Pantheon the crowd grew denser and the excitement deepened. The streets leading into the Piazza di San Eustachio were barred against the entrance of carriages, and filled, like the Piazza itself, with booths for the sale of every imaginable commodity, the vendors watching all night for the chance of disposing of their wares to the turbulent crowds. It was pitiful to see some of these sales-people; weary women and sleepy children shivering and screwing open their eyelids all the long night for a possible handful of baiocchi. Some of the more prosperous were furnished with a large brasier of burning coals, and still more with the national scaldino—the little earthen basket for embers, which seems the chief solace for Roman women, rich or poor. As the entire vicinity was brilliantly illuminated by candles and torches of every description, and by vessels of oil with floating wicks, the effect was startling to a novice.

I was at first too dazed by the wild scene to enjoy it, and repented bitterly my escapade. The cries of the vendors, the chaffering of the buyers, the unrestrained laughter and babble of the spectators were crazing. Every few moments we were forced aside by the approach of a grotesque procession of revelers who came dancing down upon us, sounding trumpets, beating tambourines and drums, blowing whistles, working gigantic "jumping-jacks" (three feet and more in height), with innumerable other "soul-stirring" and "ear-piercing" devices. Our party was eminently grave in its composition, made up as it was of two clergymen of the Dutch Reformed and the Methodist Churches;

three ministers' wives; with the excellent physician to the American Legation and his wife, whose hospitality and kindly offices toward their countrymen and countrywomen visiting Rome are above praise.

But here were we in the midst of Bedlam, and our only alternatives were instant flight or a pell-mell entrance into the revel. While I was preparing myself for the first a shrill blast in my ear, discharged by no less a personage than our portly Dominic himself, quickly succeeded by the deafening flourish of a tambourine above my head by his elegant little wife, provoked me to the second. In five minutes' time, following our leader, the entire party were furnished with the peculiar Befana whistle in the form of parti-colored plaster images, or with ringing tambourines, and were doing their utmost to swell the din. It was noticeable, and perhaps humiliating, as Independence-day baggarts to see how wild and apparently uncontrollable the sport could wax, and yet nothing take place which was either brutal or offensive. There was no drunkenness, no fighting, only unbridled jollity. So fascinating did the sport become that even the silence of the streets on our return did not quell it. We whistled and rung our merry bells to the last, even sounding a defiant blast in the ears of the innocent sleeper at home.

This was our matin service. After dinner my friend and myself, with her bright Baby Bell and her nurse, went to vespers at the church of *San Carlo*.

In this ancient church, built on the site of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, the wooden *Bambino* now usurps the place and healing prerogative of the ogler (if possible) bronze wolf, to which Roman women many centuries ago brought their sick children in faith.

A flight of 124 steps, which once served as the approach to the Temple of Quirinus, now leads up to the church. Up these steps climbed great Caesar on his knees once upon a time, and at their foot Rienzi fell, and so did Baby Bell. These magnificent steps were crowded with worshippers of the *Bambino* and of Mammon. Devotees and sight-seers made their ascent slowly through the press of vendors, who detailed clamorously the virtues of their wares, consisting of books, pictures, rosaries, and charms of every sort.

The pictures and images most popular among the devout were shameful caricatures of the Christ-child and truthful copies of the sacred *Bambino*, whose miraculous graces and gifts are the prime care of the Franciscans of the convent connected with this church. As the country people hold the *Bambino* in special honor, and flock to its feast, this was our most favored opportunity for seeing picturesque costumes, and we lingered long on the steps, observing the various groups as they arrived, and the exhibitions of national shrewdness, drollery, and superstition.

The *Bambino* ought to be good in atonement

for its unspeakable hideousness. It was (of course) wrought from a tree of Mount Olivet by a pilgrim, who, as an artist, must have been like Jean Paul's grandfather—"poor but pious." This devout brewer of wood having fallen asleep over his chopping, that Pre-Raphaelitist of artists, St. Luke, (of course) happened along, and added the finishing touches with his ubiquitous brush. It strikes an unprejudiced inspector of this twin composition that either artist might have done better with "the other dear charmer away." Their united efforts have certainly produced the strangest of all strange gods. Its uncountness is somewhat concealed by a rank overgrowth of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, etc., woven lavishly by the balm, maimed, and blind whom it has healed. It is borne in state to the bedside of the rich and noble invalid, while the poor carry their sick to the *Presepio* itself. The thing can always be seen for a fee (being displayed to the curiosity-hunter after various preparatory genuflections and incensings on the part of the pious showman), but from Christmas to Epiphany its healing lesson arises without money or price.

Among the stories current in Rome is one of a devotee, whose zeal outran her honesty. Being the mother of a frequently ailing family the draft upon purse and time made by the employment of the *Bambino* became oppressive. Accordingly she planned and executed with holy guile the following device: Procuring from the nearest carpenter, or whittling for herself a counterpart of the idol, she seized the first opportunity when the *Bambino* was making a processional call at her house and confiscated it bodily, sending back to the unsuspecting Franciscans the "counterfeit presentment," adorned with the true relic's gewgaws. All went well that day in the lady's home, and all went ill in the Convent. At night, however, according to the story, the vigils of the monks were disturbed by mysterious knockings, and at last a plaintive voice cried, "I am the *Bambino*, let me in." Whereupon the holy men exclaimed, with horror, "Avaunt blasphemer! The holy *Bambino* is safe in the *Presepio*." But the piteous voice kept pleading until the gates opened, and behold there was, indeed, the genuine image, clad only in its native graces, which, going forthwith to its manger, cast out the bogus baby and took possession of its own again. What became of the purloining *materfamilias* my informant said not.

In one of the chapels of the church we found a grand tableau of wax-figures, representing a scene in Bethlehem, which inspired Baby Bell's vociferous admiration. In the centre lay the *Bambino* in the Virgin's arms, she being appropriately dressed for the occasion in a robe of crimson silk, liberally spangled, surrounded by a bevy of most idiotic-looking representations of wise men and beasts. Over against this caricature of that divine scene, which St. Matthew alone has painted from the life, was erected a little platform, from which boys and girls declaim the glories of Mary and the miracles of

the image, which no child of them all would not disdain as a doll. It was here that Hans Christian Andersen's Improvisatore made his debut.

The children were of various conditions; but there was not one of the dozen who spoke during our visit who could not have given practical lessons in elocution in any American college, which it would be to its advantage to “read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.” There was none of the millinery display which bedizens the actors in our day and Sunday school exhibitions. The only attempt at any thing of this kind was in the person of a young woman of six or seven years, who, in honor of the occasion, had extinguished herself by her mother's big bonnet and long-fingered gloves; but there was, on the other hand, no trace of the shamefacedness and starched awkwardness which infects the bone and muscle and cuticle of young American speakers. There was one morsel of a boy, perhaps four years old, who combined the dignity of Everett, the honey-eyed sweetness of Curtis, the impassioned action of a Ward Beecher, with an inimitable grace of his own. This seems extravagant; but several American gentlemen who joined us on this occasion declared the speech of this infant by far the finest exhibition of oratory they had ever heard.

But our delight speedily gave way to other feelings. After vespers, chanted by filthy Franciscans, the great event of the year took place. A magnificent band of music was stationed in the nave, to whose superb marches a long procession, bearing gorgeous banners and splendid symbols, moved once and again through all the aisles of the church. Ecclesiastics of various ranks in rich attire, followed by a dreary file of unclean monks, whose bare feet matched in hue their dingy robes of brown. With various marchings and preparatory ceremonies the whole glittering train swept up to the chapel-tableau, and after profuse genuflection, and grimace, and waving of odorous censers, the image was given into their care, when they all marched and countermarched again, with the Bambino carried at their head in the arms of a bishop, who resembled Daniel Webster, and looked quite as sheepish as that great statesman would have done if forced to carry a big black doll at the head of a Fourth of July procession. The scene without the church was even more amazing than that within. The great flight of steps, the pavement, and every window and loggia in the vicinity were thronged; and when the great procession finally moved to the central door, and the blushing bishop held aloft the Bambino without, as within the church, men, women, and children fell upon their knees in adoration.

Having viewed St. Peter's under a variety of aspects, it remained for us to behold it as the well-appointed stage for the exhibition of Pontifical High Mass, with all its pomp and circumstance. As Pius IX. has outdone the world in Mariolatry, it would be probable that Candlemas or Purification-day would, under his reign, be observed with peculiar honor

as a high feast. Therefore we seized this occasion for going up to the great temple with some degree of that state which I have previously decried—we signifying a sister clergywoman and myself, the young divine preferring on this occasion a solitary “prowl” in search of spoils about Trajan's forum.

Robed and veiled in unmitigated black we drove toward the grand Piazza. As we drew near the throng of carriages increased until we were forced to fall into line, moving at a funereal pace behind a Cardinal's gilded coach, with its red umbrella strapped upon the roof. At regular intervals dragoons were stationed, reining their superb horses with one hand, while the other held a drawn sword. As we entered and passed down the nave, we found the magnificent pillars tricked out with gala crimson-and-gold, while before the bronze statue of *Jupiter*, or Jew-Peter (this musty pun could never be more relevant than here), burned the massive golden candlesticks, which cost either 20,000 or 200,000 scudi each—my note-book being blurry hereabout.

With minds conscious of rectitude of toilet we marched solemnly to the sacred inclosure, where on Christmas-eve we had sat in lone state, but which was now nearly filled with ladies in black. A stately chamberlain eyed us critically, and then graciously passed us in, we returning the gaze with interest, as his costume presented far more attractive points than ours—consisting as it did of a Spanish cloak of velvet, knee-breeches, a stiff ruff about the throat, and at the wrists soft ruffles of priceless old lace; and, above all, a superb necklace of gold.

Having been brought to approve the action of the Church Fathers in regard to costume long before I reached the church, as I saw with what modest grace the veil enfolded the lovely Madonna, my companion, a simple glance around the charmed circle to which we were now admitted convinced me that no costume could be so universally becoming as that ordained and rigorously enforced upon all aspirants to these seats of honor during church ceremonies. It occurred to us that were Protestant assemblies of worship less kaleidoscopic in coloring, corporeal and spiritual vision would be less distracted, and the number of obtrusively-homely women be reduced. Yet it was amusing to see how feminine ingenuity had contrived to introduce richness and even variety into the strictest compliance with the absolute law. Of course the robe—so it were black—might be of serge, silk, or regal velvet; while the head was adorned with every degree of quality and quantity, from the rich folds of a superb mantle (transformed by the aid of jeweled pins into a veil for the nonce) to a coquettish little barbe, or a square foot of simple bobbinet.

Before us sat a party of English women, whose improving conversation we could not escape. Among their words of wisdom were the following: “Who was the Bishop who officiated on Sunday?”—meaning at the English church just

beyond the Porta del Popolo. "Bishop Whipple, dear."

"Where is he Bishop, pray?" "Mimosa, on the western coast of Africa!" But here comes a full drum corps playing lustily, as they usher in two regiments of soldiers, who, being stationed in a double row the entire length of the nave, stand with bayonets fixed during the service.

A brief interval; immense sensation among the girls around us; enter the Guardia Nobile. Our matron souls were not totally unmoved by their perfections. They are the flower of Roman nobility, and yet what knightly deed was ever done by the bravest of them all? The unconfuted soldier-boy in Yankee blue who ever kept faithful watch before a loyal camp outranks them. And yet, in the impassioned words of one of the improving English colloquists before us, "What lovely legs!" Golden helmets, with stiff white plumes, black "waterfalls" three quarters of a yard long, white knee-breeches, high top-boots, blue *cosciales* when at their grandest) coats, completed the costume of these physically and sartorially magnificent fellows, who lead captive silly women (particularly English and American school-girls), and stand with drawn swords on either side of the Pope's chair. Next come in long procession the Swiss Guard in the horrible *autobalafrash* livery which perpetuates the single blunder of the inspired architect, sculptor, painter, poet, statesman, Michael Angelo, who designed it, nodding.

But behold Pius Nour himself issue in gorgeous procession of cardinals, bishops, etc. Although the vestro beavers walk softly, yet the old man reminded me of certain little boys who, aspiring to ride the elephant around the ring at a menagerie, find the exaltation more productive of sea-sickness and scare (against which pride struggles with a sickly smile) than of the anticipated triumph. However, the Holy Father shut his eyes bravely and stretched out two fingers in benediction, and was at last safely deposited in his crimson and gold robes before the altar, and after a moment's pause made for his throne at a rapid pace.

The choir from behind a screened balcony pealed forth glorious music, during which poor Pius again lost his liberty and his gay robes, and appeared at last clad in purest white.

A long ceremony of presentation followed, in which a score or so of church dignitaries marched in solitary state up to the throne and made their salam. The Cardinals graciously received the Pope's hand, which they kissed, humbly kneeling; inferior grandees confined their osculation to the cross on his slipper. Close at hand stood an obliging individual, who caught up the train of each courtier as he approached the throne, and giving it a dextrous double twist (as if by a species of patent clothes-wringer) saved him from inextricable entanglement in his redundant drapery, and enabled him to accomplish the ascent, descent, and retreat (turning the wringer backward for this last purpose, and giving

the spreading train a final snap after the manner of laundresses with bed-linen) with all the independence of a Bloomer.

Now came the blessing of the candles. All the priestly throng were furnished with at least three feet of as yet unblessed wax, as were the majority of princes, ambassadors, etc., who occupied sacred inclosures still nearer the Pontiff than ours. Each candle was laid across the knees of his Holiness, the owner thereof receiving it (the candle) kneeling, first thrusting his head under it as if it were a yoke, and retiring after another application of his lips to the sacred slipper.

A stout old gentleman, with white mustache, in gorgeous uniform, and covered with decorations, lugged up his great candle, and was rewarded by receiving the cardinal's privilege of touching the Pope's hand; he proved to be that martyr for the faith, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, instead of General Scott, as I at first imagined. Ignition instantly followed benediction. Star after star twinkled into light. Once more the Pope mounted upon his elephant, well-balanced this time, since, while one hand was outstretching in benediction, the other was grasping a huge lighted candle.

But it was a beautiful sight when the great procession swept through the immense Basilica, with the glitter of gold and silver and precious stones, the flash of intensest colors, and the thousands of stars gleaming through the glorious aisles. When it was most remote from us it seemed like the shimmer of the milky way, or like the going forth of Ursa Major with all the stars in his train. At its approach all the devout fell upon their knees, except the august Guardia Nobile, and the undevout bowed their heads in obedience to the injunction. Honor the king. Next us had been sitting a little old nun with a bundle done up in a white rag, which consisted of four dirty old candle ends, and a broken umbrella top (to the best of our judgment). Our attention was suddenly recalled from the procession by a sulphurous odor, and we discovered that our sister had deliberately struck a match and lighted her candle-ends, which were dropping greasy tears over our garments, while she alternately wept and prayed in a very rapture of devotion, and picked at the four obstreperous wicks with a crooked pin. Somewhat remorsefully (for we could but admire the absorbed adoration of the little old woman, however misplaced), we insisted on her instantly stanching the tallow lachrymals, but we suffered greater torments thereafter from a succeeding fit of smoky sulks which outlasted the mass.

The final ceremonial was High Mass, and in spite of what we regarded the error and superstition, the moment of the elevation of the Host was indescribably sublime. The silence of death bowed the mighty assembly. A triumphant strain from the hidden choir broke the awful spell. Upsprang the soldiery with metallic ring on the marble pavement; the Guard Noble, who

had bent one knee before the awful Presence, recovered their position and tossed their golden helmets defiantly; uprose the devout people, and last of all up came our pious little nun, all begrimed with smoke and tears. The ceremony was over, save that the Pope solemnly "poored" (as the children say) somebody on the shoulders. Somebody trotted off with his pat of benediction to the next ermine-caped dignitary and "poored" him; Ermine-Cape "poored" Red-Robe; Red-Robe, Violet; Violet, Black; and so on down. Each seeming to say, as in the juvenile play of "Button," "Hold fast all I give you!"

But when the Pope arose for the general benediction he was a grand picture, with his benign countenance, his pure white locks, his venerable figure, and majestically flowing robes of "spotless samite" (for aught I know to the contrary); and I gladly bowed my unworthy head, feeling that "the blessing of an old man could do me no harm!"

And now to the choicest privilege of all the sanctuaries of that City of Sanctuaries.

Come with me into the Piazza di Spagna. No, not up the long flight of steps through the picturesque groups posed to catch an artist's eye; later, if you please, you may climb to Trinita de' Monti and listen to the piping vespers of invisible nuns; but turn to the left and enter this low passage-way. It leads us into a pair of homely rooms, filled with those who, like the Church of the Catacombs, must observe the rites of their

faith in secret. Only under the shadow of the dear old Flag, whose stars never burned so bright to their vision as then, through battle-smoke and tears of exile, can American Protestants find protection for their simple worship in Rome. They are of many names, varying station, and differing creeds, yet they all bow at one common altar in response to the entreaty, "This do in remembrance of Me." Our weekly visits to this homely audience-room are among our dearest memories of Rome.

Late in the evening of our first Sunday in Rome the silence of our unfrequented *vicolo* was perturbed, and our hearts stirred to their depths, by a familiar strain of music beneath our windows: "Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel; for God is marching on!"

The mystery was solved when we were ourselves initiated into one of the choicest privileges. Yes, "sanctuary privileges," possible to a homesick American tarrying in the Eternal City. The physician to the American Legation and his charming wife, mindful of the land from which they came out, and of its Sunday evening chantings in family circles of "Psalms and Hymns and spiritual songs," are wont to welcome their friends quietly on Sunday evening to their handsome appartamento. The fragment of the sublime battle-hymn which had so thrilled us, proved to have been trolled by a party of young Americans sauntering to their lodgings after one of these home-like gatherings at Dr. Gould's.

UNDER THE ARCHES.

OVER the darkening waters

Just at the dusk I came.

When I reached the terrace and archway

The lamps, in their crystal caskets,

Held the night's jewels of flame.

Twin cities, kept asunder

By the strong arm of the bay,

Saluted, one the advancing night,

One the departing day.

I watched the cloud summits, no longer

Volcanic with sunset fires,

The many-roofed city beneath them

Lay like a long, low hill range,

With delicate peaks of spires.

I said, "Oh, sombre city!

Between the clouds and the bay,

I think that my life is like you,

Between the night and the day;

Save that, from its horizon,

There lift no spire-like pointings

To the starry lights of a heaven

That is ever too far away."

Up from the marge of the waters,

Under the arch, there pass'd

A throng from the farther city,

Onward, with footsteps impatient,

Fleeting and following fast.

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They had crossed the darkening waters,

They entered the arch's gloom;

And I thought of another crossing—

Of the stream that is ever darkened,

To the archways of the tomb.

I said, "Full many a burden,

Oh, restless waves of the bay!

Shifting from shoulder to shoulder

Seaward you've hurried away.

Not cold, as I think, nor cruel

To the dead, drowned sorrow there;

But touching the white face gently,

Gently the swaying hair.

Full many a woeful burden

You've floated through shade and shine;

But you never have stilled the beating

Of a wearier heart than mine."

Suddenly turning, I saw them

Above me, far on the heights,

The throng, pressing upward and onward—

On, past the many mansions

And the long, long lines of lights.

And I looked, with a strong swift heart-thrill,

To the utmost stars of the dome,

As I thought of another ascending,

Up from the death-cold river,

Out from the sepulchre's archway,

On to the restful Home!

MR. MUDDLAR'S MISTAKE.

AS I am Mr. Muddlar, and the story I am about to tell is one of my own discomfiture, I may as well allow myself in the beginning the privilege of a little explanation.

I detest people who are always thrusting themselves and their private affairs upon the public, and still more do I condemn those who are constantly running into stupid mistakes. But all men are liable to err, and in an unforeseen moment I enrolled myself also in the immense army of blunderers. I committed a ghastly mistake which was not so blamable, perhaps, but which has told most unfortunately on my social position. It has, in short, made me ridiculous, and to be made ridiculous is one of the most blighting disasters that can occur to an aspiring young man in fashionable society. Now if I had committed a crime—killed some one, for example, in the heat of passion, or put another man's name to a check for a large amount, I should only have had some temporary difficulty. If my lawyer had not been a sharp one and well fed, I might, perhaps, have been sent to the Penitentiary for a year or so, until a new Governor should have been kind enough to let me out. I might, too, have had some severe things said of me in the papers, but what is that? The mass of mankind would have ignored me completely, and the women, always kind to a young and handsome man, would have pitied me from the bottom of their sensitive little hearts.

It was my misfortune, however, not to commit a crime, only to perpetrate a blunder, and for that I must suffer.

It was the night of the Prince of Wales's ball, and I, the happy owner of a ticket, had been among the first to avail myself of its advantages.

Inwardly thanking fortune that no troublesome sister, aunt, or cousin, could make use of my arm or require my protection, and bother me during that evening of pleasure, I walked into the ball-room a well-dressed, well-looking, and serenely happy individual.

To be well-dressed and well-looking is the duty of every one who enters the charmed circle of society; and since my highest ambition has always been to push my way into the most sacred inclosures of distinction, neither of these duties have I ever disregarded.

Not being a practical man as far as business is concerned, I did not thwart the inclinations of an uncle, who early offered me an allowance "till I should be able to make my own way in the world." This uncle, who lives up in the country, and is a youngish and active man himself, certainly has no idea of the expenses of living in New York, as I have done, for some years. Still I have been afraid to urge my ideas too strongly upon him, lest he should entirely ignore them, which would be decidedly unpleasant. In the mean time business does not grow, but the claims of society are constant and enormous. I am continually receiving, and continually accepting ball, dinner, and lunch

invitations. I can sing a little, and therefore am very useful in amateur concerts and private theatricals, and, indeed, I may say without vanity that I am a leading man in my set.

To return to the ball, however. I must freely admit that not merely to appear before royalty, and to obtain my rightful share of Green Seal, had I donned my best dress suit and a three-dollar pair of Jouvin's gloves. I was engaged to Adeline Forbes for the first set, and to meet her, and to close up a little affair that had been some time pending between us, was the principal object of the expense I had incurred.

A man in my position, with a soul too large to come down to the dry details of business, and also a taste for elegant life such as I possess, has only one means of escape from the demon of poverty—he must marry an heiress. It is a painful sacrifice, I must admit; but one which, in my case, could not be forgotten or avoided. So, looking around on the "garden of girls" for the best and most eligible party, I lit upon Adeline Forbes.

She was very plain, of course—heiresses always are. She was tall, thin, yellow, and had a particular twang in her voice which thrilled me to the back-bone; but she had many good qualities. In the first place, her property was large, and entirely under her own control; she was generous to a fault; and had, I was certain, a great regard and admiration for me. I had been for a long time hovering on the brink of an offer, and this night I was determined should finish up the proceedings.

I therefore hunted her out the very first half hour that I was in the walls of the Academy. She was on the arm of that disgusting fortune-hunter, Staples, with a splendid bouquet in her hand, but received me with the utmost pleasure, and a blush that was even more flattering.

"You have your bouquet, I see," said I, taking it out of her hand, while Staples retired in disgust. "I suppose you know where it comes from."

Now these remarks really mean nothing, and amount to nothing in case the bouquet is sent with a card; but in case of its being an anonymous gift (as flowers so often are), the person speaking gets all the credit. I can not afford to send bouquets, but I might as well get some credit for my wishes, if not for my deeds.

Adeline looked down and blushed again.

"I think I can guess," she said, archly; "these are your favorite flowers, Mr. Muddlar."

"Hut, by Jove!" thought I, but I said nothing. I only smiled and looked up at her (she was considerably taller than I) with a beaming expression.

"And what a lovely dress!" I went on to say, and how it becomes you. I never saw you look better than you do at this moment!"

This was perfectly true, but Adeline was a fright at the best of times. Just then the music struck up, and I, intent upon closing my business with Miss Forbes before she should be dragged away from me by her impatient part-

ners, said the fatal words on the spot, and offered myself, heart and hand, to my scraggy goddess in blue and diamonds. Her answer rather astonished me, but was encouraging:

"I am somewhat taken by surprise," said she, "although I now see I should have been prepared for this, but I hardly supposed you were a marrying man. Last week I should have accepted you at once; something has occurred to-day, however, in my private affairs, to make me hesitate. You must give me time to think it over."

I trembled lest some fall in stocks should have imperiled her fortune. I should not, perhaps, have said any thing, but Adeline was amiable and obtuse, and I thought I could risk it:

"I hope," said I, "you are not troubled about any thing important—any miserable money affairs or losses; it is terrible to think of your being unhappy about any thing!"

Here she was joined by Staples, who had been dogging her for some time. She had no opportunity for the reply I hoped to hear; however, to keep her a few minutes longer, I proposed joining the great crowd that was going up to be introduced to the Prince of Wales.

Everybody remembers the catastrophe of that evening. Just as Adeline and I were advancing toward the dais, there was a sound as if of cannon going off, a sudden stir and tumult among the women, and Adeline Forbes, although on my arm, went down about two feet lower than her accustomed level, and I was left standing high and dry on the uninjured part of the platform.

For a moment my usual presence of mind deserted me; instead of immediately hauling her out of the pit, as I should have done, I rather hastened out of the immediate scene of danger, and when I recovered myself and returned to her aid, Staples had pulled her out and carried her away with him.

This was certainly a most unfortunate occurrence, but it was one I was powerless to prevent. No one with a particle of sense could be expected to run the risk of breaking a leg under such circumstances, and not being a very powerful or stalwart person, had the fair Adeline come down upon any part of my corporeal frame I should have been squeezed into jelly in the space of five minutes. So Staples got the better of me for a time, and I retired discomfited.

I may say, however, that I managed to pass the time till supper quite pleasantly, in spite of the disappearance of my fair one. I waltzed with several pretty young girls, who were good dancers, though bad matches. I was not introduced to the Prince myself, though I spoke to many that were; indeed I may claim to have interchanged some words with his Royal Highness in person, although probably unknown to him, for I managed so cleverly that in coming out of the supper-room he nearly knocked me down in the angle where I had taken my position, and when I begged his pardon he told me it was no consequence whatever; which was as

much conversation as he exchanged with most of the people that evening.

But I now come to the point of my story on which I can no longer dwell with calmness. Certainly the "bottle imp" himself must have arisen out of the glass inclosure from which I took my first draught of Champagne, and firmly, although unseen, attached himself to my fortunes on that night. Never again was I to walk through the mazes of good society an unmarked man, and never to be sure that the smile with which I was greeted by a new acquaintance was not the result of a too intimate knowledge of my fatal mistake.

It was just after supper was announced, and I, always ready on a great emergency, had already made friends with a waiter, and was helping myself liberally to the good things provided, when I heard a soft and well-known voice behind me. The words were these:

"Why, there is Tommy Muddlar! I know him by his hair!"

Now I hate to be called Tommy, and allusions to my hair, which has an auburn hue, are decidedly disagreeable; but when the voice that spoke was that of Bessy Graham, the rosy-cheeked, little country maiden, whom I flirted with when I staid at my uncle's in the summer, and dreamed of all winter long, anger was simply impossible. I flew toward her immediately, with the newly-opened Champagne bottle in my hand.

"My dear Miss Bessy! When did you come to town? I am delighted to see you!"

The truth was, that was my second bottle of wine, and the unexpected pleasure of meeting my old friend threw me completely off my guard, so I said a great many very foolish things. In the first place, she was as pretty as pretty could be; fresh, fair, and gentle as a new-blown daisy, and with that arch, simple coquetry that is so attractive in the young and graceful. Then I well knew that she in her heart of hearts really preferred me to all the rest of the world. In her country home I had shone as a brilliant meteor, summer after summer, before her dazzled eyes, and now she appeared upon my theatre of action, and charmed me in return. Her dress was faultless; how, with her restricted means and country tastes, she could have contrived such a telling toilet I am at a loss to imagine; but there she was, fresh, radiant, and confiding, and all for me!

I soon saw that her manner was somewhat *distracte*, as if some hidden sentiment she dared not divulge were struggling for utterance; and I felt at that moment that I should never marry Miss Forbes, come what might, and that Bessy, with her empty purse, was worth a thousand Adelines rolled into one.

The Champagne and sentiment had decidedly affected my mental vision.

"Bessy," said I, recklessly, "how is that wonderful uncle of mine? Does he never mean to die and leave me his money?"

"You wicked young man!" said she, quite

soberly, "I hope he will do nothing of the sort. What are you good for if you can't make your own way in the world with so many advantages?"

"What advantages?" said I, breathless.

"No matter," said she, shaking her head, and looking extremely roguish; "there is an heiress here, at this very ball, I have no doubt, whom people say Mr. Muddlar is very devoted to."

"Upon my word, Bessy," said I, "it's all deuced nonsense! I have flirted a little with Adeline Forbes, but I don't care a pin for her, and you know it perfectly well. She is a tall, gawky-looking animal, and resembles a giraffe in ermine. I can't bear her!"

"And you never seriously thought of marrying her?" said Bessy, her large soft eyes looking larger and softer as they were bent full on my face.

"No, 'pon honor I never did; and if you will marry me, Bessy, I will promise never to see Adeline Forbes again!"

By this time the wine was so completely in my head that I do not hold myself responsible for any of the remarks that followed. I told Bessy a thousand things that I might better have kept to myself, and concluded by offering to show her at a distance her dethroned rival. All this time she said nothing but blushed, and looked rather frightened at my vehemence. She would not even give me any sort of an answer, but threw me over for a definite reply till the next morning at her hotel. When I proposed to hunt up Miss Forbes, however, she assented, and put her hand in my arm immediately.

That was altogether the pleasantest night I ever passed in my life. Bessy knew no one but her escort, a fat old lady who troubled nobody, and, taking her under my protection, I threw expediency to the winds and devoted myself exclusively to her. We danced together (I took good care not to introduce any one else), we walked together, and talked together till three o'clock in the morning, when tired, but radiant, I committed her to the care of the fat chaperon and bade her an affectionate adieu.

Then the excitement died away, and I knew that I had made an eternal fool of myself!

The reaction was sudden and complete. Had the floor opened for the second time that evening and swallowed me up I should have thanked my stars and gone down contented; Brown might have boarded me over, and I should have smothered and made no sign. As it was I groaned aloud in agony.

"What is the matter?" said Miss Forbes coming up, looking really anxious, "I have been standing near you for some time and you have not seen me. You look so ill, Mr. Muddlar, is any thing distressing you?"

Here was a lucky means of escape! Adeline was a nice girl after all, and as to money, she could buy out poor little Bessy a hundred times over. Perhaps after all I could take the back track in time—so I sighed and said—well, no matter what I said—but Adeline Forbes went

home that night as much engaged to me as I was to Bessy, and I went home a perjured man, with two women on my hands and a frightful headache torturing my brain.

I may as well admit that I did not sleep any that night; indeed, I did not attempt it. Taking off my best coat, I wrapped myself in my traveling-shawl, and endeavored to meditate on my dreadful position. Finding this impossible, I put my head out of the window (my room is a sky-parlor in Bleeker Street, looking back), and tried to cool my fevered brow. Alas! there is a sailor living next door who keeps a parrot. This parrot was spending the night outside of the window, and hearing mine open began, with his usual vulgarity, to swear in the most frightful manner. He informed me that I was a fool forty times over, and wound up by requesting me, in every tone of which his shrill voice was capable, to go to the devil. Unfortunate wretch that I was, had I not already reached that goal?

I concluded, as the morning began to dawn, that I would write a note to Bessy and explain my position. She was a warm-hearted, confident, simple-minded country girl, and after dropping some tears over my unhappy fate and her own disappointment, would return in a few days to her own quiet home, and disappear from my path forever.

As to Adeline Forbes, I was not such a fool as to let her slip through my fingers. Heiresses are not to be met every day, or married by young men without fortune or profession. Plain as she was and unlovable, she was nevertheless a prize, and after having gone as far, and succeeded as well as I had, no Bessy or any other woman should stand in the way of my happiness.

Happiness? Yes, I pondered over the word, but after repeating it once or twice it seemed altogether natural and proper. It is happiness to have one's debts paid, one's home palatial, and one's future secured. All this would come with Adeline Forbes, and even with such a drawback I could call it happiness.

I sat down to write my note to Bessy. It was long, affectionate, and explanatory. I told her that had my uncle done the handsome and proper thing this painful conclusion to our friendship would never have occurred. I explained the miserable state of my finances, the constant calls and drains that society made upon my time and purse, how unfitted I was for a quiet domestic life, and how unable to push my own way in the world, as the more sordid and grasping of my contemporaries seemed so well able to do. The end of the note, however, was the most delicate part of the affair. In it I intimated that I knew that there was one person who loved me better even than her fortune; she had plainly showed me that her feelings were beyond her own control, and that in my broken-hearted condition I was uncertain what the issue would be of this complicated affair. She was plain, she was awkward, she never could have my heart—that altogether belonged to Bessy—

but she loved me to distraction, and I *pitied* her. If Bessy ever saw me dragged into a hapless marriage, let her not blame me, but blame, as I did, my wretched destiny and a sordid relative.

This was the end of the note. As I directed the envelope to the New York Hotel, where I knew Bessy was staying, I remembered that that too was the abiding-place of Miss Forbes.

This young lady was in a delightful state of orphanage. She had an old aunt who chaperoned her and did her bidding; but *she* was dependent and harmless; such relatives count for nothing in the domestic drama. Adeline was therefore to all intents and purposes an independent female.

As early as was proper in the morning I made my appearance at the New York Hotel, and requested of the obsequious waiters admittance to Miss Forbes's parlor. Under the circumstances this was nothing out of the way, particularly as Adeline always saw her company in her own suit of apartments. I was informed, however, that Miss Forbes had left word that I was to be shown into the public reception-room, and there accordingly, "chewing the cud of painful meditation," I remained three-quarters of an hour at least. At the end of that time I rose to go in search of the waiter who had taken my card, when I beheld advancing toward me two forms whose appearance and contiguity sent cold chills over me in rapid succession.

Here were Bessy Graham and Adeline Forbes, arm in arm, talking together, and walking directly toward me.

My first impulse was to take my hat and run; my next to see what was the meaning of this extraordinary conjunction of circumstances, and whether it bore upon me or not. I still hoped, fool that I was! A man with two women in league against him had better give up the game as lost; and the moment they came near enough to show the expression of their faces I saw that I was their enemy, and that they had made common cause against me.

They shook hands with me, however, with an assumed cordiality, and almost leading me into an unoccupied corner, they each drew up a chair and waited silently, as if for me to begin the conversation. Of course I said nothing. What could a man say who had got himself into such a ridiculous position? I took up my hat and began to rub it round with my glove, in a most conscious state of confusion, I have no doubt.

"I was not aware," said I, at last casting a dagger-like glance at Bessy, "that you and Miss Forbes were friends."

Bessy smiled a wicked, contemptuous smile.

"Yes, we are the best of friends," she said; "her aunt is also an aunt of mine, so we may be said to be almost related. That is not the point, however, Tommy Muddlar. You have offered yourself last night to two young women, and naturally they feel somewhat curious to know which offer you mean to stand by. Don't be afraid, my dear Sir," she added, blandly;

"speak your whole mind; we shall be able to bear the information, whatever it may lead to."

Just to think of that simple-minded child Bessy, talking to me in that style! I was petrified. "Bessy," said I, throwing into my voice all the pathos it was capable of, "did you get my note, and did you betray me?"

Here Adeline, who had said nothing so far, recovered her voice and spoke. "Bessy is my friend," she said, "Mr. Muddlar, and has done the kindest thing in her power in undeceiving me in this manner. Ugly as I am, a perfect giraffe in crinoline, I *have* a heart as well as a fortune. I do not wish to give one without the other. I believed you were sincere, why I know not, except that I am too credulous, and not a very good judge of character perhaps. Bessy has undeceived me, and I am eternally grateful—" She stopped, and the tears came into her eyes.

What a mistake I had made! This woman, after all, concealed real feeling beneath her uninviting exterior, while Bessy, little Bessy, was a viper, a vixen, and a termagant. What a double fool I had been!

"Thomas Muddlar," said Bessy, going on, and driving the iron still deeper into my soul with a malignity perfectly disgusting, "I consider your whole behavior in this matter as beneath contempt! I never did think much of you, since the first time I had the pleasure of meeting you under your uncle's roof. To eat a person's bread, and then to sneer and scoff at the bounty which keeps you alive, is a meanness of which I believe you alone are capable. This second development of character is, therefore, perfectly in keeping. It was a great restraint to listen to you last night in silence; I had a reason for it, however, and my self-control has proved extremely useful to all parties. I never had the least intention of accepting you for one moment; your pathetic note, therefore, was entirely thrown away."

"Then you have been deceiving me in the most shameful manner!" I said, angrily; "and what is more, I do not believe you now, it is all jealousy!"

Miss Forbes looked at me sharply.

"Mr. Muddlar," said she, "if I believed you capable of real love for Bessy I could forgive you all your sins against me. Heiresses," and she sighed softly, "are the natural prey of society, and must suffer in silence. If," she added, with much dignity, "want of money is the only bar between you two say so at once; I have influence, and can get some position for you, if *that* is the only difficulty in the way. I am entirely above petty enmity in a matter like this."

"Well, I am not," said Bessy, quickly. "I despise such characters from the bottom of my heart; and as to marrying Mr. Muddlar, I would not do it if he were like a Hindoo idol, incruusted in gold. I abhor fortune-hunters, and heiress-seekers, and men who live on other people's money. The man I marry must be honorable

and independent as the day. Sneaks and parasites I detest!"

Bessy looked as angry as I ever saw a woman when she said this, but so handsome that I forgot every thing else as I looked at her.

"Where will you find this paragon?" said I, with a sneer.

"I have found him!" said she, abruptly, stopped and added with a smile that lit up her whole face like an illumination, "he is your uncle!"

Here was a death-blow. My heart died within me as I thought of my allowance; however, there was no use in compromising myself farther. I only said, hoping for a brief moment that it might be a hoax:

"Are you going to marry my uncle, Bessy Graham? I do not believe it."

"It is quite true, and your uncle is not very far off, and will confirm the statement if necessary, also my friend Adeline."

I turned to Miss Forbes, but not for further information; I felt that that was useless.

"I owe you a humble apology, Miss Forbes," I said, taking my hat and preparing for departure. "Bessy has nothing to complain of in me that her vindictive nature has not been fully able to revenge; but to you I feel, and ever shall feel, grateful. You have a heart, and in this trying moment you have neither reproached nor contemned me. I only wish I could prove to you how much more attractive your kindness makes you appear in my eyes than any external advantages."

"It is no matter," said she, drawing away from my offered hand; "your opinions now can not influence me, and should never have done so. I have been weak, short-sighted, and I blame myself more than I do you; but you have been unkind, most unkind!"

"I know it, and you most generous; but forgive me, Adeline, I will never trouble you again; let us part as friends."

I put out my hand again, and she took it, and let me hold hers a moment with a most lover-like pressure. I really believe if that confounded giggling Bessy had not been looking on I should have carried the day after all! I really loved Adeline Forbes in my heart at that moment, and with nobody standing by I could have made her believe it; but no, the Fates were against me. Two gentlemen entered together at the moment and greeted us with many smiles and much boisterous warmth. My uncle and Mr. Staples.

I am quite certain that the latter had been within hearing of the best part of the conversation, for Bessy, I think, would not have told and Adeline dared not; but any way it was all over town the next day, and my chance of a rich marriage was gone completely.

This is the story of my great mistake; and as every body has joked me about it until all shame was lost on the subject, I determined to tell the whole truth of the case, and so make an end of it forever.

Of course the women would have nothing more to say to me, and the men were glad to have an opportunity to laugh and sneer. But it did not make so much difference after all. Adeline Forbes, in an unobtrusive way, got me a lucrative position in a friend's banking-house, which has rendered me for some years independent of my uncle and Bessy. My business this summer will take me abroad for a year or two, and when I return, if Adeline Forbes is still unmarried (she has refused Staples I know), who can tell, after all, what may be the upshot of Mr. Muddlar's Mistake?

A STUDY OF LEGS.

SIX o'clock and ten minutes.—Here's a nice-looking place in the basement. Now for a little refreshment. I'll pop down here a moment. "Coffee and toast, my lad, as quick as luck." I wish this stool had a back. I'd give a dollar to lie down a quarter of an hour. What, Legs—all Legs! People on the sidewalk above me, all hurrying along Broadway, are nothing to me but legs. Broken legs, blue legs, gray legs, and black legs; big legs, little legs, long legs, short legs—all kinds of legs. I see nothing of their bodies or arms from my seat, but I seem to make out the whole of each man. What nonsense! What I see is only shaking trousers of various hues and dimensions. But there are limbs in each, and in each limb a thousand pulses and a thousand nerves.

There goes a leg. It is gone. My hat upon it, that leg is after the doctor. It moved with an indescribable anxiety and urgency. There was a tongue higher up thronged with unspoken words of announcement and appeal. The heart that was pumping the blood into that leg was heaving with burdensome solicitude. A wife was dying. I see her. She knows she is to go. The doctor said as much days ago. She tells her husband not to seek the physician. But is there no hope? She *might* be saved if the doctor would hurry. She *might* die before he could return. What anguish in his hesitation! A kiss and an embrace, passionate to violence, and he goes. "Don't leave me, John!" John's answer is a choking sob and a burst of tears as he rushes to the crowded and heedless street to fight a way through the throng with those poor aching legs I saw. Oh, John, turn back—

There goes a leg of substance. There is good rich fat in those pantaloons. Tenderloins rare, fine old Madeira, with now and then a nip or so of the pure *vinum adustum* straight from the Custom-house—all have a say in it. That leg is on its way to a carriage. It was in favor of every forward movement of the Army of the Potomac, regardless of loss of life. It was not a leg to be daunted while substitutes averaged \$600 and railroad stock was high. That was a loyal leg, and, with the blessings of Providence and a lucky turn in the Stock Exchange, it staid loyal throughout the war.

There is a blue leg—two of them, though not well matched. I see whose they are. They are carrying a soldier to his agent for the fiftieth time to inquire whether the Pension-office has placed him on the roll. The last time he inquired a letter from the Commissioner was shown him to the effect that the sworn affidavits of three respectable soldiers who saw him bayoneted did not prove any thing, but he must get the captain or some other officer he served under to certify to the facts “on his honor.” He is thinking now whether his agent wrote to the Commissioner what he told him to say, viz.: That one of his officers was a man of honor, and would not certify because he did not personally witness the wounding; and the other, who did, refused the favor of a certificate. And he told him to say, moreover, that the oath of a private soldier was better than the word of honor of an officer. But, poor fellow! what do you know of law? You had better give up looking for your pension. Every body knows you were hurt in battle, but you are an unpopular fellow with your officers, and you can not get your pension without them.

There’s a leg that will win. It is a long leg, with a bad piece of old dry-goods on it. It is not springy, agile, or quick; yet not sluggish, nerveless, and insensible. It carries an unhappy man, who has always been worsted, but who never stays whipped. He takes long, camel-like strides, putting his foot here and there irregularly, but always—just like that now—with a dogged conclusiveness and a fair, flat emphasis. He is all head and feet when he walks, the rest of him taking all adventitious shapes, but these two extremities being ever consistent with each other, like opposite poles of a battery. His voice is unmusical—I can see it in the crook of his knee now—and his manners undignified. His clothes are decent, for he is too unaffected to dress in ostentatious rags, and too negligent of social favor to dress genteelly; and as barely decent, he is never looked at except when he unconsciously provokes derision by acting as if he were somebody. He never can comprehend how he should be so strangely misunderstood by all the world; and now, at forty, he begins to feel as if he did not care. He does not see his way clearly through the world, but plods on. He will not conform to the world, and does not dream of the world conforming to him. He does not care much about it. His ambition died with his youth, and he is a lonely bachelor. That leg has length of days and invincible tenacity. Other men will be declining when his strength will be at its height. Go, old fellow, and marry! Forty is only a little too old for you. For the world will shortly take a turn that will give you some hand in its affairs. Such a leg as that never got cold since the world was made without a great fuss being made over it by the king, the bishop, and the biographer, unless casualty locked its pulse before old age. The reason you have not been famous for twenty

years past, man, is that you would not cheat the world out of its honors. But then if you had done so, by this time you would have been found out. Jog on, long leg. The French Academicians are talking about you now, a little, though they know nothing about your name or person. Prepare yourself, old glum, with some babies and a fireside. Without an Aurora the fogs of your long night will hover over your coming noon; but she would shine them away, and give you a morning for the long and cheerful day which will come for you yet. But he is gone to his star-gazing.

There’s a leg that does me good. It is clothed in coarse and dirty cloth, but comes to a neat, fair fit. It is rapid, yet I see by the passive in-step that it is fatigued. It is going home to sweet kisses and a hot supper. It has bustled about a shop all day, and was glad when the six o’clock bell rang. The industrious and skillful mechanic always adjusts his clothes, washes his hands, and presents a respectable mien when he goes home. He knows where little Kitty will meet him, how Neddy will run, and the baby will peep. His wife is not waiting for him, for I see by that leg that I am thinking about the right man. She will look at the clock, and then bring in the tea, because she knows just when he will come. This evening she allows fifteen minutes later, because George is to go to a bookstore over on Grand Street for a copy of a new book of the rudiments of science for children, and to see a sick woman over on the Bowery. She feels pleased, for she has good news to tell him. She has just been told by the agent that the landlord (*mirabile dictu!*) has lowered the rent in consideration of their careful tenancy, and agreed for another year at a handsome abatement. With this difference George is to buy drawing materials for Jane, some additional furniture for the parlor, and pay for photographs for distribution among kindred and friends, besides an increase in the amount of the customary charities, and have yet a smart sum for the savings-bank. Go on, George! You are the typical citizen. On you and your likes rest all the glories of nations and peoples. From fire-sides such as yours emanate all the institutes of public order, public good, and public will. Let all the learned, the great, and the rich pass away, and you would still be a nation, great as ever, a society perfect as ever, a people mighty as ever. Go home, George, where you belong.

That leg, now, is a brisk one. Pretty as a patent medicine bottle, it comes down into the neatest little boot of all the world, and pats along with a thousand supernumerary little jerks, as if, like an echo, it would die if it stopped, or as if, like the dancing moon in the water, it had so many motions that it did not know what to do with them. That is a young leg. Its nerves are strung at the golden thumb-screws by the rosy fingers of Hope, who trails her shining gossamers, thick as hair on the head, through the soul of that youngster, and shuts out all winds but the breeze of her own

impalpable wand with which she shakes the shining delusion into infinite complexions for his rapture. Is she a deceiver? No. He deceives her. He abjures conscience and reason and devolves upon Hope the responsibility for his happiness through life. She is doing as best she may. But, young man, hold still a moment. Listen! If only you could keep your legs still, your head would soon reckon up your account. Whose boots are those? Whose watch is that? Whose money is in your pocket? "Necessities to a gentleman." Eh? Nothing is necessary that is not right. "Trifles easy to reimburse." Yes, but to whom easy? Not to the poor, and the rich are those who have, not those who expect riches. I see you, long years hence, in situations too terrible to describe to you. But I see you, at the best, long years hence, in shabby and threadbare clothes, with cast-down countenance, wasted form, and feeble step, sollelting humble but honest employment, with a real desire to begin a new life. But your heart will be too heavy with its burden of bitter regrets. Gentlemen's clothes, watches, and pocket-money you will not have. That leg I see now, so elastic and elegant, will be trembling and languid, awkward with shame and ugly with premature age. Why not put off the fine things now? Think what you would make by it. All prepossessions in your favor, years of industry and opportunity before you, and all the blessings and powers of youth still yours—what should you care for boots, watches, and pocket-money with that leg I see on you now? Take the habiliments and lose the legs, or throw aside the habiliments for a while and save both them and the legs. Save your legs, did I say? Your honor—your soul, boy! Save it. But he don't hear me. He's gone.

More legs—that is a coward's. His knees are lifted high at each step, while the lower leg and foot dangle, and the latter slaps the ground like a shingle. He walks with his abdominal muscles and helps them with his shoulders, which he does by relaxing the breast muscles and turning his elbows outward. The step is heavy and decisive once made, because the creature has not courage enough to qualify it. Poor coward! The scorn of women, the sport of wags, the tool of tyrants. Cowards are not always born so, as it is certain that the brave were not always born to intrepidity. Will nobody speak a word for this worst punished of all offenders? Shrinking sensibility in childhood can be turned into cowardice by calling it by so shameful a name. The child does not doubt that it is really natural irresolution; and to believe you have not the courage to do it, is saying that you are afraid to do it. These legs in all their life, perhaps, have encountered no danger but what it was possible to fly from; and they fled, of course, because their owner, believing himself a born coward, had sense enough not to expose himself. That his passion of resistance is moderate argues not against his capacity for iron firmness, but conclusively in favor of his

having—as those legs unmistakably have on all occasions—self-possession enough about him to know how to escape. Yet those legs are delicately moulded—I see by the knee-pan—but muscular, I see by the calf. The instep is flattened by the habit of gait, but its mobility in the air shows its high arch, an unerring mark of manhood, of nerve, and of daring. This coward was born to no weakness but a humane horror of the brutal and sanguinary, and an exquisite sense of outward contact, spiritual or physical. That he should shrink from violence should have but exalted the courage to which he was born. But the vulgar notion of courage—that is, a love of fighting, he never thought of questioning; for what priest, or poet, or historian ever did? and as he was most distinctly conscious of an unspeakable horror of a fight, he never undertook to withstand danger like others, until, in course of time, he acquired a habit of living in a state of apprehension, which made it the principal business of his life to foresee and escape danger from every thing. Come, man, don't be afraid; you are young yet—put down your foot like a man, walk with your legs, swing your arms, look straight ahead, fill your lungs and allow your abdomen to go about its business. There's pluck enough in you for a terrier; though your wife don't believe a word of it, and never did, poor girl! She found out your imagination, your taste, your love of excellence, and, especially, your love for her. But that you concealed three years for fear Bob Davis, a rival, would knock you down. Now I'll give you a definition of bravery. You go home and ask your wife whether it is satisfactory. If she says so, all right. Act on it. Say this: A brave man is one who will not desist from a just purpose in consequence of peril to his person. If you stick to that your neighbors will find you as brave as themselves. And if you stick faithfully to it you will, as any man—but particularly the great murderers of history would have been—be pretty sure to get to the end of life without one single fight. But slap, slap goes the poor fellow's feet on the sidewalk, and other men's legs thicken the throng.

Here is a leg to write a book on. That is a thing of power. It is long, sinewy, and easy in motion, but with a marching precision that wastes not a fibre's tension. The foot is planted so firmly and regularly that the ground seems always to smooth itself where this man walks. No inequality in the pavement disconcerts the perfect action of the limb; and there is a consciousness of power in the gait that inspires an instinctive action in all the neighboring legs to get out of the way. The person moves fast, but the legs do not seem to be quick because they measure the time and space, and fit both without any jerking. That man is a born leader. Among all mankind he is most certain to find his level. Men, however proud, delight in being proud of some greater object than themselves. What is voluntarily conceded is not so great as what can oblige concession. Greater self-confidence than

mine obliges me to concede leadership to you, Iron-leg. Arrogance is your greatness—and great it is as the world goes; for by that you have the most skillful, the strongest, the most gifted hands in the community where you reside to turn your grindstone. Imputed talents show in you fruits like real ones do in others, because you conduct a kind of presidency over the riches of other minds, and even claim that doing so is exercising the highest talent of all. Grant you, Iron-leg, it is the talent of kings and rulers; but you will never get a presidency over the intellectual progeny of the tramping old stargazing bachelor, whose legs I saw a while ago, nor over the poet's song, the painter's pencil, or the philosopher's microscope. You—

Bless me! Here is my coffee and toast, cold as a dog's nose! Now I must be after my own legs.

THE FOOD OF BIRDS.

"**H**OW rich our Lord God must be!" says Martin Luther in his Table-Talk; "I do verily believe that to feed the sparrows in Germany costs Him more than all the revenue of the King of France."

What do all the birds eat? Where do they all find food enough to support their own lives and the lives of their young? These are questions which are continually coming up in everyday life, together with that other set of reproachful queries as to why the birds don't eat up the caterpillars and canker-worms, and let alone cherries and strawberries. In view of the very general interest which attaches to the matter, and of the frequency with which the above-mentioned questions are asked, it seems strange that so small an amount of organized knowledge bearing upon this subject has as yet been collected.

As to the large amount of food which some birds are capable of absorbing there is a set of thoroughly scientific experiments by Professor Treadwell, of Cambridge, upon the young of the American robin. A couple of vigorous, half-grown birds having been selected in the early part of June, the Professor began to feed them with earth-worms, giving three of these to each bird the first night; next day he gave them ten worms each, which they ate ravenously; but thinking this quantity of food to be greater than that which could naturally be supplied by their parents he limited the birds to this allowance. On the third day he gave to each bird eight worms in the forenoon; but in the afternoon he found one of them becoming feeble, and soon after it refused food and died; on opening it, he found the crop, gizzard, and intestines entirely empty, and concluded therefore that it had died from want of sufficient food, the effect of hunger being perhaps increased by cold, as the thermometer was only about 60°. The other bird, still vigorous, he put in a warmer place, and increased its food, giving it the third day fifteen worms, on the fourth day twenty-four, on the fifth twenty-five, on the sixth thirty, and on the seventh thirty-one worms. These quantities, however, seemed to be insufficient, and, as the bird appeared to be losing plumpness and weight, the Professor began to weigh both the bird and its food, and to tabulate the results of these weighings. By this table it appears that though the food was increased to forty worms, weighing twenty pennyweights, on the eleventh day the weight of the bird rather fell off, and it was not until the fourteenth day when the bird ate sixty-eight worms, weighing thirty-four pennyweights, that his weight began to increase. On this day the weight of the bird was twenty-four pennyweights; he therefore ate forty-one per cent. more than his own weight in twelve hours; weighing after it twenty-nine pennyweights, or fifteen per cent. less than the food he had eaten in that time. On the fifteenth day a small quantity of raw meat was offered to the bird, and it being found that this was readily eaten it was afterward employed to the gradual exclusion of worms.

As an offset to the objection that the earth-worm contains but a small amount of solid nutritious matter, the bird was fed upon the twenty-seventh day exclusively on clear beef, in quantity twenty-three pennyweights; at night the bird weighed fifty-two pennyweights, this being but little more than twice the amount of flesh consumed during the day, no account being taken of the water, earth, and gravel, of which large quantities were daily swallowed. This presents a wonderful contrast with the amount of food required by the cold-blooded vertebrates, fishes, and reptiles, many of which can live for months without food, and also with that required by mammalia. A man at this rate should eat about seventy pounds of flesh per day, and drink five or six gallons of water.

With regard to the question, how can this immense amount of food required by the young birds be supplied by the parents? Professor Treadwell enters into the following computation: Suppose a pair of old robins with the usual number of four young ones, these would daily require, according to the consumption of the bird subjected to experiment, two hundred and fifty worms, or their equivalent in insects or other food; suppose the parents to work ten hours, or six hundred minutes, to procure this supply; this would be a worm in every two and four tenths minutes; or each parent must procure a worm or its equivalent in less than five minutes during ten hours, in addition to the food required for its own support. But after all the Professor is compelled to confess his inability to reconcile the calculation with actual observation of robins, which he has never seen return to their nests oftener than once in ten minutes.

The bird experimented upon by Professor Treadwell attained its full size on the thirty-second day after having been captured, after which time it ceased to increase in weight; its diet from this time on amounted on the average

to eighteen pennyweights of beef or thirty-six pennyweights of earth-worms per day. From the fact that the bird thus continued in its confinement, with certainly much less exercise than in the wild state, to eat one-third of its weight of clear flesh daily, the Professor concludes that the food consumed by it when young was not much more than must always be provided by the parents of wild birds.

But it is more particularly with regard to the quality of the food of birds that we know so little. In the pewee and the king-bird the naturalist sees a couple of large "fly-catchers," of exceedingly interesting habits, to which the largest courtesies should be extended; while in the eyes of many farmers these birds are simply malevolent destroyers of bees; and it may well be possible that, by destroying insectivorous insects as well as bees, these birds really do more harm than good, looking of course from the lowest utilitarian point of view.

Everybody is aware that the crow eats a few grains of corn at the time of planting, and that the robin eats cherries and strawberries with avidity when these are to be had, but what do most of us know of the food of the crow, or of the robin, during the other fifty weeks of the year, more than that the latter is occasionally to be seen regaling himself upon earth-worms and the former upon carrion? that the contents of the stomachs of a dozen or two of crows have been examined and recorded by naturalists? and that the species is accused of sucking the eggs and destroying the young of various small birds which nest upon the ground? By the standard works upon Ornithology we are told that the crow devours insects, grubs, worms; that he destroys mice, moles, and other small quadrupeds; and that he will eat snakes, frogs, and the like, as well as fruits, seeds, and vegetables. But the testimony is so meagre that we may well pause to question its worth when called to sit in judgment upon the moot question whether or no, year in year out, the crow does commit more of good than of evil as regards mankind.

Then there is the cherry-bird, with his striking traits of beauty, beneficence, and evil, to-day sweeping away the canker-worms as with fire and sword; and to-morrow cleaning out the cherry-trees as effectually as if a flight of locusts had passed over the land; and again, a few months later, feasting upon the cedar-berries in the same reckless way. And yet how little do we really know of the ordinary food of the cherry-bird; for with the foregoing items we have accounted for only three or four weeks of his yearly life. It is note-worthy, by-the-way, that, with the Baltimore oriole, the cherry-bird is one of the very few members of the feathered tribe which will greedily eat the hairy caterpillars which infest our orchard trees.

The American goldfinch, or black-winged yellow-bird, with his notorious liking for the seeds of dandelions, lettuce, and the thistle, can be followed through a month or two, and some

of the vireos and wood-warblers no doubt find an abundance of moths and other insects to supply their wants; while the dietary of the various woodpeckers seems to be tolerably well understood, though it has lately been asked by a distinguished ornithologist whether, after all, the country boy's name, "sap-sucker," as applied to some of the woodpeckers, is altogether a misnomer?

But how is it with the swallows? Take the hardy "white-bellied swallow" (*Hirundo bicolor*) for an example, as he follows the sun northward with a seemingly most indiscreet haste. What does he find stirring in the insect line during the first days of his arrival? What do the blue-birds eat from day to day during their long sojourn? And so on with all the rest.

With regard to the robin all these questions have been answered very satisfactorily—at least in so far as a single locality is concerned—by Professor Jenks, of Middleborough, Massachusetts, whose very interesting report to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society will be found in the published Journal of that Association. Professor Jenks, having determined to make the food of the robin a subject of special investigation throughout an entire year, in order that some positive conclusion might be arrived at in reference to the utility of this bird to the horticulturist, adopted the following plan of investigation: (1.) to obtain birds at daybreak, mid-day, and sunset; (2.) to obtain birds from both the village and the country; and (3.) to preserve in alcohol the contents of each gizzard. Beginning with the first week of March, 1858, specimens were actually examined at least weekly, and most of the time daily, to December, and during the winter months at least semi-monthly.

As far as the specimens procured at daybreak were concerned no positive information seems to have been obtained, since the gizzards of these are represented to have been either entirely empty or but partially distended with well-macerated food. But the birds killed in the latter part of the day were uniformly filled with food which had been only recently taken. Numbers of male robins made their appearance at Middleborough early in March, but it was not until the second week in April that any female birds were noticed. From the early part of March up to the first of May not a particle of vegetable matter was found in the gizzard of a single bird. Nine-tenths of the whole mass of food examined during this period consisted of a single kind of larva, the *Bibio albipennis*, of Say, though a great variety of other insects in all stages of growth and development were also met with. Of the larva in question from one to two hundred specimens were frequently taken from a single gizzard, and usually when this larva was found it was the only food in the stomach. During the month of May the *Bibio* larva entirely disappeared from the gizzards, being replaced, up to the 21st of June, by a variety of insects, or worms only, including spiders, caterpillars, and beetles of the

family *Elateridæ*, the parents of the well-known wire-worm so destructive to corn and various seeds at the time of planting.

The earth-worm, though a favorite food for the young bird, was found to be eaten but sparingly by the adult. After the 21st of June the Professor began to find strawberries, cherries, and other pulpy fruits, though these were still mixed with insects in the majority of instances; birds captured at a distance from gardens and fruit trees having less fruit and a larger number of insects in their gizzards than those taken near the village, the robin not being an extensive forager. This mixed diet continued from the ripening of the strawberries and cherries until October, the vegetable portion consisting, during August and September, in great part of elder-berries and poke-berries. During the month of October the vegetable diet wholly disappeared, its place being supplied by grasshoppers and other orthopterous insects. Early in November the robins which have passed the summer among us migrate southward—the few immigrants from the north, which are seen by us during the winter months, managing at that time to eke out a miserable existence upon bay-berries, privet-berries, and juniper-berries.

Somewhat similar in conception to the researches of Professor Jenks, though of much wider scope, are those to which M. Florent Prevost has devoted himself in France. As one of the naturalists in charge of the famous collections at the Garden of Plants in Paris this observer has had a peculiarly good opportunity to study the question now under discussion. During nearly thirty years he has taken pains to collect and preserve the contents of the stomachs of all the birds which have been brought to the Museum, to say nothing of large numbers of specimens procured specially by himself and by the foresters of numerous public and private estates who have interested themselves in his behalf.

It is to be regretted that the complete details of M. Prevost's researches have not been published. As yet we have only an abstract of his results, and the promise of a circumstantial account of his studies at some future day. Among the more note-worthy of M. Prevost's conclusions may be mentioned the fact that the food of birds varies according to the age of the bird as well as according to the season of the year—the observation of Professor Jenks, that earth-worms are eaten by young but not by old robins, being evidently nothing more than the particular case of a general law. M. Prevost has ascertained also that the young of the greater number of granivorous birds are really fed upon insects, and that even the adults themselves are insectivorous during the breeding-season. A familiar instance of which we have in this country the common chipping sparrow; and the same remark applies to those species of birds which in early spring devour the buds and young leaves of trees. It was found also that there are but few of the birds of prey—even those which are

most truly carnivorous—which do not at times partake of insects as food.

The more carefully one studies the subject, so much the more astonishing does the place which is occupied by insects in the alimentation of birds appear. As every one knows, there are stated seasons of the year when certain kinds of insects make their appearance in large numbers, and at these times it would almost seem that the very abundance of this food induced the birds to partake of it. For example, during the interval when the June-bug is abundant portions of this insect can be found in the stomachs of the greater number of the birds which inhabit France at that season of the year; and the beetle in question is then found also in the stomachs of many quadrupeds, from the little shrew-mouse up to the wolf.

M. Prevost asserts his ability to demonstrate, so soon as the details of his researches are made public, that birds are in general much more useful than hurtful to the husbandman, and that even the damage committed at certain moments by the grain-eaters proper is largely compensated for at other times by the consumption of insects by these very birds. He insists, moreover, upon the necessity of seeking for new methods of protecting those crops which are liable to be injured by the feathered race, instead of resorting, as now, to the suicidal policy of destroying or seeking to destroy the latter.

The influence of food in determining the vagabond life which is led by many kinds of birds is remarkable. While some animals, without change of habitation, make out to obtain nourishment throughout the year by resorting to different kinds of food according to the season, others confine themselves exclusively to such aliments as can be obtained only under peculiar conditions of climate, their food being found only at stated periods in any one country. Now, in the case of quadrupeds, when a given species can not adapt itself to changing circumstances, can not obtain continuously the food suitable for its maintenance, hibernation is the usual resource: the animal simply sleeps through the unfavorable season. But with birds this curious phenomenon of hibernation does not occur—at least naturalists have not been able to detect any evidence of its existence; not even enough to account for the widely-spread popular belief or prejudice that swallows pass the winter in the mud of ponds; but instead of that, and equally dependent upon the question of nourishment, we have the still more remarkable phenomenon of migration, when, following the calls of hunger, the feathered myriads pass to and fro over the countries of the earth.

One curious point noticed by M. Prevost furnishes a remarkable contrast to the insatiable hunger and lack of endurance exhibited by the young robins of Professor Treadwell: it is, that some species of birds are capable, at certain epochs, of living for a long time without food, their stomachs being found to contain at these seasons no alimentary matter whatsoever, but

only indigestible substances, such as, most commonly, the feathers of the bird itself in the form of large balls, the purpose of which appears to be to keep the stomach distended. This peculiarity was frequently observed in the various species of grubs, in the winter months, during the prevalence of frost.

It is undeniable that the results obtained by the naturalists above-mentioned are exceedingly valuable; but they serve only the more clearly to indicate the need of a more humane, a more manageable method of inquiry. There are few persons so situated that they could study the subject in the style of M. Prevost, and there are many who would shrink from the wholesale slaughter which is unavoidable in the system of Professor Jenks. What is needed is a method of research which shall not involve the destruction of the bird in order that we may examine the things which are put into its stomach. There is, of course, the familiar method of noting every particular instance in which birds are seen feeding upon any thing the character of which can be well ascertained. The method, if it were perseveringly carried out by a number of different observers, working in connection with each other, and all reporting to a common centre, would undoubtedly lead to valuable results. But besides this there presents itself another plan which, though applying, it is true, to only a portion of the breeding season, could be so easily carried out that it would seem to be worthy of careful trial. This consists merely of a modification of the school-boy's system of rearing young birds through the intervention of the parent birds. The nest and young birds therein contained being placed within a wire cage, this is left hanging upon the tree from which the nest was taken, so that the parent birds can feed their offspring through the bars of the cage. This they will soon proceed to do, and in a short time will labor for the support of the young birds as tranquilly as if nothing had happened. Now to any one who has ever seen this method put in practice, and has noticed the heedless way in which the young birds push and crowd one another about whenever the parent comes to distribute food among them, it will be evident that there would be little or no difficulty in so arranging matters that a portion of the food proffered by the old birds should fall, not into the open mouths of their offspring, but into the bottom of the cage, whence it could be taken for examination at the convenience of the observer. Little if any thing more would be needed than to so adjust the position of the nest within the cage that the young birds could neither have access to the sides of the cage, nor be able to reach completely to its upper bars; and in case the food consisted of living insects, some adhesive coating, like glycerin, for example, would of course be needed at the bottom of the cage.

Now taking, for the sake of example, the one hundred and seventy species of land-birds which are enumerated in the Report on the Ornithol-

ogy of Massachusetts, there are probably at least sixty per cent. of these, the habits of which, as regards food, could be thoroughly made out in a few years by a combination of the methods of research last mentioned, and by the united observations of several contemporaneous observers at different stations. Of the very general interest which would attach to a fund of knowledge of this description, and of its great importance, not only to the husbandman, but to all lovers of nature, there can be no question.

Is it too much to hope that in this land, where all men are familiar with the value of co-operation and accustomed to the conduct of Societies, there may not be one day established an Association for the Advancement of Knowledge which shall be truly in harmony with the spirit of the times in which we live? Such a Society, possessing somewhere a central office or bureau in charge of competent officers, and sending out ramifications into all sections of our common country, so that it could number among its active members every person of observant habits and scientific tastes throughout the length and breadth of the land, would quickly settle a host of questions, like this of the food of birds, which are too large to be grasped by a single man.

EDUCATION OF THE COLORED POPULATION OF LOUISIANA.

ONLY a few years elapsed after the settlement of Louisiana in 1699 by the French, before slave labor was introduced to aid in developing its resources and sustaining the colonies. For a century and a half since that period has the contest between freedom and slavery been waged there, and always under circumstances favorable to the latter. In many of the English colonies along the Atlantic coast loud and repeated remonstrances, until the era of the Revolution, were made to the mother country against the introduction of this element among the population; but in the early history of Louisiana we find that no systematic opposition was made to the use of slaves, or apprehension of future evils by their presence. The early governors welcomed slavery as the only means of causing prosperity to visit their country, and the whole moral and political influence of the people was in favor of its general adoption as a part of the political economy of the country. The monarchs of France regarded slavery as a proper element of industry in their colonies, and as long as their revenues were increased by the slave-trade they saw nothing but humanity and civilization in its practice.

The early history of this State blends the sober realities of truth with the poetry and romance of the Middle Ages. The chivalry of France and Spain watched over the birth of Louisiana. Kings and statesmen fostered its early growth, and the treasures of Louis XIV. were liberally expended to make it a success. Every thing which wealth, power, or influence

could do was employed to make this colony one of the most favored in the New World. More than three hundred years ago its mighty forests, its endless swamps, and majestic rivers were crossed by De Soto, who, returning after a fruitless search for gold, when worn out by toil and disappointment, was buried beneath the turbid waves of the "Father of Waters," which he was the first to discover. A century and a half later other adventurous spirits attempted to explore and settle this country. Long before the English had made any explorations beyond the Atlantic coast and fringed the ocean with their settlements the French Jesuits had penetrated to Lake Superior, and, descending southward from the Great Lakes, had mapped out the country from the Falls of Saint Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico. Among these missionaries and adventurers are names which history will never pass over in silence. Nearly a hundred and ninety-three years ago Father Marquette and Joliet were the first explorers of the Mississippi. Seven years later Robert Cavalier de la Salle and Chevalier de Tonti descended this river to its mouth, and lived to tell of its grandeur in the gay salons of Paris. Following these heralds of a new empire came Iberville, Bienville, and Father Anastase, the founders of the first permanent settlement in the State, and the spring of the last year of the seventeenth century saw their first rude cabins erected on the bay of Biloxi.

But prosperity avoided the little colony at Biloxi. The settlers were accustomed to the bracing atmosphere of Canada and the milder breezes of France, and could hardly endure the burning heat of the sun and pestilential vapors of this semi-tropical clime. Sickness and death invaded their ranks, and their ignorance of the diseases peculiar to this climate carried many of them to a premature grave.

As early as the year 1708 the colony favored the introduction of slave labor. It had already been introduced into the West Indies from Africa, and it was very naturally supposed that it was essential to the prosperity of the country. Indians were first taken and compelled to work for the colonists, but they were soon found to be unprofitable, for they could not be confined to their masters' plantations. The same practice had already been tried in Massachusetts and Connecticut with a similar want of success. In order to supply the great demand for labor, Bienville, the Governor of the colony, wrote to the French Government proposing to exchange Indians for negroes with the West India Islands, but his request met with an unfavorable reception. When the entire control of the colony passed into the hands of Anthony Crozat, in the year 1712, slavery was already introduced, and he was authorized to perpetuate it by sending a ship once a year to Africa for negroes to be employed by the inhabitants as slaves. From this time, when slavery was first legally established in the colony, until the Proclamation of Emancipation—one hundred and fifty years—

has the system of slave labor been tried with every facility for rendering it successful. It commenced when the colony numbered only about three or four hundred inhabitants; it has ever since been fostered by Legislative enactments and judicial decisions; it has struck its roots deep into the social system, and is it strange that it should be difficult to eradicate?

From Crozat the colony passed into the hands of the Company of the Indies, whose act of incorporation required that the demand for labor should be supplied with three thousand negroes. In all succeeding administrations slave labor seemed to be regarded as essential to the success of the colony, and until the last few years it has been the fixed policy of the people to make such laws as would protect it and render it perpetual.

The "Black Code," first established by Bienville, has ever been the model for all legislation on this subject. When the colony was first taken possession of by the Crown of Spain, in the year 1769, the laws of the Black Code were retained with such modifications as the *Siete Partidas* made on the subject of slavery. This system of laws, first completed in the year 1263, has ever since been the Blackstone of Spain and her colonies. Although founded on the Roman civil law, it is the most complete and well digested system of laws on the Continent of Europe, and is still the authority in the countries of America settled by the Spaniards. In this system of law the subject of slavery is well defined, and the regulations are evidently based on the code of Justinian. The old Spaniards seemed to have no scruples about the justice of this institution; their long wars with the swarthy Moors, and their proximity to the African coast, conspired to make them look upon this subject with complacency and lend it their sanction.

The early settlers of Louisiana were mostly descendants of the "Latin races." With the exception of a few Germans who settled in the parishes of St. John the Baptist and St. James, and who have now lost all trace of their former language and nationality, this State, up to the beginning of the present century, was settled wholly by people from countries bordering on the Mediterranean. In nearly every city the peoples of France, Spain, Italy, and Portugal are represented. They brought with them their customs, language, and their religion which they have carefully preserved. In one half of New Orleans one finds little to remind him that he is in America. He hears a foreign language in the streets, the shops, and the cafés. He finds hundreds of people not able to speak the English language, and who have never regarded themselves as Americans although natives of the United States. In most of the schools the textbooks and all the exercises are in the French language, and English is taught as a separate branch. When he enters the courts of justice, he finds the civil law to be the basis of all judicial proceedings, the *Code Napoleon* and the *Partidas* are oftener quoted than the comment-

aries of Blackstone and Kent, and often the examination of the witnesses and the pleadings of the counsel are in a foreign tongue.

This peculiar state of society in New Orleans has not been without its influence on the free colored population, who have become an element which will well repay examination. While the statute laws of Louisiana have been very severe against the marriage of whites with people of color, the social customs have tolerated it in a great degree. Since the first introduction of negroes into the colony a mixed race has existed there. The cohabitation of colored persons with whites is not allowed to have any legal effect; but the Catholic church recognizes unions of this kind, and binds the husband to support and provide for his offspring. This, however, does not prevent him from entering upon other marital relations.

Among the French and Spanish settlers and their descendants, the *condition* of the colored people, rather than their *color* as a badge of slavery, has been the subject of popular prejudice. They looked upon a slave and his descendants as an inferior class, simply because they were in a degrading condition of servitude, and not because they bore a darker skin. In the North and in States settled by the English the prejudice is one of color rather than condition. Here the colored man is tabooed, no matter what his antecedents may have been; the emancipated slave, just free from his master, is as much humiliated and respected as he who can trace his lineage through several generations of freedmen. The slightest admixture of African blood is fatal, not only to his social standing, but even, as a general thing, to his respectability; and this interpretation of the social laws is the one usually adhered to by the "American" population of the State.

After the revolution in Saint Domingo a great number of free people of color came to New Orleans to reside. Many of them were men of wealth and culture, owning large properties in that island, who had received their education in France. The French was their native tongue, and their early associations were with this race, which never carried the prejudice against color to the same unwarrantable extent which has prevailed in the United States. In their new home they found a State of society congenial to their taste; and, modified by their presence, it became one of the peculiarities of the Crescent City. From these people had arisen a class which is different from any other in the Union. They have been accorded many privileges and rights, which one would hardly expect in a State where the laws against education are as stringent as they appear on the statute books. Among the French and Spanish settlers an entirely different feeling existed toward their children of a mixed race from that which the emigrants from the States usually manifested. A man of the former class never appeared to regard such offspring as attaching any disgrace to his character, and was usually desirous of hav-

ing them educated and trained up in such a manner that they would be an honor to himself. If he were living with a slave, it was the usual practice to emancipate her before she became a mother, in order that her children might be free, and the consequence was that they were sent to private schools, and obtained such an education as the father could afford to give them.

It sometimes happened, if the father were a man of wealth and influence, that the free child of a mixed race was sent to the most fashionable schools in the city, and it was no uncommon thing for them to be sent to the white boarding-schools at the North. In the former case the wealth and respectability of the parent was a sufficient guarantee for the admission of the pupil. In many instances they were educated in the best schools in France.

The number of these colored creoles who have received a foreign education can not be exactly stated, but it will not fall much short of two thousand. Among this class are many who have already obtained prominent positions among the people of their own color. Some are merchants, who are transacting a wholesale business with the principal houses in France; some are bankers, some are editors, and some are physicians, who have a large and lucrative practice, and have received their diplomas from the University of Paris. The profession of law has been so jealously guarded that they have never been allowed to practice in the courts, and their energies have been mostly confined to the medical profession and the various pursuits of trade. Their style of living and dress corresponds to their circumstances. In fine, I very much doubt whether there is another city in the United States where so large a colored population exist who are so prosperous and well-educated as in New Orleans.

The consequence of this state of society has been, that in this city private schools for colored people have long existed and prospered. The law has tolerated them by a significant silence on the subject. Public opinion has also tolerated them by a *quasi* encouragement and patronage. Under the old régime this was one of the delicate subjects which the people did not think it best to interfere with in advance. They reasoned thus: "Any thing so weak and insignificant as these schools appear to be can be let alone till some solid reason arises for suppressing them, meanwhile we are strong enough to protect ourselves against any evil results from this course." An opposite course might have defeated their own ends, and given some excuse for an excitement on the delicate subject of negro insurrections. So the law held its power in reserve, and while it placed heavy fines and punishments on those who taught the slave population, and kept a strict watch over the movements of the colored people, especially their religious meetings and social gatherings, it refrained from going any further.

But among this class of people there are social chasms as wide and deep as between themselves

and the whites. Aristocracy is not confined to color, race, or condition. The very fact that the stringency of social laws shuts them out from all familiar intercourse with the white races; that they are obliged to worship in their own temples, attend their own places of amusement, educate their children at their own schools, and live as a separate and distinct class of people; and above all, that they have no political power, tends to develop this trait of character. It is unavoidable, and in some extent necessary, in order to enable them to preserve their own self-respect.

The same contracted views prevail on the subject of religion and education. The French creoles are mostly Catholics; and this is the creed which usually prevails in their private schools, although I am not aware that any of them require any religious test of their pupils or their patrons. Their sympathy for every thing French leads them to adopt the national religion of that country. These people have little to do with the Freedmen's Bureau, and do not recognize it as having any application to themselves. They object to being placed in the same class with the freedmen just released from bondage, and seem to feel that they are a superior race, in the enjoyment of advantages which their less fortunate neighbors never obtained.

Many of these free people of color have been slave-owners, sometimes the husband purchased his wife, and occasionally a husband was owned by a free woman. In some parts of the State they own large plantations, and occasionally had the reputation of being far more severe toward their slaves than the whites. During the recent war many of this class were as strongly in favor of the rebellion as the veriest fire-eater whom South Carolina ever produced, and they defended the divine right of slavery as zealously as any of the disciples of Calhoun or De Bow. They as firmly believe that the inferiority of condition necessarily attaches to itself a lasting dishonor as the whites do that color is a badge of an inferior race.

Mr. Bouguille, a very successful colored creole teacher in New Orleans, relates an instance illustrating this current of popular opinion among the people of his acquaintance. On one occasion, long before the war, he was the recipient of a bright-looking boy, whose master and father solicited the favor of his attending school. Mr. B. made no objections, as the respectability and standing of the father was a sufficient guarantee that no legal proceedings would result from the act; but after a few days he found that every one of his pupils had decided to leave him. They had found out that a slave was being taught in the same room with themselves, and their parents would not allow such an indignity to be perpetrated upon them. Finally, Mr. B. was obliged to compromise the matter by dismissing the slave pupil, and calling every day at his master's house to give him instruction. His pupils agreed to remain, and the school prospered as usual.

It has already been shown that these free people of color not only copy our prejudices but sometimes improve on the original. With a little observation one will find that their standard of respectability contains as many different strata as Hugh Miller discovered in the Old Red Sandstone—with about as many fossil ideas as he found classes of distinct vertebrata. Especially is this the case in their schools. In some of these private institutions the standard of respectability is very high, and only those of the best society, and whose skin is tolerably well bleached with an admixture of Caucasian blood, can be admitted. In others the grade is placed lower, but the same principle is recognized; while the great majority of the Professors make the social condition of the parents the only criterion. The majority of these schools are open to all pupils who were born free, and whose parents can afford to pay the monthly stipend required. They are usually held in private houses, without any external appearance which would indicate that the building was used for educational purposes. In former times the greatest care was often taken to conceal this fact, especially when there was any pretext for complaint.

There are at present in New Orleans from fifteen to twenty of these private schools. The Freedmen's Bureau knows nothing about them; the city government does no more condescend to notice them than it does the colored boot-blacks around Saint Charles Hotel. Yet they are silently exerting a great and beneficial influence on the free people of color; and the great success which has attended them clearly demonstrates that if the recently emancipated slaves are ignorant of the rudimental branches of an education it is not their own fault. In these schools men who would have been an honor to any white race or nation had their ideas first awakened to a love of study. Two illustrious examples are the Rev. Sella Martin of New York city, an eloquent preacher and pastor of a large and flourishing church; and Victor Sejour, now the private Secretary to Louis Napoleon, and one of the greatest dramatic writers in France. Yet these men were born in New Orleans, the latter in the Third District, and laid the foundation of their present greatness in these schools. These have imparted instruction to hundreds, who, on coming to maturity and finding no opportunity to display their talents in a land where they were a proscribed race, have sought other countries where the prejudices against color do not exist, and there acquired wealth and fame. These people are entitled to no little praise for their efforts under adverse circumstances to educate and elevate themselves. It speaks volumes in behalf of this race that they have been enabled to accomplish such results while taxed to support white schools.

Much the largest part of the colored creoles are of a mixed race; many of them can hardly be distinguished from persons of pure Caucasian blood, and so long has this gradual process of

miscegenation been going on that it is often difficult to detect it. In many of the private schools there is not a single specimen of a full-blooded African: and in the schools under the Bureau, notwithstanding the influx of population from the country parishes, there is as much as seventy or eighty per cent. of the children of a mixed race. Yet this class of people own taxable property in New Orleans, valued at fifteen millions of dollars, and annually pay a school-tax of thirty-seven thousand dollars for the exclusive support of white schools.

The largest colored creole school in New Orleans is under the patronage of the "Catholic Society for the Instruction of Indigent Orphans" (*Société Catholique pour l'Instruction des Orphelins dans l'Indigence*), which was founded on the 29th of April, 1847. An old colored woman, a native of Guinea, known as Widow Bernard Convent, died on the 29th day of June, 1837, and left by her will the lot and buildings situated on the corner of Union and Greatmen streets, for the purpose of establishing a school for colored orphans, and on the day first mentioned ten influential free men of color, residing in New Orleans, organized a society for the purpose of establishing and supporting one or more schools for the instruction of indigent orphan children of both sexes. This society, being regularly incorporated according to the laws of the State, has the usual powers granted it of holding and acquiring real and personal property, and expend the moneys arising from whatever source in the maintenance of the school; make all laws and regulations necessary for the discipline, education, health, and religious instruction of the pupils; and, when they arrive at a suitable age, to place them, with the consent of those who have them in charge, as clerks in stores and warehouses—to bind them out to learn some useful trade, or dispose of them in any manner which may be in accordance with the charitable designs of the institution. Persons who contribute the sum of two dollars and forty cents per annum are considered as directors. This institution now contains about two hundred and sixty pupils, taught by seven colored teachers. The two sexes are kept entirely separate—the boys on the first-floor and the girls above. Instruction is imparted in English and French, as text-books in both languages are used. It has been maintained until recently by contributions, charitable collections, the proceeds of balls, fairs, and occasional grants made by the Legislature and city Government, which, since the capture of the city by General Butler, has amounted to seven thousand five hundred and thirty-six dollars. Before the occupation of the city by the Federal troops small appropriations were sometimes made by the State, but never sufficient to give it an adequate support. The method of instruction is very good, and the progress of the pupils does honor to the teachers. Some of the pupils have mastered the principal rules in arithmetic, and progressed as far as the square and cube root. The specimens of writ-

ing there exhibited are very neat and correct. The pupils read in both the English and French languages with great fluency and with a proper modulation. Their general conduct is quiet and orderly. They are neat in their persons and tidily dressed. With two or three exceptions they are all of a mixed descent, and many of them so white that it would be difficult to discover that they were remotely allied to the African race.

This institution, though under the patronage of the Catholic Church, is extremely liberal in its favors. No religious test is required, and children of every denomination attend. If they are not orphans in needy circumstances they pay a tuition fee of one dollar and fifty cents per month to defray the expenses of the institute. This school is now under the charge of Professor Armand Lamusse, who has an able corps of assistants, some of whom were educated in France and Saint Domingo. Its long and successful career has been a great benefit to the free people of color in that part of the city.

In the parish of Pointe Coupé there is a large number of free colored families who have long resided there, and have accumulated considerable property. They have supported their own schools, and the general standard of education among them would be creditable to any people in the South. It was their usual practice to obtain rooms in the principal houses, and employ colored teachers during the whole year, the pupils paying a regular tuition fee. For more than fifty years have their schools been kept open in this manner, and the result has been that, out of nearly two hundred colored families in that parish who were free before the war, only one family is unable to read and write, while among the white population from twenty to thirty per cent. are in ignorance.

In the city of Baton Rouge a similar state of things exists. Ever since the first settlement of the place the free people of color have formed a large per-centage of the population, and have grown up to be a wealthy and respectable class. They have their churches and schools, their pastors and instructors, and, like their brethren in New Orleans, they form the strange spectacle of an important element of the population deprived of all political power and influence. In the country around Opelousas the free people of color own large tracts of land, and have long been known as wealthy and successful planters. Before the war the Grumble Bell school for free colored children, near Opelousas, was in successful operation for many years, and usually contained about one hundred and twenty-five pupils and four teachers. In those days the usual terms were fifteen dollars a month for board and tuition. Since this school has been closed many of the youth have been sent to the private schools in New Orleans.

But while the free colored people had many privileges allowed them through the sufferance of the dominant race, far different were the educational advantages enjoyed by those in bond-

age. Although it was a little short of death for a slave to be caught learning to read, and still more dangerous for them to teach one another, yet there were occasional instances where they managed to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. In spite of all the laws and edicts of State and municipal authority, the free people would sometimes secretly teach the slaves, and these would teach one another when they had an opportunity.

In so large a city as New Orleans, where great numbers of free blacks and slaves were crowded together, it was sometimes impossible to keep the latter in ignorance, notwithstanding all the precautions which were taken and stringent laws which were passed. Intelligent free colored men would often ignore the differences of condition, and run the greatest risks in teaching the slaves. They would have their schools at night in a room on some dark alley, where only one or two pupils were allowed to enter at a time, changing their locality every few weeks in order to avoid suspicion, and when their nocturnal exercises were over they separated in the same secret manner. Money was not the motive which induced them to run these risks, but the love of danger, the thirst for knowledge, the instinct of benevolence, and the habits of secrecy which slavery engenders prompted them to take this course.

One of the most prominent colored pastors of New Orleans, Rev. Stephen Walter Rogers, of St. Thomas's Church, has given the writer an interesting account of his efforts to obtain an education, which was emphatically a "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." He was born in North Carolina, and brought to this State when but a few months old. When about fifteen years of age he was sold to a planter in Alabama, and having been removed to several places in Tennessee and Mississippi, at last he became the body-servant of his young master, who was very much attached to him and treated him almost like a brother. The planter, who was uncle to this young lad then preparing for college, put a great deal of confidence in this slave, and made it a part of his duty to act as commissary to the rest of the slaves in giving out their rations. On one occasion the slave ventured to ask his young master to teach him to read, and received the rather indefinite reply that "he would think of it." After a few days the young man went to town and bought Stephen a Webster's Spelling-book, and when he gave it to him, he told him that it would be death to him to be seen about the place with a book in his hands; and since the old master had gone to New Orleans, leaving the place in the hands of the overseer, he would have to be very guarded in his attempts to learn to read. This bit of good advice the slave was shrewd enough to heed, and so every night after the overseer had gone his rounds throughout the quarters, and satisfied himself that all the slaves were indoors, this favorite servant would get his book and slip out into his young master's room, and then for a period of

three months there were very few nights that Rogers did not hear the clock strike two or three in the morning when poring over his spelling-book—the young master having taught him till he was overpowered with sleep.

At the end of this time the young master went to college, and Rogers opened a school among the slaves on the place, selecting only those for his pupils in whom he could place the most implicit confidence. The school-room was a stable-loft over the carriage-house; but for prudential reasons the school was never opened until ten o'clock at night, when they were satisfied that all the white people in the place had gone to bed. The usual school session lasted from ten until two in the morning. The school furniture was of the simplest kind; the seats were piles of corn, bundles of fodder, old harness, horse-collars, etc. Tallow-candles of their own manufacture were used by the pupils for lights, and the candlesticks were made of thick pieces of plank with holes bored in them; lamps were also made of tin, shaped somewhat like an oyster-shell, with a wick at one end: these being filled with lard and the wick ignited gave a dim light. The pupils, disposed in two rows on each of the seats, sat back to back, and left a space between the seats sufficiently wide for the teacher to pass. The number of pupils which he usually had was about forty; and as books were scarce and rather an unsafe investment, five pupils usually read out of one book, they holding the book and light alternately. Through the connivance of the young master a few spelling and copy books had been obtained for the use of the school; but after he left the plantation the school was supplied by a Jew peddler passing through the place and doing a business decidedly contraband, who furnished the negroes with twenty-five more Spellers at the price of one dollar each, which were kept carefully concealed when not in use. The greatest care was taken to keep the proceedings secret. In order to prevent the lights from betraying them the cracks in the stable-loft were carefully stopped with fodder, moss, cotton, rags, etc.; and in the winter the school met in a large cellar, to which they easily obtained access, as Rogers kept the key in his possession.

In this manner the school was kept up for about a year, at the low price of twelve and a half cents a pupil per month—just enough to pay for the books. At the end of this time the plantation and all the hands but five were sold, and the school completely broken up. Fortunately for Rogers, he was among the number who were not sold, but was brought to New Orleans, and here he was employed in a store for several months before his master found out that he could read. On making this discovery his master was far from being displeased, as in his new situation the services of his servant were far more valuable; and he was employed in sampling cotton, as a collector for the house, and general outdoor runner to the banks and steamboats.

In the year 1850, while acting in the capacity of a preacher, he published a small book of about fifty pages, consisting of extracts from his sermons, Bible narratives, hymns, and religious meditations, for the use of his Sunday-school. A copy of this book, entitled "Rogers's Compositions," now lies before me. The doctrines inculcated in it are strictly orthodox, and the language chaste and correct. It shows that the slave improved his advantages for reading to the utmost advantage. I do not know that there is another instance of a slave author on record, and certain it is that such an enterprise was very unsafe for him to undertake at that time. Not till after the glad news of freedom had been proclaimed throughout the land did he dare to let the public know of the existence of this work.

In a note to the writer accompanying a copy of the book Mr. Rogers says: "You will see by this little book, which I published in the year 1850, while I was a slave and superintendent of a Sunday-school of nearly three hundred scholars, which I gathered in one of our colored churches, that our colored Sunday-schools were in operation before the war. This book was a daring piece of my own; and you may safely say that you have seen a book published by a slave before the war, and at that time it was quite a curiosity, and a secret to the friends of freedom."

In the year 1852 the master died and left this slave free by his will, and on the eleventh day of May, the same year, he was regularly emancipated by the executor of the estate—the last slave set free in Louisiana before the passage of a law forbidding masters giving liberty to their slaves. For some years before he had been a pastor in one of the colored churches in New Orleans, and he still continues to be highly respected as a preacher.

It sometimes happened that a master wished to have his slave learn to read and write, in order that he might be more useful about his store, warehouse, or cotton press. In such cases a smart, intelligent slave was usually selected and sent to a private teacher, who gave him the necessary instruction. In order to protect the teacher from prosecution, and secure him from any legal consequences which might result from an illegal act of this kind, the teacher was furnished with a written permission from his master to instruct the slave; and this was posted upon the walls of the room, in order that the police might know who was responsible for this departure from the laws. A few years later, however, stringent laws were passed, prohibiting even this act of kindness. But the occupation of teaching the slaves was regarded as very degrading, and unless the teacher exercised more than ordinary prudence he was brought before the magistrate and severely punished. The police were ever on the alert to watch for any infringement of this rule, and it often happened that the teachers, with all the protection which the slave-owners could give, were mobbed and

insulted by the evil-disposed "Thugs" who infested the city. It was for this reason that women were usually found, whose circumstances compelled them to perform this drudgery, their sex protecting them from annoyance. It often happened that in spite of all these precautions the educated slave was considered a dangerous person in the city, and had to be sold to gratify the pressure of public opinion, which could not be appeased without this sacrifice. When traded off like an unsound or vicious horse, and removed to a sugar or a cotton plantation, it was generally supposed that the Argus eye of the overseer would prevent his learning from doing much damage.

But these instances where the slaves learned to read by the consent or connivance of their masters or the free blacks were exceptions, and did not often occur even in New Orleans. Probably not one slave in a thousand learned to read, and a still less number learned to write.

AN HOUR AT SEA.

A FAIRER morning never shone than that on which Captain Jesse Amazeen left the Long Wharf of Oldenport behind him. There was just breeze enough to fill the great sails of the pilot-boat and float her along upon the smooth harbor-water, over the bar, and out to sea, till she lay like a cloud, beyond the sand-spits and the breakers, on the horizon's rim. To the lounge on the capstan at the wharf's end in the town she looked like a sea-bird that had spread its wings and was hovering over its prey, and at last she vanished from his sight and fancy altogether. The sky was freshly washed from mist and murk, the air was full of its morning sparkle; there was a vigor in the full sweep of the sunlight over one, felt like the bubble of a draught of wine. Captain Jesse Amazeen whistled lustily at the helm, and every now and then paused to wet his whistle, while the boy and man who were his companions sang scraps of song and carved out plugs of tobacco, and gauged hooks for deep-sea fishing, and made themselves merry in general till some craft should heave in sight for Captain Jesse to hail and board and pilot up to town. But in all the range of his glass no craft appeared of larger size than his own, except those already making for another harbor on the other side of the Cape—and the morning wore into forenoon, and the forenoon into noon.

The charm of the long, unbroken day at sea, when one is to put back to familiar port and household scenes at night, never lessens, even to such an old sea-dog as Captain Jesse. The wide-sweet solitude never grows monotonous or wearisome, trifles become circumstances, a gull winging by is an event, currents, winds, strange sails are incidents sufficient, the guest of all outdoors does not tire of the hospitality he receives. Nevertheless, when daily bread depends on yet something more, this mere personal enjoyment of space and height, of the curling wave beneath

the prow, and the vast level plain to the ocean's edge gives place to the object for which one came; and Captain Jesse at last went below for forty winks, with the sun at the top of his eternal round, in order that he might come up all fresh for afternoon work, for it would be an odd day in his experience if before nightfall there should be no work to do.

Captain Jesse came up all right and bright at the close of his forty winks; and the boy and man took their turn below in a series of snoozes undisturbed by any necessity of looking out for a job, since Captain Jesse paid them by the day. So one delightful dream melted into another, and down in the hot little stifling black-hole of a cabin this hour broke upon the next, and all vanished together like foam, till with a long, dull scratch resounding beneath them, and then a shock of suddenly-ceased motion, the sleepers woke, rubbed their stupid eyes in bewilderment, gathered their scattered wits, rushed up the narrow companion-way to the deck, and found the boat—after floating about at its own sweet will and drifting in on the tide—now lay with shallow water every where about it, ashore, and firmly wedged in a sand-bar; and as for Captain Jesse Amazeen he was nowhere to be seen.

The redoubtable individuals looked about them then in perplexity, in amazement, in consternation, in terror. They had left Captain Jesse on deck—it was a physical impossibility that he could be any where else. Perhaps now he was behind the mainsail: no? Under the seat? No? Then he must have gotten out in the shoal water to push the boat off. No! Why, where in time was he? Had he gone below to hide and frighten them? But then Captain Jesse was not a man that played tricks. Could he have fallen asleep again and so have fallen overboard? Was there any earthly or unearthly reason for him to have made away with himself—to have committed suicide? Unable to believe their senses they halloed and shouted and danced about like madmen.

Notwithstanding all this rather late exertion on their part Captain Jesse Amazeen was nowhere to be seen—neither did his ghost answer any such invocation. His boots, it is true, stood large as life, just as he had taken them off in the morning after reaching open water; but as for himself he had put on in their stead the shoes of silence, the cap of invisibility, and had left for parts unknown; nor was it even to be conjectured where he was. The heat of the day had been sweltering, there was not a whisper of wind, the sails hung in large loose wrinkles, the sun had declined from noon, and the west was already burnished with golden afternoon light. It was after four o'clock. How long had Captain Jesse been away, and whither was he gone? The two wore their lungs sore with cries and calls, in hopes some one from the shore might catch the sound and come to their help and Captain Amazeen's—there was nothing else for them to do except to tear their hair; and at last they sat down in desperation

to wait till the night-tide should float them off again.

But while this worthy pair had been taking it so easily below deck Captain Jesse had been in far less enjoyable plight. Left alone at the helm of the pilot-boat, and the sun beating ardently down upon him, he had thrown off jacket and waistcoat, and with the least possible accoutrement, endured the hot assault of the day and awaited his fortunes. There was not a sail to be seen; his assistants were still in their bunks below—he let them sleep; and cast and trolled his blue-fish line, if haply any fighting fellow should come across the bait. None did—the solitude seemed infectious—desert above the waters, desert below. The sea began to darken and ripple in one place, the ripple crept his way, brushed along by a deceitful little waft of warm wind. "We'll leave these parts," said Captain Jesse; and he put his helm to larboard that he might go and trim the mainsail. He thought he put his helm to larboard—it was a little mistake he made—he had put it precisely the other way, he bent to loosen a rope, the boat came up in the wind, the sail slapped over, and the heavy boom brushed him like a feather from its course, and tossed him far out into the sea as lightly as a flake of foam.

When Captain Jesse came to the surface after his sudden plunge, rose, struck out, and shook the water from his eyes, the pilot-boat, her sails filled with the deceitful breeze only to be forsaken by it presently, had swept far forward on her way and was almost beyond hearing. He hailed her, hailed her again and again, but there was nobody to answer; in vain, putting forth all his powers as a swimmer, he tried to reach her, she fled before him; and the distance grew, stretching itself like a thread of infinity. The little breeze fled with her, left the sea all calm and still behind, but darkly ruffled the way before and blew her on in its sport. He had endeavored, with the energy of despair, to keep in her wake, that even if he might not overreach her he might be observed by the sluggards should they ever come on deck; but now, at last, he saw that it was of no use for him to expend the remnant of his strength in idle efforts to compete with the winged thing; he must be content to float about till he could be picked up, must be content perhaps to drown. He lifted himself up, treading water, and searched the whole horizon—it was empty as a last year's nest—and he lay back with his hands clasped behind him, his mouth just higher than the surface, and the whole ocean seething in his ears. By times, as he lay there and the laggard instants crawled by on the ripple of the tide, the fatigue, the suspense, the fear grew insupportable; he trod water and looked around him again with an eye that scrutinized each distant crest and foam-bell, or else summoned his forces and his will to the rescue and swam wildly and vaguely about he knew not whither. His brain was becoming so bewildered that he could not direct himself, and in which direction to make that he might

soonest reach some shore he found himself unable to decide. But what a crazy dream! there was no shore in sight. The sense then that he must wait for others, and could do nothing for himself, waxed into positive suffering. His limbs got languid too in the warm and pleasant water; the sun playing on his bare head made his brain light and giddy; a strange pulse was going like a little trip-hammer upon his temple, and bright and beautiful colors shot their woven beams before his burning eyes with every other breath. "This is it," thought Captain Jesse. "Drowning is only slow apoplexy, the doctor said. I am drowning." A few seconds afterward he wondered why he did not recall his sins, as he had heard that people in his condition were apt to do, and then he began to remember with a vengeance.

He had always been a somewhat eccentric man; though perhaps a profanity, only to be equaled by an expert, could hardly be called eccentricity. Volleys of terrible oaths that had been safety-valves to more terrible tempers rattled about his memory on the instant; now he remembered the oaths but he forgot the anger fits that caused them. The ghost that had visited him last year rose again like a white apparition here, vivid in the sunlight. "Captain Jesse Amazeen," the midnight ghost had said, "arise and come with me. Prepare to meet your end." And Captain Jesse Amazeen had cried: "Who the — are you, Sir? What are you in my chamber for? Go about your business, Sir!" Then he had thought it some of his comrades playing off their jokes upon him; he had never asked them nor spoken of it to them. But now—perhaps it was a ghost—who knew? Perhaps it warned him of this day; and he was not prepared. Then, in defiance of ghosts, and ends, and fate itself, he gave a score of stout strokes, leaped up and swept the sea again with his piercing glasses, failed some chance ear, and set his teeth and fell back to float once more, determined not to drown. He remembered that he had been in worse straits than this before to-day. One black night, the sea running shivers, he had gone off to bring a schooner into port, and his boat had swamped beneath her bows, the mast had broken and the sail had taken him over and under, wrapped about and about with its folds like a mummy, and the waves had sucked him into their huge, hungry hollows, a powerless atom. God knows how he got out again—he never did. Not that only. The day when, after heavy drinking, he got the *Heart's Delight* among the breakers—having only one man on board—it was a pity if he had forgotten that. He had gone himself in the yawl to cast the kedge anchors and so work her off, and a big wave, seeking what it might devour, had suddenly snatched his oars and capsized him; and having just missed a watery death himself, he had clambered upon the tatter of his upturned boat, while the retreating tide and undertow were drawing out to sea again. Making a trumpet of his hands he had

cried to the man still on board of the *Heart's Delight*—the man whose voice he knew the people at the light-house could hear—"Why don't you holler, Sir?" And, in response, "What shall I holler, Captain Amazeen?" the terrified creature had piped. "Hell and damnation, Sir!" had answered Captain Amazeen, and in that pious frame of mind gone drifting out to sea. Night had come down then, and broad, gray twilight stretched over the wide waters, swelling and sighing to themselves. There were various craft dimly looming here and there, but not one among them all had discerned the man floating on the bottom of the capsized yawl, in spite of signal or shout. Captain Coffin had been out all day fishing; making in, he had seen the *Heart's Delight* in her plight, ran up as near as he dared, and had been then told the condition of Captain Amazeen; upon which, with no more words, he had put about and to the rescue. His wife was with him; she was the first to discover the speck on all the waste; then they bore down upon him. Politics ran high in those times; between these two skippers there were old standing feuds of election and town-meeting days; but they had never before been deemed, by one of the parties at least, as matters of life and death. "Boat ahoy!" cried Captain Coffin, putting himself alongside with the little wreck. "What you doing here, Captain Amazeen?" And Captain Amazeen had greeted him as he had done the ghost, adding, moreover, in reply, "Minding my own business, Sir! and 'ud advise you to do the same! What you here for, Sir?" To whom Captain Coffin: "You'll be in blazes at this gait before morning, Captain Amazeen. I came out to save your life." "Enough water to put them out, if I was," replied the wreck. "Who asked you, Sir? I'll be in blazes, and be blest to 'em, before I'll be saved by any damned *Leedsfoot*!" And he would have kept his word had not Captain Coffin fairly leaped him on board of his whale-boat, and saved him in spite of himself. All this, and all of a hundred other incidents, crowded now over Captain Amazeen's memory—if the truth must be told though—rather pleasantly than otherwise; he liked the grit of them, he would have said; he had rather drown now than be picked up by Captain Coffin, or any of that old Jackson and Jefferson tribe. It became him to be cautious who saw his head bobbing round there in the water; there was one comfort, the Coffins and Claneys were a stupid set; and, if they saw it, ten to one they would take it for a buoy, unless the fancy struck them that it was a seal, and they fired a shot at it; but no matter for that, they never hit a mark yet. Meantime, contemptuously defying supposititious bullets, he was preciously near to drowning.

As he lay there in the placid, softly singing sea, there came a fine sweet sound of distant bells. Afternoon bells ringing at once from the bellfries of all the schools in the great town, or else gay wedding bells, or maybe alarms of fire. The mingled tones stole out to him like half-

lost chimes, with a wild music in their cadences; he began to fashion them into tunes, the tune perhaps his wife was singing with one foot upon the cradle at this moment. He saw the children trooping into school by the music, his own pretty Carrot-top among them, swinging her Shaker and dancing on while the sun beat out every thread of her yellow hair to gold, and little Nick lagging along and throwing handfuls of the street-dust over the urchin lagging with him—a trick for which the imp had had many a good shaking: he only wished it were in his power to give him a good shaking now! Then the bell-notes came slower, and slower, and yet more slowly; they were tolling—tolling for him—or was he fainting? Perhaps so—it might have been—had not just then some indistinguishable object shot swiftly by him in the dark slippery depth, some fish or monster of the deep—and with that came the thought of sharks. This was the weather; these were the waters—Good Heaven! Coffin, or Cluney, or any body—help! No man-eaters about these shores? Why, he knew better! He had seen them to his cost. And young Ben Eaton had to the cost of his life itself. What course would there be for him to take?—the exertions that terrified and drove off the nibbling shoals might be the very thing to attract the large and more cunning cruel creature. There was indeed but one way to face him—just so long as he looked at a shark, as he turned and turned and kept him eye to eye, just so long the cowardly wretch would delay attack; behooved him to be wary then, to keep his senses in condition, to be ready to fight his foe should he come to hand! He sprang forward in the water with new energy, and again and again searched the sea with swift, eager glances. It was all as empty as the sky itself—empty of every thing save color and light—an azure and pitiless hollow, out of which lanced golden arrows at the hollow as vast and as pitiless below; for the great sea lifted its jeweled walls like the rim of a cup, and all its smooth and level splendor slanted up from where he lay, an idle speck at the centre and bottom of the cup.

Gradually now the element, which had been so soothing and delightful to the frame, felt chilly and chillier to poor Captain Jesse. He feebly wondered if its temperature had changed, and then thought of complaining to some one that his feet were cold; afterward he remembered himself, with an effort, and began to swim afresh. A wave came running over another and dashed in his face, a second followed it, a third lifted him and rocked him to and fro; there were fine and tiny caps of foam every where ribbing the expanse; the tide was falling, and a gentle wind had begun to blow on, just enough to roughen the water and make a ridge and trough, in which a stout, fresh swimmer would have had ado to keep his headway. His mouth and throat kept filling with the brine; the salt sea spume broke remorselessly over him; it was of no use to swim; fold his hands behind his back—there was nothing now but drowning.

Drowning while his wife chatted with the neighbor who stood outside, and leaned both elbows on the sill within, and flattered the white floor and shining shelves, while the waking baby crowed for the sunbeams glinting and glancing there in the bright wave—drowning while Nick, asking to go out, was down sailing boats in the pond hard by the school-house, and Carrot-top was sound asleep, with her little head fallen on the desk among her books—drowning while the sun shone, while those he loved were quiet and unconscious, laughing, forgetful, gay! And drowning all alone out there in open sea with only half his life lived out, with health and strength in hand—hope and defiance together battled despair and an ocean—unevenhanded contest; he, a mere mote, fighting an element: it was a contest only to abandon. Captain Jesse was a brave man naturally; he had looked on great danger and never quailed, but that was because expectation and will were then his allies. Now, tossed about in the tide, his mind had weakened as his energies exhausted; and cold and numb as he had grown, his heart was colder yet within him. Drowning out there alone!—the thought made him ache with horror. The awful part of it, perhaps, was the drowning all alone. If there had been but some one with him, other castaways, a hand to take hold and go down with him, a receding step, voices from the shore! And then the entrance all alone into eternity, that great unknown, that vaster, vaguer deep! All alone—while the horror was still upon him, the ringing in Captain Jesse's ears, the hollow sounding of the sea, resolved into a kind of solemn music, yet a music full of glad, harmonious tumults. He heard the very words as in his young days he had himself many a time sung them in the choir, and as he had scarcely thought of them since:

"A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers
While his almighty aid is nigh."

He looked idly up, and a shining thing hung before him in the heavens, rank upon rank of snowy-pointed wings joining over the heads of angels and archangels; and behind them and above them, rising in a golden gleam, the likeness of a cloud-built city shone with domes, and minarets, and spires. "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls, every several gate was of one pearl, and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass." And then, in Captain Jesse Amazeen's disordered fancy, a hand touched his indeed, but a hand as if to lead him up and on; a face bent over him, a face like a white star, that glowed with a deep, deep smile, and warmed his chill and fainting soul. Sweet voices murmured all about him; one said, "And there was no more sea." Ah! if this were drowning—this delicious death—

A film faded away from Captain Amazeen's vision, as a mist strips slowly off from a morn-

ing mow; he was plunging and rocking with a very different motion from that afforded to one cradled in angels' arms; something was trickling down his throat, something familiar—good old smoky Scotch whisky by the taste. If that were a scraph squeezing his cold fingers between a pair of hard, warm palms, it was in the guise of an Oldenport fishwife. These must be solid planks under him, not downy clouds. And Captain Coffin himself, and no other, was rubbing him up and down with woolen gloves in a way that might strike sparks. Captain Jesse beamed mildly on them all out of his opening eyes, gargled a word or two in his throat, and placidly went to sleep.

When the pilot-boat, having been floated off by the night tide, came up the river in the bright moonlight, in which you could see to read, the men and boy full of terror at the ordeal before them in which Captain Amazeen's fate must be looked to his family, the worthy couple in silence faked their sails and threw a cable to the first man among the group upon the wharf and who would catch it. As the lucky one stepped out of the shadow into the clearer ray their teeth chattered in their heads, not so much that Captain Jesse, in his short, ragged flesh and blood, now quite himself again, seemed

to be an apparition as that they doubted if they were not ghosts themselves.

"Pretty fellows you be!" cried Captain Jesse.

"God bless you, Captain Amazeen! Then you're alive!" they answered in one breath.

"Wa'al—jest—jest alive!" replied the Captain, pulling the boat round with an arm like an iron lever, and making her fast to the wharf.

"Tell ye what. You fellers don't sail in this craft no more. Me an' Cap'n Coffin's struck han's, an' we'll do all the piloting we want for these here waters ourselves." With which announcement the two Captains struck hands again, and shook the said hands so long that it seemed doubtful if they had not fairly grown together, and their owners were not endeavoring by those gyrations to get them apart. And indeed they had—they had grown together—those hands of theirs; for though Captain Jesse could not abandon the principles for which he had fought at the polls some twenty years, he made a greater sacrifice by far than that—he attained a pitch of magnanimity to which few men in his circumstances may ever dare aspire; he remembered who and what the man was, and for his great presumption and offense in saving his life he forgave Captain Coffin. Could any one do more?

FORTY-TWO.

SAD midnight! from thy cold heights
 Mine eyes, veiled by the truth,
 Turn wistfully and seek the light;
 That fit the happy vale of youth.
 Not often thus the hunted soul
 Dares gaze before the bounds of fate;
 But where the inevitable goal
 Is death, what harm to wait?

Ah! what! their world is vain,
 The lights have vanished with the dawn;
 These vales I shall not see again;
 Flown are the time and dead the flowers.
 The joys that once so real seemed
 The disenchanted air has shown
 The mist unreal dreams we dreamed;
 Their memory lives, alone.

Friendship, and Hope, and Love, and Faith!
 I see your ghosts amid the gloom
 Still hovering o'er my dreary path
 Where rose your temple and your tomb.
 Friendships all withered to the root;
 Hopes—only shadows, fancy born;
 Loves ever bearing bitter fruit;
 And Faith repaid by Scorn.

Again I gather up my load;
 I turn my back on what has been;
 I seek once more the onward road;
 I challenge boldly the Unseen.
 Farewell, O perished, fateful Past!
 I look but where the Future lies,
 Clouded, impenetrable, vast,
 And seeming filled with sighs.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"WHEN the young May moon is beaming, love," it is not only sweet to rove in Mor-na's grove, but it is delightful to repair with a judicious friend to the pretty little private theatre in a neighboring city, where there are the most charming performances, and always for the benefit of some good purpose. The company was first organized, we believe, to help the Sanitary work of the war; but taste and talent did not end with hostilities, nor, indeed, the necessity of charity, so the curtain still rises, and the treasury of the little theatre is still emptied into needy hands and coffers.

It was a small chapel, disused probably, or certainly not very necessary in the neighborhood, which was converted—if the word may be used upon such an occasion—into a brightly decorated play-house, with a spacious parquette and one balcony. The house holds some three or four hundred, and as the tickets are privately sold the audience is secure from any unpleasant intrusion. On this May evening it was a gay but not boisterous throng, brilliant with the light Spring toilets of the fair; with those indescribable bonnets, like fairy basket-covers escaping with flowers and fondly caught and pinioned by invisible forces to the hanging gardens, and lofty terraces, and flanking curtains, sweeps, rolls, puffs, elaborate fortifications, and bold salients of hair, foreign and domestic, which now adorn the female head. An elderly spectator like the Easy Chair is lost in wonder and utterly bewildered in these magnificent mazes of hair. How they toil for us, these bright and beautiful ones! Would we men wear each other's scalps to win the admiration of the sex? Would we devote innumerable hours of the week to the laying out of our exterior heads in marvelous triumphs of landscape gardening? Flowers, feathers, ribbons, laces, beads, pearls, bugles, diamonds, gold dust, silver sand, pins, tortoise-shell, powder, horse-hair, wigs, scratches, ox-marrow, bandoline, rubbed, scrubbed, smeared, brushed, braided, flounced, stuck, patched, hung, showered, thrust, bowed, puffed, tied, strained, squeezed—would we do it? Yet that is the treatment of the top of the head only! Such is the fond and pathetic devotion of the better sex!

The orchestra has entered—a dozen pieces—and away they go into a waltz. Some of the wonderful heads faintly beat time. Some of the sweet young faces grow calm and rapt, as if gazing inward upon remembered joys—a perfect polka at Cape May—dreamy *deux-temps* at Newport. The roses and lilies of these cheeks are ruffled by no sharper memories. Was that an evanescent cloud-shadow of pain? It was only a remembered glove-button that snapped off at the Cape. It was the luckless Roman punch that dropped a little stain at the otherwise spotless sea-side hop. But before the rapt face the green curtain is drawing up, and here is the fairy prelude.

For the play was the Cricket on the Hearth, and a prettier play more admirably acted is not often seen. The stage appointments were complete and admirable, and all things worked harmoniously. The fluttering, glittering little fairies of the prelude spoke their measured lines in clear, childish silver treble. The pictures in the air promptly shone and faded. The self-possessed queen fairy waved her wand, and, *presto!* the forest turned inside out, things rose and slid and fell and flapped, and here is John

Peerybingle's cottage, and there is the spacious chimney, and the contemplative cat, and—soft you, now—the fair Dot; and presently Tilly and the baby, and then John shaking off the snow, and Edward, and Caleb, and Tackleton, and May, and by-and-by Bertha and Mrs. Fielding.

The charm of the acting was its freshness and uniformity. There was no stale "gag," no traditional hack-work, no star to which all other light was sacrificed, but each part was so happily conceived and rendered that the mirror was held up to nature with a general success that, upon the whole, we have never seen surpassed. There are very pathetic, almost tragic touches in the story, and they were very truly and tenderly expressed—not in the least overdone, but with a really powerful simplicity. The humor was not caricatured, and even Tilly was no more extravagant than was set down by Dickens. The audience was not demonstrative. It was natural, for the play was too well done for boisterous applause. There were no "points," which generally excite a vehement noise in the audience and ruin the play, but the exquisite spirit of the story pervaded the whole performance.

Then the green curtain came down and all was over. "These our actors" suddenly became names only and memories to a musing Easy Chair. But could all these gentle spectators step up on the stage and play as well as their friends who have just vanished from our view? Under all these hairy palaces and towers and bead-capped pinnacles lurks such a pleasant talent? So he asked as he slowly rolled along, and humbly sought not to plant a castor upon a single silken train. If this be so, if all these lilies and pinks and roses are but embroidered napkins hiding a talent, we are curiously unfair to each other. Think what a hermit may live at the bottom of the garden moving out in front of you! Why not? The Tyrian dye was first fished up in the Murex. The pearl comes in the oyster-shell. And under the flowers, feathers, wigs, scratches, horse-hair, which compose this truly superb work of the barber's art, there may be a relic of nature as sweet and tender as any we have just seen.

IN speaking last month of the pleasant Shakespeare dinner at the Century, which we understand was mainly due to the happy thought and energy of Mr. William T. Blodgett and Mr. James Lorimer Graham, Jun., gentlemen well known to artists and authors, we mentioned the interesting statement of Mr. Richard Grant White that, after long and faithful search through the plays and sonnets and poems, the only passage in praise of women that he could find was that which he had selected as the motto of the toast to Woman—

"From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

We are glad to know that the accomplished commentator proposes to follow the trail, and we may therefore look for a valuable monograph upon the subject. A writer in the *Round Table*, however, takes Mr. White to task, and quotes the speech of the Duke in the Twelfth Night, Act II., Scene 4:

"For boys, however we may praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and infirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn
Than women's are."

He insinuates that still other passages may be found. But of this Mr. White will undoubtedly advise us.

During the dinner the Rev. Dr. Vinton, in a clerically humorous vein, criticised the speech in response to the toast of "Woman," as if the speaker had asserted a moral perfection for Shakespeare's women. The ingenious divine showed that even the men of the Bible were not perfect, and asked, by implication, how then could the women of Shakespeare be so? It might be enough to reply by stating that the men of the Bible are historical personages, and the women of Shakespeare are creations of the imagination. But the answer would be unnecessary, for the learned Doctor's speech proceeded upon a curious misapprehension. The perfection to which the previous speaker alluded was not moral complements but artistic symmetry. In this view Lady Macbeth is as perfect as Virgilia or Isabella—just as Titian's portrait of a naughty Venetian lady would be as perfect as his picture of the Madonna. There is, indeed, in Shakespeare's plays such a fair society of truly noble women that to speak of them in general is to imply the highest grace and charms of womanly character; but when they are spoken of as perfect it is as individual portraits.

The speaker to whom the Doctor replied was clearly of opinion that the condition of women has been always the test of civilization, as the quality of a man's regard for women is the true test of his manhood. And it is in this that modern Christian manhood is superior to the Greek or Roman. In Greece, where Sappho sang and Corinna five times bore away the lyric palm from Pindar, the Greece of Plato, of Eschylus, of Euripides, whose chief tradition was a war of nations for a woman's hand, wives were considered necessary evils, and women were treated like blood marcs. Mohammed, founding a new civilization, provided a Paradise well peopled with lovely women for faithful men in the next world, but he leaves faithful women quite out in the dark and cold. But as Mohammed bought one of his nine wives for a hand-mill, a water jar, and a pillow, he probably held the Chinese theory, of which Hux tells us, that women have no souls, or if they have, so exceedingly small as not to be worth saving. Chivalry, on the other hand, swore by God and its lady; but while it worshiped her as an idol it treated her like a courtesan.

The genial Dick Steele, whom Dr. Johnson would have called the most deliberate of men, the gay husband who reckoned his absence from his wife by wine-measure, writing to her from the tavern but he will be with her "within a pint of wine," but whose bright and restless mind was faithful to womanly worth, said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings: "To behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior. And to love her is a liberal education." But if to know one such woman is to go to school, surely the speaker to the toast of Woman at the Century dinner was of opinion, that to be familiar with the splendid society of Shakespeare's women is to graduate at the University with all the honors. Being upon familiar terms with him, the Easy Chair has asked him to write down what he did say; and he has done so, explaining that in his copy he retains two or three passages which were in his mind but not in his mouth, and which he omitted because he

found that his remarks, as Dr. Lieber, who sat near, might say in his native tongue, were drawing themselves out. Our friend assures us that he has preserved as nearly as possible the precise form of what he said, and he assures us of his hearty regret that we are not able to relieve his remarks by the others; a service which we believe will be done elsewhere.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

Mr. Carlyle, at his late inauguration at Edinburgh, spoke for an hour and a half to prove that silence is the eternal duty of a man. I confess that at this moment I am wholly of his opinion. In a choice company of men met to celebrate the genius of the man who, by the most faithful portraiture, has most highly honored woman, I feel that the most fitting voice to reply to this sentiment would be of a softer tone and gentler sex than mine. Some sweet young Doctor Portia, from Belmont and Padua, who charmed the bearded court of Venice with the eloquence of justice, or some fair Rosalind, whom the fooling deer of Arden did not affright, and who would therefore probably not shrink from the milder perils of a stag dinner at the Century—these, and such as they, should be our orators; these, with wit and song and cadenced phrase, should gild the fine gold and paint the lily of our festival. It is an old scandal that a woman's tongue is her best friend; and if there are any of the sex who can speak for themselves, they are surely Shakespeare's women. For it is the consummation of his genius that his women are not less varied and perfect than his men. Authors generally draw their men with their right hands and their women with their left, but Shakespeare is even-handed. Like a master musician who strikes the melody from the ringing strings and with the same power, whether with one hand or with both, so from human nature, the harp of a thousand strings, the master poet sweeps with equal skill his infinite variations of men and women. He criticises all other poets, all other literature in this respect as Mont Blanc criticises the rest of the Alps, by rising higher and nearer heaven. And so universal is this impression of exquisite completeness, so natural the feeling that like roses and stars these creations of the poet need no superlatives or explanations, that Shelley, when he would perfectly express a woman without describing her, says simply,

"She was like one of Shakespeare's women."

Indeed in his late little book quaintly called "Satanstoe and Lilies," Mr. Ruskin says that Shakespeare has no heroes, he has only heroines; and he adds with his usual insight, and richly illustrates his assertion, that the catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly of a man, and the redemption, if there be any, by the wisdom and virtue of a woman. That is undoubtedly true, and it is but another proof of the fact that he held the mirror up to universal nature. For I am afraid we must confess, gentlemen, here where we shall not be overheard by the other sex, that the devil is always masculine. We hear of the father of lies, but of no mother. The woman must be put out of a man before the devil can come in; yes, and out of a woman, too. When Duncan's coming is announced to the pleasant-seated castle of Macbeth, Lady Macbeth instantly exclaims, as if to express the paramount necessity of the hour,

"Come you spirits—"

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty."

And when she unveils her deadly purpose to Macbeth, all sense of the woman in his wife dies in his mind, and, appalled by the more terrible man in her, he cries,

"Bring forth men children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males."

But while the spirit of evil in human affairs is thus typified as masculine, the great saving cardinal virtues, as well as the Graces and Muses, are symbolized by women. "Why," says the old rhyme,

"Why are the Graces, every one,
Pictured as women be,
If not to show that they in grace
Do more excel than we,
Why are the virtues, every one,
Pictured as women be,
If not to show our hearts them know
More virtuous than we."

Is it not from the same instinct that the artists have always given the benignant aspect of him whom Christendom reveres as the incarnation of saving grace for mankind, a pensive, feminine beauty?

Perhaps it is natural that other nations should bear us a little grudge because Shakespeare wrote in our language. They are fond of smiling at the English-speaking people for deifying Shakespeare very much as we Americans are bantered for making Washington a demi-god. Louis Blanc says that, at a dinner at Douglas Jerrold's, he exasperated the whole British company of wits by declaring that Shakespeare was subject to criticism like all other poets. "I added, jestingly," says he, "that my devotion for Shakespeare was all the more meritorious that there was nothing superstitious in it." But he adds that he found he had uttered a blasphemy, and therefore explained, with humility, that he meant only that even in presence of the grand image of Shakespeare—and he knew none more grand—criticism preserves its privileges.

But the nimble-witted Frenchman would not deny that, until Shakespeare, there had been no satisfactory portraits of actual women in literature. Michael Angelo once came into a palace in Rome, which Raphael and his pupils were decorating, and he saw that the heads of the figures were too small. He found no fault, but taking a crayon he drew one huge head proportioned to the room, and left it. And there it remains tranquilly true and superior. So came Shakespeare into literature. He found plenty of noble figures of men, but the ethereal essence of woman was distorted and dwarfed into goddesses and mistresses and slaves. But nature and his own heart were good enough for him. He dipped his pencil in a sunbeam, and with its radiant point drew woman as the universal heart of man knows and loves and honors her. He rescued her from the exaggerating rainbow mists of adulation and the degrading mire of passion, and placed her upon the solid ground of truth as God placed Eve in the garden—not a houri or a slave, but an ennobling companion—

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

* * * * *

A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command.
But yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

We do not read, Sir, that Shakespeare was a politician; but he carried his great bill of the equal humanity of woman by the unanimous vote of the Upper and the Lower House—the head and the heart—and the Supreme Court of the civilized conscience of mankind has confirmed its entire constitutionality.

But it is not merely the faithful general appreciation of womanly nature, revealing a heart profoundly alive to the divine force of the feminine element, but it is the fidelity of the individual portraiture which is Shakespearian. Our friend and fellow-guest, who, among Shakespeare's scholars, has written his name with a long White* letter, remarks, in his delightful *Life of Shakespeare*, that the women of the earlier plays, when the memory of Anne Hathaway was freshest, are unlovable and the reverse of gentle; and the German Commentator, Gervinus, agrees with him that the high society of London cured the poet of his Stratford ill-humor with the sex, and revealed to him a womanly character of which he had no previous experience. But whatever the essential *quality* of the woman he draws may be, whether Catharine, Julia, or Lavinia, Portia or Juliet or Helena, Ophelia, Imogen, Desdemona, Virgilia, Isabella, or Cordelia, each is complete, each image of a woman rises in the firmament of Shakespeare's mind, pure, separate, perfect, like a planet into the sky.

Sir and Gentlemen, as we sit here this evening in this pleasant club—our Mermaid if you choose—and recall

"The spacious times of great Elizabeth,"
of heroes in clusters, of poets in constellations—the shining era of which Shakespeare is the central figure—let us not forget that it was essentially the same world in which we live, the same human nature that surrounds us. One steady thought scatters the glamour of poetry and history, and shows us that we do not live in the lees of time and the world's decrepitude. Does Sir Philip Sidney in that enriching distance seem to us the flower of heroism? Yet it is only the brave and beloved Sidneys of these last years who truly reveal the Philip of three hundred years ago; and it is the unsung heroines whom we know all around us who interpret Shakespeare's women and prove the poet's truth. They are not fabulous fairies and impossible sirens that he drew when his hand was happiest and his vision most clear; for his imagination could not transcend nature, and "hundred-handed" though it was, it drew only what we know. Therefore they are Shakespeare's women who for four years rested the stricken nation upon their hearts. They are Shakespeare's women who every where in the land by the coast, on the prairie, among the hills, along the rivers, worked patiently day and night to soothe the suffering soldier. They are Shakespeare's women who trod undismayed in the bloody tracks of battle to bind up ghastly wounds and wipe the brow of agony. They are Shakespeare's women, because Nature whispered the choicest secrets of her daughters to her dearest son, who went softly by night to hospitals and camps, and tenderly taking the dying hand when hope was vain, held it fast and breathed a prayer, and sent the brave soul comforted to heaven. Of such women who are in all our hearts and

* Mr. White, the editor of Shakespeare, had he lived a century and a half ago, would have been incontinently seized by the father of Frederick the Great as a file leader of the Royal Grenadiers.

comes he sang under other names. Therefore it is that he is of all times and of all lives. His genius is the magic bugle whose immortal peal awakens every echo of human experience. The heights and the depths of our natures respond. Those strains fill the world of our imagination with familiar but mysterious music—the echoes of our own souls—

"O Love! they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river,
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever—
Flow, hush, flow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer echoes answer—dying, dying, dying."

Since then they are not portraits of the dead but of the living, may we live worthy of the women of Shakespeare!

SPECULATING in the May Number upon novel-writing in this country we suggested various explanations of our poverty in that respect, but none that seemed to us satisfactory. We agreed with a friend who has a right to speak upon the subject that it is not enough to say that we are raw, that we are not yet artistic, and that we are too fond of money-getting. But we ran not wholly agree with him that the adequate explanation is the old one, that "poor pay is poor preach." Poor pay explains a great deal of suffering among authors, but it does not explain the absence of genius. Nor is it satisfactory to say that the genius seeks a sphere elsewhere. For we doubt if genius is a general power. It is not proved that Grant can write a good novel. It is very clear that Hawthorne could not have taken Richmond.

"A man," says our friend, "can not lay up money, he can not even live in America, by writing novels. Consequently, unless the idea so possesses him that he can do nothing else, he writes one promising book and then turns to something which will find him in bread and butter." Our friend thinks the insuperable difficulty is that every man in America who offers a novel to a publisher discovers that the publisher can have the works of Dickens, or Bulwer, or Miss Evans, or Trollope, or Charles Reade for a trifle, or for nothing, and naturally will not pay a high price for the novel of an unknown author, whose chances of becoming known are thereby extinguished.

Of course there can be no question that in the absence of an international copyright law the rights of authors upon both sides of the sea are sacrificed. There is no reason why the property which is produced by the brain in the form of literature should not be as perfectly respected as that produced in the form of bank-stock or real estate; and so long as it is not, literature, as a profession, must needs languish.

Yet the power that creates a literature does not wholly depend for its assertion upon the condition suggested by our friend. Fourteen years ago novel-writers in this country encountered the same hard competition that they do now. Yet at that time the *London Times* began a review of Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance" in this strain: "We must look out. America is going ahead, and threatens to outstrip us in a direction altogether unexpected. It has taken the energetic people of the United States not quite eighty years to convince the world of their unapproachable skill in the art of material development. Another half-century may enable them to prove their superiority over contemporary nations in labors purely intellectual. We have long

depended for our cottons on America. We are now beginning to import our novels." The competition could not suppress the genius of Hawthorne nor divert it from its natural tendency.

At about the same time Mrs. Stowe had received more than ten thousand dollars for three months' copyright of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" and the novel has now reached a sale of more than three hundred and fourteen thousand. There are other instances of large sums paid and offered for novels, showing that the want of quality as well as of encouragement is a cardinal element of the explanation we are seeking.

If it be said that the two cases mentioned are exceptional, and that we interpret the statement too liberally, then it is reduced to the assertion that the English competition nips our novels of the second class in the bud; that if it were abolished we should have our Trollopes and Reades and Miss Mulocks and Thomases and Bradlons. Our friend would say that he is speaking of literature as a profession, and not of the phenomenal results, which are independent of all rules. He does not chide the publisher who makes his bargain according to the existing condition. It is very unwise to expect one class of traders to pay for an inferior article when they can have the superior for nothing. Only, he insists, by such a system you destroy the possibility of ever having any better. "Until the American author sees a chance he will not show. Suppose that it was impossible for an American lawyer to earn more than \$1500 or \$1800 a year, how many good lawyers should we have? The legal-trained youth of the land would turn to mechanics or trade. Poor pay, poor preach." So far as the profession of literature is concerned our friend is unquestionably correct.

THE great question of conduct in traveling can be argued, it appears, quite as subtly and skillfully by one sex as by the other. But we observe that most of the arguments are mainly statements of individual experience. The root of the difficulty, we are inclined to believe, lies in the parsimony of the companies. If they would provide more accommodation we should certainly have less complaint. But that would reduce the opportunity of politeness; so that, if we are bent upon universal courtesy, we must cultivate the spirit of the martyr, and refuse all alleviations. To have plenty of room in the cars would be to hold the peas in our shoes. What conceivable glory would there be in a pilgrimage with vegetable pads for the feet? The question is to be tried perfectly only in crowded cars. Then and there we shall see who prefers the comfort of the other sex to his own enjoyment.

There is a great deal of nice observation revealed in this little note. It suggests how much of the ostrich there is in man, for who of us has not thought himself hidden because his head was concealed, or who has not been guilty of the transparent absurdity of the simulated nap which this bright-eyed critic exposes?

"I am not a woman at all, but only a young girl; not very wise upon any subject, and certainly I don't know much about traveling, because my experience has been confined almost altogether to one railroad; but I should like to tell you what I think about it, if I may. That one railroad is the Morris and Essex, and the greater part of the passengers are gentlemen who live in Orange, but are in business in New York, and so the trains in the morning, and in the evening more especially, are often over-

crowded, and ladies are left sometimes without seats. Now, Mr. Easy Chair, I don't blame those gentlemen in the least for looking out of the window, and burying themselves in their newspapers; because it is not as if it were something that happened only once in a while. The gentleman always comes home in that same train, and he can't be expected to give up his seat *every* day; and, besides, he has been busy at work ever since morning, while the ladies (not always, but very often) have only 'run down to the city' for an afternoon's shopping, or to make a few calls, or for exercise and change of air, perhaps. To be sure they often walk a great deal more than they need in their shopping expeditions, but then that is their own fault, says my gentleman (he is pretending to be asleep all this while, you know!) to himself, and he ends his cogitations with a mental growl of, 'Why can't they stand as well as I can? They've got feet!' And since he has come to such a laudable decision he opens his eyes, and perhaps sees me standing alone (when he shut them there were two or three ladies, and that made a great deal of difference, because he couldn't supply seats for them all!), and so he looks around once, to be sure there is no vacant seat in the car, and then once more, to see if no one else is going to offer me one. And *then* he rises abruptly, and, without looking at me, says something that I suppose means, 'Will you take my seat, Madam (sometimes he says nothing at all)? and in three seconds more has walked off to the end of the car, or at least turned his back toward me. And now, Mr. Easy Chair, I am coming to my point (it is almost time, you will say). I want you to ask that gentleman *how* he expects me to thank him. Of course I don't want him to *sit still* and offer me his seat. I should know then that he *meant* me to refuse it. But he seems to take it for granted that I have not seen all the preliminary motions, and have no suspicion of his reluctance (such innocently unobserving creatures ladies are!); and so he thinks I should be glad of the seat, and that the matter is ended as soon as he turns away. And that is all very well, so far, but I don't think he need shrug his shoulders *then*, and complain of ladies' ingratitude. What can I do? I am left standing by the seat that I would very much rather leave unoccupied, only that a railroad car is too public a place for a lady to show a spirit of independence. I don't bestow 'my sweetest smile and most fascinating glance' on the back of the gentleman's head, but conscientiously say thank you to something or any thing, and meekly seat myself. What else *can* I do? Does the gentleman expect me to pull his coat-sleeve, or to raise my voice to a high enough pitch to be heard above the noise and bustle, or to rush after him to the end of the car, or what am I to do, pray? If I could only catch his eye for a second there would be no difficulty. Surely it would be very easy for him to pay me the delicate compliment of letting me suppose that he gave up his seat for my own individual sake, and not just because I wear a bonnet (though I believe gentlemen will not allow that ladies wear bonnets of late years—but at least they wear veils, or carry parasols, or have some distinguishing mark!). He may possibly have eyes in the back of his head, or sounding-boards connected in some way with his ears, but how am I to know that my 'Thank you' is not wasted on the desert air (or the car air, which amounts to the same thing)? Now, Mr. Easy Chair, the gentleman has been telling you that the grateful acknowledgment is the exception, and not the rule, but don't you believe him! To tell the truth, he was just the least bit *cross* because his conscience would not let him sit comfortably in his seat! As I said before, I don't blame him for not liking to give it up, or for being out of humor about it; but I don't think it is at all fair in him to forget that part of it afterward, and try to make you believe that all ladies are rude and impolite in the cars. It must have been he that told you—because, of course, an Easy Chair, being self-provided, can have no personal experience of the kind. And next time he comes to make such complaints to you, ask him *how he knows* that the lady did not thank him?"

On the evening of the 21st of May Halevy's opera of *La Juive* was performed at the great Opera-house in New York known as the Academy of Music; and

before most of the audience were in bed that night the building was virtually destroyed by fire. It was the forty-fourth theatre burned in the United States since 1798, making one theatre destroyed in about every eighteen months. The night was unusually cold for the season, and there was a violent gale which swept the flames furiously against the neighboring buildings, so that the University Medical College, a large piano-forte factory, a restaurant, and several stores were also destroyed, and a church, a lumber yard, and various buildings were seriously injured. The fire was first discovered among some packing-boxes under the stage, but its origin is unknown.

Our friends out of the city have reason to regret this fire, for they were especially interested in a building which had been the scene of such various and pleasant amusement; and the city itself has lost one of its ornaments, for not only was the Academy a very large building, but it was graceful and imposing, and was well situated upon one of the most spacious streets. Mr. Alexander Saeltzer was the architect, and although it was easy to find fault with many of the details of the interior, it was undoubtedly the most festal and elegant hall in the country. The heavy caryatides and the elaborate ornamentation provoked some sharp criticism; but the effect of the massive white and gold structure was very brilliant, and a gay and luxurious architectural taste is readily pardoned in an opera-house.

But the associations of the building will make it long and regretfully remembered. There is a narrow, dark, and dirty street behind Park Row, and reaching only from Ann to Beekman streets, called Theatre Alley. There is no present justification of such a name, for only the iron-shuttered backs of huge warehouses look upon the little street, and there is no sign of a theatre. But the back doors of the old Park Theatre opened upon it, and some of the most famous personages in theatrical history have driven in here, and alighted and passed in to their intoxicating and evanescent triumphs. Malibran's carriage has rumbled in here, and Fanny Ellsler's; Edmund Kean and Tyrone Power and Ellen Tree knew this dingy alley; and the better pavement and the new houses can not obliterate the remembrance nor the association. The history of the late Academy is more modern, but it has the same charm; and whether it is replaced by another, or whether dwelling-houses or stores succeed it, the Easy Chairs of the next generation will pause at the corner of Irving Place, and remember that on the night of the 2d of October, 1854, the spacious and beautiful Opera-house was opened, and that Grisi and Mario were the first singers heard in it.

The house on that first evening was not well filled. There was no enthusiasm. There was even disappointment, for the remembrance of Jenny Lind was still fresh and joyous. She was in the prime of her power, and there was something in the popular estimation of her character which peculiarly appealed to American sympathy and awakened universal enthusiasm. She did not seem to the public a singer merely. Her goodness was magnetic. It was the woman that was admired as much as the artist; and the Puritan heart forgave the public singing to the private goodness. But Grisi was an artist only, and a singer past her prime. The heart and conscience which had approved the fair-haired, benevolent Jenny Lind were untouched by the superb pride of the Italian Prima Donna. The vast theatre, half empty, chilled her, and she chilled it.

It was often cold, too, upon the great stage, and she stood proudly wrapped in ermine with her magnificent shoulders set in splendid defiance of the Yankee barbarians, who gazed curiously and coldly at the queen who had seen the adoring capitals of Europe prostrate at her feet. Occasionally, but very seldom, she seemed stung to a determination to conquer; and summoning all the passion and the exquisite art which for years had given her undisputed supremacy, she sang and played with the full force of the power that had ranked her with Pasta and Catalani, but in vain. The public was exhausted or insensible. Her performance became merely mechanical. It was the mere ghost of Grisi, and she glided off the stage and out of the country unregretted.

Stefanone, a rich, unctuous nature, a singer with a full, sweet, magnetic voice, and true lyrical fire, made a deeper and more permanent impression. Then came for two or three seasons the elegant *La Granger*: conscientious, accomplished, "a lady," as the *habitués* were fond of calling her, always prompt, and exact, and satisfactory, and upon the whole the best and most trustworthy of the Academy *prima donnas*. Piccolomini then, neither a great singer nor a good actress, but bright and buxom, and mainly interesting from the long tradition of her name. Here, too, Adolina Patti began, a sweet young girl with a well-trained voice, fresh and flexible, warbling like a lark, and prevailing by a bird-like charm and bloom of youth, not conquering with true lyrical passion; and here the unnamed singers of the chorus, the rank and file, essential to the effect, and if unknown not always unhonored.

These are a few of the conspicuous associations of the Academy; but the history of the house is more interesting than that of the stage. It can not be told, but it will be remembered. How often, as any old Easy Chair sits in the theatre and pretends to be following the play, he is furtively glancing at the romances around him—not always a comedy—so that he quite forgets the stage before him. He sees the eyes that, like his, are wandering. He recalls

the Emersonian line, "Read the language of those wandering eye-beams. The heart knoweth."

A day or two after the fire we stood looking at the ruins of the Academy. There were four high brick walls and a mass of mortar, bricks, and a few charred beams upon the ground. A fireman was directing a hose toward a still smoking heap of rubbish, and as we stood gazing upon the spectral blank of the vast interior a slight young girl alighted from a carriage in Fourteenth Street, and hastened to the doorway in which we stood. Her hair was wonderful; her bonnet was inconceivable. She stopped, looked earnestly upon the ruin, and sighed. We also continued to gaze, not without an erring of the eyes toward the soft young neighbor. She was evidently recalling evenings and scenes and words exclusively associated with the Academy, and which were now without a visible monument. Again she sighed, and to the profound embarrassment of the Easy Chair his wandering eyebeams suddenly encountered hers steadily issuing forth upon a mission of inquiry.

"I see," she said, "you are a sympathetic soul. May I tell you my story?"

It was certainly sudden, this very plain question very distinctly asked.

"My dear young lady," was the instant and spontaneous reply, "if you could trust a stranger, I am sure—"

"No, no," she said, and as she confronted him the Easy Chair remembered *Isola* as Zerlina: "I do not feel that you are a stranger. I shall tell you. Well, you see, I am—"

"Jane, Jane!" came a voice calling from the carriage. "Come, we must go."

"Yes, dear mamma," answered Zerlina; and reluctantly delaying and turning to me she said, with the air of *Albani* in *La Cenerentola*, "I am so sorry. Next time. Good-morning!"

The next time has not yet come. The Easy Chair has stood in the doorway many times, but in vain. He has an association now not only with the Academy but with its ruins.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 1st of June. Of actual events there is little to note. Congress has been mainly busy in speech-making, and endeavoring to fix upon some course of policy.

THE PLAN OF THE RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE.

The Joint Resolutions reported by the Committee of Fifteen, given in full in our last Record, came up in the House, May 10, for final action. There was a considerable majority of the Republican party who wished to amend the proposition by striking out the third section, disfranchising until 1870 all who had supported secession; but the previous question being demanded by Mr. Stevens, cutting off all amendments, the majority of the Democrats voted in its favor, in order to insure that the plan should be presented in a shape which would insure its veto by the President in case it should pass both Houses of Congress. The vote on the previous question was 90 ayes to 59 nays. The main question was then ordered, by 84 to 79; and the resolutions were put on their passage. The vote was 128 to 37 in favor of the resolutions, the Republicans voting

unanimously in their favor, the "Conservative" minority apparently being assured that in its present form it would not pass the Senate. Having thus more than the requisite two-thirds majority the plan was thus passed by the House. It thereupon came up before the Senate, where it became the subject of protracted debate. On the 29th of May the third section was stricken out by a unanimous vote, and in place of it was proposed the following:

"No person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or Elector of President or Vice-President, or hold any civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof; but Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disability."

Several amendments were proposed to this substitute, the general object of all being to relieve from disability those who had resigned offices under the United States previously to assuming posts under the Confederacy. These were all rejected by a vote of about three to one.

MR. STEVENS'S NEW PROPOSITION.

On the 28th of May, Mr. Stevens, foreseeing that the plan of the Committee would fail, introduced the following "Bill to enable the States lately in rebellion to regain their privileges in the Union," which was read twice and referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union:

Whereas, The eleven States which lately formed the Government of the so-called Confederate States of America have forfeited all their rights under the Constitution, and can be reinstated in the same only through the action of Congress; therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that the eleven States lately in rebellion may form valid State Governments in the following manner:

Sec. 2. The State Governments now existing *de facto*, though illegally formed in the midst of martial law, and though, in many instances, the Constitutions were adopted under duress and not submitted to the ratification of the people, and therefore are not to be treated as free republics, yet they are hereby acknowledged as valid governments for municipal purposes until the same shall be duly altered, and their legislative and executive officers shall be treated as such.

Sec. 3. Whenever the Legislatures of said States shall enact that Conventions shall be called to form legitimate State Governments, by the formation and adoption of State Constitutions, the Governor or Chief Executive officer shall direct an election to be held on a day certain, to choose delegates to a Convention, who shall meet at the time fixed by the Legislature, and form a State Constitution, which shall be submitted to a vote of the people, and if ratified by a majority of the loyal voters, shall be declared the Constitution of the State.

Sec. 4. The persons who shall be entitled to vote at both of said elections shall be as follows: All male citizens, above the age of twenty-one years, who have resided one year in said State or ten days within the election district.

Sec. 5. The word "citizens," as used in this act, shall be considered to mean all persons except Indians not taxed, born in the United States or duly naturalized. Any male citizen above the age of twenty-one years shall be competent to be elected to act as a delegate to said Convention.

Sec. 6. All persons who held office, either civil or military, under the Government of the so-called Confederate States of America, or who swore allegiance to said Government, are hereby declared to have forfeited their citizenship, and to have renounced all allegiance to the United States, and shall not be entitled to exercise the elective franchise until five years after they have filed their intention or desire to be reinvested with the right of citizenship, and shall swear allegiance to the United States, and renounce allegiance to all other Governments or pretended Governments; the said application to be filed and oath taken in the same Courts that by law are authorized to naturalize foreigners.

Sec. 7. No Constitution shall be presented to or acted on by Congress which denies to any citizen any rights, privileges, or immunities which are granted to any other citizen in the State. All laws shall be impartial, without regard to race or former condition. If the provisions of this section should ever be altered, repealed, expunged, or in any way abrogated, this act shall become void, and said State shall lose its right to be represented in Congress.

Sec. 8. Whenever the foregoing conditions shall be complied with, the citizens of said State may present said Constitution to Congress, and if the same shall be approved by Congress, said State shall be declared entitled to the rights, privileges, and immunities, and be subject to all the obligations and liabilities of a State within the Union. No Senator or Representative shall be admitted into either House of Congress until Congress shall have declared the State entitled thereto.

VETO OF THE COLORADO BILL.

The bill, previously passed in the Senate, for the admission of Colorado as a State, was passed in the House, May 3, by a vote of 80 to 55. The bill was returned on the 16th by the President, without his approval. The reasons assigned are: (1.) That the establishment of a State Government is not at present necessary for the welfare of Colorado. The population is small—from 25,000 to 40,000, and many of these are not permanent inhabitants, but are ready to remove to other mining districts if cir-

cumstances render them more inviting. (2.) It is not certain that a majority of the people desire the establishment of a State Government. In 1864, out of a vote of 6192 there was a majority of 3152 against the change. In September, 1865, the question was again presented, without any legal authority, and out of 5905 votes there was a majority of only 155 in favor of a State organization. It is not safe to recognize the illegal election as setting aside the former legal one. (3.) It would be unjust to give to (say) 30,000 people of Colorado an equal weight in the Senate with the 4,000,000 of New York, and in the Electoral College three votes to the thirty-three of New York; that is, in the choice of President to allow one person in Colorado to have as much weight as one hundred in New York. It is desirable to have something like an equality in this respect among the several States. Though for various reasons great inequalities have been allowed, in no one is it so great as in this instance. The population of Colorado is, moreover, apparently decreasing, instead of increasing. Besides these reasons the President adds:

"The condition of the Union at the present moment is calculated to inspire caution in regard to the admission of new States. Eleven of the old States have been for some time and still remain unrepresented in Congress. It is a common interest of all the States, as well those represented as those unrepresented, that the integrity and harmony of the Union should be restored as completely as possible, so that all those who are expected to bear the burdens of the Federal Government should be consulted concerning the admission of new States; and that in the mean time no new State shall be prematurely and unnecessarily admitted to a participation in the political power which the Federal Government wields, not for the benefit of any individual State or section, but for the common safety, welfare, and happiness of the whole country."

VIEWS OF THE CABINET.

Most of the members of the Cabinet have taken occasion to enunciate their views on the present situation. On the 21st of May Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, made a formal speech at Auburn, his place of residence. He commenced by alluding to the unanimity with which the Democratic party and the people of the South had become the supporters of the measures advocated by the President. This sudden conversion seemed to many to be suspicious; he looked upon it as the inevitable result of the successful resistance to rebellion. "How," he asked, "could Democrats and rebels avoid being converted?" The work of reconciliation had outrun expectation; it had no parallel in human affairs. With less disturbance than often attends a popular election in a time of profound peace, the formerly disloyal people of the seceding States had framed Constitutions in conformity with that of the United States, had ratified the amendment abolishing slavery, and had chosen State and municipal officers. "Between the Federal Government and those restored and reorganized State Governments there exists now a more complete and practical harmony than has ever before prevailed between the Union and so many of its members since it was first established." And all this had been done with the absolute concurrence of the people, free from military control, and while the army of the United States had been reduced from a million and a half to sixty or eighty thousand men. Foreign nations had meanwhile desisted from intervention, and assumed an attitude of conciliation and friendship. The people of the lately disloyal States had chosen Senators and Representatives to Congress, and labor was reorganizing itself in those States. The

main thing which now disturbed the public mind was the disagreement between the President and the Representatives in Congress of the Union party. Mr. Seward then proceeded to argue that this disagreement, in fact, related only to things not essential. The one thing which all desired was—not reconstruction, for nothing had been really destroyed—but reconciliation. The plan suggested by the President was not one devised by him, but one which had grown up from the circumstances which had arisen. Congress, while it had not accepted or rejected this, had proposed none which was immediately practicable. Mr. Seward passed in review the principal points of divergence between the President and the majority in Congress, justifying the action of the President. The main points of disagreement now were, whether loyal members from the lately disloyal States should now be admitted to Congress, or whether the people of those States should until 1870 be disfranchised, as was proposed by the third section of the plan proposed by the Reconstruction Committee. "The postponement of reconciliation," said Mr. Seward, "until 1870 is equivalent to a rejection, so far as these members of Congress are concerned, unless that, being enlightened by the autumnal elections, they shall conclude to review and reverse their action next winter. The question of reconciliation in Congress must now come to this complexion: Either loyal representatives coming from States that stand in an attitude of loyalty to the Union must now be admitted, or we have no reconciliation except through an appeal to the people in future elections. Upon such a question we may patiently and hopefully await the final decision of Congress. No Congress, I think, could be imprudent enough to leave the question in that fearful state. A failure of reconciliation for an indefinite period would and could be nothing less than a practical abandonment of the nation to the rebellion. It would be disunion and revolution; it would be Mexican or French anarchy.... My conclusion," said Mr. Seward, in closing, "is that I am hopeful; hopeful of the President, hopeful of Congress, hopeful of the National Union Party, hopeful of the Democratic Party, hopeful of the represented States, hopeful of the unrepresented States, above all hopeful of the whole People, and hopeful of the continued favor of Almighty God."

On the 23d a *serenade* was given to the different members of the Cabinet at Washington in accordance with previous arrangements. The object clearly was to afford them an occasion to define their position. Mr. Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Speed, Attorney-General, declined to speak; the former, in a note to the committee, referring to his course in Congress as an exponent of his opinions, and the latter on the ground of want of time for preparation. Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, said, briefly: "This compliment is, I suppose, for the Administration and its policy, which we one and all approve. You are one and all for the Union, I suppose, and for the establishment of the rights of the States. These are my views."

Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, spoke at considerable length. The main points in his speech were that the measures of the President, embodied in his dispatches to the various Provisional Governors and other published declarations, had received the sanction of every member of the Cabinet. Mr. Stanton himself was originally in favor of so fixing the basis of representation as to secure the right of suffrage to such of the freedmen as were qualified to dis-

charge it; but he had yielded to the adverse arguments based upon the practical difficulties in the way of carrying it into effect, and to the President's conviction that it was beyond the scope of his authority to prescribe the rule of suffrage. The general principles advanced in the President's Message met his cordial approbation. He had been in favor of the President's signing the Freedmen's Bureau Bill; but as he had not done so, and as it was not passed by the requisite two-thirds in Congress over the veto, it was no longer a living measure, not a subject of debate or discussion. The Civil Rights Bill, having become a law, notwithstanding the President's veto, was also no longer a subject of debate. Mr. Stanton expressed no opinion upon this measure. He spoke in decided opposition to the plan submitted by the Reconstruction Committee, especially of that feature of it which excludes, until 1870, all persons who aided the rebellion from voting for members of Congress and Presidential Electors.

Mr. McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, also spoke at considerable length, in terms of unreserved approval of the policy of the President. He said: "The general policy of the President in reference to the Southern States, and the people recently in arms against the Federal Government, has commended itself to my deliberate judgment; and although it has been violently, and in some cases vindictively assailed, I have an abiding conviction that it will be approved by the people when they shall be allowed to pass judgment upon it at the ballot-box. His policy is straightforward, infallible, practical. It is a pretty good evidence of the earnestness of this policy that Congress, after having been in session nearly six long weary months, has been unable to present one which they can agree upon as a substitute. I have desired and hoped for the continuation of this great Union Party, with which I have ever been identified; but if as leaders we present nothing better than the programme of the Reconstruction Committee, I too greatly apprehend that its days are numbered. I trust that this will not be the case; that it will discard its hostility, and its attempt to continue alienation between the two sections of the country, and that it will embrace those principles which look to harmony, to restoration, and to peace. If it does not do this its days are numbered, and the epitaph that will be written over it will be: 'It knew how to prosecute the war with vigor, but it lacked the wisdom to wall itself of the benefits of victory.'"

Mr. Dennison, the Postmaster-General, spoke in a very similar strain. After setting forth what has already been accomplished toward reconciliation, Mr. Dennison continued: "But one thing remains to complete the work of restoration, and to clothe the Southern States with all their Constitutional privileges, and that is their representation in Congress. Upon this I deeply regret that there is any difference between the President and our friends in Congress.... But I do not think these differences are irreconcilable. If I am not greatly at fault, time and discussion are bringing the President and Congress rapidly together on the basis of a common platform of action.... The work of restoration calls for every concession authorized by the Constitution. I will not doubt that this concession will be made, and the results of the war by which the nation was preserved will be secured and perpetuated on the basis of peace and concord between the people of all sections of our country."

INDICTMENT OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Grand Jury of the District of Virginia, sitting at Norfolk, have brought in a bill of indictment against Jefferson Davis for treason and conspiracy. The indictment contains but one specification, which, stripped of much legal technicality and repetition, is to the effect that, On the 15th of June, 1864, Jefferson Davis, late of the city of Richmond, yeoman, being an inhabitant of and residing within the United States of America, and owing allegiance to the said United States of America, did, with force and arms, levy and carry on war, insurrection, and rebellion against the United States, and "with a great multitude of persons whose names are to the jurors unknown, to the number of five hundred persons and upward, armed and arrayed in a warlike manner—that is to say, with cannon, muskets, pistols, swords, dirks, and other warlike weapons," arrayed themselves in a hostile manner against the United States of America, and did "traitorously ordain, prepare, levy, and carry on war against the said United States of America, contrary to the duty of allegiance and fidelity of the said Jefferson Davis, against the Constitution, government, peace, and dignity of the said United States of America, and against the form of the statutes of the said United States of America, in such case made and provided."—It is understood that the trial will take place in the autumn before the United States Supreme Court, Chief-Justice Chase presiding.—The health of Mr. Davis is considerably impaired.

DEATH OF WINFIELD SCOTT.

Winfield Scott died at West Point, on the 29th of May, at the age of eighty years, lacking a fortnight. He was born near Petersburg, Virginia, June 13, 1786. He was educated for a lawyer, and was admitted to the bar in 1806; but never fairly entered upon the practice of his profession, turning his attention to military affairs. In 1808 he became Captain of artillery in one of the new regiments then formed. In 1812, directly after war had been declared against Great Britain, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, and ordered to the Northern frontier. On the 13th of October he was made prisoner at the battle of Queenstown, but was soon exchanged and rejoined the army, where he served with brilliant success. In March, 1814, he was appointed Brigadier-General. In July he fought several brilliant actions, capturing Fort Erie on the 3d, winning the battle of Chippewa on the 5th, and that of Niagara or Lundy's Lane on the 25th. In this last action he was severely wounded. In the mean while he was raised to the rank of Major-General, being then twenty-eight years of age. During the years which followed he was actively engaged wherever his services were required both in a military and diplomatic capacity. In 1841, upon the death of General Macomb, he became General-in-Chief of the army. His services in the Mexican War, beginning with the capture of Vera Cruz, and ending with that of the City of Mexico, are too well-known to need recapitulation. In 1852 he was nominated by the Whig party for the Presidency, but was defeated by Franklin Pierce, Scott receiving nearly 1,400,000 votes to 1,600,000 cast for his opponent. In 1855 he was appointed Lieutenant-General by brevet, to date from March 29, 1847, the date of the capture of Vera Cruz. On the 31st of October, 1861, he asked to be placed on the list of officers retired from active service, on the ground of the infirm state of his health. The

request was granted "without reduction in his current pay, subsistence, or allowances," the President expressing the "nation's sympathy in his personal affliction, and their profound sense of the important public services rendered by him to the country during his long and brilliant career, among which will ever be gratefully distinguished his faithful devotion to the Constitution, the Union, and the flag, when assailed by a parricidal rebellion." Although his strength had been declining for many months the close of his life was sudden and unexpected. No man in our history has left behind him the record of a more pure and honorable career in the public service than that of Winfield Scott.

THE FENIANS.

The Fenian scheme appears to have wholly collapsed. Early in April some scores or hundreds of Fenians made their appearance at Eastport in Maine. They belonged to the O'Mahony faction, and were supposed to be commanded by one Killian, who bore the title of General; and their purpose was said to be to invade the British province of New Brunswick. It was reported also that they had an iron-clad steamer, which was to sweep away the British fleets. Whatever may have been the hopes of the adventurers, they attempted nothing, and in a few days they all disappeared from the borders. Meanwhile James Stephens, C. O. I. R., "Chief Organizer of the Irish Republic," arrived in New York, and endeavored to harmonize the rival factions of O'Mahony and Roberts. He condemned the project of an invasion of the Canadas, and induced O'Mahony to resign; with Roberts he was unsuccessful. He brought no encouraging news from Europe. Of the vast sums said to have been collected in America only a few thousand dollars had ever reached Ireland. He indeed assured the Brotherhood that with a few hundred thousands of dollars he could before this have established the Irish Republic; and even now, with a few hundreds of thousands, he could establish it within a year.

SPANISH ATTACK UPON CALLAO.

Late in April the Spanish fleet which had been in the harbor of Valparaiso since the bombardment went away, and on the 25th appeared off Callao, the sea-port of Lima, in Peru. The fleet consisted of the iron-clad *Numancia*, 40 guns, the frigates *Villa de Madrid*, 56, *Almanza*, 52, *Resolucion*, 42, *Blanca*, 38, *Berenguela*, 36, and five smaller vessels carrying 11 guns, mainly 32-pounders, though there were a few 68-pounders: in all 275 guns. The Admiral notified the shipping in the harbor to get away, as he should bombard the town in six days. The Peruvian batteries mounted about 45 guns; five of them 450-pounders, four 300-pounders, mounted upon iron turrets, the remainder being 32-pounders. The attack was opened by the Spanish fleet a little after noon, on the 2d of May, and the firing on both sides soon grew hot. A shot soon struck the *Villa de Madrid*, piercing the steam-chest, and she was towed out of the fight; the *Berenguela* was struck by a ball which went sheer through both sides. The *Numancia* does not appear to have been injured. The vessels withdrew a little before sunset, having apparently exhausted their ammunition. The Spanish loss was considerable; it is said amounting to 500, but this is probably too large. Admiral Nunez was severely wounded. The Peruvian loss was about 80 killed and wounded. A shell exploded in one of the turrets, setting fire to

the powder, disabling the guns, and killing Señor Galvez, the Minister of War and Marine. The batteries were little injured, and were as efficient the next morning as before.

EUROPE.

The question of war and peace in Europe hangs now in an almost even scale. It is still further complicated by the action of Italy, which has suddenly placed its forces upon a war-footing and recalled all furloughs and leaves of absence, and manifests a determination to make war upon Austria for the sake of wresting from her the province of Venetia. It is impossible to present any thing like a full and intelligible abstract of the negotiations and claims and counter-claims. The essential point, however, is that Prussia insists that Austria shall disarm; Austria declares that she can not do so while Italy maintains her present threatening attitude; and in the mean while both nations are making vigorous preparations for war. The position of France has been apparently undecided. At length, on the 3d of May, M. Rouher, in the Corps Legislatif, said officially that the efforts made by France toward the maintenance of peace had been limited by a firm resolve not to contract any obligation, and to maintain liberty of action in questions which did not, after all, affect her dignity and her interests; but he continued, "Particular duties are imposed upon us in regard to Italy. Italy may believe herself called upon to interfere actively in the Austro-Prussian conflict. Every nation is the best judge of its own interests. We do not claim to exercise any guardianship over Italy. She knows that we should highly disapprove Austria making any attack upon her; so, also, we are thoroughly determined to throw upon her all the perils and risks of any attack she may make upon Austria. The policy of the Government is a *passive* policy, an honest neutrality, and complete liberty of action." M. Thiers, in reply, said that the balance of power in Europe required that Italy and Germany should be composed of separate and feeble States. This was the intention of the treaty of Westphalia, in 1648, and this was the intention of the treaty of 1815. The policy of Prussia was hostile to this intention. It would found a great empire in Central Europe, which would threaten France. France should therefore protest against the course of Prussia, and should warn Italy that if she attacked the *status quo* by seizing upon Venetia, France would not lift a finger to save her from Austrian vengeance.—On the 5th the Emperor Napoleon made a visit to the little city of Auxerre, in the Department of Yonne, and in replying to the congratulations of the authorities said a few words, almost casually, as it appeared, which, however, like his famous New-Year's speech in 1859 to the Austrian Minister, which foreshadowed the Italian war, were meant to have a significance. He said: "I see with pleasure that the memory of the First Empire has not been effaced from your memory. I have a debt of gratitude to discharge toward Yonne. This Department was the first to give me its suffrages in 1818, because it knew that its interests were my interests, and that I detested equally with them those treaties of 1815, which it is now sought to make the sole basis of our foreign policy." These last five-and-twenty words have great significance, when it

is borne in mind that this treaty of 1815 is the basis upon which rests the present territorial distribution of Europe, which took from France a considerable portion of her former possessions. In the mean while efforts are now making to convene a Congress of the European Powers to arrange the disputed questions.

The Emperor's speech at Auxerre occasioned a financial panic throughout Europe. It was especially severe in England. The Bank of England raised its rate of interest to 10 per cent.; a great number of failures took place, prominent among which was that of the old banking house of Overend and Gurney, and the suspension of Peto and Brassy, the great railway contractors. For a fortnight the pressure upon the money market was greater than had been known for a generation.—In Parliament the main subject of debate has been upon the Reform Bill: after protracted discussion the Commons, by a vote of 318 to 313, agreed to consider the bill. The majority for Government being only 5 on an important measure, the ministry under ordinary circumstances would have either resigned or have "thrown themselves on the country," by dissolving Parliament, and ordering a new election; but they decided to go on with the measure, perfecting it in points of detail.

The financial statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was on the whole satisfactory. The purport of all was that the revenue of the past year was £67,812,000, the expenditures £65,914,000, leaving a surplus of about £1,800,000. Of the expenditures, £26,233,000 was for interest on the public debt; £34,229,000 for the army and navy; £10,250,000 for the civil service; £4,602,000 for the collection of the revenue. The Chancellor of the Exchequer furnishes the following approximate statement of the public debt of the principal nations of Europe:

Great Britain.....	\$700,000,000	\$7,000,000,000
France.....	400,000,000	2,000,000,000
Austria.....	312,000,000	1,560,000,000
Prussia.....	275,000,000	1,375,000,000
Italy.....	20,000,000	1,000,000,000
Spain.....	145,000,000	725,000,000
Holland.....	95,000,000	475,000,000
Turkey.....	51,000,000	255,000,000
Prussia.....	21,000,000	105,000,000
Sweden.....	20,000,000	100,000,000

Of these debts a large proportion, say £1,500,000,000 or \$7,500,000,000, according to Mr. Gladstone, "has accumulated during a time of peace, and has not been thrown upon the several countries during a struggle for life." And even during peace the debt of the various nations keeps on increasing at the rate of about £60,000,000 or \$300,000,000 a year. So that should peace prevail in Europe for the rest of the century, at the present rate of increase the debt of the nations enumerated would amount to nearly £4,000,000,000 or \$20,000,000,000. "These," said the Chancellor, "are portentous circumstances." Referring to the American debt Mr. Gladstone said, that "looking to the vigor and energy of the people, he did not think it would long remain a burden upon the people." Our principle in applying as much of the revenue as possible to the reduction of the national debt "was an example to Europe, where borrowing was the growing vice of the governments in all the states."

Editor's Drawer.

DURING the years '59, '60, and '61 there was in F—the wildest class of students, both in law and physic, that ever studied in that elegant little place. With the assistance of two young editors they managed to keep the town on the *qui vive* constantly. These students organized a club among themselves. In this club no opportunity for a joke was ever allowed to pass unimproved. The war scattered its members. Some fought nobly against the rebellion, and some laid down their lives for their country. One of the survivors sends some of these club stories to the Drawer.

TOM P—, one of the most brilliant of the club, and who, poor fellow! subsequently lost his life in the service of his country, had strong indications of baldness. One day, lamenting the prospect of having his appearance marred thereby, he was consoled by **JIM H—** with the following: "Never mind, Tom; an empty barn needs no thatch!" Tom said but little after that about his head.

ONE evening the subject of noses and their characteristics was under consideration, and the discussion assumed an earnest aspect. In the midst of it **WILL P—**, whose nose was not exactly Roman in structure, said, "I wonder what makes my nose so flat at its end?" Sticking it in other folk's business!" promptly replied **CHARLEY T—**. The discussion closed for that evening.

ON the stove in the office of **LAWYER B—**, now Judge of the Supreme Court, was a bowl which, by long use, had a deposit of sediment at the bottom. When full of water, by an optical illusion it appeared as if a large cake of ice was floating in it. One day **CHARLEY M—** came in to see **WILL H—**, then a student in the office. It was a cold day, and a fierce fire was burning in the stove, and the water in the bowl was consequently boiling hot. **CHARLEY**, seeing as he supposed the ice in the bowl, very naturally put his fingers in it. Drawing them out very hurriedly, he exclaimed, most emphatically, "By thunder, Bill, *that ice is hot!*"

A GOOD fellow generally was **DR. VAN C—**, and one who never missed his joke. The Rev. Mr. **M'L—** was the pastor of the church to which the Doctor belonged. The arduous labors of the pastorate injured the health of the minister, and he called on the Doctor for advice. Van examined him carefully; asked the usual number of questions; and then, with the most serious countenance imaginable, exclaimed, "Go gunning, dominie! go gunning! It will help you, and it won't hurt the birds!" It is not recorded that the "dominie" tried the experiment, but he certainly got better after the prescription was given.

THE following has appeared in print before, but those who have seen it can afford to laugh over it again, and the hundreds who have not seen it ought not to miss it:

About ten years since a young man of very good character hired a horse from a livery-stable, to ride out to a little town about twenty miles' distant. Unfortunately, about half-way out the horse was taken sick and died. The livery man sued him for

the value of the horse, representing that the horse had been killed by fast riding. One of the young man's witnesses (rather green, or supposed to be, and who had a peculiar way of talking very slow) was called to the stand, and questioned thus by the prosecutor:

"Are you acquainted with the prisoner at the bar?"

"Y-a-a-s" (very slowly drawled out).

"How long have you been acquainted with him?"

"About two years."

"Well, Sir, please state to the Court what kind of a reputation he bears as regards fast or slow riding on horseback,"

"W-a-a-l, I suppose if he was a riding with a company of persons who rode very fast, and he did not want to be left behind, he would ride fast too. And if he was riding with a company that rode very slow, and he did not want to go ahead alone, I suppose he would ride slow too."

JUDGE (very much enraged). "You seem very much inclined to evade answering questions properly. Now, Sir, you have stated how the gentleman rides when he is in fast company, and how he rides when he rides in slow company. Now, Sir, I wish you to state to the Court how the gentleman rides when he rides alone."

"W-a-a-l, having never had the pleasure of riding with him when he was alone, I don't think I can tell!"

IN a thriving Quaker town in Ohio, a little slip of the tongue occurred that deserves record. Little **JANEY C—**, in speaking of the bride at an aristocratic wedding that was to take place that evening, said: "Oh, ma! she is going to have a trail to her dress three yards long, and *four pall-bearers to carry it!*"

THE following good one we find hid away in the columns of the *San Antonio Herald*. It is too good to be buried there. The story is told by Colonel Jack Baylor, who, though a great rebel, occasionally gets off a good joke. The scene is laid in Burleson County, Texas, about seventy miles below the beautiful and flourishing town of Waco, and within ten miles of the present residence of that celebrated character in Texas, "The Notch-cutter of the Yeguas:

MR. FELIX TAYLOR, familiarly known as Uncle Felix, Colonel Baylor, and two others, were out hunting, when they accidentally fell in with a small party of the Wacoos returning from the settlements, encumbered with plunder, and pursued by those whom they had robbed.

Uncle Felix, Baylor, and party attacked the retreating Indians, and pursued them so warmly as to cause one of the hindmost of their party to cut loose a large piece of beef which was tied to his saddle, in order to facilitate his escape. This was done in full view of the pursuers, just before entering the timber bordering on the Yegua, about sixty miles below Waco, in what is now Burleson County. Further pursuit was abandoned; and the three young men, being very hungry, struck fire and immediately went to cooking and eating the captured meat.

They had not proceeded far in appeasing their vo-

racious appetites when Uncle Felix rode up to them. As the old man alighted from his horse he exclaimed, with earnestness: "Great God! how can I dig your graves with nothing but a hunting-knife? That meat's poisoned, and you'll all be dead in fifteen minutes! Run down to the river and stay there—drink just as much water as you can. Good Heaven! what fools you were to eat that poisoned meat!"

The three young men, terrified with the prospect of almost certain death, dashed off to the water, drank most beautifully, and calmly awaited their fate; but after a while their fears gave way, and they returned to the fire just as Uncle Felix was swallowing the last piece of meat. Wiping his mouth as they approached, by way of sympathy for their constancy, the old man willingly remarked: "Well, boys, I couldn't desert you; if the meat's poisoned we'll all die together!" They didn't die, yet they never forgot how slick Uncle Felix tricked them out of their meat.

A new Sabbath since Eda was, at her own request, allowed to go to Sabbath school for the first time, and there she learned the startling intelligence that she was made of dust!

Little Eda's mind was fully impressed with the importance of the great truth, as was evinced by her frequent reference to the subject in the shape of questions unanswerable and unanswerable.

This morning, however, she pronounced a sermon which "brought down the house." Intently watching her mother sweeping, as if to learn the art she must finally practice, saying not a word, her eyes rested upon the little pile of dirt accumulated by the mother's broom. Just as the dirt was to be swept into the street the little philosopher burst forth with: "Ma! ma! why don't you save the dust to make some more little girls?"

A WESTERN friend writes:

I send you the following concerning our worthy friend John B., who was the whiteman Mayor of our goodly city:

John, though possessing an unbounded amount of genuine good sense, has the misfortune of having gone on the other side of the street from the school-house, so that in his speeches he very often says, "We are sure of being successful if we do not get into any *development* of opinion," and equally outrageous words; the right word often troubles him. On the occasion of his taking the Mayor's chair John was too full for speech. He had reached the acme of his ambition, and he was sure no inaugural could add a line to his list—so he contented himself with calling "that this was the first time he had ever had the honor of presiding over such a distinguished body of men as the Common Council of this great city." He said he lacked experience in such matters, and he hoped the Council, at this their first meeting, would act only on business of the present and of importance—or, to quote his own words: "Gentlemen, to conclude, you will *style* upon me a great favor if at this meeting you will confine your doings to the present, and *not go back into futurity at all.*" It is needless to say they abstained, and did not go into the *futurity* business.

A CALIFORNIA lawyer sends us the two following:

Some years ago, when Justices of the Peace had jurisdiction over cases where the amount involved did

not exceed two hundred dollars, there lived a Squire in the coast range. A sued B to five him on a note for four hundred dollars. B posted up to the next town and consulted a "kimb of the law," S—. "We'll go down and throw him out of court on 'no jurisdiction,'" said S—. The day for trial came, and B and his attorney were on hand. Just to see how far he would go, S— let him enter judgment against him, and then called his attention to the fact of "no jurisdiction." "Ah, yes," said his Honor. "Mr. S—, the Court has thought of that, and discovered a remedy. The Court enters judgment against your client for four hundred dollars, and issues *two* executions for two hundred dollars each!" And he did it.

Texas was a very freebode old gentleman who formerly held the position of Justice of the Peace in one of our cities. Going down the main street one day one of the boys spoke to him without coming up to his Honor's idea of deference. "Young man, I fine you five dollars for contempt of Court." "Why, Judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This Court," responded the Judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session, and consequently always an object of contempt!" There was disorder in court as his Honor passed on.

A CONGREGATIONIST in a Western State sends the following "note." A pretty considerable note it is for the size of the Drawer:

Some time since I was in the "post-office business," not a thousand miles from the capital of the "Packer State." While in the "barnum" I received from a postmaster in the classic northern part of the State the following letter relative to differences of opinion as to the proper mode of transmitting a registered letter. I come across the letter the other day, while overhauling a batch of old papers, and give it *publication in literature of opinion*:

P. R.

April 12, 18—

Sir—I have been indulging you quite as long as I think it prudent for me to do my Postal Law together with My Instruction, together with me to Makout two bills just after and send one with the Trade Letter and return the other to the mailing Office until the Department of the next mail and then place it in a sealed Envelope and direct it to the Post Master where the Letter had been sent which you should like as it correct if you have received the Reg Letter and send it back if not I would you will like as it Not Received and send it back and I like them away.

Now Sir there is one of two things either You can not find and make your law at all of the best of the Post. Does not under stand the law we have sent fifty or more Reg Letters in the last six months from Chicago from to Springfield and Care and Evansville and Louisville & Cincinnati Indianapolis & Lafayette Columbus Ohio & New York & Washington D.C. and many other prominent Post offices and we always sent bills as we sent to You and they can back all this and we have received letters from other Offices in the same way it is your duty to insure the Reg Letter in Your Office until You receive the Return but now Sir if You send another Return Bill back to me without signing and with a hole Made of two Envelope Return it as you did on the Bill Forward from You to Day I will have the Matter Investigated for I will Report You to the Department where we will see whether You or I am Sir the fact I would have been long ago but that Bill is on you I suppose you are a Young man and think You are it all and have not found out that You are a fool and have a Great Fall to Llen I don't pretend to be Much my Self but I pretend to understand Some things that I find especially when it is so plain as the Reg Postal Law if you had found me in an office and had notified me of it in a becoming manner have had my Bill returned for it we ought look over each other for Good and

not for Eval and Instead of trying Rasp feelings to Give our Instruction in a mil Becomming manner and not as you Roat on that Return Bill I feel it my Duty if I See and no that one of my fello PM is Rong in anny matter to notify him Off it in a mile Becoming maner and not as you Roat to me Especalny when You are Rong and not me

Verry Respectfully Yours

P.M.

The schoolmaster has been in "Egypt" since this letter was written, and things are no doubt much improved there.

ILLINOIS has some crops of wit as well as wheat, as the following "good one" from that thriving State bears witness:

An old farmer and his wife came to town to do some trading. The old man is given to taking a little beer, and was full at the time. The wife went to the dry-goods store to get some flannel-cloth, and complained to the clerk about the width, saying that it was too narrow. At this time the husband came in, about half tight, and heard her. Coming up, he took hold of the cloth, unrolled it, and said: "Betty, it is *narrow*; but, my eyes, look at the *length*!"

THE Drawer is happy to receive the following from the "Athens of America." It is encouraging to Boston's literary rivals to think that such an incident could take place there:

Having occasion a few days since to make a memorandum of the weight of some bar steel, I gave pencil and paper to a workman, and requested him to weigh the steel and put down the size, whether round, square, or flat. This he did, and handed me the paper. On looking over it, I found a kind of steel put down which I could not decipher, and after puzzling over it for some minutes I finally called the man, and pointing out to him the difficult place, asked him to explain it. "That! why that's plain enough," said he, in evident surprise at my ignorance; "Esq. (Square) Steel!" "Oh! yes," said I, after a pause, a new light breaking in on my mind; "that's so—I didn't notice the E!" and thereupon *sloped*, fully convinced that he was ahead of my time, and a man of genius to boot; for surely no ordinary mortal could have so *happily* and concisely bestowed upon steel an honor so well merited by its great usefulness to man.

FROM an advertisement in the *Virginia* (California) *Union*, which has been standing in its columns for some months, unaltered, we learn that passengers may perform a feat of *double* railroad and stage riding that bids fair to eclipse any thing heretofore exhibited in a *Hippotheatron*, or even the celebrated Zampillaerostation. The following is extracted from that advertisement after the mention of the usual heading:

PASSENGERS leaving San Francisco by Boat at 4 P.M. will take the Cars at Sacramento, on both roads, at 6.30 A.M. For the Lake Bigler Route will change to Stages at Shingle Springs. For Donner Lake Route, at Colfax Station. Arriving in Virginia, by both lines, in 36 hours from San Francisco—

CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS BY DAYLIGHT.

We would like to see some of those passengers after they arrived on *both* roads!

THERE is a grim humor about the following, which comes all the way from Fort Scott, that is well worth preserving:

A rebel prisoner was about to die in one of our

hospitals. The surgeon in charge thought that, in order to ease him up a little, he would put a mustard-plaster on his breast. The old fellow turned over, gave a groan, and wanted to know "if a man couldn't die in this country without having a Revenue Stamp on him?" He gave another groan and passed away.

Now and then a good thing comes to the Drawer from across the water:

A gentleman with an invalid wife went to one of the prominent London hotels. He ordered breakfast in his sitting-room, and then asked for a small waiter, that breakfast might be carried in to his wife in her bedroom. The servant was absent some time, but at length returned, saying: "There are no *small waiters* in the house, Sir, but they've sent up a chamber-maid!" Great relief was experienced when it was understood that the waiter wanted was in the form of a tea-tray.

THE two following come from San Francisco:

In our mining regions, when persons discover a mineral vein, it is the duty of the mining district recorder, at request, to proceed upon the spot and record the notice of the claim. Some of these *noatises* will compare favorably with any which have ever adorned the Drawer. The recorder of one of these mining districts having occasion to absent himself lately, left, as he thought, a competent deputy in his stead—charging him particularly, in recording any "claim," to mention its distance from some other object for future reference and identification. Judge of his surprise, on his return, to find the deputy had only recorded one claim, and that was "*located about 300 yards north of an old broken wheel-barrow!*"

Wood in Reese River is *wood*—worth \$16 to \$20 a cord in gold, and not much of a cord at that. Last winter certain parties were wont to forage on their more fortunate neighbors who were provided. Near by one of these private suffering wood-piles was a mill, with a large supply on hand for mill purposes. A sufferer one night detected the petit larcener in the act of shouldering a couple of back logs, when the former approached the latter, and gently laying his hand upon his shoulder, said, encouragingly: "My friend, the mill men can stand this better than I can; go there the next time." The thief dropped the logs, and walking off, said, meekly: "I never thought of that—I will!"

"OUR Army" had been at Memphis, Tennessee, over a year, and it became absolutely necessary to in a measure reorganize the General Hospital Department. One thing thought requisite by the competent and respected Superintendent, Surgeon B. J. D. Irwin, U. S. A., was the appointment of a number of hospital stewards of the regular army (a class of men, by-the-way, who do more work and get less pay than any in the army). They must stand a strict examination before a board of surgeons. One young man from the Western States came before a board of which a pompous German officer was President. The first question by the President was, "Vel, my young man, you can make shicken soup?" "Yes, Sir" (with a smile). Vel, now, young man, vil you pe so kint as you vil del me de first ting you tos ven you make-shicken soup?" "I would catch the chicken!" promptly replied the young man. The Doctor looked a mo-

ment, and then, amidst the roars of laughter which followed, broke out: "Young mans, you'll too. I bass you!" And in due time he was appointed.

EVERY body has been in either the army or navy, so every body knows that whoever wishes to enter the service of his country must strip and be examined by the medical officer.

Fleet-Surgeon L——d, of our ship, found at San Francisco, California, just the man to fill the recent vacancy of surgeon's steward, and, after the usual examination, took the certificate "that A. B. was physically qualified to perform the duties of surgeon's steward" to the Commodore for approval. While the ink was drying the Commodore asked the Fleet-Surgeon "if the man knew much about medicine?" "No," said Fleet, "nor do I wish one who knows much about it, for he would then be too often left by the assistants in a very responsible position." The old Commodore flushed up, and asked, in a voice that betokened his rage: "What for did you certify that he was *physically* qualified then?"

ONE day, when we were at sea, the two young "jills" were arguing some case, and Passed Assistant-Surgeon P——, whose quotations were often more forcible than literal, astonished the ward-room mess with: "Oh, H——, you are straining at a gant and swallowing a camel!" H——, who was posted in Scripture, looked so funny about the eyes that P—— saw he had quoted wrong, and immediately rectified his mistake with: "I mean 'straining again and swallowing a camel!'" H—— advised him not to "strain again," or he might break that camel's back.

DURING the war, when stationed in St. Simon's Sound, Georgia, Joe B——, our Paymaster, used to furnish the mess with an enormous amount of fun, which was often at his own expense. Joe was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, but went to Philadelphia a few years before he entered the navy, and was never tired of decrying the city of his birth and its neighbor, Boston, and lauding the "City of Brotherly Love" to the skies.

One day Joe was convincing the mess that there was a good deal of humbug in the generosity found in Boston. "Talk," said he, "of the benevolence of Boston! Why, in Philadelphia we have no less than five societies for indignant females, and I don't believe there is one in all Boston!"

HERE is Young America at the wheel:

A well-known clergyman was crossing Lake Erie, many years ago, upon one of the Lake steamers, and seeing a small lad at the wheel, steering the boat, accosted him as follows:

CLERGYMAN. "My son, you appear to be a small boy to steer so large a boat."

BOY. "Yes, Sir, but you see that I can do it, though."

CLERGYMAN. "Do you think you understand your business, my son?"

BOY. "Yes, Sir, I think I do."

CLERGYMAN. "Can you box the compass?"

BOY. "Yes, Sir."

CLERGYMAN. "Let me hear you box it."

BOY boxes the compass.

CLERGYMAN. "Well, really, you can do it! Let me hear you box it backward."

BOY boxes it backward.

CLERGYMAN. "I declare, my son, you do seem to understand your business."

The boy now took his turn question-asking.

BOY. "Pray, Sir, what might be your business?"

CLERGYMAN. "I am a minister of the Gospel."

BOY. "Do you understand your business?"

CLERGYMAN. "I think I do, my son."

BOY. "Can you say the Lord's Prayer?"

CLERGYMAN. "Yes."

BOY. "Say it."

Clergyman repeats the Lord's Prayer.

BOY. "Well, really, you do know it! Now say it backward."

Clergyman says he can not do it.

BOY. "You can't do it, eh? Now you see that I understand my business a great deal better than you do yours!"

Clergyman acknowledged himself beat, and retired.

WHEN General Fremont was trying to capture Stonewall Jackson in the Valley of Virginia, the latter, to prevent further pursuit, destroyed the bridge across the Shenandoah at Mount Jackson.

The pontoon-train was hurried forward, and while that was being put down the wagon-train filed out into a large field near by. Most of the teams were composed of green mules, and were a great annoyance to their drivers, who gave vent to their feelings by volleys of oaths, swearing only as army custom can.

Just then General Fremont came riding by, and on hearing the swearing of the men, he ordered the wagon-master to instruct all the men of his command that "hereafter there will be no swearing allowed to any of the drivers except to those who drive ones!"

A CANADIAN boy, too young to fully comprehend the doctrine of total depravity, but old enough to have at least a vague idea of the hereditary principle of mankind, was recently detected by his paternal ancestor in falsehood, and punished therein by military confinement. The punishment over, the youngster accosted his father with the question:

"Pa, did you tell lies when you were little?"

The father, perhaps conscience-smitten, evaded an answer, but the child, persistent, again asked:

"Did you tell lies when you were little?"

"No," said the father, "but why do you ask?"

"Did ma tell lies when she was little?"

"I don't know, my son. You must ask her."

"Well," retorted the hopeful, "one of you *must* have told lies, or you could not have a boy who would!"

This is a veritable record of an occurrence in the quiet town of St. Catharines.

IN the town of S——, in Vermont, lived Justice T——, one of the Sons of Temperance, very zealous to prosecute all violations of the prohibitory law against rum-sellers. T—— had a neighbor by the name of H——, who was in the habit of imbibing too much, and a great opposer of the prohibitory law—taking away our liberties—and was sometimes hard up on account of T——'s vigilance in prosecuting the violators of the act against rum-sellers. T—— sent to New York for ten gallons of old Holland gin, and, in order to keep the matter secret, had it directed to his neighbor H——, expecting to take it from the *dépôt*. It so happened that H—— was at the *dépôt* when the gin arrived,

and took the keg, as it was directed to him. On his way home he met T—— going to the dépôt, and told him some of his friends had sent him ten gallons of old Holland gin, and he could get along for some time in spite of his prosecutions. T—— saw how he was caught, and did not like to lose all the gin, so he told H—— that he sent for it, and asked him to divide, and let him have a part, and say nothing about it. H—— said: "I know how you feel; I have been in the same situation a good many times on account of your prosecutions, so that I could not get a *drop*. Should be glad to let you have a part, but the law prohibits giving away as well as selling, and if I let you have a part some of your friends will prosecute me for giving away!" The story was too good for H—— to keep. He would call in his friends and have many a good time drinking T——'s gin.

LITTLE JENNIE is a four-year-old, with a decided repugnance to keeping still or donning the "airs" of the prim young ladies by acting "proper" on all occasions. Her mother was about making a visit to an absent sister, and designed having Miss Jennie accompany her. So she says:

"Now, Jennie, when we get to Aunt Clara's I want you to be a good little girl, and not act so rude as you do at home."

"Ma," says Jennie, in sober earnest, "how long are you going to stay at aunt's?"

"About a week, I think," says her mother.

"Well," says Miss Jennie, very decidedly, "if I have got to behave myself a *whole week* I sha'n't go!"

And, sure enough, she did not go. The sacrifice was evidently too great.

AT La Crosse, Wisconsin, I visited, last Sabbath afternoon, a Sunday-school. At the close of the exercises the well-known chant commencing—

"My head is anointed with oil, and my cup is full," was given out. The school rose and commenced singing. Near me sat a tall fellow with a voice loud and deep, but certainly not very melodious, who astonished me by roaring out, in a manner to drown all the efforts of the children around him:

"My head is anointed with oil, and my *cap* is full!"

A TOLEDO friend says: I was told a good joke on Chicago recently, which I think deserving a place in the Drawer: Mr. and Mrs. L——, with their little daughter, four or five years of age, were to take the early train for Chicago. The previous night the good little child brought her prayers to a close as follows: "Good-by, God! good-by, Lord Jesus! *I am going to Chicago in the morning!*"

IN traveling through an intelligent county in the southern part of Ohio I came across the following inscription on the tombstone of a little child:

"Oh! you silly little fly,
There's a spider drawing nigh;
Buzzing without heed or care,
You will soon be in his snare."

THE following incident actually happened, and is only one of the many sharp repartees made by our gallant fighting boys in blue:

On the day before the surrender of Fort Donelson, about 3 o'clock P.M., the Second Iowa Infantry led a charge on the enemy's works, on our left, under the command of the lamented General C. F. Smith. Just as the boys were crossing the ditch a

rebel soldier was heard to exclaim: "For mercy's sake, help me out of this, where I can get some air into me!" Charley H—— shook his head as he replied: "Haven't time now; we want to let the air out of some fellows up here first!"

"How did you feel when the ball struck you?" I asked a comrade, after our wounds had been attended to, and we were speaking of a late fight. He had been wounded through both thighs, and his reply, as usual, commenced by a question: "Did you ever cut a chicken's head off?" "Yes," I said. "Well," said W——, "I felt just like the chicken felt!"

JENNY A——, a charming little friend of mine, who is noted for her bright, queer sayings, as well as for her generous heart, was a few weeks since having a romp in the house with a little playmate about her own age named Alice B——, when she (Jennie) had the misfortune to fall on a needle which was sticking in the carpet. It went so far into her knee it could not be reached, and a surgeon was sent for. Her friends were striving to soothe her pain, and her little friend Alice was crying bitterly, when Jennie exclaimed, "Oh, dear! I wish I was Alice! but *I'm real glad Alice isn't me!*"

A GOOD story is told of Rev. Peter Janeson, while attending camp-meeting near Pontiac, at a time when the Territory of Michigan was comprised of two circuits. The Reverend, possessing quite as much zeal as physical strength, late at night sought in vain in the preacher's tent for a place to lay his mortal remains to rest. Slightly piqued that no place had been reserved for him, having borne the burden and heat of the day, the Reverend had recourse to a stratagem. Retiring to the woods a convenient distance for effect, mounting a large log, he poured forth upon the night air one of those magnificent strains of music for which the early Methodist tunes were so justly celebrated. The effect was electrical. The sleepers, half-wakened by the music, rushing out pursued the sound to the woods. Having collected a crowd, Janeson called upon a brother to pray, slid off the log, and returning to the vacant tent, appropriated the best place and most blankets, and quietly resigned himself to silence and meditation.

IN the city of Cleveland, Ohio, reside two brothers by the name of Little, who regularly attend the same church, and happened a few Sabbaths since to be late, having arrived just as the minister arose to give out his text. Their seats happen to be situated on opposite sides of the church, and well up toward the pulpit, each going up a broad aisle on either side. Starting from the vestibule at the same time, what was their astonishment, on arriving nearly at their seats, to hear the minister announce as his text, with a flourish of the hand, "Here a little, and there a little!"

THE following racy examination of a candidate for admission to the bar is taken from the *Western Law Journal*. The examination commences with:

"Do you smoke, Sir?"

"I do, Sir."

"Have you a spare cigar?"

"Yes, Sir." (Extending a short six.)

"Now, Sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"

"To collect fees."

"Right. What is the second?"

"To increase the number of his clients."

"When does your position toward your client change?"

"When making a bill of costs."

"Explain."

"We then occupy the antagonistic position. I assume the character of plaintiff, and he becomes the defendant."

"A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other side?"

"Check by jowl."

"Enough, Sir, you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me?"

"Perfectly."

"Describe it."

"It is to invite you to drink."

"But suppose I decline?"

(Candidate scratches his head.)

"There is no instance of the kind on record in the books. I can not answer that question."

"You are right; the confidence with which you make the assertion shows that you have read the law attentively. Let's take a drink, and I will sign your certificate."

Up in Connecticut there resided some years ago a young limb of the law who was "courting" a lady in the city of N—, distant some slight miles. Jackson, as we will call him, was "rather close," yet, as it was known that he had not succeeded in making a fortune out of the law, a neighboring farmer did not hesitate when, one Saturday, Jackson applied to him for a horse and buggy to drive to N— to spend Sunday, but at once furnished the team. So Saturday noon Jackson drove off in style, spent the evening and the Sabbath in N— with his lady-love, and drove back to town Monday. Upon returning the horse to his owner, he said, "How much is it?" "Oh, nothing; you're welcome to the use you've made of him," was the reply. "All right!" said Jackson; "then you owe me a dollar and a half," producing a bill which he had paid for the keeping of the horse in N—, which he had actually the "check" to present for payment. The farmer paid the bill, but Jackson never borrowed any more horses of him.

ONE of the club from whom the Drawer has had a number of good things adds another contribution:

During a very cold "spell of weather" one of "our crowd" was away on business. On his return the subject of the extreme cold was being talked over in the "club." Will H—, who dreamed somewhat at times, drew on his imagination, and related the following: "On that coldest night you remember, boys, I went to bed leaving the gas burning. I awoke some time toward morning, and found the room in complete darkness. I thought it strange, but, overcome by drowsiness, fell asleep. In the morning I made an investigation, and found the gas *hard*—in fact, so hard that I procured a pair of scissors and cut it off!" L— had been listening attentively until Will concluded, when he jumped from his chair, exclaiming, "What! you don't mean the flame froze up?" The peals of laughter which followed brought him to a realizing sense of his condition, and he seated himself, remarking, "I was thinking of the hydrant!"

ONE who has probably been called upon, like

Mrs. Sigourney, to write a good many obituaries, sends us one that he *did not* write, with this note:

DEAR EDITOR,—The inclosed obituary is a remarkable specimen of that kind of literature, and will doubtless interest the readers of the Drawer:

"J. Q. Ford departed this life March 2, at his residence in P—, aged 79 years, 5 months, and 12 days.

"There is a period when the apple-tree blossoms with its fellows of the wood and field: how fair a time it is! All nature is warm and smiling. The material world celebrates its vegetable loves; and the flower-bells, touched by the winds of spring, utter in the universal marriage of nature. Bees, birds, insects, reptiles, fish, plants, with their jumble of colors spread, all float forward on the tide of new life. Then comes the summer.

"Many a blossom falls fruitless to the ground, littering the earth with beauty, never to be used. Thick leaves hide the process of creation, which first blushed pale in the flowers, and now comes past us. For as life's most deep and fruitful hours are hid in mystery. Apples are growing on every tree; all summer long they grow; and in early autumn, at length, the fruit is fully formed. The leaves begin to fall, bidding the sun approach more closely. The apple hangs there yet, not to grow, only to ripen. We are long in doing to the tree; it gains nothing in size and weight. Externally there is increase of beauty; having finished the form from within, nature brings out the added grace of color. It is not a tricky beauty painted on, but an expression which of itself comes out, a fragrance and hardness of the simplest innermost. While, at the same time, the component elements are changing: the apple grows small and plump; it softens, sweetens, and in one word it softens. Some night or day the vital force of the tree goes down, and the autumn, with gentle breath, just shakes the tree: the expectant fruit lets go its hold, full grown, full ripe, full colored too, and with slump and buoyancy the apple falls into the autumn lap. Just as Father Ford fell, all ripe and ready for the garner."

The soldiers, who read the Drawer in camp and hospital, are its good friends, now that peace has come. One of them sends us the following:

During the progress of the Maskington River Slackwater Improvement in 1878 quite a number of men were employed at D—'s Falls in digging the canal around the falls. Among them was a son of the Emerald Isle named Andy. Nev. T— was the boss of the gang. Andy got a fever and died, but requested on his deathbed that Father M— should be sent for to perform the last and ritual over his mortal remains, which was done.

Nev. T—, as manager of the funeral, took the head of the procession, in a buggy, accompanied by the reverend father. On the way to the grave the horse drawing the hearse took fright and ran off, passing T— and the priest, frightened their horses, and away he went after the hearse.

"Why, Mr. T—," says Father M—, "is it usual to drive so fast at funerals in this neighborhood?"

"Well, no," replied Nev., "but it is usual to keep up with the corpse."

ANOTHER one writes:

In the fall of 1864 I enlisted as substitute at W—, and was sent with a lot more to Dayton. We were a jolly set, but when we got there we had our ardor somewhat dampened by being locked up in what the boys called the "bull-pen."

This was an inclosure of perhaps an acre of ground, fenced with an upright pine-board fence, with a great many knot-holes. Here the boys used to gather (subs and bounty-jumpers on the inside, and recruits and enlisted men on the outside) to

have a chat; but some youngsters on the outside had a disagreeable habit of bellowing at us through the knot-holes like a herd of bulls. This so exasperated a little Irishman we had that he put his wits to work to retaliate in some manner. He made a pair of wooden pinchers, and stationed himself at one of the largest knot-holes just after roll-call—the worst time for the bellowing. In a few moments it commenced, and there came along a strapping big fellow, stuck his nose and mouth through Billy's hole, and gave a great bowoo, when snap went Billy's pinchers, and he had him by the nose. Then there was bellowing in earnest. Such roars of laughter I think I never heard. We did the bellowing on our side after that.

THERE is wit as well as wisdom in this pithy story:

There is a German porter in one of the largest banking and brokerage houses in Wall Street who has been there in that capacity for nearly twenty years, and has *saved* about forty thousand dollars, which he has on deposit with that firm in their safe in government bonds. When asked by a bevy of juvenile clerks how he managed to be so rich, he replied: "You see, when I got a shillin' in my pocket, und I wants a glass of lager, und I tinks I can't do widout it, *I don't get 'um.*"

My little nephew Johnny, a three-year-old, has a baby sister, whose mother is sometimes under the necessity of administering to her the usual infantile remedies to preserve due quiet in the family. Johnny was visiting a neighbor one day, not long since, who inquired of him how baby was. He replied:

"She is pretty well. Mother has to give her 'Mrs. Winslow,' though."

"Mrs. Winslow," said the questioner, "who is she?"

"She!" said he, most earnestly; "she ain't a woman at all: she is soothing sirup!"

OUR little Kitty went into the country the other day, and, greatly delighted with all she saw, found the culminating point of interest in watching, with hushed breath and dilated eyes, the mysterious process of milking. The darling was standing in alarming proximity to the cow's heels, but so rapt was she that her mother's remonstrances were unheard; repeated by the milker they at length attracted her attention. "Why," said Kitty, with innocent surprise, casting a glance over her shoulder at the cow, "this ain't the end that bites!"

COLONEL TAMBLYN, commanding Fort Fletcher, Kansas, had an Irishman for orderly. On the 20th of January last two men, employés of Butterfield's Overland Dispatch Company, were killed near the fort by Indians. The day following the Colonel said to his orderly, "Give my compliments to the company commanders, and tell them to notify their companies that those two men who were killed by Indians yesterday will be buried this afternoon at two o'clock, and I would like to have as many as can make it convenient attend their funeral." The orderly accidentally found the company commanders together, and, touching his hat, delivered his message as follows: "The Colonel sends his compliments, and directs you to notify those two men that were killed by Indians that they will be buried this afternoon at two o'clock, and he would like to

have as many as can make it convenient attend their funeral!" This naturally provoked a laugh from the officers; and the orderly, perceiving something to be wrong, again touched his hat, and said. "There may be a joke about it; but if there is, it is on the Colonel, for he told me so!"

THE writer of this has reached Cleveland, Ohio:

In my travels, a short time since, I left New York at evening on board the sleeping-car for the West. The car was well filled with a genteel-looking set of people, when there entered one of those hatchet-faced, round-shouldered, hooked-nosed, cadaverous, *unwashed* Jews, with an old leather bag in his hand, and taking his seat, immediately opened said bag and took out a very stale mixture of bread, sausage, etc., and commenced eating, much to the annoyance of the delicate noses of the other occupants.

Upon the appearance of the Conductor (an Irishman) the passengers entered a complaint against such proceedings, and were assured that the obnoxious individual should soon be disposed of. The Conductor accosted the Jew demanding his berth fare. "Vell, how much you charge?" "Three dollars," was the answer. "Oh, dat is too much! 'Tis not wort so much. I tot it vas von dollar and a half. I vill not give so much!" "Well," says the Conductor, "we have raised the price in order to keep out the low class, whose patronage we do not wish." "Oh yes, yes, yes! Vell, I see—dat ish all right! Here ish your monish" (at the same time handing him three dollars). "It keeps out de *dirty Irish!*"

The Conductor was obliged to acknowledge himself beat, and the Jew went on quietly eating his meal, while the passengers were bursting with laughter.

By consulting the map of California, you will find on the northern border the county of Siskiyou, the county town of which is Yreka. This town boasts of a bakery (as what town does not?), the sign of which "institution" bears the legend:

YREKA BAKERY.

Now spell the above from right to left, or, as most persons hereabout commence *Harper*, viz., at the "back end," and show me a more wonderful combination of letters from the English alphabet.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

To show the intelligent manner in which the right of suffrage is executed by our adopted citizens from the "Gem of the Sea," I send you two little "notes" which came under my observation: At an election for city officials, one "Greek" was just leaving the polls when he was stopped by another with the question, "Moike, have yez woted?" "Fhat de ye say?—is it woted? Shure, me wote is far away toward Washington long before this!"

At one of our State elections the Democratic ticket was ornamented with a huge spread eagle. Seeing an Irishman whom I used to employ, I asked him what ticket he voted, by saying, "Pat, who do you vote for?" "Faith, I donno, your Honor; but I wote the aigle burrd ticket!"

AMOS K——, a thriving hardware dealer in a certain village, known as a self-sharpener, who, whether in Wall Street among the brokers, in the oil regions, or elsewhere, holds his own—and all

else he can honestly get hold of—had some costs in our county-clerk's office waiting his call. H. C. G——, an attorney, and T. P. W——, cashier, both inveterate wags, in some way found out the cost item, receipted for it to the clerk, and adjourned to a place where the inner man could be comforted. After a round they sent for Amos K——, and invited him to participate, which he did. After a little fun the attorney and cashier called on refreshments for two only, gravely informing K—— that the little interview was at his expense, and that they regretted the fact that the unexpended balance was too small to admit of a third person, except in the capacity of a looker-on!"

In the fall of 1865 Marcus L. Ward was one of the candidates for Governor of New Jersey. B—— was a juvenile "freedman," brought from Virginia by a returned soldier. He returned from school one day saying he had learned something he did not know before—he had learned who discovered America. "Who was it?" he was asked. The reply was, "Marcus L. Ward!" Marcus L. was elected.

FLATTERY is always dangerous; and as an illustration of that sober remark, the Drawer appends the following from Michigan:

A gentleman in our neighborhood called on a very fine young lady, who was engaged at the time in making soap, but when she saw the gentleman coming left to make her toilet. In the mean time the young lady was inquired after. Her mother excused her, and told what she had been doing. In a few moments the young lady came into the room, nicely dressed, and ready to entertain her company. As she came in her mother said, "I have told Mr. G—— that you had been making soap, and would be in soon." The gentleman looked at her, and, wishing to compliment her on her beauty, said: "Soap! why you look as if you had never seen any soap."

CALIFORNIA is noted for its gold mines, good wine, and contributions to *Harper's Drawer*, among which are the following.

Four or five years ago Timbuctoo, in Yuba County, was one of the most flourishing mining towns in the State, though it is now sadly on the decline. As is always the case in such places, a great number of the gallant sons of Erin were congregated, for the purpose of working the mines. One pair, in particular, were peculiarly given to dram-drinking, which sometimes before it was through would end in a rough-and-tumble fight. At length the loving Bridget concluded to have her darling Pat fined. Accordingly suit was commenced before Justice P——. In testifying Bridget said she did not "strike" her devoted spouse at all. This was more than the impulsive Pat could bear—so, regardless of judge, jury, and every thing else, he cried out: "Yes! an' didn't you *hake me with a grub-on?*" The effect can be better conceived than described.

SEVERAL years ago, in Nevada County, a murder case, which happened at the celebrated Allison Ranch mine, was on trial, in which the evidence was entirely circumstantial. During the trial, in accordance with an act of the Legislature, passed a short time before, a negro was called to the stand to testify. Among other things, he said he saw the prisoner at a certain cabin at nine o'clock. He was asked how he knew it was nine; and replied that

he looked at the clock. The door was in the side of the house, and it had been shown that the door was locked at that hour. As the clock was behind the door, it was difficult to understand how he could see it through the keyhole. The counsel for the prosecution therefore asked him how he could see it. Closing one eye, giving a very knowing wink with the other, and bending his finger at an angle, he said, with the utmost positiveness, "I look *trunkular* at it!"

UNCLE SAM receives some queer notes. Among them we quote a report made by a postmaster of F——, Illinois:

F—— Co Ills. July 9 1857

Mr James Buchanan president of the United States Dear Sir Been required by the instructions of the post office to report quarterly I know herewith fulfill that pleadin duty by reportin as follows: The herestlin has been going on pretty and most of the natives have got their cuttin about due when it hardly a average crop in railin lands even is yallerish and went turn out more ten or fifteen bushels to the acre the health of the community is only tolerable mostly it cholesty has took out about 2 and a half miles from here there is a powerful asakenin on the subject of religion in the pottis suburban most nasey with a new saloon had retein day before yesterday one of them is a poor wounding thing and went by half the day this is about all I have to report the present quarter gily my respects to our the fault and subscribe myself

Yours truly

Abraham Jenkins

P. M. at F—— Co Ills.

In the quiet country village of L—— lived young Tom Burton. He had an insufferable amount of vanity, and was continually prating about his adventures with men, beasts, and creeping things. To hear his own story he was the hero of a thousand bloody encounters. Jack Hood determined to put his courage to the test. Coming to him one afternoon, greatly agitated, Hood said, "Burton, a person has threatened to shoot me to-day, and I want to know whether I can rely on you for assistance." "Oh, certainly," pompously responded he. "I will not see a hair of your head injured!" Proceeding down the street, arm in arm, according to the arrangement some one suddenly stepped from behind a building and commenced firing rapid shots at Hood. Burton thought it would be his turn next, and seeing his companion in arms fall, took "leg bail," and was soon out of all danger.

As soon as he was fairly out of sight Hood coolly arose and concealed himself, to watch further developments. In the course of several hours Burton returned to town, and seeking the hotel bar-room with woeful countenance, inquired when poor Hood was going to be buried! The roar of laughter that followed was perfectly stunning, and effectually cured him of his habit of boasting.

In December, 1864, when Gregg's cavalry division and the Fifth Corps were returning from the raid on the Weldon Railroad, the enemy were following them up pretty close. Lieutenant Dennison's battery of light artillery were placed in position, and began to play upon the rebels with case-shot. Their store of that kind of ammunition running short, mounted orderlies were dispatched to the ammunition-wagons for a supply. An Irish artilleryman, when returning with one of those case-shot in his hand, was met by the provost marshal of the division, and asked what was that he was carrying. To which he replied: "Hard tack for the rebels, by iabers, Sir."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXCIV.—AUGUST, 1866.—VOL. XXXIII.



THE WATER SPIDER.

MORE CURIOUS HOMES.

IN the tropical regions insect life flourishes as luxuriantly as the vegetation. There are insects that bite and insects that suck, insects that scratch and insects that sting, and many that are remarkable for giving out a most horrible odor. Some of them are cased in armor as hard as crab-shells, and will endure almost any amount of violence; while some are as round, as plump, as thin-skinned, and as juicy as over-ripe gooseberries, and collapse almost with a touch. There are great flying insects which always make for the light, and unless it is defended by glass will either put it out, or will singe their wings and spin about on the table in a manner that is by no means agreeable. The

smaller insects get into the inkstand and fill it with their tiny carcasses, while others run over the paper and smear every letter as it is made. There are great centipedes, which are legitimate cause of dread, being armed with poison fangs scarcely less venomous than those of the viper. There are always plenty of scorpions; while the chief army is composed of cockroaches, of dimensions, appetite, and odor such as we can hardly conceive in this favored land. As to the lizards, snakes, and other reptiles, they are so common as almost to escape attention. For a time these usurpers reign supreme. Now and then a few dozen are destroyed in a raid, or a person of sanguine temperament

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FORAGING ANTS

amuses his leisure hours, and improves his mathematics by picking off the more prominent intruders with a saloon pistol; but the vacancies are soon filled up, and no permanent benefit is obtained. But there is one insect which, although often annoying, is also exceedingly useful; and its approach is welcomed by the inhabitants of tropical America, where it abounds. This is the *Foraging Ant*, which, though not more skillful than many other insects in constructing its home, is worthy of special notice. These ants sally forth in vast columns, at least a hundred yards in length, though not of very great width. When they make their appearance nothing withstands their assault; the inhabitants throw open every box and drawer in the house so as to allow the ants access into every crevice, and then retire from the premises. Presently the van-guard of the column approaches, a few scouts precede the general body, and seem to inspect the premises and ascertain whether they are worth a search. The long column then pours in and is soon dispersed over the house. The scene that then ensues is described as most singular. The ants penetrate into the corners, peep into each crevice, and speedily haul out any unfortunate creature that is lurking therein. Great cockroaches are dragged unwillingly away, being pulled in front by four or five ants, and pushed from behind by as many more. The rats and mice speedily succumb to the onslaught of their myriad foes, the snakes and lizards fare no better, and even the formidable weapons of the scorpion and centipede are overcome by their pertinacious foes. In a wonderfully short time the Foraging Ants have completed their work, the scene of turmoil gradually ceases, the scattered parties again form into line, and the procession moves

out of the house, carrying its spoils in triumph. The raid is most complete, and when the inhabitants return to the house they find every intruder gone, and to their great comfort are enabled to move about without treading on some unpleasant creature, and to put on their shoes without previously knocking them against the floor for the purpose of shaking out the scorpions and similar visitors. In the illustration a column of Foraging Ants is seen winding its way through a wood. Every one who is accustomed to the country takes particular care not to cross one of these columns. The Foraging Ants are tetchy creatures, and not having the least notion of

fear, are terrible enemies even to human beings. If a man should happen to cross a column the ants immediately dash at him, running up his legs, biting fiercely with their powerful jaws, and injecting poison into the wound. The only plan of action in such a case is to run away at top speed until the main body are too far off to renew the attack, and then to destroy the ants that are already in action. This is no easy task, for the fierce little insects drive their hooked mandibles so deeply into the flesh that they are generally removed piecemeal, the head retaining its hold after the body has been pulled away, and the mandibles clasped so tightly that they must be pinched from the head and detached separately. There seems to be scarcely a creature which these insects will not attack, and they will even go out of their way to fall upon the nests of the large and formidable wasps of that country. For the thousand stings the ants care not a jot, but tear away the substance of their nest with their powerful jaws, penetrate into the interior, break down the cells, and drag out the helpless young. Should they meet an adult wasp they fall upon it and cut it to pieces in a moment.

The African *Termites* erect nests of vast size and stone-like solidity. The history of this insect is complicated and full of incident, so that many pages might be occupied in giving an account of them, and yet the subject be not exhausted. The illustration, however, will afford some idea of the form and size of their habitations. A full-sized nest of the African *Termites* is a wonderful structure. Although made merely of clay, the walls are nearly as hard as stone, and hunters are accustomed to mount upon them for the purpose of looking out for game, and the wild buffalo has a similar habit, the structure being strong enough even to sup-



NESTS OF TERMITES.



TERMITES' NEST.

just the weight of an lorry on animal. The form of the nest is essentially conical, a large cone wrapping the others, and smaller cones being grouped round it like pinnacles round a Gothic spire. It is said that there have been

seen that were full twenty feet in height, and that had a circumference of one hundred feet.

The accompanying illustration represents a most singular structure, which very little resembles an insect's nest. It might very well be taken for a sponge, looks much like a fungus, and has the appearance of an overgrown and partially decayed puff-ball. The real material, however, of which the nest is made, is formed of the short entomby shavings which fill the wood pores of the cotton tree. The shavings are so short that it is impossible being woven into fabric. The *Formica* ants, however, find it useful for their work, and sometimes it serves it so

deftly that the individuality of the shavings is lost, and they are all made into a compact and uniform mass. The size of the nests varies, but is sometimes very considerable, a full-sized one, being often as large as a man's



HONEY-BEEHIVE WITH AND ATLAS MITE.

head. The ant itself is rather a curious little creature, dark in color, covered with many angular protuberances, and being remarkable for a couple of long, sharp spines that project from the thorax, one on either side.

On the right hand of the next illustration may be seen a large moth flying downward, and just above it are a couple of oval objects attached to a slender bough. This moth is that magnificent insect the *Atlas Moth*, and the oval objects are the cocoons which are spun by its larva. The *Atlas Moth* is a truly splendid insect. Creamy white, soft yellow, and pale brown are the chief tints it wears; but they are so beautifully blended, the plumage is of so downy a softness, and the expanse of wing is so great that the *Atlas* holds its own high rank even among the more vividly colored insects of its own country. There are many members of this genus scattered over the different parts of the earth, the finest and largest specimens being found between the tropics. In all the species the antennæ of the males are remarkable for their beauty, being deeply feathered, and shaped something like a spear-head with a triangular blade, and in many examples there is a loose membranous talc-like spot in the middle of the wing. The cocoons of the *Atlas Moth* are made of silken thread, much like that of the common silk-worm, the

cocoon being large in proportion to the size of the moth, and the quantity of silk is necessarily very great. Although the thread is not so fine or glossy as that of the ordinary silk-worm, it is strong, smooth, and serviceable, and capable of being woven into useful fabrics.

The *House-builder Moth* is an insect which is common in many parts of the West Indies, in several places being so plentiful that the sight of its long pendent domiciles is any thing but pleasant to the proprietor of a garden. The reader will observe that in the illustration the nest is shown as depending from the caterpillar, part of which protrudes from its mouth and the other part is hidden. This attitude is given because it is that in which the insect is generally seen. Scraps of wood mixed with fragments of leaves are the materials which are used, and they are bound together very firmly by the silken threads with which so many caterpillars are endowed. There is a tolerable degree of elasticity about it, especially at the entrance, which is slightly expanded so as to assume an irregular funnel-like shape, and can be drawn together at will by means of the silken threads attached to its circumference. The caterpillar has thus two means of guarding itself from attacks. If it is still clinging to a branch, it can retreat into the house and press the mouth so firmly against the branch that it



TUFTED SPIDER AND SPHERICAL SPIDER NESTS.



FIGURE SPIDER'S NEST

is closed effectively, just as a limpet shelters its soft body by pressing the top of the shell against the rock. On it detached, it can pull the lips together, and thus shut itself up in its strange house as completely as a box tortoise in its shell. The Oriental idea that feminine delicacy is only to be maintained by concealing the face, seems to have been borrowed from the Householder Moth, which is a perfect model of female excellence, according to Oriental notions, always staying at home, always hiding her face, and always producing enormous families. Perhaps the male may be attracted to the female by some peculiar instinct, for the eyes can have little to do with the discovery, she being so closely shut up in her house, and never leaving it till the day of her death.

The *Tufted Spider* of the West Indies spins a large, oval, cocoon-like nest. This creature derives its name from the remarkable tufts of stiff, bristle-like hairs which decorate the limbs.

Of the curious *Spherical Spider* nests, with their black cross bars, nothing is known except the mere fact of their existence.

There is a species of spider which constructs a remarkable pensile nest, as seen in the illustration. The spider takes several concave seed-pods, and fastens them firmly together with the silken thread of which webs are made, and in the interior the eggs are placed. In the lower part of the illustration is a leaf upon which are piled a number of fragments of leaves, so as to form a rude conical heap. This is also the work of a spider, and is made with great ingenuity, for the structure has been regularly built up of a great number of pieces, each being ar-

ranged methodically upon the other. The labor must have been considerable, even if the spider had nothing to do but to arrange and fasten together pieces of leaves which had already been selected.

The *Water Spider* is a most curious and interesting creature, because it affords an example of an animal which breathes atmospheric air constructing a home beneath the water, and filling it with the air needful for respiration. The sub-aquatic cell of the *Water Spider* may be found in many rivers and ditches, where the water does not run very swiftly. It is made of silk, as is the case with all spiders' nests, and is generally egg-shaped, having an opening below. This cell is filled with air; and if the spider be kept in a glass vessel, it may be seen reposing in the cell, with its head downward, after the manner of its tribe. The *Water Spider* places her eggs in this cell, spinning a saucer-shaped cocoon, and fixing it against the inner side of the cell and near the top. In this cocoon are about a hundred eggs, of a spherical shape, and very small.

The cell is a true home for the spider, which passes its earliest days under the water, and when it is strong enough to construct a sub-aquatic home for itself, brings its prey to the cell before eating it.

There is another spider which frequents the water, but which only makes a temporary and movable residence. This is the *Raft Spider*, which is represented in the illustration of its natural size. Not content with chasing insects on land, it follows them in the water, on the surface of which it can run freely. It needs, however, a resting-place, and forms one by getting together a quantity of dry leaves and similar substances, which it gathers into a rough ball, and fastens with silken threads. On this ball the spider sits, and allows itself to be blown about the water by the wind. Apparently it has no means of directing its course, but suffers its raft to traverse the surface as the wind or current may carry it. The spider does not merely sit upon the raft, and there capture any prey that may happen to come within reach, but when it sees an insect upon the surface, it leaves the raft, runs swiftly over the water, seizes its prey, and brings it back to the raft. It can even descend below the surface of the water, and will often crawl several inches in depth. This feat it does not perform by diving, as is the case with the *water spider*, but by means of the aquatic plants, down whose stems it crawls. Its capability of existing for some time beneath the surface of the water is often the means of saving its life; for, when it sees an enemy approaching, it quietly slips under the raft, and there lies in perfect security until the danger has passed away.

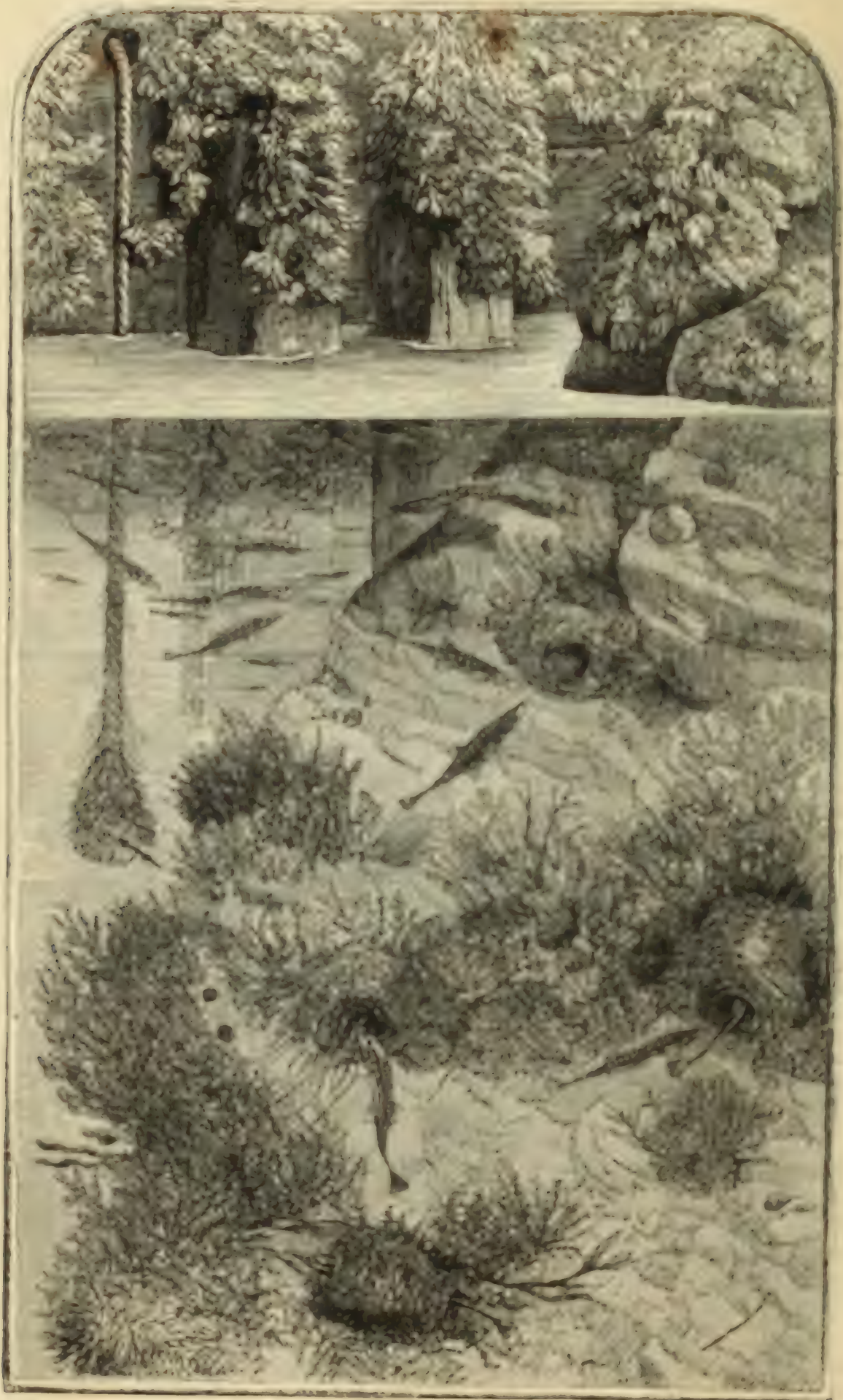


THE RAFT SPIDER.

As a rule, fishes display but little architectural genius, their anatomical construction debarring them from raising any but the simplest edifice. A fish has but one tool, its mouth, and even this instrument is of very limited capacity. Still, although the nest which a fish can make is necessarily of a slight and rude character, there are some members of that class which construct houses which deserve the name. The best examples of architecture among fishes are those which are produced by the *Stickle-backs*, those well-known little beings whose spiny bodies, brilliant colors, and dashing courage make them such favorites with all who study nature. These fishes make their nests of the delicate vegetation that is found in fresh water, and will carry materials from some little distance in order to complete the home. The materials of which the nest is made are extremely variable, but they are always constructed so as to harmonize with the surrounding objects, and thus to escape ordinary observation. Sometimes it is made of bits of grass which have been blown into the river, sometimes of straws, and sometimes of growing plants. The object of the nest is evident enough, when the habits of the Stickle-back are considered. As is the case with many other fish, there are no more determined destroyers of Stickle-back eggs than the Stickle-backs themselves, and the nests are evidently constructed for the purpose of affording a resting-place for the eggs until they are hatched. If a few of these nests be removed from the water in a net, and the eggs thrown into the stream, the Stickle-backs rush at them from all sides, and fight for them like boys scrambling for half-pence. The eggs are very small, barely the size of dust-shot, and are yellow when first placed in the nest, but deepen in color as they approach maturity.

There is a well-known marine species of this group, called the *Fifteen-Spined Stickle-back*, a long-bodied, long-snouted fish, with a slightly projecting lower jaw, and a row of fifteen short and sharp spines along the back. This creature makes its nest of the smaller algæ, and the delicate green and purple seaweeds which fringe our coasts. Sometimes, indeed, it becomes rather eccentric in its architecture, and builds in very curious situations. A case is on record where a pair of Stickle-backs had made their nest in the loose end of a rope, from which the separated strands hung out about a yard from the surface, over a depth of four or five fathoms, and to which the materials could only have been brought, of course, in the mouth of the fish, from the distance of about thirty feet. They were formed of the usual aggregation of the finer sorts of green and red sea-weed, but they were so matted together in the hollow formed by the untwisted strands of the rope that the mass constituted an oblong ball of nearly the size of the fist, in which had been deposited the scattered assemblage of spawn, and which was bound into shape with a thread of animal substance, which was passed through and through in various directions, while the rope itself formed an outside covering to the whole.

The wonderful creatures which are classed together under the general term of *Corals*, are familiar to us either in a manufactured state or as ornaments for the drawing-room. How vast are their submarine labors is evident from the enormous "coral-reefs" which they raise, and which form great islands whereon an army can live, and inlets wherein a fleet can ride securely at anchor. The young Coral animal passes through various changes, gradually developing new and remarkable powers, until it arrives at its perfection. The precise connection which exists between the animal and its coral habitation may not be generally understood. If the reader will take up a branch of the ordinary coral of commerce, he will see that it is slightly grooved or fluted throughout its extent, and that its surface is studded with little projections having star-like discs. Now, if this piece of coral could be again clothed with the living creature by which it was deposited, we should see a beautiful and a wonderful sight. Next to the stony core lie a series of longitudinal vessels, each vessel corresponding with a groove, and above them lies a confused mass of irregular vessels communicating with each other. At

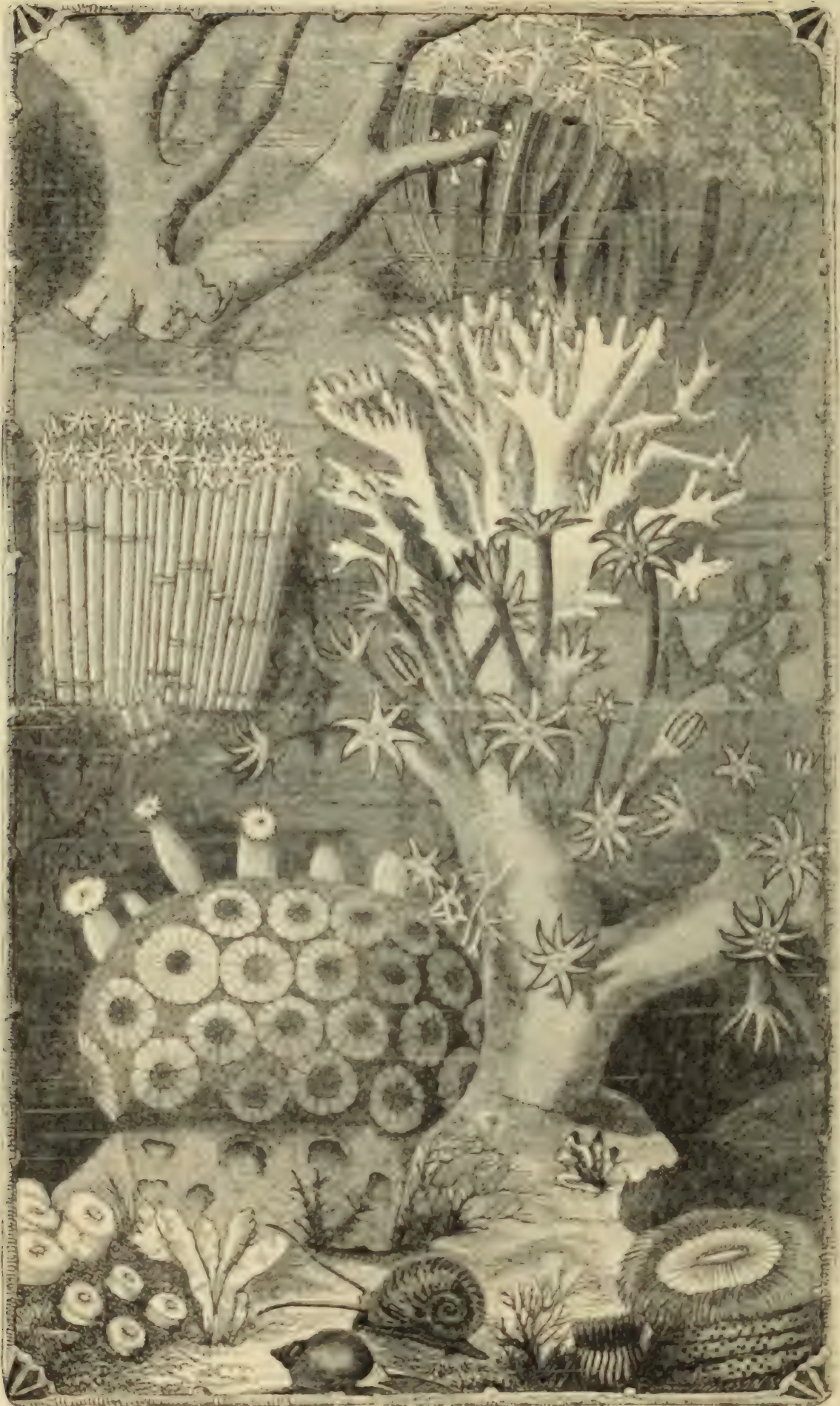


FISHING-BOAT STRUCK BY A LOG.

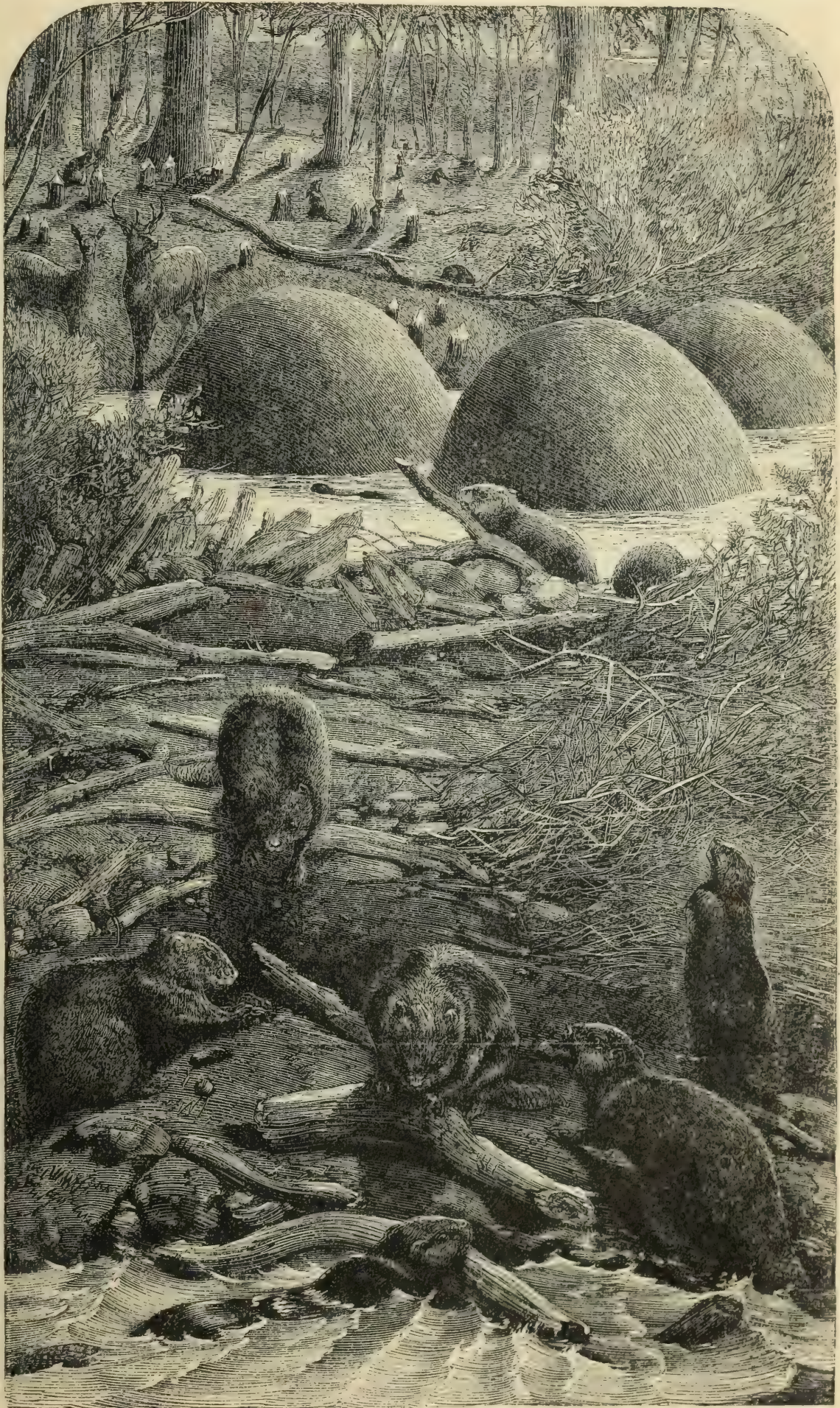
intervals there arise the lovely flowerets of the Coral, the bodies being bright rose-color, and their arms pure white. These arms or tentacles are in ceaseless motion, and the aspect of a large and healthy branch of coral is imposingly beautiful. The animal has the power of depositing certain minute calcareous particles, commonly called spicules, which are always of remarkable forms, and are different in the various species of coral. In the common red coral they are nearly cylindrical, and armed with projecting knobs covered with angular spikes. These spicules are then bound together by a red cement, and thus the coral is formed, the fluted branches being deposited under the longitudinal vessels, and the raised projections under the flowerets of the polype. To see the coral in full vigor it is necessary to visit the spots where it grows, as it dies almost immediately after being taken out of the water, and even if transferred with great care to a vessel is sure to die in a very short time. Several of the more curious species of Corals and Madreporas are to be seen in illustration on page 282, which represents a portion of sea-bed beset with these beautiful zoophytes. To a few of these only we can allude in this article. Toward the centre of the illustration, and on the right-hand side, may be seen a remarkable tree-like object, covered with long, tendril-like appendages, each tipped with a radiating beard. This zoophyte is known by the title of *Xenia clongata*, and on account of its singular form is a very conspicuous species. Examples of this genus are spread over many of the hotter parts of the world, some being found in the Red Sea, and all notable for the remarkable form of the animal and its submarine home. The present species has been chosen more for the singularity of its form than the beauty of its colors, which can not be expressed in the simple black and white of a wood-cut. Some species of this genus have the star-like tentacles colored with blue of various shades, some with rose, and some with lilac; and as in many cases the expanded tentacles are an inch in diameter, the effect of a large mass of these animals in full health is very fine. In the left-hand lower corner of the illustration is a curious globular object, covered with circular and radiated marks, and having a number of flower-headed projections upon the top. This is the *Green Astræa*, one of the finest examples of a singular and beautiful group of zoophytes. The color of this species is simple and pleasing. The body of the animal is pale gray-blue, and the tentacles are bright green, so that when a number of the animals are simultaneously protruding themselves the general effect is very striking. These zoophytes are able to retract themselves almost wholly within their houses, so that nothing is visible except that round the mouth there is a small green circle, which is formed by the projecting tips of the tentacles. In the left centre of the illustration is seen a group of that most beautiful zoophyte which is known as the *Red*

Organ-pipe Coral. This handsome zoophyte is found chiefly off Carteret, in New Ireland, and is grouped together in masses that are often many yards in diameter. It is usually found in about two or three feet of water, but is sometimes placed so high that at very low tides it is laid bare by the receding waters. The animal which forms this wonderful tubing is cylindrical, and the tentacles are pinkish, not possessing the brilliant red of the tubes, and in its native state the animals envelop so completely the upper part of the general mass that the bright red head is not perceptible. The coral masses are very fragile, and will not bear the pressure of the human foot, crumbling beneath the tread as if they were made of sugar. The tubes are beautifully cylindrical, and do not adhere to each other, being kept asunder by partitions, which precisely resemble the boards through which the pipes of an organ are passed.

Passing from these minute creatures, we can not forbear giving one or two additional illustrations of curious homes among the Mammalia. The *Beavers* afford an excellent example of animals, not only social by dwelling near each other, but by joining in a work which is for the benefit of the community. Water is as needful for the Beaver as for the miller, and it is a very curious fact that long before millers ever invented dams, or before men ever learned to grind corn, the Beaver knew how to make a dam and insure itself a constant supply of water. That the Beaver does make a dam is a fact that has long been familiar, but how it sets to work is not so well known. Engravings representing the Beavers and their habitations are common enough, but they are generally untrustworthy, not having been drawn from the natural object but from the imagination of the artist. In order to comprehend the mode of its structure we must watch the Beaver at work. When the animal has fixed upon a tree which it believes to be suitable for its purpose it begins by sitting upright, and with its chisel-like teeth cutting a bold groove completely round the trunk. It then widens the groove, and always makes it wide in exact proportion to its depth, so that when the tree is nearly cut through it looks something like the contracted portion of an hour-glass. When this stage has been reached the Beaver looks anxiously at the tree, and views it on every side, as if desirous of measuring the direction in which it is to fall. Having settled this question it goes to the opposite side of the tree, and with two or three powerful bites cuts away the wood, so that the tree becomes overbalanced and falls to the ground. This point having been reached, the animal proceeds to cut up the fallen trunk into lengths, usually a yard or so in length, employing a similar method of severing the wood. In consequence of this mode of gnawing the timber both ends of the logs are rounded and rather pointed, as may be seen by reference to the illustration. The dam is by no means placed at random in the stream, just where a



CORALS AND MARIPHOSES.



THE BEAVER AND ITS HOME.

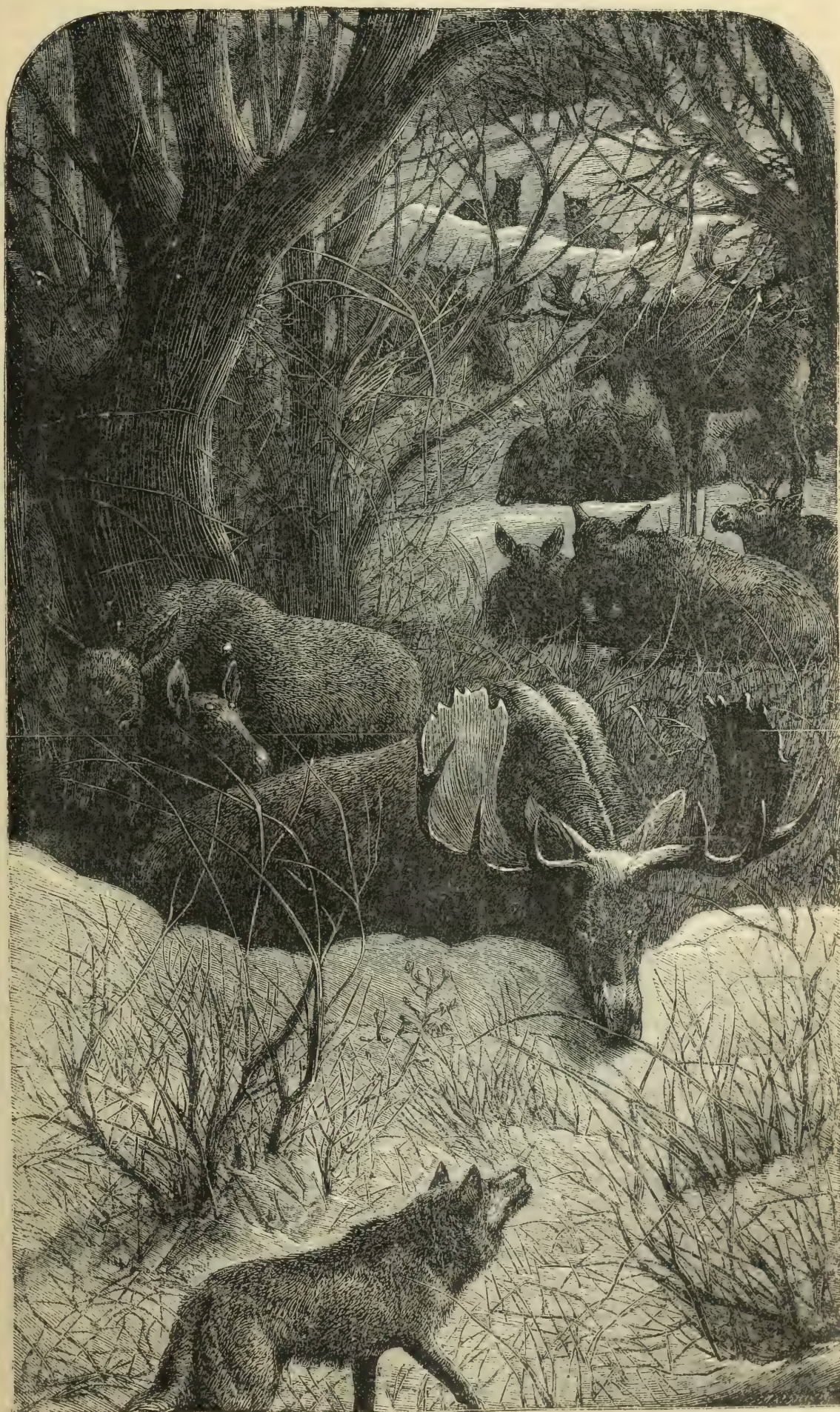
few logs may have happened to lodge, but is set exactly where it is wanted, and is made so as to suit the force of the current. In those places where the stream runs slowly the dam is carried straight across the river, but in those where the water has much power the barrier is made in a convex shape, so as to resist the force of the rushing water. The power of the stream can, therefore, always be inferred from the shape of the dam which the Beavers have built across it. Some of these structures are of very great size, measuring two or three hundred yards in length, and ten or twelve feet in thickness, and their form exactly corresponds with the force of the stream. The Beaver makes its houses close to the water, and communicates with it by means of subterranean passages, one entrance of which passes into the house or "lodge," as it is technically named, and the other into the water, so far below the surface that it can not be closed by ice. It is, therefore, always possible for the Beaver to gain access to the provision stores, and to return to its house, without being seen from the land. The lodges are nearly circular in form, and much resemble the well-known snow-houses of the Esquimaux, being domed, and about half as high as they are wide, the average height being three feet and the diameter six or seven feet. These are the interior dimensions, the exterior measurement being much greater, on account of the great thickness of the walls, which are continually strengthened with mud and branches, so that during the severe frosts they are nearly as hard as solid stone. Each lodge will accommodate several individuals, whose beds are arranged around the walls. Generally, the Beavers desert their huts in the summer time, although one or two of the loaves may be occupied by a mother and her young offspring. All the old Beavers who have no domestic ties to chain them at home take to the water, and swim up and down the stream at liberty, until the month of August, when they return to their homes.

The *Elk*, or *Moose*, inhabits the northern parts of America and Europe, and is, consequently, an animal which is formed to endure severe cold. Although a very large and powerful animal, measuring sometimes seven feet in height at the shoulders—a height which is very little less than that of an average elephant—it has many foes, and is much persecuted both by man and beast. In summer time it is tolerably safe, but in the winter it is beset by many perils. During the sharp frosts, also, the Elk runs but little risk, because it can traverse the hard, frozen surface of the snow with considerable speed, although with a strange, awkward gait. But when the milder weather begins to set in it is in constant danger. The warm sun falling on the snow produces a rather curious effect. The frozen surface only partially melts, and the water, mixing with the snow beneath, causes it to sink away from the icy surface, leaving a considerable space between them. The "crust,"

as the frozen surface is technically named, is quite strong enough to bear the weight of comparatively small animals, such as wolves, especially when they run swiftly over it; but it yields to the enormous weight of the Elk, which plunges to its belly at every step. The wolves have now the Elk at an advantage. They can overtake it without the least difficulty; and if they can bring it to bay in the snow its fate is sealed. They care little for the branching horns, but leap boldly at the throat of the hampered animal, whose terrible fore-feet are now powerless, and, by dint of numbers, soon worry it to death. Man, too, takes advantage of this state of the snow, equips himself with snow-shoes, and skims over the slight and brittle crust with perfect security. An Elk, therefore, whenever abroad in the snow, is liable to many dangers, and, in order to avoid them, it makes the curious temporary habitation called the Elk yard, and which is represented in the illustration. This winter home is very simple in construction, consisting of a large space of ground on which the snow is trampled down by continually treading it so as to form both a hard surface on which the animal can walk, and a kind of fortress in which it can dwell securely. The whole of the space is not trodden down to one uniform level, but consists of a net-work of roads or passages through which the animal can pass at ease. So confident is the Elk in the security of the "yard" that it can scarcely ever be induced to leave its snowy fortification and pass into the open ground. This habit renders it quite secure from the attacks of wolves, which prowled about the outside of the yard, but dare not venture within; but, unfortunately for the Elk, the very means which preserve it from one danger only lead it into another. If the hunter can come upon one of these Elk-yards he is sure of his quarry; for the animal will seldom leave the precincts of the snowy inclosure, and the rifle-ball soon lays low the helpless victims.

The Elk is not the only animal that makes these curious fortifications, for a herd of Wapiti deer will frequently settle in forming a common home. One of these "yards" has been known to measure between four and five miles in diameter, and to be a perfect net-work of paths sunk in the snow. So deep, indeed, is the snow when untrodden, that when the deer traverse the paths, their backs can not be seen above the level of the white surface which conceals the yard.

We have now, in a series of articles, given accounts of a few of the Homes constructed by different classes of the animal creation. The illustrations and a considerable portion of the descriptions have been derived from the "Homes without Hands" of the Rev. J. G. Wood. We have by no means exhausted the material contained in that admirable volume, which we earnestly commend to the attention of those who wish to know more of this interesting subject.



THE ELK.



W. J. C. MOENS.

THREE MONTHS WITH ITALIAN BRIGANDS.*

MR. MOENS is an Englishman of fortune, and, as it appears, an amateur photographer. Early in 1805 he set out, accompanied by his wife, upon an Italian tour, going first to Sicily, and making the *gira* of "round" of that island, which was a few years ago so pleasantly described by Ross Browne in his famous "Yusef." Mr. Moens had moreover the special design to photograph the eruption of Etna, which was then going on. His description of this is very interesting; but we must pass it over in order to give, as far as we may, some account of his subsequent experiences when a captive among the brigands on the mainland.

Crossing over to Naples early in May he set out for a trip to the ruins of the famous temples of Paestum, which stand in solitary grandeur, in a mountain wilderness, with no traces

of the people by whom the stupendous edifices were reared. The party consisted of Mr. Moens, Mr. Aynsley, an English clergyman, and their wives. From Naples a railway runs, past the considerable town of Salerno, somewhat more than twenty miles from Paestum. It was indeed a little suspicious that the landlord of the "Hotel Vittoria" at Salerno thought it necessary to post up in various languages a notice to "travelers desirous of visiting the temples of Paestum that the road is now perfectly safe between Salerno and Paestum, owing to the vigilance of General Avenati, the Military Commander of the district, who has stationed patrols along the road at Battipaglia, Barizzo, and Paestum." After a three hours' drive they reached the temples a little before noon, a squad of soldiers accompanying them. Mr. Moens set his camera in order and photographed the ruins. Toward evening they set out on their return; not a little surprised that their military protectors were nowhere

* *English Travelers and Italian Brigands: A Narrative of Capture and Captivity.* By W. J. C. Moens. Harper and Brothers.



THE CAPTURE.

the road. They started up from all sorts of hiding-places, and in a few minutes thirty or more were gathered around the carriage. The travelers were politely desired to "descend." "Don't be afraid, Madame, don't be afraid," they said to Mrs. Moens. The coachman was ordered to stay where he was for a quarter of an hour, and then to drive off with the ladies, the two gentlemen being hurried off over fields and through thickets.

The bandits were wonderfully polite—the leader, whom Mr. Moens came to know quite well as Captain Manzo, always addressing them as *Signore* "Gentlemen," with a strong accent on the last syllable. "What do you want with us?" inquired the captives. *Denaro—non temete* ("The Shiners—don't be scared") was the reply. "How far are we to walk?" "A good way, a good way enough." When they came to a stream the brigands carried their captives across on their shoulders. On they went through swamps, over ditches, and across cultivated fields, marching in Indian file, until midnight. By the way they stopped at a house and bought a little bread, and a while after came upon a patch of cabbage and onions, of which they made short work, pocketing what they could not eat: wisely,

as Mr. Moens found out before long. The truth was, as they afterward learned, the soldiers had been withdrawn so that negotiations could be carried on with a gang of bandits for the release of a couple of Italian gentlemen whom they had gobbled up only a few days before on this very safe road. For these the brigands demanded a ransom of 171,000 francs; but finally compromised for 51,000.

They had almost reached Battipaglia, and supposed that they had passed the dangerous places, when a little before dusk they perceived a number of fellows creeping out of the corn-fields. Some of the brigands aimed their guns, others turned the horses' heads across

ly, as Mr. Moens found out before long.

Toward daybreak they halted on the banks of a stream and hid among the osiers. The brigands now began to inquire into the value of their prize. It was quite impossible to convince them that the Englishmen were not great lords, notwithstanding the hands of Mr. Moens were stained by his photographic chemicals. "His hands are black," said one, "and his trowsers are like what prisoners wear, and are all worn out, poor fellow!" "Wait, we'll see," replied the Captain. At length a bit of the hard sausage, called *supersato*, was offered to the prisoners, who declared that "it would not agree with their stomachs." It seemed to



CAPTAIN MOENS.

strike the captors as a good joke that any man should object to superstrate. "They'll like it better by-and-by," said he, which proved true enough. For Mr. Moens found before long that poor food and little of it was the normal condition of brigands and their prisoners.

Besides the Englishmen the brigands had picked up a couple of Italian gentlemen; and as soon as they got to a tolerably safe spot the Captain began "business"—that is, fixing the ransom. That of one Italian was put down at 12,000 ducats, the others at 8000 (a ducat is about 85 cents). The two Englishmen were lumped together at 100,000 ducats. They declared that such a sum was out of the question; the brigands insisted that it was quite moderate for two such great lords, who were worth at least two millions apiece. Finally, they came down to 50,000, and no abatement. How to get at the cash was now the problem. The Englishmen declared that their wives had not the money, and, being strangers and ignorant of the language, could not get it in Naples. It was finally arranged that one of them—to be decided by lot—should go and the other should stay. Mr. Moens drew the short stick and had to remain, while Mr. Aynsley was hurried off by two men, who also bore letters from the Italian prisoners to their friends, asking for the money for their ransom.

Hardly were they away when the brigands saw a company of 100 soldiers marching along the road below—a sharp skirmish took place; but the gang, all save two, managed to get off with their captives. During the night the band was again surprised by the soldiers, and there was more firing. In the excitement the Italian prisoners managed to escape. The brigands did not look out very sharply for these small Italian fry; but they took good care of their big fish, the great "English Lord." They were now far up the mountain side, and all next day Mr. Moens could see the soldiers passing and repassing in the valley below,

looking like mites in the distance. At first he meditated trying to escape, but quickly discovered that the attempt would be madness.

"The brigands," he says, "ran down the mountain like goats, while I had to be careful to pick my way at every step. Accustomed to the mountains from their earliest youth, they were as sure-footed as the goats, and had eyes like cats; darkness and light, daytime or night, made not the slightest difference to them. Their hearing, too, was most acute. This sense they had cultivated to such a pitch that, like the red Indians, the slightest rustle of the leaves, the faintest sound, never escaped their notice. Many miles distant working in the fields, or mowing the grass, they could distinguish with the greatest ease. They knew generally who they were, young and old, and to what village they belonged. When I, perhaps, could hardly distinguish living beings, they could describe all their motions."

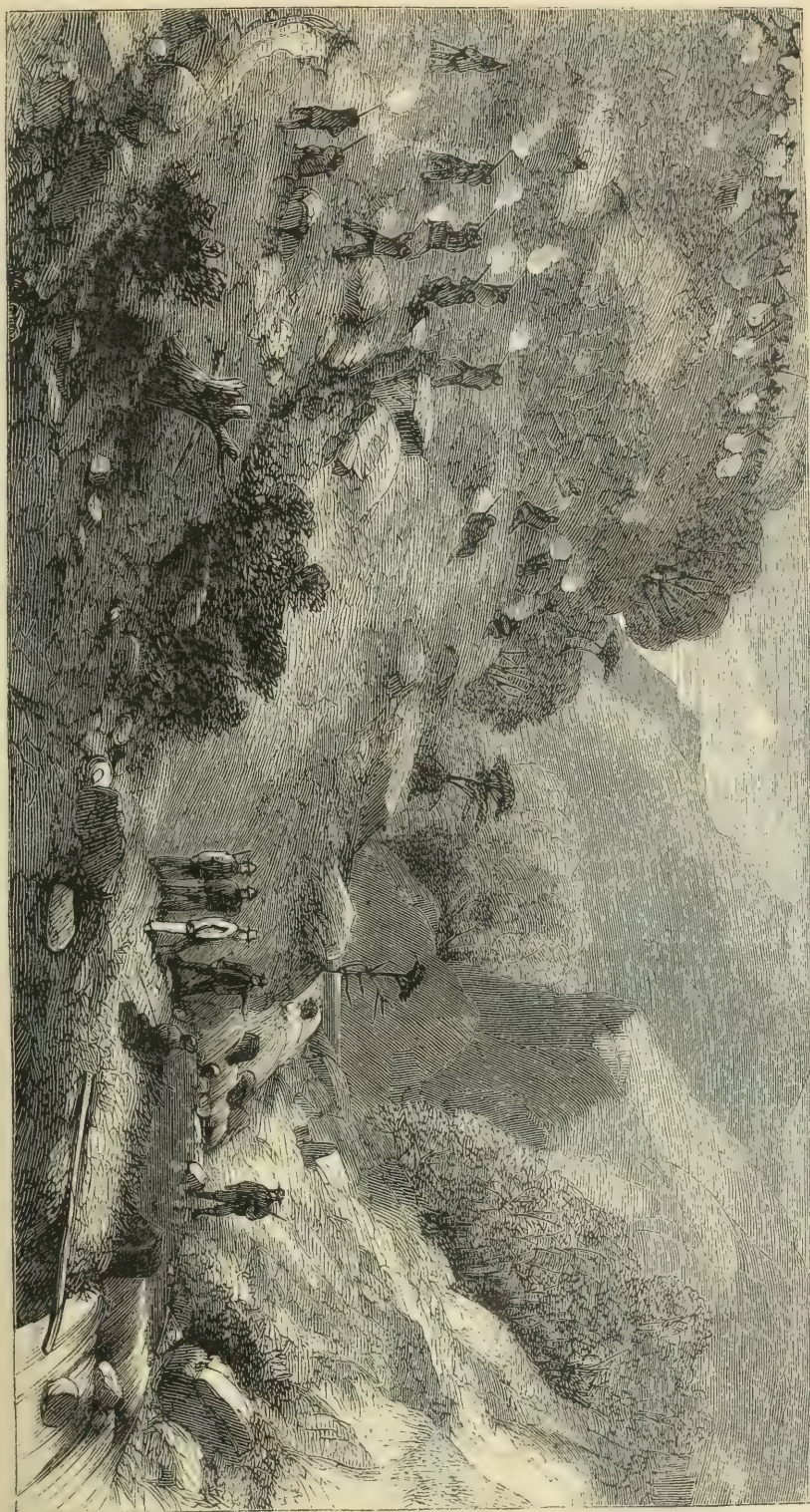
From Mr. Moens's Diary (written, we infer, mainly from memory, aided by brief jottings in a little memorandum-book, which he managed to conceal) we excerpt some passages which portray the aspects of life among the brigands:

"May 18.—I slept till eight or nine o'clock, and on awaking and looking round, I found we were just above the dry bed of a stream that in winter ran down the mountain-side. We were facing the west, and at about half a mile off ran a stream like a delicate little silver serpent, twisting in and out of the timber and green banks; on the other side of it was a level path. We saw several bodies of troops pass during the day, who were always watched with the greatest interest; and the merits of the different sorts of soldiers were freely discussed. I tried to get as far away from my guard as I could, and then began to think of some plan of escape. I propped up my straw-hat on a post, so that the men, who were all below me, might think I was sleeping; and then tried to edge off, and to be ready for a run when more soldiers came; but one who was very wary, and who turned out to be one of the best brigand-eyes, changed her position so as to see the place where I was.

"I was dreadfully hungry, and found in my pocket a piece of the Indian cornbread as large as a walnut; this soon went, and I turned out all my pockets, and discovered to my joy the little cake I had put away on the 15th. I ate that raw, and thought it any thing but disgusting. I now found two roots of garlic; one satisfied me, the flavor being rather strong (how soon I was cured of all distastes! Before I was with the brigands the smell of garlic alone was nauseous, let alone the taste); the other I put into my pocket. We had some water to drink during the night, and with that I was obliged to be satisfied till the evening. A village was near, for we heard the bells of the church chiming the hours. I fancied we were near Casalbiana; but on asking one of the brigands if it were so, he replied 'Yes'; and I knew at once that it could not be; for it is always the brigands' principle to deceive their captives as to where they are.

"At dusk we started again; and, as yesterday, diverged over mountains and through woods for four

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE BRIGANDS AND SOLDIERS.



or five hours, till having reached an open part at the summit of a mountain covered with grass, there was a halt, and we lay down to sleep. The night was very cold, wet, and foggy; in fact, we were actually in the clouds."

"May 19.—We woke up an hour before daybreak, stiff from cold. I could not move till I had rubbed my knees for ten minutes. We started down hill, and then along a path up another mountain. As the sun got up we grew very thirsty, for we had dared to stop only half a minute for a drink the evening before, on account of the roads being dangerous; and we had passed no streams during the night. After some time a search was made for snow, and at last, in a most unlikely place, some was found. It was most delicious, and as we walked

on I kept eating it. The brigands lay down on the ground, and lapped up the water that had thawed and was running among the decayed leaves. I thought of fever, and preferred the snow."

They soon came upon the main body of the band, from whom they had been separated for a few days. They were in a lovely glade, surrounded by large beeches, with goats and sheep tethered near; the brigands, lying around clad in their picturesque costumes, making a picture worthy of Salvator Rosa. "But," comments Mr. Moens, "I do not believe that Salvator Rosa, or any other man, ever voluntarily paid a second visit to the brigands, however great his love of the picturesque might be; for no one would willingly endure brigand life after one experience of it." Here is a picture of brigands in gala attire:

"The smaller band had four women with them, attired like the men, with their hair cut short; at first I took them for boys; and all these displayed a greater love for jewelry than the members of Manzo's band. They were decked out to do me honor, and one of them wore no less than twenty-four gold rings, of various sizes and stones, on her hands, at the same moment; others twenty, sixteen, ten, according to their wealth. To have but one gold chain attached to a watch was con-

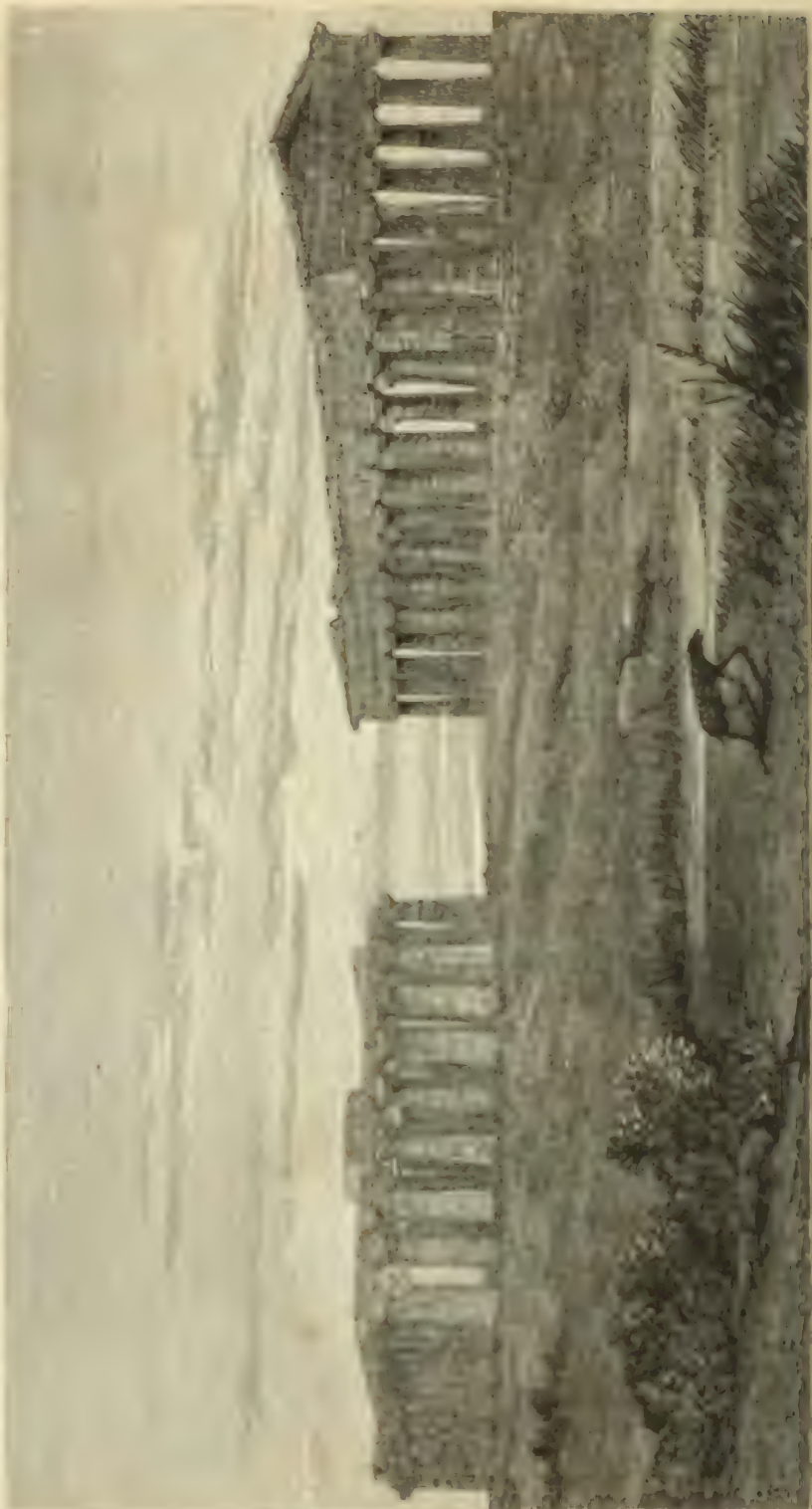
sidered paltry and mean. Cerino and Manzo had bunches as thick as an arm suspended across the breasts of their waistcoats, with gorgeous brooches at each fastening; little bunches of 'charms' were also attached in conspicuous positions.

"Manzo's band had long jackets of stout brown cloth, the color of withered leaves, with large pockets of a circular shape on the two sides, and others on the breasts outside, and a slit on each side gave entrance to a large pocket that could hold any thing in the back of the garment. I have seen a pair of trowsers, two shirts, three or four pounds of bread, a bit of dirty bacon, cheese, etc., pulled out one after another when searching for some article that was missing. The waistcoats buttoned at the side, but had gilt buttons down the centre, for show or or-

nament; the larger ones were stamped with dogs' heads, birds, etc. There were two large circular pockets at the lower part of the waistcoats, in which were kept spare cartridges, balls, gunpowder, knives, etc.; and in the two smaller ones, higher up, the watch on the one side and percussion-caps in the other. This garment was of dark blue cloth, like the trousers, which were cut in the ordinary way.

When the jackets were new they had all attached to the collars, by buttons, *capures*, or hooks, which are drawn over the head at night, or when the weather is very cold, but most of them had been lost in the woods. A belt about three inches deep, divided by two partitions, to hold about fifty cartridges, completed the dress, which when new was very neat-looking and serviceable. Some of the cartridges were murderous missiles. Tin was soldered around the ball so as to hold the powder, which was kept in place by a plug of tow. When used the tow was taken out, and after the powder was pushed down the barrel the case was reversed, and a lot of slugs being added, was rammed down, with the tow on top. These must be very destructive at close quarters, but they generally failed at the soldiers, and did some, at such a distance that little harm is done, from the uncertain aim taken. Most of them had revolvers, kept either in belts or the left-hand pocket of their jackets. They were secured by a silk cord around their necks, and fastened to a ring in the butt of the pistol. Some few had silencers, only used for human victims. Many had ostrich-feathers, with turned up wide-awakes, which gave their wearers a theatrical and absurd appearance. Gay silk handkerchiefs round their necks and collars on their cotton shirts made them look quite dandies when these were clean, which was but seldom."

The band were in unusual spirits, for besides Mr. Moens they had just captured Signor Francesco Visconti, son of a landed proprietor of Giffoni, a small village near by, and his cousin Tomasini, a lad of twelve, who turned out to be a regular imp of mischief. For these a



ransom of 170,000 francs was fixed, and 100,250 actually paid by their friends soon after. So business was prospering; and moreover on this occasion they had enough to eat, for the about only time during the months in which Mr. Moens was with them. For in spite of an occasional rich prize the life of the bandits is one of constant privation, exposure, and terror. Mrs. Moens had an interview with Talarico, an ex-bandit chief who had left off business by arrangement with the Government, receiving pardon and a pension. "He was an extremely handsome man, with the smallest and most delicate hands," says Mrs. Moens. He interested himself considerably in endeavor-

oring to effect the liberation of Mr. Moens, and even offered to accompany her, with the money, to the brigands, if Government would grant him permission. This, however, was refused. The lady asked him which he liked best, the life of a brigand, or that of an honest man?

"Oh, that of an honest man," he replied; "a brigand's life is this:" turning his head rapidly over one shoulder and then over the other, indicating by this gesture constant apprehension of an enemy.

There were properly two bands of these robbers with whom Mr. Moens and Signor Visconti had to do. Of one Gaetano Manzo was captain; of the other, Giardullo di Pesto, captured and shot soon after. These gangs together numbered 42 persons, of whom seven were runaway soldiers. Another, a lad of eighteen, used to carry milk about the streets. One day a friend tried to cheat him out of three or four dollars; whereupon the milk-boy stabbed him and took to the mountains. Nearly every member of the band was known to be a murderer. In fact, Manzo and one other, Mr. Moens thinks, were the only ones who had not been guilty of that crime. Whenever any money was received a small sum was set apart for common expenses, and the remainder divided among all the band, the captain getting only a single share. At every possible moment the whole gang would fall to gambling, and in a few days nearly all the money would find its way into the hands of four or five of the most lucky or skillful gamblers. Gambling was carried on in the most dangerous places, even when the soldiers were known to be near, and when the risk attending a quarrel among themselves might easily have been fatal to the brigands.

Mr. Moens thus describes the one feast-day which happened during his life with the brigands:

"At last, tired of watching the band, I lay down and fell asleep. I slept for some hours, during which a poor sheep was dragged into the inclosure, killed, cut up, cooked in the pot, and eaten. I must have slept until near sunset, for when I awoke another sheep was being brought forward, and I watched the process of killing and cutting up the poor beast. The sheep was taken in hand by two men, Generoso and Antonio generally acting as the butchers of the band. One doubled the fore legs of the sheep across the head; the other held the head back, inserting a knife into the throat, and cutting the windpipe and jugular vein. It was then thrown down and left to expire. When dead, a slit was made in one of the hind legs near the feet, and an iron ramrod taken and passed down the leg to the body of the animal; it was then withdrawn, and the mouth of one of the men placed to the slit in the leg, and the animal was inflated as much as possible, and then skinned. When the skin was separated from the legs and sides, the carcass was taken and suspended on a peg on a tree through the ten-



GIARDULLO DI PESTO.

don of a hind leg; the skin was then drawn off the back (sometimes the head was skinned, but this rarely). The skin was now spread out on the ground to receive the meat, etc., when cut off the body; the inside was taken out, the entrails being drawn out carefully and cleaned; these were wound round the inside fat by two or three who were fond of this luxury—Sentonio, and Andrea the executioner, generally performing this operation. These delicacies, as they were considered, being made about four inches long and about one inch in diameter, are fried in fat or roasted on spits. It was some time before I could bring myself to eat these, but curiosity first, and hunger afterward, often caused me to eat my share, for I soon learned it was unwise to refuse any thing.

"While these two men were preparing the inside, the other two were cutting up the carcass. The breast was first cut off, and then the shoulders; the sheep was then cut in half with the axe, and then the bones were laid on a stump and cut through, so that it all could be cut in small pieces. One man would hold the meat, while another would take hold of a piece with his left hand and cut with his right. As it was cut up, the pieces would be put into a large cotton handkerchief, which was spread out on the ground; the liver and lungs were cut up in the same way; the fat was then put in the *caldaja*, and, when this was melted, the kidneys and heart (if the latter had not been appropriated by some one) were put in, cooked, and eaten, every one helping himself by dipping his fingers in the pot. The pieces of liver were considered the prizes. All the rest of the sheep was then put in the pot at once, and after a short time the pot was taken off the fire and jerked, so as to bring the under pieces to the top."

A few notes, taken almost at random, will give an idea of the ordinary way of life of the brigands and their captives:

"No fire was made to-day on account of the proximity of the soldiers, who disturbed the band last night. Bread in small quantities was divided among us, but there was no water." . . . "Some of the band arrived with two sheep. I rejoiced to

see them, for we had not had any meat for five or six days. The sheep were soon killed, skinned, and in the great camp-kettle; but Visconti and I were horrified at finding we had to eat the meat without bread. I had secured a heart, which I roasted on a stick, and divided with Visconti, as I always did with any thing that I could secure apart from the general division. On searching in my pocket I found a little piece of bread, which I had put away and forgotten. This I ate as dessert, to take away the taste of the meat. We were told not to eat all but to reserve some for the evening. An hour before sunset every thing was packed away, and we were informed that a long march was before us. I was very cold, and a biting wind was blowing, so that I was rather rejoiced than otherwise, for I dreaded sleeping in the open air in these damp cold nights. I always dreaded, too, waking up in the morning, on account of the piercing cold. It was a long up-hill walk through the forest. It was very dark, and I had the greatest difficulty in following. I found the best plan was to grasp with my left hand the shoulder or musket of the man in front of me. As we approached the summit of the mountain the force of the wind and the cold increased. Several of those in front went on, while we were halted and told to lie down, as the tops of the mountains are always considered dangerous, for the soldiers are often stationed there."

"In the middle of the day there was one of the usual alarms, which proved to be caused by four or five more of the band who had come to join us. With them was one of the women. She had been shot right through by the accidental discharge of one of their guns. The ball had broken the bone in two, and the arm was suspended and wrapped up in numerous pocket-handkerchiefs. No food was given to us all day, but, to my joy, I found in my pocket a morsel of bread that I had forgotten. I shared it with Don Francisco, and then turned out my pockets, and picking out the dirt, ate the crumbs which I found there. We heard from the newly-arrived brigands that the troops were all around us. Great caution was observed. In the evening two or three ascended the mountain to search for snow, and in about an hour returned



LEGEND ENCAMPMENT.

with a great mass carried on a stick. We ate a quantity of this to assuage our thirst, not having any water for four-and-twenty hours. I found this want of water very trying at first, but soon had not only to get accustomed to it, but very often to fare still worse."

"We had to go two days without any thing to eat, so a foray was made into the country near and three sheep, alive, were brought back. When they were being cut up I was much disgusted at seeing Generoso and Antonio, who generally acted as butchers, tearing mouthfuls of raw meat with their teeth from the carcass just like wolves. I asked them why they did not wait for it to be cooked, and they said, 'Why should we, when we are dying of hunger?'"

Apart from privations, the brigands were in continual alarm that the soldiers might pounce upon them at any moment. At one time the captain went off on a scouting party, and was gone three days; during the interval those who remained with the prisoners had not a morsel of food. When the brigands returned it was clear that something had gone wrong:

"They were in a dreadful state, having been walking the last three days and nights incessantly, without having had any thing to eat, and they were, of course, grievously disappointed at our having no food for them, and they vented their feelings accordingly by abusing and threatening me. Their eyes were red and glistening from the feverish state in which they were from over-fatigue and want of food; their clothing too was very much torn, and covered with dirt and dust, and the majority of them were very foot-sore. For a long time I was afraid to ask them any questions, going on the principle of 'least said soonest mended,' especially as the question of cutting off my ears, etc., was again discussed. At last I learned that there were 4000 soldiers concentrated around Giffoni, and posts on all the mountains, so that the brigands were unable to remain near the town; and besides this the peasants would not provide any bread."

This talk about "cutting off ears, etc.," refers to an unpleasant habit that some of the brigands had of threatening to send the ears or nose of the captive to his friends, by way of spurring up their zeal in forwarding the ransom. Once they were apparently so nearly on the point of doing this that Mr. Moens made up his mind to cut off the top of an ear himself, in the hope of saving the remainder. He reasoned that a piece would probably answer the brigands' purpose as well as the whole; and if only the top was gone he could hide the mutilation by his hair. Once it was suggested to send his beard, "with a piece of the chin attached," for the same purpose. They had, moreover, when out of humor, a very disagreeable habit of discussing before him the best places to strike in order to kill a man, and of thrusting their long knives between his body and arms. He met all their threats very coolly, telling them that they might kill him as soon as they pleased. His coolness and pluck clearly won their admiration; and most likely their threats were never quite seriously meant, although it was clear that they would never have allowed him to be rescued alive. Whenever there was a skirmish—and there were several—some of the gang were always placed so as to be able to shoot the prisoner. For the rest, their treatment was not especially brutal. He fared in general about as well as the gang themselves, though that was hardly enough. In fact, they appeared to look upon their captives as lawful prisoners of war, to be duly "exchanged" for money. They would undoubtedly have killed them rather than allow them to escape or be rescued. It was every way for their interest to keep them alive; and when the sum agreed upon was received they showed no disposition to keep them longer.

Manzo kept very good discipline among his followers, and was in no way scrupulous as to the methods of enforcing it. Once Guange, one of the band, got into a noisy quarrel with a "companion." The captain ordered him to be quiet; and as the command was not at once obeyed he rushed upon him, knocked him down, and kept hitting him and rubbing his face on the stones until it was bruised to a jelly. It was not very easy to be merry under such circumstances; but once, when luck had given them a sheep, and they dared to make a fire to roast it, the gang made a very fair attempt at jollity, roaring out songs, and requesting one from their prisoner. They were greatly surprised to learn that singing was not one of his accomplishments. In Italy every man is presupposed to be able to sing as certainly as to talk.

So week after week passed away, Mrs. Moens all the while making strenuous exertions to raise and send the money for the ransom of her husband. There was no difficulty in getting the money. One gentleman, the Rajah Byjenath, of India, offered a draft for £10,000; another deposited in bank at Naples £8500, the amount demanded, to the credit of Mr. Moens. The difficulty was in getting the money to the brigands, for it is a grave crime for any one to hold any communication with them. Finally, by threats the brigands compelled Signor Visconti, a gentleman of Giffoni, a little town near the mountains, whose son had been their prisoner, to act as their agent; and he received verbal permission from the authorities to do so. Then it was not thought safe to send the sum at once, for fear that the brigands would pocket it and demand more. They often threatened to raise the price. One time a report became current among them that the Italian Government would pay the ransom; whereupon the captain said that he would not take less than a million francs. Again news came that Lord Palmerston had sent a dispatch relating to the affair; the brigands at once jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Moens must be a relative of the British Premier, and the value of their prize rose greatly in their estimation. On the other hand, it was an object with him to convince them that he was merely a poor photographer, in order to induce them to lower the sum. They compelled him at sundry times to write most plaintive letters to his wife, complaining of his hard fate, and imploring her to send on his ransom. Manzo dictated these, and would not allow him to add a word in English. Manzo himself wrote to Visconti:

"I can do nothing more because my hand require absolutely 50,000 ducats, otherwise they wish to take his life. Therefore then, with many tears of my mother, and many prayers of my mother and Fortunato Tedesco, they had compassion, they cried so much that they wanted to take him with them. I interceded with my band, because they wished to take his life, thereupon they said they would have 30,000 ducats, with what I have already received, without deducting a centime—30,000 ducats, otherwise we shall take his life."

FAC-SIMILE OF MANZO'S RECEIPT.

*ricevuto Da D. Elia Visconti
in quattor paghe la somma
delle centocinquante mila quattor-
cento ottanta sette scudi e tre denari
per riscatto della inglese moezzo
mendicava li 20 di agosto 1863
Capitano moezzo*

Translation.

"I have received from Don Elia Visconti, in four payments, the sum of a hundred and twenty-seven thousand four hundred and eighty seven, being thirty thousand denari, for the ransom of the Englishman Moezs."

CAPTAIN MOEZZO.

"Mandagora, the 20th August, 1863." *

At length they agreed to take 30,000 ducats (something more than \$25,000) in all. The last payment was made on the 20th of August, three months and five days after the capture, Manzo giving a receipt for it in due form.

It was not a very easy thing to get the prisoner to a place of safety; but Manzo had promised that he would do all he could to keep him from danger; and, says Mr. Moens, "I do believe that he thought himself bound by honor, as a brigand chief, to deliver the *Inglese* safe to his friends." The money was fairly divided among the gang. There had been originally thirty of them; but two had been shot by the troops the day after the capture, another had fallen over a precipice and broken his neck, five had been captured, one had surrendered, another had been shot while foraging, and three had quarreled with the others, and were excluded from any share of the money; so that there were but seventeen left.

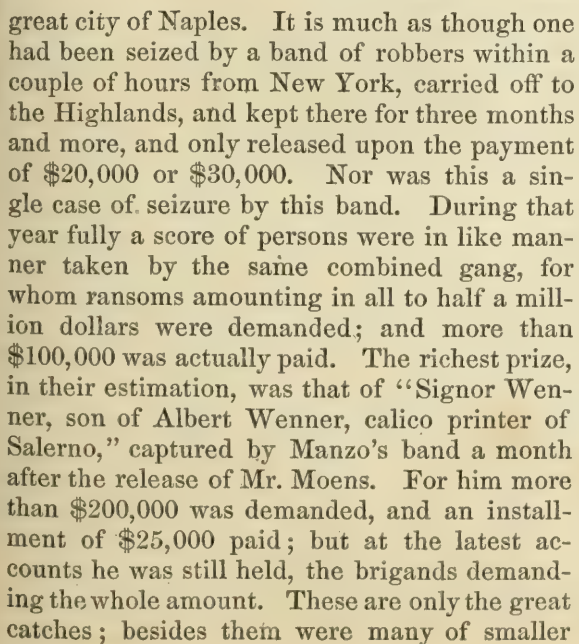
Captors and captive parted with all due formalities. Manzo took off his hat and putting some Napoleons in it went round making a collection, so that, as he phrased it, Mr. Moens might "go to Naples like a gentleman." The band, most of whom were "cleaned out" by zambuling, were not very liberal; whereupon the captain took some money from the common bag, and made up the sum to seventeen and a half Napoleons (about \$70). Mr. Moens asked him for a heavy gold chain which he wore; Manzo was just taking it off to give it to him when somebody called him away, and it was not received. Generoso gave him a ring as a keepsake; and after some hesitation exchanged for a pen-knife his own great knife, with which he had killed two men. Pasquale, who had been the most ferocious of the gang, and who was always hinting about cutting off ears, walked up and gave a couple of Napo-

leons, which, says Mr. Moens, "I accepted with thanks." Manzo's mother brought a small loaf of white bread and a little omelette. Then came the final parting. Manzo asked what Mr. Moens would say to the Prefect when questioned about the band. Mr. Moens replied that he should say that this band of about 30 had been a match for an army of 10,000 men. The brigand captain was highly delighted, rubbed his hands with glee, and gave him two more rings; Generoso added another, making five in all. Manzo said he was quite satisfied with the amount which had been paid him; and Mr. Moens advised

him in future to confine his attention to his own countrymen, since when a foreigner was taken it got into all the newspapers, and the Government was obliged to send so many soldiers that the brigands had very little chance of escaping. The brigands preferred to kill him, after the Italian method, but this Mr. Moens declined. "I, however," he says, "shook hands all around with them, they parting with me in the most friendly manner. The brigands wishing me a pleasant journey, waving their arms to me while in sight." He had been a captive with them 102 days, during all of which time he had never entered a house.

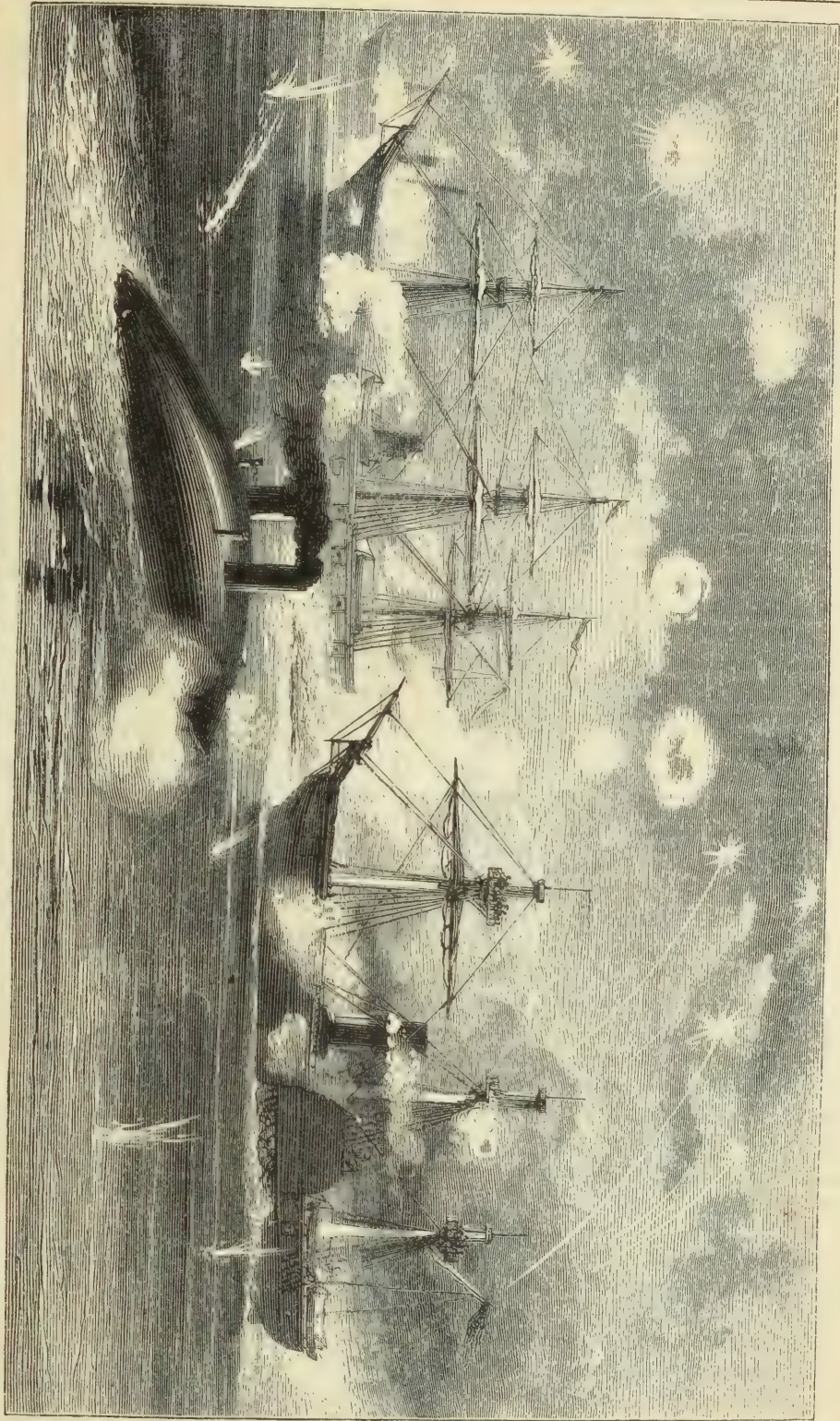
When Mr. Moens at length made his entrance into Giffuni, his appearance was not very attractive. "My trowsers," he says, "were all in tatters, and hanging in ribbons at my feet. My coat was covered with the fat and grease of the meat which I had to carry in the pocket; and all the lining of the skirts was torn to shreds. My white-awake was dirty and torn. My shirt I had worn day and night since the 19th of June, more than two months; my boots were all broken, and many of the seams unstitched. It is almost unnecessary to describe the state of my body. I was covered with sores from the effect of the vermin, through the brigands having steadily refused to allow me to remove my clothing for washing purposes, and never allowing me to stop at a stream, for fear of the troops coming upon us before I could rearrange my dress."

The subject of Brigandage in Italy, practically presented in the lively work of Mr. Moens, is a very curious one. He was captured by a railroad—one of the few in Italy, and therefore in the midst of a dense population. For almost of a third of a year he was carried around from place to place among the mountains, never going more than forty or fifty miles from the



The business of brigandage is carried on by the aid and information, and greatly to the profit of the peasantry, who seem to be one and all in league with the brigands. They furnish them with food and other necessaries, for which they charge extravagant prices. Mr. Moens was allowed to inspect the accounts of Captain Manzo, and he affirms that five-sixths of the

THE HARTFORD AND MISSISSIPPI PASSING THE FORTS.



to be defended by the rebels with the highest resources of modern military art. Its capture by the mortar fleet under Commodore Porter, and the gun-boat fleet under Commodore Farragut, may be safely pronounced as unparalleled in the annals of naval warfare. Sixty miles below the city there were two strong works, Fort Philip on the left and Fort Jackson on the right of the river. Their united armament consisted of one hundred and twenty-six guns, many of them of the largest calibre. The river here is seven hundred yards wide. A chain cable of massive links of iron was stretched across the river, supported by a raft of enormous logs, and eleven hulks securely moored.

Above the raft there were thirteen rebel gun-boats, including the iron-clad battery Louisiana, and the iron-clad ram Manassas. This formidable fleet was sheltered under cover of the guns of the forts. Between New Orleans and these forts, at various important points along the river, water batteries were constructed to sweep the channel. The city was held by a large and well-disciplined military force under General Lovell. Commodore G. N. Hollins commanded the naval armament.

The rebel authorities at Richmond professed, and probably honestly, not to feel the slightest solicitude in reference to the safety of New Orleans. English and French naval officers

who had examined the defenses pronounced them impregnable. The citizens of New Orleans laughed to scorn the idea that any Yankee fleet could surmount the obstructions with which they had barred the approaches to the city. One of the New Orleans journals stated, on the 5th of April, 1862:

"Our only fear is that the Northern invaders may not appear. We have made such extensive preparations to receive them that it were vexatious if their invincible armada escapes the fate we have in store for it."

To reduce these defenses Commodore Farragut was provided with a gun-boat and mortar fleet of forty-six vessels, with an aggregate armament of about three hundred guns and mortars. There were no iron-clads in the fleet. Commander Porter had charge of the mortar fleet, which consisted of twenty vessels, each mounting one large mortar and two small guns. The bombardment of the two forts was opened on the 18th of April. For six days it was continued with almost unmitigated fury. The roar of this awful cannonade fell heavily upon the ear of the inhabitants of New Orleans by day and by night though sixty miles distant.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 24th of April signal was given for the gun-boat squadron to move up the river and endeavor to cut through the raft and chains and run by the forts, while the mortar fleet kept up the bombardment. In the darkness of the night of the 20th Commander Bell had ascended the river with two gun-boats, while the attention of the enemy was distracted by a terrific bombardment, with the hope of blowing up the boom by means of petards. Failing in this Lieutenant Caldwell boarded one of the hulks and contrived to slip the chain so as to make a sufficient opening for the steamers to pass through. Pollard, in his *Southern History*, apparently unwilling to give the patriotic credit for so heroic a deed, says, "Unfortunately a violent storm had made a large chasm in the raft which could not be closed in time."

The boats ascended in two columns. Immediately upon passing through the chasm in the raft the right column was to attack Fort St. Philip, and the left Fort Jackson. The midnight conflict which ensued no description can portray. The gloom of night, the dark flow of the river, the flash of the guns, the incessant and deafening roar, the fierce blaze of the fire-rafts, swept down by the swift current, the signal rockets piercing the black skies, neither pen nor pencil can adequately picture.

As soon as the gun-boats had passed through the barrier, and while exposed to the fire of both of the forts, the rebel squadron came rushing down the river and plunged desperately into the thickest of the fight. Within two hours this fleet was utterly destroyed. Flag-Officer Farragut, in his account of this fearful scene, says:

"Just as the scene appeared to be closing the ram *Manassas* was seen coming under full speed to attack us. I directed Captain Smith, in the *Mississippi*, to turn and

run her down. The order was instantly obeyed by the *Mississippi* turning and going at her at full speed. Just as we expected to see the ram annihilated, when within fifty yards of each other, she put her helm hard a-port, dodged the *Mississippi*, and ran ashore. The *Mississippi* poured two broadsides into her, and sent her drifting down the river a total wreck."

Commander Porter's mortar flotilla was moored nearly a mile and a half down the river, throwing in majestic curves through the air their enormous shells into the fort. The rebel ram was swept down the stream by the rapid current till she came within sight of Porter's flotilla. Several guns immediately opened fire upon her. Commander Porter writes in his report:

"I soon discovered that the *Manassas* could harm no one up, and I ordered the vessels to save their shot. She was beginning to emit smoke from her ports or holes, and was discovered to be on fire and sinking. She had evidently been used up by the squadron as they passed along. I tried to save her as a curiosity, by getting a hawser around her and securing her to the bank, but just after doing so she faintly exploded. Her only gun went off, and emitting flames through her low port, like some huge snail, she gave a plunge and disappeared under the water."

Twelve gun-boats had now passed the forts, and, casting anchor beyond the range of the guns, prepared for further operations. The appalling tidings had been flashed along the wires to New Orleans, creating there a scene of indescribable consternation.

The citizens of New Orleans were awakened from their dream of security by the tolling of the alarm bells announcing the approach of the foe. It was 9 o'clock on the morning of the 24th when the intelligence was received. The scene of tumult and consternation which ensued no pen can describe. The whole population, men, women, and children, rushed into the streets. As the tidings were repeated from lip to lip: "The Yankee fleet has passed the forts and is approaching the city!" the populace became almost frantic in the madness of their terror.

General Lovell, who was in command of the rebel troops stationed in New Orleans, had been down to the forts, which, as we have stated, were sixty miles below the city, to watch the movements there. Appalled by the unexpected achievement of the National fleet, he put spurs to his horse, and following along the levee at the utmost possible speed, reached the city at 2 o'clock P.M. Here, in a hurried conference with the city authorities, it was decided immediately to withdraw the military force that the city might be saved from bombardment. The troops were accordingly ordered to rendezvous at Camp Moore, about seventy miles above New Orleans, on the Jackson Railroad. Lovell's army, it is said, had been weakened to strengthen the rebel force at Corinth, and he had then under his command but about twenty-eight hundred men.

With ten vessels Flag-Officer Farragut was now steaming up the river toward the city. He had still apparently severe obstacles to en-

EXCITED POPULACE OF NEW ORLEANS.



counter. At Chalmette, a few miles below the city, there were two very formidable water-batteries, mounting on one side of the river five 32-pounders, and on the other, nine guns of the same calibre. Could he, without delay, pass these obstructions, and send a frigate ten miles above New Orleans, he could effectually cut off the retreat of General Lovell and capture his whole army. The only retreat for the rebels was by the narrow strip of land between the river and the swamp. At a place called Kinner's plantation this strip was but one mile wide. Through this narrow neck, which a frigate could command, the railroad passed. The nervous excitement under which General Lovell pressed

the evacuation of the city may consequently be imagined.

At half past 10 o'clock the next morning, the 25th, the fleet came in sight of the Chalmette batteries. The Hartford led, followed by the Brooklyn, the Richmond, the Pensacola, and six gun-boats. The Cayuga had been leading, and being quite in the advance, and not having noticed the signal for close order, Captain Bailey had sustained, for nearly twenty minutes, a cross-fire with the batteries, when the Hartford ranged ahead and opened so terrific a broadside of shells, shrapnel, and grape, that the rebels on the right bank of the river were driven from their guns. In quick succes-

sion the remaining vessels of the fleet came up, and in less than twenty minutes both batteries were silenced, and the rebels were seen scampering from their works in all directions.

There were now no further obstacles to be encountered save the fire rafts and burning vessels, with which the river seemed to be filled. The rebels in the wantonness of their frenzy applied the torch to every thing. All the cotton in the city was brought out and set on fire. The mob could scarcely be restrained from applying the torch to all the public buildings and even the private dwellings. Scarcely any scenes in the French Revolution could exceed the horrors of the spectacle now displayed in New Orleans. Flag-Officer Farragut, in his Report to the Secretary of the Navy, writes:

"I must say I never witnessed such vandalism in my life, in the destruction of property; all the shipping, steamboats, etc., were set on fire and consumed."

The special artist of *Harper's Weekly*, who accompanied the squadron, thus graphically describes the scene, as it was presented to his eyes when the victorious fleet anchored in front of New Orleans:

"The view from our decks was one such as will haunt in all human probability be witnessed again. A large tall list of our army. Its forces was watched by an unbroken mile. The smoke of the rebel of millions worth of cotton and shipping at these half consumed the people. While men were hastening up the levee, firing ships and their craft as fast as possible, the people were pushing in and fire. Some of them shared the fate of the Union, when they were fired upon by the rebels. Men, women and children were armed with pistols, knives, and all manner of weapons. Some cheered for Jeff Davis, Beauregard, etc., and said the most vile and obscene language toward us and the great old flag. Treachery was born a living presence, order was with them a thing of the past, and forgotten, and the air was rent with yells of infamy."

After rather a protracted correspondence with Monroe, the Mayor of the city, New Orleans was surrendered to the National forces, and again the United States flag floated proudly over its towers. The two forts which had endured so terrible a bombardment, cut off from all communication with the rebel fleet or army, were compelled to capitulate; and thus the majestic Mississippi, from its mouth to New Orleans, was again restored to its rightful owner, the people of the United States.

But the armed rebels had fled up the river, and were again concentrating at various points upon its banks. They were to be pursued. It was the voice of the people that our great national river, the Mississippi, cost what it might, was to be cleared of every rebel obstruction from Cairo to the Gulf. General Butler's land-force, having disembarked on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, took possession of the city, and Flag-Officer Farragut, leaving a few ships in the stream to overawe the rebellious populace, again commenced the ascent of the river. He learned that eight miles above the city, at Carrollton, there were two forts quite heavily armed, one on each side of the stream. But the rebels had no longer any heart to brave with their water batteries the broadsides of our fleet.

As the squadron with defiant flag pushed boldly up they found the guns spiked, the carriages in flames, and the garrison dispersed. One of the batteries contained twenty-nine guns, the other six. Having completed the destruction of these works, they continued their ascent against the swift current of the stream. About a mile farther up they encountered other earth-works, which had also been abandoned.

"We discovered here," writes Flag-Officer Farragut, "located on the right bank of the river, one of the most Herculean labors I have ever seen—a raft and chain to extend across the river to prevent Foster's gun-boats from descending. It is formed by piling large logs on top of each other, three or four feet in diameter, and some thirty feet long. To the centre one a 3-inch chain is attached, running lengthwise the raft. The three logs and chain are then tripped together by chains from 1 to 1 inch, three or four layers; and there are ninety-six of these lengths supporting the raft. It is at least three-quarters of a mile long."

Seven vessels were now sent up the river under the command of Captain Craven to keep up the panic. Several of these, under Commander Lee, were ordered to proceed as far as Vicksburg. On the 7th of May the *Iroquois*, under Commander James S. Palmer, appeared off Baton Rouge, one hundred and twenty miles above New Orleans, and demanded the immediate surrender of the town with all the munitions of war which the rebels had collected there, and the raising of the United States flag over the arsenal. A small force was landed, under the guns of the boats, and took possession of the place without any conflict.*

Commander Palmer then, with the *Iroquois* and several gun-boats, ascended the river one hundred and seventy miles farther, and passing Fort Hudson, where no batteries had then been erected, on the 12th of May anchored before Natchez. The city attempted no resistance to the National fleet, and as it had never been occupied as a military position by the rebels, it was not formally taken possession of.

The little squadron then pushed on to Vicksburg, four hundred miles above New Orleans. Here they found formidable batteries frowning upon the bluffs which lined the eastern banks of the river. Commander S. P. Lee, with the advance of the squadron, reached this point on the 18th of May. To his demand for the surrender of the place a defiant refusal was returned. Not deeming it expedient to commence a bombardment with the small force he had he delayed operations for a few days until the arrival of Flag-Officer Farragut, who brought with him a column of troops under General Williams.

The rebel batteries were so strongly posted and so well manned, that, before attempting to reduce them, it was found necessary to send for

* Commander Palmer, in his report, writes: "Here is a capital of a State, with 7000 inhabitants, self-sufficient in itself defenseless, and yet assuming an arrogant tone, trusting to our forbearance. I was determined to submit to no such nonsense, and accordingly weighed anchor, and steamed up abreast the arsenal, barracks, and other public property of the United States, and hoisted over it our flag."

additional naval and military force. Commander Porter's mortar flotilla was also towed up to assist in shelling out the heights. It was not until the evening of the 27th of June that all things were ready for the bombardment.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 28th the fleet got under way, and each vessel steamed to its appointed position. At four o'clock the mortars opened fire. The range of rebel batteries extended along the river three miles in length. The Iroquois, Captain J. S. Palmer; the Oneida, Captain S. P. Lee; and the Richmond, Captain James Alden, took the lead. These were followed by the Wissahicon, Captain John De Camp; the Sciota, Captain Edward Donaldson; the Hartford, Captain R. Wainwright; the Winona, Captain E. T. Nichols; the Pinola, Captain Pierce Crosby; each one pouring in successively its tremendous fire. Commander Porter followed with the Octorora, Westfield, Clifton, Jackson, Harriet Lane, and Owasco.

By the time the fleet came within range of the forts it was daylight, and a severe fire of solid shot was immediately opened upon the ships from the batteries. The guns appeared to be principally Columbiads, and the flag-ship was the object of their most deadly aim. All the rebel guns were protected, some by earth-works and others by solid rocks. The vessels were so near the banks that the gunners could be seen working the guns and waving their hats in defiance. When the fire of any of the ships was directed to any particular battery the rebels would abandon their guns, returning to them again as the ship passed on. Flag-Officer Farragut writes in his Report :

"The Hartford received but little injury from the batteries in or below the town; but several raking shots from the battery above the town did us considerable damage. They were 50-pounder rifle and 8-inch solid shot. The first passed through the shell-room and lodged in the hold, but did no other harm. The 8-inch passed through the cabin, but hurt no one. When we reached the upper battery we soon silenced it, and it was reported to me that its flag was struck. We therefore gave three cheers. But when we had passed about three-quarters of a mile above they reopened fire with two heavy guns. Although their shots were well directed they either had too much or too little elevation, and only cut our rigging to pieces without injuring any one seriously; which was strange, as the Iroquois, Winona, and Pinola were on our quarter. The department will perceive from this report that *the forts can be passed*, and we have done it, and can do it again as often as may be required of us. It will not, however, be an easy matter for us to do more than silence the batteries for a time as long as the enemy has a large force behind the hills to prevent our landing and holding the place."

The conflict in passing batteries so formidable with wooden vessels was very severe. The mortars took a position about twenty-five hundred yards from the main battery and hurled their enormous missiles upon the foe with fearful effect. As the Hartford and the gun-boats opened their batteries with grape, canister, and shrapnel, the air seemed to be filled with projectiles. Gradually the lower batteries which were within range of the mortars were silenced. But as the gun-boats came abreast of the upper

batteries, which were beyond the range of the mortars, the fire upon them became very severe. Several of the mortar fleet were very roughly handled. The Jackson, Captain Woodworth, was struck by a shell which exploded in the wheel-house, disabling the steering apparatus, and cutting off a leg of the man at the wheel. The Clifton, Captain Baldwin, hastened to the assistance of the crippled boat, when a shot passed through the Clifton's boiler. The catastrophe was awful in its effects. The scalding steam enveloped the boat. It was a foe whom no energy could resist and no courage could brave. Six men were scalded to death; others were severely burned. Ten men leaped overboard, of whom one was drowned. The Jackson now in turn came to the help of the more severely wounded Clifton. In the midst of a murderous fire she attempted to rescue the scalded and drowning men. The Westfield hurried to the rescue, when she was struck by a heavy rifle-shot, which fortunately did not cause any serious injury. The Octorora now came and towed the Clifton to a place of safety. The Jackson also drifted out of range. Commander David R. Porter in his Report says :

"It is to be regretted that a combined attack of army and navy had not been made, by which something more substantial might have been accomplished. Such an attack, I think, would have resulted in the capture of the city. Ships and mortar-vessels can keep full possession of the river and places near the water's edge, but they can not crawl up hills three hundred feet high; and it is that part of Vicksburg which must be taken by an army. If it was intended merely to pass the batteries at Vicksburg and make a junction with the fleet of Flag-Officer Davis, the navy did it most gallantly and fearlessly. It was as handsome a thing as has been done during the war; for the batteries to be passed extended full three miles, with a three-knot current against ships that could not, at the best, make eight knots under the most favorable circumstances."*

The mortar-vessels were moved below Vicksburg, along the levee, amply protected, it was supposed, from land-attack, by an impassable swamp. The rebel general Van Dorn, who was in command, it is said, of eighteen thousand men, conceived the idea that he could work his way through the morass, and by a grand stroke seize the boats. He accordingly marched a brigade from his encampment through the dense woods and over the miry, quaking bog, until they came within about two hundred yards of the forest-fringed levee. Here our pickets were encountered. They precipitately retreated, firing as they ran from the overpowering force, which was struggling along, many of them waist deep in mire. But Commander Porter was not the man to be caught napping. Instantly all the guns of the mortar-vessels and flotilla-steamers opened a terrific fire upon the woods, of grape, shrapnel,

* The contradictory account which reach us of the details of these events is remarkable. General T. Williams, in his official Report, says: "Seven of Flag-Officer Farragut's vessels passed Vicksburg at eleven o'clock in the morning of the 28th without alarming the batteries of the town."

cannon, shell, and round shot. The mortar, with small charges, pitched into the midst of the invisible foe their massive thunder-bolts. Fifty guns, spread along the levee for about a mile, and which could throw their shells and shot back into the swamp, a distance of two miles, poured their deadly discharges into the forest. No mortal could withstand its fury. As no foe was visible, imagination only could paint the extermination into which the rebel troops were plunged, as wading through the gloomy bog they were assailed by this storm of mutilation and death.

After continuing this thorough shelling of the woods for some time, pickets were cautiously sent in to ascertain the result. They found three rebel soldiers leglessly stuck in the mud. These men were estimated and brought to the boats. They stated that two regiments, one from Tennessee, the other from Mississippi, endeavored to pass through the swamp to attack the boats. They found it almost impossible to struggle along through the thick mud which impeded every step, when suddenly our guns opened upon them their terrible fire. There was no escape for them but in instantaneous and frantic flight. They threw away guns, knapsacks, cartridge-belts, every thing that would impede their progress. It must have been indeed a wild scene of terror, as stumbling over roots, falling under branches of trees, and plunging through the miry pools, they endeavored to escape from those shrieking man-eaters of death which were hurled against them. (Commander Porter writes, in his report.)

"In going over the ground adjacent our men found evidence of a general struggle throughout the woods. Among other things they picked up from the mud the heavy butt of a gun, and a silver spoon. From the remains in the mud they also found that the rebels had been completely bogged in work in the mud. Our pickets informed us that had we gone into the woods at that moment, with our heavy guns we could have captured the two regiments, as they were at the time perfectly legless, being stuck every single man. It was upon the river I observed for miles when I passed the witnesses in position. For without such a central defense we could have been at the mercy of scattered guerrillas."

This adventure was on the first of July. The next day some of the rebel refugees crept into the woods, and succeeded in getting so near us as to wound two of our pickets, and to throw a few balls upon the decks of the boats. Five field-pieces, which were placed near the edge of the woods, were turned upon the assailants. They were quickly put to flight, leaving behind them five dead bodies and other indications of the severity of the punishment which they had received.

To guard against further annoyances of this kind five howitzers were landed, earth-works were thrown up, and fifty machines were posted as pickets. A large bell was also hung in the woods, with lines leading to it from different points, so that the pickets might give immediate alarm. "After which," says Commander

Porter, "the morning militia went to their repose with great confidence."

The importance which the rebels attached to the possession of Vicksburg may be inferred from the following extracts from a speech which Jefferson Davis addressed to the Legislature of Mississippi on the 25th of December, 1862:

"There are now two powerful objects in the programme of the enemy. One is to get possession of the Mississippi River and upon it to organize to oppose the course of the War, and to secure the capture of New Orleans, which has been the southern theme for years. Vicksburg and Port Hudson have been strengthened, and now we are commencing at either of them a new and bold line of operations. Vicksburg will stand, and Port Hudson will stand. But let every man who can be spared from other positions look to defend them, and this will win the Mississippi River, that great artery of the Confederacy, give us the communication with the Texas, the Gulf Department, and toward the south the scheme of having navigation through to New Orleans. By holding that artery of the great nations Port Hudson and Vicksburg the people of the West, cut off from New Orleans, will be driven to the East to seek shelter for their products, and will be compelled to pay as much for the way of freight as these products will be realized when delivered."

While Flag Officer Farragut had been forcing his way up the river from its mouth, sweeping away every obstacle before him, Commander Porter's gun-boats, under the command of Flag Officer Davis, had descended the river from Cairo, a distance of nearly a thousand miles, winning astounding victories at Island No. 10, Memphis, and other points by the way. The two fleets had now met at Vicksburg; the one above the three miles of batteries which fronted along the bluff, and the other below. Flag-Officer Farragut led, with his gun-boats, ran three batteries and joined the fleet of Flag-Officer C. H. Davis. He was now separated by those three miles of batteries from his nearest fleet. The batteries were increasing in number and strength every day. There was no land force with the squadrons sufficient even to attempt to take them. Thus the rebels held the river.

There was a small detachment of infantry which accompanied the expedition under General T. Williams. His force consisted of the Thirtieth Massachusetts, the Ninth Connecticut, the Seventh Vermont, the Fourth Wisconsin, and Ninth Battery, with two sections of Ewing's. The only strategical value of Vicksburg to the rebels was its power from its commanding bluff to blockade the river. The idea was conceived of isolating Vicksburg by cutting a new channel for the river through a neck of land opposite the city, which would leave Vicksburg a town some six miles inland. This idea was considered quite feasible, since the channel of the great torrent of rivers had been not infrequently changed by merely raising a pile across a neck of land, thus converting a peninsula into an island.

While the fleet bombarded the city the troops were embarked in this enterprise. On the 25th of June they commenced surveying the line, and ground was broken on the morning of the



CUTTING CANAL OPPOSITE VICKSBURG.

29th. Nearly twelve hundred negroes, gathered from the adjoining plantations, engaged gleefully in the work, cutting down trees, grubbing up the roots, and excavating the soil. The two fleets awaited the result of this experiment with the deepest interest. The canal was not completed until the 22d of July, when the water of the river was too low to run through it. The plan was revived in the final siege of Vicksburg, but proved a failure.

About twelve miles north of Vicksburg is the mouth of the Yazoo River. The river is three hundred feet wide at its mouth, and is

navigable for boats for fifty miles at high stages of the water. Several miles up this river the rebels had established a navy-yard, where they were building a powerful iron-clad ram named the *Arkansas*. To prevent our squadron from passing up to disturb their operations they had reared powerful batteries upon a commanding elevation called Haines Bluff. The most of our fleet was now moored near the mouth of the Yazoo, while Porter's mortar fleet was nearly fifteen miles down the river. The Vicksburg batteries prevented any communication between the fleets except by running the fear-

ful gauntlet of their guns, or by sending couriers down through the swamp on the western banks. Not a little solicitude was felt respecting this iron-clad monster, of whose speed, armament, and ponderous mail appalling stories were told.

Several of our vessels were performing picket duty as far up the Yazoo as the rebel batteries would permit them to go. About seven o'clock in the morning of the 15th of July, when General Williams's troops and the contrabands were hard at work upon the canal, and the fleet was impatiently awaiting its completion, heavy firing was heard up the Yazoo. Two deserters the evening before had come on board the Essex, and had reported that the Arkansas was ready to come down. The gunboats Carondelet and Tyler, with the steam-ram Queen of the West, had accordingly been sent up the Yazoo to watch proceedings. The fleet was lying at anchor with fires banked but no steam on. As they had no means of replenishing their coal it was needful to practice the utmost economy in the use of their fuel.

The sound of the firing drew rapidly nearer. The whole fleet was on the alert. Soon two of our boats were seen rushing down the river at full speed, pursued by the monster ram. The retreating vessels were firing vigorously with their stern guns, and were as vigorously replied to by the bow guns of the invincible foe. The Carondelet had been driven ashore, and the Arkansas was now in a coat of mail which could laugh to scorn all ordinary shot, impetuously chasing and pelting the Tyler and the Queen of the West. The rebel ram was but about three hundred yards in the rear of the ships it was pursuing. It was an appalling hour.

As many of the boats as could bring their guns to bear upon the foe immediately opened their fire. All the boats were now striving hurriedly to get up steam, and a strange scene of commotion ensued. As the Arkansas rushed along the Essex discharged seven guns at her, striking her three times. One of the shot, it was thought, penetrated her armor. As she approached the Richmond the rebel received a terrible broadside from her guns. For a moment both vessels were enveloped in smoke. As the smoke lifted the iron-clad monster was seen still careering on her way unharmed. When passing the Hartford she received another broadside which she did not condescend to notice. An eye-witness on board the Hartford writes:

"A shot took effect in the hull of the ram Lancaster, of Commander Taylor's fleet, and several persons were killed and wounded. It is not certain whether this shot came from one of our guns or from the Arkansas, as the vessels were much crowded and in no position for such an encounter. As the Arkansas got past the Hartford she fired two rifle-shots which passed harmlessly over our heads. The Benton had got under way by this time, and started out to meet her; but she did not seem to like the looks of her antagonist, and steamed rapidly down the river, firing her guns at intervals. The Benton followed her under the guns of the batteries on the bluff, which

opened on her, and she retired, leaving the Arkansas to run down to Vicksburg."

The Arkansas, which thus boldly ran through our whole fleet, was truly a formidable vessel. Her armored sides were at an angle of forty-five degrees, not running to a point like the Merrimac, but flat on the top with a single smoke-stack protruding. She was armed with heavy guns, and the thick iron plates which completely cased her sides seemed to resist nearly all the shots which were fired at her. The rebel general Van Dorn, in his official report of the action, says:

"Our loss was ten men killed and fifteen wounded. Captain Brown, her commander and hero, was slightly wounded in the head. The smoke-stack of the Arkansas was crippled. Otherwise she is not materially damaged and can soon be repaired."

The Union fleet below Vicksburg consisted of the Brooklyn, Kennebec, and Jackson, with the mortar vessels and a large number of transports.* Great apprehensions were felt for the mortar fleet, as it had no means of resisting a foe so formidable. And it was greatly feared that the Arkansas, having destroyed or captured the mortar fleet, would rush down the river to New Orleans, and by the destruction of the few ships left in guard there, capture our small land-force, and restore the city again to rebel rule. Mr. W. B. Renshaw, who was commanding Division of Mortar Flotilla, reports that, as soon as he received information that the Arkansas was endeavoring to pass the fleet and would probably succeed, he signaled to the schooners to get under way immediately, and at the same time slipped the cable of his steamer, the Westfield, that he might render such assistance as should be required. These measures were hardly adopted ere the Arkansas was seen gliding along under the bank at Vicksburg, perfectly sheltered by the batteries. One can hardly imagine the shout of triumph with which her advent was greeted by the rebels.

One of the mortar schooners, the Sydney C. Jones, had unfortunately grounded, and was lying in a defenseless condition. It seemed necessary immediately to blow her up, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy. The remaining schooners dropped down below the Brooklyn, behind whose broad-sides they sought protection. This movement being successfully accomplished, Commander Renshaw steamed cautiously up the river to provide for blowing up the crippled boat, and to reconnoitre the position of the ram. Upon the way he met General Williams and his staff riding along the western bank. He hailed the General and inquired if he wished to embark his command.

* The lower bombarding fleet, under command of Commodore Farragut and Porter, consisted of eighteen gun and mortar boats, five sloops of war, and seventy transports. The upper fleet consisted of eleven gun boats and rams and thirteen transports, under command of Commodore Davis. — *Pullard's Second Year of the War*, p. 52.

Being answered in the negative, he requested General Williams to send some artillery officers on board the stranded schooner, that the boat might be so scientifically blown up as to throw the mortar into deep water. He then approached within hailing distance of the schooner, and gave orders that all preparations should be made for blowing her up, but that the torch must not be applied until the signal was given, or the Arkansas was seen actually coming down.

The scene at this moment presented to the eye was one of wonderful beauty; the broad majestic flood of the Mississippi, smooth as a mirror, gliding silently beneath the rays of a July sun to its goal in the Gulf; the steamer Westfield, with Commander Renshaw upon the deck, breasting the current as he hailed the party on the shore; the brilliant cavalcade of General Williams and his staff on the levee; the rank and gloomy forest rising from the almost boundless and impenetrable swamp in the rear; up the river the spires of Vicksburg, the batteries belching forth their tremendous discharges; the Arkansas running to seek the protection of their guns; the pursuing fleet pelting the foe with shot and shell, while arrested in the chase by the batteries; the billowy volumes of smoke; the stranded mortar-schooner, and a short distance down the river the majestic Brooklyn, with the mortar-schooners huddled in her rear for protection—all this, with the accompanying thunder-peals from innumerable cannon of the heaviest calibre, must have presented a scene which it would have tasked the energies of a Horace Vernet to transfer to canvas.

Commander Renshaw then proceeded up the river somewhat further, and threw two rifle shots at the ram; then running below to communicate the result of his observations he received an order from Flag-Officer Farragut to bring his mortars immediately into position to bombard the rebel batteries, as Farragut was coming down with his fleet to attempt to destroy the ram. Commander Porter had gone down the river with most of the steamers of the flotilla towing twelve of the mortar-schooners. The schooners were expeditiously brought into position, but while the movement was being made, through some unfortunate misunderstanding of orders, the torch was applied to the magazine of the S. C. Jones, and the vessel was blown in fragments into the air.

At half past three o'clock in the afternoon Commander Renshaw had all his mortar-boats in position to open their fire. In consequence of the absence of so many of the steamers it took some time to tow the schooners to their appointed stations along the western banks of the river. The Vicksburg batteries immediately opened upon them a brisk cannonade. Three of the schooners were in position at half past one o'clock. The roar of battle was now opened in good earnest. The schooners were at a distance of about 4000 yards from the bat-

teries.* General Williams brought up a field battery on the western banks opposite Vicksburg, and took efficient part in the fray. With a smothering storm of 8-inch grape a swarm of rebel riflemen on the Vicksburg side, who were concealed in the woods, annoying the mortars with their unerring aim, were speedily dispersed.

Hour after hour this thundering bombardment was continued. The firing from the mortars was rapid, and accurate. The enormous shells could be seen falling within the batteries, perceptibly diminishing the regularity of their fire. In reference to this conflict Commander Renshaw says, in his Report:

"To the Report of Lieutenant-Commanding Breese, commanding the Second Division of mortar-schooners, I have the honor to refer you for particulars of the mortar practice and conduct of their officers and men. The services of this officer, I am aware, have already been brought to your notice by the very able and gallant commander of the flotilla, Captain Porter. And I have only to add the expression of my very high appreciation of his official ability and gallantry, and my thanks for his zealous assistance during this anxious day—anxious from the fact that, from the hour of half past one until nearly eight in the evening, the mortar-schooners were lying in position comparatively unprotected, within two and a half miles of this ram, which had successfully run the blockade of our fleets, not knowing at what moment her repairs might be completed and she again ready for action."

About half past seven o'clock in the evening the mortar-boats were signaled that the gun-boat fleet was getting under way to run the gauntlet of the batteries. This was the signal for them all to open fire with redoubled rapidity. Flag-Officer Farragut was attempting the passage of the batteries with his New Orleans fleet, having the double purpose in view of joining his squadron below, and hoping also to destroy the rebel ram in passing. The fleet accomplished its wonderful achievement of running, with but little loss, those formidable batteries frowning along the bluffs for a distance of three miles. This was attributed to the rapid and well-directed fire from the ships, which often drove the rebels from their guns. In the deepening twilight the tempest of war, with its flash and thunder-peal and crashing bolts, raged with all the fury with which human passion could inspire it.

The designs against the Arkansas, however, proved a failure. She was so concealed under the shore, and so protected by heavy batteries, that she could not be reached in the darkness.

The chagrin which the career of the Arkansas caused the officers of the fleet, as well as the country at large, may be inferred from the following Report of Flag-Officer Farragut:

"It is with deep mortification that I announce to the Department that, notwithstanding my prediction to the contrary, the iron-clad ram Arkansas has at length made her appearance and taken us all by surprise. We had

* The following schooners were engaged: the John Griffith, Henry Brown Commanding; the Henry Jones, James W. Pennington Commanding; the Oliver H. Lee, Washington Godfrey Commanding; the Orvetta, F. E. Blanchard Commanding; the Sarah Bruen, A. Christian Commanding. See W. B. Renshaw's Report.

heard that she was up at Liverpool, in the Yazoo River, and Lieutenant-Colonel Ellet informed me that the river was too narrow for our gun-boats to turn, and was also shallow in places, but suggested that Flag-Officer Davis might send up some of his iron-clad boats, which draw only six or seven feet of water.

"When this was proposed to Flag-Officer Davis he consented immediately, and General Williams offered to send up a few sharp-shooters. The next morning they went off at daylight, and by six in the morning we heard firing up the river, but supposed it to be the gun-boats firing at the flying artillery said to be lining the river. In a short time, however, the gun-boats appeared and the ram in pursuit. Although we were all lying with low fires, none of us had steam or could get it up in time to pursue her; but she took the broadside of the whole fleet. It was a bold thing, and she was only saved by our feeling of security. She was very much injured, and was only able to drift down at the lowest speed—say one knot—and with the current she got down to the forts at Vicksburg before any of us had steam up.

"I had a consultation with Flag-Officer Davis, and we thought it best to take the evening, when he dropped down to take the fire of the upper battery, and my squadron passed down with the determination of destroying the ram if possible. But by delays of getting in position, etc., it was so dark by the time we reached the town that nothing could be seen except the flashes of the guns, so that, to my great mortification, I was obliged to go down and anchor with the rest of my fleet, to protect the transports, mortar-boats, etc.

"The ram is now repairing damage, for we put many holes through her, though we do not know the extent of damage done to her. Be assured, Sir, however, that I shall leave no stone unturned to destroy her."

It was quite evident that the *Arkansas* had received pretty severe hailing from the fleet, as day after day passed and she did not venture from her moorings beneath the guns of the shore batteries. On the morning of the 22d another attempt was made to destroy the rebel ram. Flag-Officer Davis, about daylight in the morning, attacked with great vehemence the upper batteries with the gun-boats *Benton*, *Cincinnati*, and *Louisville*. Under cover of this fire the *Essex* and the *Queen of the West* rushed down the river at their utmost speed, to plunge upon the *Arkansas*, to endeavor to crush in her sides. The rebel ram was at her place at the levee under the batteries. The *Queen of the West* struck the *Arkansas* with sufficient force to do her some injury, but did not succeed in disabling her. The *Essex* delivered several very effective shots into the ram, but in endeavoring to strike only grazed her side, and ran with great force upon the bank. Here, for ten minutes, until she could be got off, the *Essex* was exposed to a terrible fire from the shore battery.

The sickly season had now come. The most vigorous men wilted and broke down under the unintermitted and exhausting heat of that pestilential region. Men who were apparently well one day would sink away and die before the close of the next. Of one hundred and thirty men of the mortar fleet one hundred and six were sick and off duty. The crews of the gun-boats were, many of them, reduced to one-half their number. Six hundred men were needed immediately to secure the efficiency of the flotilla.

The rebels suffered even more severely than

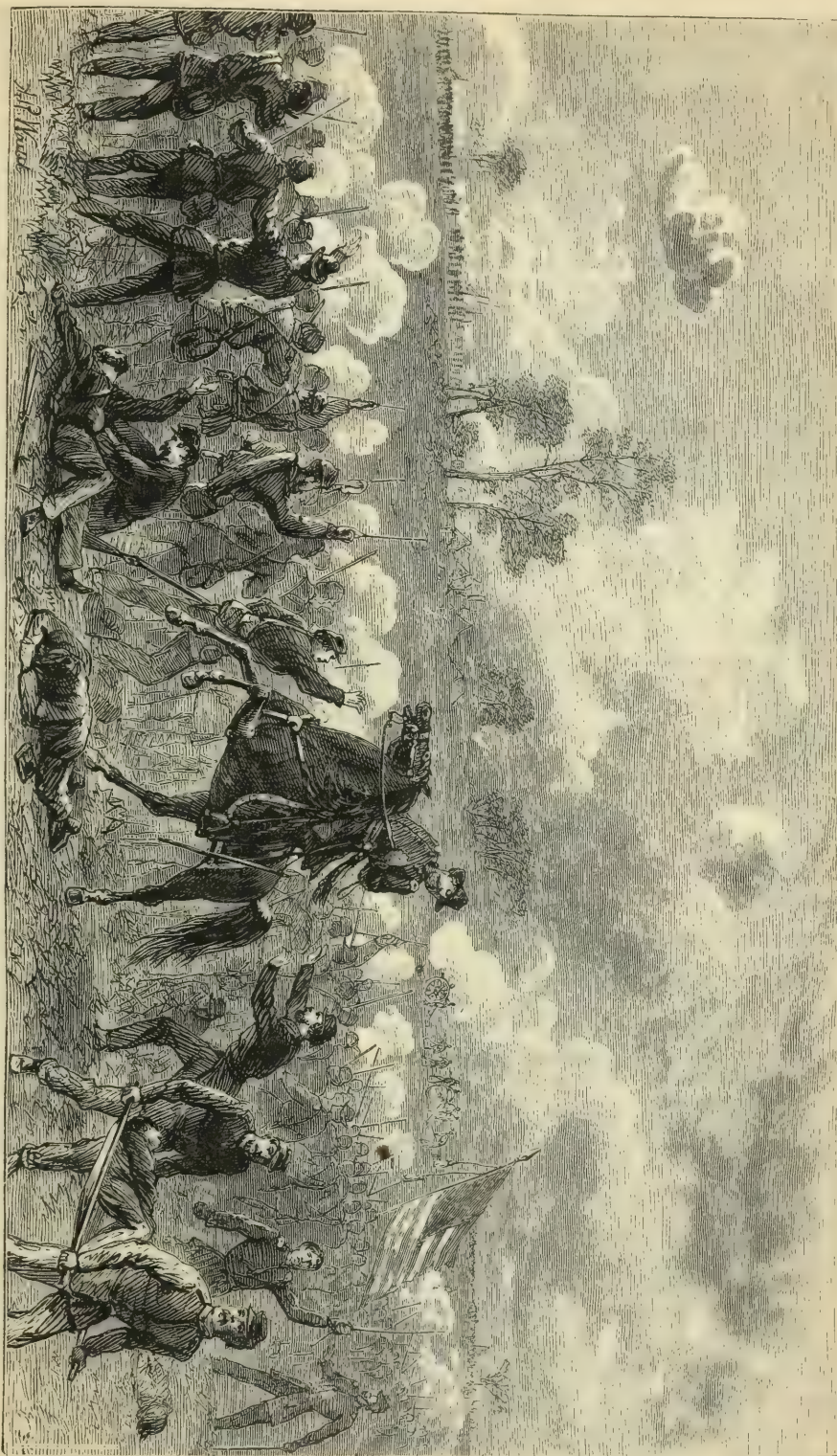
the patriots. Out of from eighteen to twenty thousand men on his rolls, he could scarcely muster five thousand in his ranks. They suffered far more severely than our men from want of suitable hospital accommodations, medicines, and food.

As it was manifest that the shore batteries could not be carried without the assistance of a far more powerful land-force than we then had, it was judged expedient to abandon the enterprise for the present. Flag-Officer Farragut was therefore instructed to drop down the river with his fleet to New Orleans, while the nation gathered its strength to strike the rebels on the bluffs at Vicksburg an effectual blow. Commander Porter was left below Vicksburg, with the *Essex* and the *Sumter*, to watch the movements of the enemy.

On the 28th of July Flag-Officer Farragut returned to New Orleans with most of his fleet. The *Katahdin* and *Kineo* were left at Baton Rouge with a small land-force. On the 5th of August a rebel force of ten regiments, under command of General J. C. Breckinridge, made a vigorous assault upon the small force stationed at Baton Rouge. One of the most severely contested battles of the war ensued, in which General Williams was killed by a rifle-ball through the chest. About two o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th some friendly negroes brought the intelligence to the camp that the enemy was approaching. All possible arrangements were made for the menaced attack.

At half past three o'clock the next morning the reveille was beaten, and our little army marched about a mile out of town to meet the foe. The enemy, however, appeared in such force that, after very severe fighting, we were compelled to fall back. Our troops experienced much annoyance from facing the blaze of the rising sun. But in defiance of every difficulty they manfully bore the shock of overwhelming numbers. The Sixth Michigan, with Sims's battery on the right, and the Fourteenth Maine, with Manning's battery on the left, won great renown. They were exposed for some time, in the open field, to the swarming foe who assailed them from the woods. The Thirtieth Massachusetts was sent to the aid of the hotly pressed Michigan troops, but before they were in position the rebels were driven back. At the same time the Ninth Connecticut and the Fourth Wisconsin, which had been held in reserve, were ordered to advance to the aid of the left wing, but as they were rushing upon the field the foe sullenly retired.

During the fight a portion of the enemy broke into the camp of the Twenty-first Indiana and burned it. But the despoiled regiment took fearful revenge, in pouring into their disordered ranks a volley of balls, which strewed the ground with the wounded, and caused the survivors precipitately to retreat. The rebels also forced an entrance into the camp of the Twentieth Maine, where they encountered a similar fate. The Twenty-first Indiana fought



DEATH OF GENERAL WILLIAMS.

with such desperation of courage that it is said one of the rebel Generals, whose fortune it was to encounter them, remarked :

"But for those accursed Indianians we should have taken Baton Rouge!"

The gun-boats Essex, Sumter, Kineo, and Katahdin took glorious part in this conflict. The two former were placed in position to protect our left. They opened fire into the woods through which the foe was swarming, and with their screaming shells shattered the forest and scattered a storm of iron hail around the assailants. Signal-Officer Davis, of the Kineo, took a position on the tower of the State House, where he had an excellent view of the field of

battle, enabling him to signal the gun-boats where to throw their shells. These death-dealing missiles, hurled from the 11-inch guns of the boats, constrained the rebels to keep at a respectful distance. It is said that one shell from the Kineo killed from forty to sixty of the rebels.

When near the close of the engagement, Lieutenant-Colonel Keith, of the Twenty-first Indiana, was taken from the field severely wounded. Colonel Cahill says in his report that no words of his can do him justice. He adds :

"He was every where, in every place, working his men through tents, trees, and under-brush like a veteran ; and



DESTRUCTION OF THE ARKANSAS.

when seriously wounded and taken from the field he would not give up, but moved around among his officers and men, counselling and assisting in every thing, to the injury and irritation of his wounds. Colonel Roberts, of the Seventh Vermont, fell mortally wounded, and has since died.

Colonel Nickerson, of the Fourteenth Maine, had his horse shot from under him by a discharge of grape. He sprang from under his dying steed, and waving his sword called upon his men for one more charge. The men sprang forward with three roaring cheers, and drove back the advancing foe."

But we have no space to record the individual acts of heroism. It was near the close of the battle when General Williams fell, mortally wounded. He had just said to the men of the Twenty-first Indiana, as their gallant Colonel

was borne wounded from the field, leaving the regiment in command of Captain Grimsley: "Boys, your field-officers are all gone. I will lead you!" The men responded with three cheers. Just at that moment the fatal bullet pierced the bosom of the General and he fell. It is not too much to say, in the words of Colonel Cahill:

"That more undaunted bravery, coolness, and skill had not been displayed in any battle-field than on that of Baton Rouge, and that too by officers who never before handled troops in a fight."

As the discomfited rebels retired the gunboats continued pitching shells into the woods every half hour during the whole night. But the

foe was far away on the rapid retreat. Our small land-force, weakened by sickness and exhausted by heat and fatigue, were not in a condition to pursue.

The Union force engaged numbered less than two thousand five hundred. The enemy had at least five thousand, with twelve or fourteen field-pieces and some cavalry. About thirty of their number were captured, and they left seventy wounded men upon the field.*

It was in the plan of attack by the rebels that while Breckinridge with his overpowering force fell impetuously upon our little garrison, the Arkansas was to crush and sink our gun-boats. Our boats were all ready to receive her, but the Arkansas did not make her appearance. It was therefore decided for the gun-boats to take a trip up the river to ascertain what had become of her. On turning a bend of the stream the monster ram was seen close to the bank, evidently disabled. Two rebel gun-boats, the Webb and the Music, were hovering around her. Prudently they retired as soon as our little fleet hove in sight. The Essex led, followed by the Sumter, the Kineo, and the Katahdin.

* Colonel T. W. Cahill's Report. Lieutenant G. Weitzel's Report states the rebel force at 6000, ours at 2000.

The Essex ran by her crippled antagonist, which could only bring one gun to bear upon her, and taking a position about five hundred yards distant, opened upon the ram with three guns charged with solid shot. One of these balls struck the bow of the Arkansas, and though it produced a deep indentation the ball was split in two by force of the concussion. The correspondent of the New York *Herald*, as quoted in *Harper's Weekly*, writes :

"Commander Porter then ordered the same gun to be loaded with an incendiary shell of his own invention, and without moving the gun to take a new aim the shell was fired, entering just where the solid shot had struck. Immediately a jet of flame was shooting up from the Arkansas, and in a short time the entire vessel was on fire. It is supposed that the condensed cotton, with which the Arkansas is packed, caught fire from the shell, and communicating thence to the wood-work, soon wrapped the monster in flames. After burning till all her upper-works were destroyed she swung off into the stream, where she blew up with a terrific explosion."

Soon after this, by the 23d of August, Baton Rouge was evacuated by the Union troops. But the exultant rebels on the river's banks found that the transient lull in the storm of war was only the prelude of a tempest which swept the Mississippi of every incumbrance, and restored the majestic stream to the undisputed possession of the nation.

CROCHET.

WHILE the sun, with parting glances,
On my zephyr web is beaming,
Will you listen to my dreaming?
Would you like to know my fancies,
Know what hidden meaning lies
In my spinster-like devotion
To the polished shaft, which flies
In and out with easy motion?
How old Walton loved his hook
He hath told us in his book;
If I prize *my* hook as well,
Sure I too my love may tell.

Now the thought of Izaak's angling
Bringeth to my mind the saying
That this crochet is but playing;
That *we* keep poor fishes dangling
With a wearisome delay,
From our line so soft and pretty.
We are anglers too, they say,
Cruel anglers, void of pity.
Yet we do not hide the hook,
Do not cast it in the brook;
If they snatch the fatal link
Are *we* guilty, do you think?

Now I call me Clotho, spinning
Some one's measure of existence.
With a hero's wise persistence,
Looking back to the beginning,
Never thinking of the end;
For 'tis not my task to sever,
Nor may I from fate defend,
When the parting comes forever.
Thus I spin the slender thread,
Tint it with a rosy red,
And, with lingering touch and slow,
Gently check its rapid flow.

But my dreams are shifting ever.
I am striving *now* to weave me,
From the thread which Clotho gave me,
Such a web of pure endeavor
As shall fold me evermore
In a robe of light and beauty,
When my busy life is o'er—
When I've finished all my duty.
But my thread is oh, so fine!
Smallest moments form the line,
And I weave 'mid anxious fears,
For I dread the fatal shears.

Here a knot is in the worsted.
See how carefully I hide it!
Just so carefully I tied it
When to future skill I trusted
For concealment of the knot.
That's the way with woman's sorrow,
Hidden pain is half forgot
In the bustle of the morrow.
Yet my web is no less fair
For the tangle hidden there,
And our lives seem joyous still,
Though they bury many an ill.

So, while twilight shades are falling,
Threads of fancy I am twining
With the rosy wool combining;
Heedless of the voices calling
From beyond the garden wall;
Till, at last, the steady motion
Knits up all my zephyr ball.
Here's the spring of my devotion—
This is why I love my hook
As the poet loves a book:
Thus its charms my cares beguile,
For I'm *dreaming* all the while.

NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

THE war for the Union is over. Our surviving veterans are once more among us, and the country renders them its gratitude and homage. We meet them in all the high-ways and by-ways of life, bronzed of feature, and a little stiff and precise, perhaps, from the pursuit of arms; but there is that in the glance of their eye and firmness of tread that speaks of work well done, and the people welcome them to their hearths and homes as the crowned heroes of the age. Society, without distinction of clique or party, unites to do them honor. Doting mothers and blushing maidens smile upon them. Law and Physic invite them to their high walks; Trade and Commerce throw open their august portals and bid them enter. Even politicians forget their brawls, and cordially unite, as seldom before, on some soldier because strongest with the people, and, therefore, most "available" for candidacy. The scramble for "soldier" candidates between the two political parties, pending the elections of last fall, was most amusing to the on-looker; but it was also most instructive, because it showed the strong and decided drift of the popular current, which none detect more quickly or measure more accurately than our shrewd political managers.

And we hold that is right and fitting—eminently so, and in all respects. For it is but a just Reward of Merit. It is the Nation's silent but hourly Vow of Thanks. It is but our natural and inevitable homage, waiting after great deeds done. It is only mankind's unceasing testimony to the high dignity and worth of bravery and pluck.

—MOM, who feels pretty sure,

But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain?"
these are the men whom mankind waits to reward and honor, and so may it ever be.

But while we all agree to honor and reward our living heroes, we must not forget that there are solemn duties we owe also to the dead. Both duties belong equally to true patriotism, and an enlightened civilization will surely regard one as but the complement of the other. It may be that death is an eternal sleep, and the grave the end of all things, as some "small philosophers" hold. But the instincts of humanity recoil from the doctrine, and with all right-thinking men care for the dead stands close to reverence for God.

Indeed, to respect and care for the dead is no modern sentiment. Such was the practice in the ruder ages and among the coarser civilizations, and in even the most materialistic times it keeps steady pace with all humaner developments. The same reverent idea prevails every where among mankind, and similar results appear ever to follow. The Indian of the plains elevates his dead upon a rude scaffold, with food and implements of the chase by his side, to keep his remains from desecration and

equip him in advance for the Happy Hunting Grounds. The European does no more, when with more enlightened view he commits his friend to the earth—"Dust to dust, whence it came"—and erects a simple tablet, or costly mausoleum, in some village grave-yard, or urban cemetery, to commemorate his deeds and perpetuate his fame. They both follow out the same ideal, the best and highest in them, the truest and noblest thought of their natures; but the ignorance and savagery of barbarism appear in the one, in the other the touching bowties and refinements of a Christian civilization. Human history, indeed, concurs in this respect, though we do not know what it is that should every where induce such reverence and care for those who have gone from us and apparently are of no further account to us, unless it be that vague hope and "anxious longing for immortality" which all possess and none can satisfy, but which by this means we yet seek unconsciously to express and gratify. True, different nations in different ages have had different methods of embodying the sentiment, but all have brought the same overruling result. By some the dead were burned, and their ashes preserved in sacred urns. In India, and some other countries, this custom still prevails to some extent. And we have read somewhere of a Russian prince who, on the death of his wife, to whom he was very tenderly attached, submitted her body to some German chemists, who reduced it by scientific processes to so small a compass that he could wear it as a stone in an ordinary seal ring. But the usual custom, from time immemorial, has every where been to commit the dead to the bosom of mother earth. Hence we find burial-places and cemeteries established by law, and consecrated by religion, from the earliest ages. The word cemetery itself comes from the Greek, *Κηφισμός*, meaning literally a "sleeping-place." In the German we have the corresponding words *Friedhof*, "Court of Peace," and *Gottesacker*, "God's Field." These all came to mean indifferently a place set apart and kept for the sepulture of the dead.

Among the Hebrews the first care on arriving at a new place was to select burial-grounds. Their cities usually had cemeteries outside of the walls. That of Jerusalem, it will be remembered, was in the Valley of Cedron. The Greeks, before they adopted the Phrygian custom of burning their dead, had what they called their "sleeping-field." At Athens the most common place of interment was near the road leading to the Peiræus, outside of the Ionian Gate, which on that account was also styled the Burial Gate. Those who had fallen in battle, however, were buried at the public expense, in the famous Ceramæus, the most beautiful suburb of Athens, which had been adorned with walks, and fountains, and columns, and

whose groves were filled with altars and temples. At Rome, even after incremation became common, because of her crowded population, the Appian Way was lined for miles with costly sepulchres and finely chiseled urns. The same custom prevailed at Pompeii, as recent discoveries have satisfactorily developed. In Babylonia and Egypt there were immense burial-places, proportioned to the denseness of their ancient populations, as is well attested by the grand ruins and multitudinous mummies still to be found there.

In Europe many of the ancient churches have crypts beneath them, filled with the dead of other generations, and several of its great cities are literally honey-combed with vaults or catacombs, containing the bones of their former inhabitants. The three most finished and celebrated of modern European cemeteries are those of Pisa, Naples, and Paris. That of Pisa, called Campo Santo, is inconsiderable in size, being only 490 feet long by 170 wide; but it is surrounded by arcades of white marble, 60 feet high, and is most beautifully adorned by ancient Etruscan, Greek, and Roman bass-reliefs, and by superb paintings by the old Italian masters. In the centre is an extensive mound of earth, said to have been brought from Palestine during the Crusades, and formerly used as a burial-ground itself. This cemetery is the pantheon of the Pisans, and among its most famous monuments is the tomb of Algarotti, erected by Frederick the Great in 1764. That of Naples lies along the main road leading from the city, and consists of 365 great cells, one of which is opened every morning to receive the dead of that day. That of Paris, Père la Chaise, is a vast necropolis, northeast from the city, and contains the tombs of Abelard and Heloise, La Fontaine, Molière, Beaumarchais, Laplace, Cuvier, Arago, Marshal Ney, David, Sièyes, Barras, etc. Situated mostly on a hill, it commands a fine view of the city and surrounding country, and is adorned with column, pyramid, obelisk, and every variety of sculpture suitable to such a place. The cemeteries of Russia are mostly distant from the cities, and their chief adornment consists of the native pines.

In our own country we have many handsome rural cemeteries, chief among which are Mount Auburn, near Boston; Greenwood, near New York; Laurel Hill, near Philadelphia; and Bonaventure, near Savannah. All of these are of considerable extent, and abound with walks and shrubbery, the most of which are in good taste and of excellent design. They already contain many elegant and costly tombs, and year by year advance in beauty and refinement.

We have touched thus upon cemeteries in general, because we hold them to be indicative of the spirit and growth of the race. We commend them very heartily, in so far as they go, because the visible expression of civilized affection and well-meant, if not just, tributes to

the loved and lost. But we have spoken of them thus at length especially, in order to affirm this thought, namely: that in but few, if any instances, that we can discover, after much research, had any age or any people, except Republican Athens, vouchsafed a cemetery to its fallen soldiery. Instances abound, indeed, of monuments and memorials to distinguished generals, from the Pyramids of Egypt and Pompey's Pillar to the latest statue of Washington and Wellington. Rome had her Temple of Janus, dedicated to War, with its doors closed but three times in seven hundred years, and her Campus Martius, where, by solemn vote of "the Senate and people of Rome," her great commanders were borne to their rest. France has her Hôtel des Invalides, consecrated to her surviving veterans, and with the Great Napoleon sleeping beneath its dome. England has her St. Paul's Cathedral and her Westminster Abbey (the latter now past its thousandth anniversary), with her Wellingtons, her Nelsons, and her Napiers, as well as her Pitts and her Palmerstons, reposing in their shade.

So, also, great battles and famous victories have been commemorated, from the plains of Marathon to the ridges of Waterloo, and from ancient Zama to modern Bunker Hill. But in all these instances, as a rule, the common soldier has been overlooked, as if too humble to be taken into account, or as if posterity were indifferent to his fate, no matter how bravely he fought and fell.* In truth, in former ages, and among other peoples, the private soldier seems generally to have been held as only so much food for powder or the sword, and a hasty pit or ditch to receive his remains, on the field where he fell, appears to have been all that he was entitled to.† This was, perhaps, natural enough with aristocratic and monarchical governments, such as have usually dominated in the past, because their logic contemplates and cares for only the so-called higher orders. But a Democratic republic like ours, based on the equality of the race, and affirming justice for all that knows or professes to know only excellence and worth wherever found, can not afford to pass by unheeded, however humble, those who have proven themselves by fierce and sturdy warfare in its behalf at once its best citizens and brave defenders. Then, also, it seems to us, there is something due to the voice and progress of the age. Things are not now as they have been. A new era has dawned, or is beginning to dawn. The world is getting to believe, however slowly, in the Fatherhood

* We except Athens again. She inscribed the names of *all* who fell at Marathon on the monument that she erected there, and, in general prescribed by law, that the obsequies of all her citizens who fell in battle should be performed at the public expense, and in the most honorable manner.

† We do not except England and France, even in the Crimea; for though the most of their dead there were decently interred, and chiefly together, yet we are not aware that either nation has done any thing as yet to preserve or adorn their resting-places. The same is true of France and Sardinia at Magenta and Solferino.

of God and the Brotherhood of Man. The day of narrowness and bigotry, of class and caste, seems passing away. There is, beyond dispute, a spirit abroad in the earth exciting to humane thought, rousing to generous endeavor, stimulating to philanthropic deeds, refining constitutions and laws, and seeking—indeed, ever and irresistibly—by all right methods, to broaden and elevate our common humanity.

Our Government, with all its multiplied burdens and cares, and though struggling for very existence, does not seem to have forgotten its duty in this regard in our late war, though, in common with other governments, it seems to have omitted it in all previous ones. Common burying-grounds, indeed, appear always to have been kept at the various posts and forts where our troops were stationed, and those who died thus in garrison have doubtless been well cared for; but those who fell in battle, whether in the Revolutionary struggle in the second contest with Great Britain or in the Mexican and Indian wars, seem to have been hastily interred on the spot where they fell, and that was the last the nation knew or seemed to care for them. At all events we may safely affirm that nothing approaching to the dignity of national respect or national care appears ever to have been manifested afterward. This has struck us as fairly remarkable, all things considered; and we did not suppose that there had been such a total neglect of our national duty in this respect until we came to inquire into the facts for the purposes of this paper. But our record in this matter, as well as in so many others, promises soon materially to improve.

Early in the war, so long ago, indeed, as September, 1861, the Secretary of War, by a General Order*, directed accurate and permanent records to be kept of deceased soldiers and their places of burial. To this end the Quarter-Master General was ordered to print and place in every general and post hospital of the army blank books and forms, very minute and specific in their details, for the purpose of classifying and preserving such records. The Quarter-Master's Department was also charged with the further duty of providing proper means for a registered head-board to be secured at the head of each soldier's grave. To guard against the loss or destruction of mortuary records it was further ordered that copies should be transmitted as soon as possible to the Adjutant-General's office at Washington for file. The substance of this order was afterward embodied in the Revised Army Regulations,† and thus became a part of the permanent law of the army.

The Quarter-Master's Department had previously been charged with "the burial of officers and soldiers,‡ as a part of its general duty; but its instructions were far from specific,

and its care about ended ordinarily with the smoke of the guns that were prescribed to be fired over their graves. These additional instructions, however, we rejoice to say, soon worked a radical reform. The surgeons in charge of regiments and hospitals soon began to exhibit a just pride in keeping and perfecting their melancholy records, and the result is, the mortuary history of our armies to-day is about as complete as could well be desired—far more so, indeed, than could reasonably be expected, if we consider the number and vastness of our campaigns, and the heavy lists of mortality invariably attendant on great military operations. Certain we are that it is far in advance of that of any other nation, in any previous war, ancient or modern.

The Secretary, in his Report for 1865, states the aggregate number of men credited on the several calls, and put into the service of the United States, in the army, navy, and marine corps, from April 15, 1861, to April 14, 1865, when drafting and recruiting ceased, as 2,776,553. Of course it will be remembered that this number does not represent actual men, but enlistments, of which many of our men made two or three. It is probable that the greatest number of men actually in the service at any one time was about May 1, 1865, when they amounted to 4,000,516.

In the same Report, p. 22, he gives the total number of colored troops enlisted into the service during the rebellion as 178,975. Of these, he says, "the loss during the war from all causes, except muster out, was 68,178;" that is, about thirty-eight per cent. It would not do, however, to take this heavy per centage as a fair average for mortality among all our troops, because it includes desertions and discharges for sickness or other disability; and, also, because our white troops enlisted oftener under the different calls, were mostly longer in the service, and lost more by battle and desertion, and less by disease, than our colored troops. But if for these differences, which, on reflection, will appear very considerable, we allow say twenty-three per cent., this will still leave our aggregate losses during the war, from both battle and disease, at fifteen per cent. of all enlistments, say 400,000 men, which we do not believe will be found very far wrong. A careful examination of official reports, as far as published, and repeated conversations on the subject with those in the army who ought to know, as well as good opportunities of our own of judging in the premises, confirm us in this view.* This mournful number, though large,

* Since this article was written the Provost-Marshal General has reported "the deaths in battle, from wounds and from disease, in every regiment and company of every (land) State, from the beginning to the close of the war," at 280,732—officers and men. As this does not include losses in the regular army, nor losses of Union troops—white and colored—enlisted in the disloyal States, we do not think our estimate of 400,000 in excess, especially if you include those discharged for disability, many of whom subsequently died from diseases contracted while in the service.

* No. 75, Adjutant-General's office, 1861.

† Para. 49 of Appendix, p. 546. 1862.

‡ Revised U. S. Army Regulations, para. 1665, p. 152. 1863.

is not so large, however, as the nation a year ago sorrowfully expected, nor nearly so large as our enemies both at home and abroad then gleefully proclaimed. And, large as it is, the Republic, calmer than a Spartan matron, not unwillingly made the sacrifice, rather than yield one jot or tittle to treason, and she would do it again, thank Heaven! yea, thrice over if need were. In the touching lines of one of our best war lyrics:

"Four hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle-plain, in prison-pen,
Have died for me and you;
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed land their grave
For me and you,
Good friends, for me and you."

Gallant, high-souled, manly fellows, they loved home and friends, parent, wife, child, domestic ease, and fireside comfort, not less than the best of us; yet they cheerfully forsook all, and marched Southward at the call of patriotism to fight and die—as God so willed—unmurmuringly, that the nation might live. There is not a Northern town or hamlet, scarcely a Northern family of spirit, that has not been called to mourn the loss of some favorite citizen or darling son. This generation at least will not forget our frequent funerals that for four years darkened with their woe almost half a continent, nor the dull roll of the platoon, that daily announced another Martyr for freedom laid to his rest. Oh, how grand and how glorious our roll of honor! There are Kearney, and Whipple, and Stevens, and M'Pherson, and Bayard, and Shaw, and the countless heroes of the ranks unknown to fame, but who each did his part well, and, falling, died none the less gloriously because carrying a musket or swinging a sabre instead of leading a division or commanding an army corps. If men after death are to be judged and honored according to the work they have done and the results they have achieved, then above all others should we take the memories of these men home to our hearts and lives, and embalm in the nation's remembrance forever and forever. The remains of many, indeed, have been recovered by friends and brought back from the South, and our communities with one accord have united in burying them with booming cannon and muffled drums and half-mast flags beneath our own loyal soil. Many on entering the service or marching into battle made each to the other a solemn vow, that if either fell the other would, if possible, send his body home for burial.

Comrades in arms and friends at home have no doubt done what they could in this respect, but the number thus brought back and interred among our Northern hills has necessarily been very small compared with the many thousands that fell throughout the South, and still lie buried there, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and from the Ohio to the Gulf. The

great majority we say, of necessity, still lie on the fields where they fell, or near the hospitals or prisons where they died, and their rude, hastily-constructed, and now neglected graves are fast being obliterated by the leveling forces of time and nature. In the edges of groves, in the fence corners, by the side of turnpikes and railroads, every where are scattered individual graves, while at locations of former hospitals, and on scores of battle-fields, they swell up into the hundreds and thousands. Where our men died in camps or on the march, their comrades usually found some means to mark their resting-places, such as a rough head-board, or, failing that, a whittled stick, with some rude inscription, indicating at least the name and rank of the person buried. In hospitals, as we have heretofore said, full and accurate records were kept of all that died, and the graves were numbered and named, with rank, company, regiment, etc., so as to render certain each man interred.

So, also, on battle-fields where we were victors, our regiments seem to have vied with each other in the attention given to the decent and respectful burial of their own dead; and the long rows of graves are almost invariably marked by stones and head-boards, however rude. There is something touching, indeed, and that speaks well for American human nature, in passing over our lines of campaign, and observing how anxious our brave fellows appear to have been to pay the last offices of respect to their fallen comrades as far as could be done. Disinterments made in various places show that so well has this been done, that at least eighty or ninety per cent. of our dead can readily be identified, if not more. Even where outward indications fail, it is often found that vials and bottles have been buried with the dead with papers inclosed, giving all needed information; and where these are wanting our army blue woolen clothing ordinarily distinguishes Union from Confederate dead, because of their cotton gray; and names, etc., can generally be gleaned from marks on clothing, belts, or cartridge-boxes, or from letters, diaries, memorandum books, Testaments, etc., something of which sort is usually found on the body of every soldier.

But on battle-fields which we lost, of course, as a general thing, the enemy cared little for our dead, except to get them out of the way and under ground with the least labor and as soon as possible. As a rule, when we triumphed, we religiously buried the Confederate dead, and in many instances, where time sufficed, we marked their graves as carefully as our own. On the battle-field at Corinth, near the foot of Fort Robinett, our men magnanimously interred a Confederate officer who fell fighting gallantly at the head of his command, and out of admiration for his conduct erected a rude head-board over his grave with the generous inscription, "Col. Wm. Rogers, 2d Texas Infantry, said to be the Bravest of the Brave."

Here was true chivalry worthy of the Black Prince or Richard Cœur de Lion, and the best days of Agincourt and Cressy.* But the Confederates undoubtedly were less particular in this respect than we.

Those of our men who died in Confederate prisons seem as a rule to have fared much better. Though tortured and tormented with cold and hunger, disease and vermin, while living, when dead they were turned over by their keepers to burial-parties of their own comrades, who gave them the most decent and respectful interment they could, and kept accurate records of the same in all instances where allowed to. Even at Andersonville the last privilege to the dead was permitted; for which let history award such credit as is due.

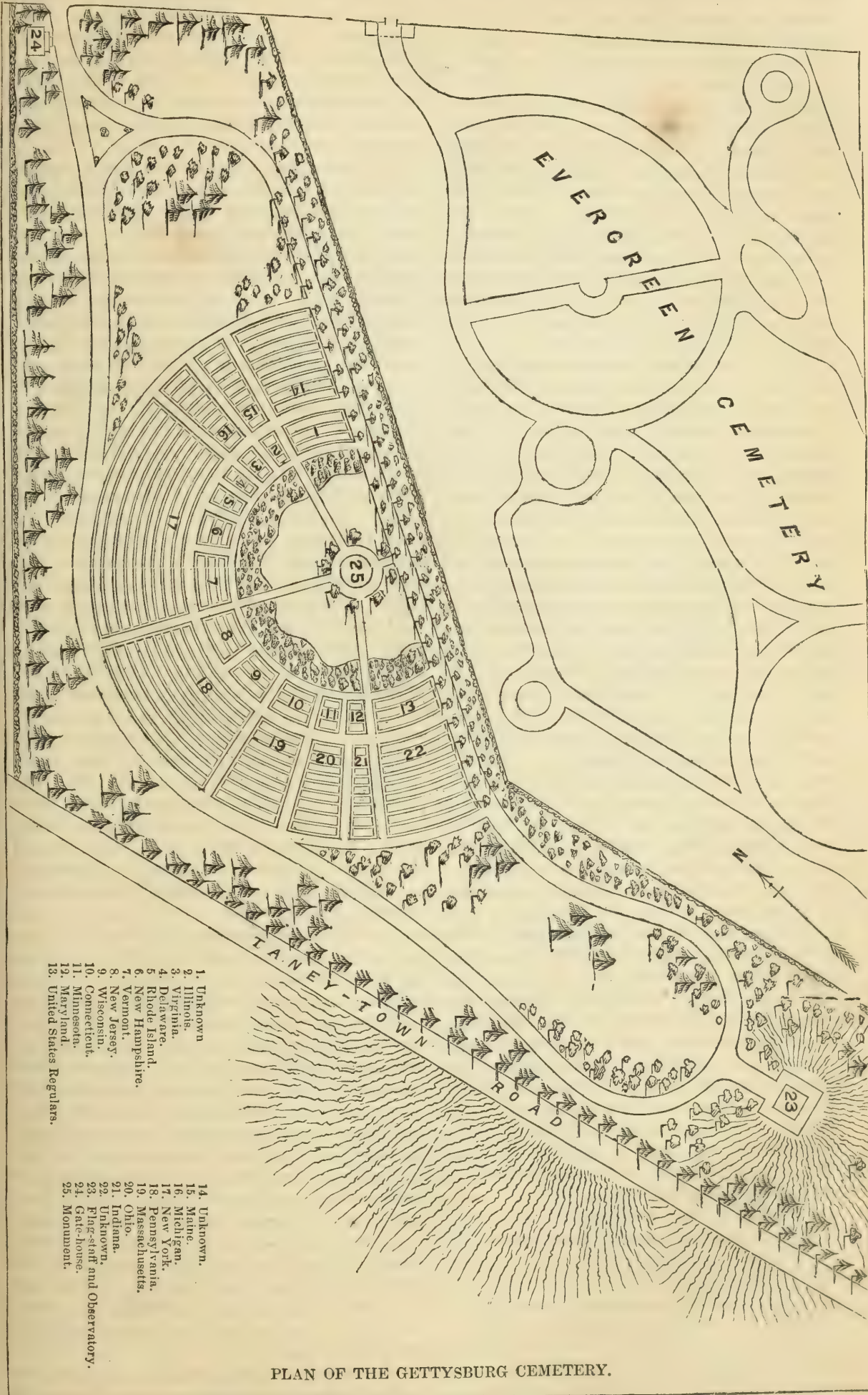
These remarks now conduct us naturally to the question, What shall be done with these fallen heroes, the nation's martyrs, the republic's slain? Shall we permit their honored graves, holding the best ashes of the land and proudest of the century, to be left liable to desecration by hostile hands, or to be obliterated quickly by time and nature, as among other nations and in other ages? Or rather shall we not at once gather their remains tenderly together into great national cemeteries, few in number but centrally located; beautify and adorn these in a moderate but just way, and solemnly commit them to posterity as a part of the precious price our generation paid for the Union, to be the republic's legacy and the nation's inheritance for evermore? We are glad to find that Congress has already anticipated this question, at least in part, and for what it has done we say, most heartily, hail and thanks. By act approved July 17, 1862, section 18, it was enacted, "That the President of the United States shall have power, whenever in his opinion it shall be expedient, to purchase cemetery grounds, and cause them to be securely inclosed, to be used as a national cemetery for the soldiers who shall die in the service of the country."† We are not aware what action has been had under this law as yet, if any, though surely there has been none worthy of the subject, and a lawyer-like mind might construe it, we suppose, as authorizing the establishment of only *one* cemetery. If this be so, we submit all loyal and patriotic hearts will agree (and none others have a right to speak in this matter) that Congress should at once give us additional legislation, and call on the President, respectfully but earnestly, "to go forward" with this great and humane national undertaking, before the lapse of time and the obliteration of the graves render it too late.

* Says Napoleon, in his *Life of Caesar*, vol. 1, p. 302, in speaking of the proudest period of Roman history—"It was an age when all noble countries were equal to each, a point as even to do justice to an enemy. The consul, L. Cornélius, gave magnificent funeral rites to Hannibal, a Carthaginian general, who had died valiantly in fighting against him." Across two thousand years we strike sparks with Rome!

† General Orders, Volunteer force, 1861, 73, 75, p. 81.

The Country and the Army have already shown their deep and abiding interest in the premises by what has been done voluntarily at Gettysburg and elsewhere. In the absence of any national action, immediately after the battle of Gettysburg, Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, "took the responsibility" of purchasing some seventeen acres of ground, embracing the centre of our line of battle there, and proceeded to disinter and re-bury there the bodies of all our soldiers who fell in that memorable struggle. They were found to belong to eighteen States, including Pennsylvania, and the Governors of those States were invited to participate in the purchase and assist in the further work of reintering the slain and beautifying the grounds. Of course they all readily assented, and those eighteen States are now joint stock-holders of the cemetery there, in the ratio of their representation in Congress. We give herewith a plan of the cemetery there, which, as we have said, embraces about seventeen acres. It is inclosed on three sides by a substantial stone-wall, surmounted with heavy dressed capping-stone, and on the fourth side by an iron fence, that divides it from the old local or town cemetery at Gettysburg. The grounds have been simply graded and tolerably planted with shrubbery and trees, and roads and walks have been introduced, so as to combine utility, as far as possible, with pleasing landscape effects, at the same time having reference to economy both in the present and the future. As will be seen by the plan, the interments are arranged in a semicircular form, the ground appropriated to each State being, as it were, a part of a common centre. The position of each lot, and indeed of each interment, is by this means relatively of equal importance, the only difference being that of *extent*, which, of course, had to be determined by the number of interments belonging to each State. The coffins are deposited side by side in parallel trenches, a space of twelve feet being allowed to each parallel, of which about five feet are reserved for a walk between each row of interments. At the heads of the graves are granite head-stones, all precisely alike, bearing the name, company, and regiment of the man interred, each rising nine inches above the ground, and showing a face or width of ten inches on its upper surface. A main roadway, or drive, courses round the grounds, and in the centre of the semicircle it is proposed to erect a simple, unostentatious monument, some sixty feet high, twenty-five feet square at the base, and crowned with a colossal statue representing the Genius of Liberty. Into this cemetery have been collected all of the Union dead that fell at Gettysburg that have not been claimed by friends and removed elsewhere for burial, and the total number of interments now foot up 3512.

All this, it will be observed, has been done by the States themselves represented there, the only contribution made by the National Gov-



PLAN OF THE GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

ernment being a supply of rough deal coffins, through the Quarter-Master's Department, by direction of the Secretary of War, on application, when the reinterments began. All honor to these States, we say; and their surviving soldiers, we are sure, with bent heads and grateful hearts, will respond, Amen. This cemetery, however, we must say, is in no true sense a "National Cemetery," because established and now supported by certain of the States themselves. It is unfortunate, we think, that the distinction of States should have been kept up there so carefully. Gettysburg was fought *by* the nation, *for* the nation, to *save* the nation. It should have been the work *of* the nation to consecrate its precious soil to freedom and the fallen now and forever.

We believe some preliminary action has also been had with reference to the establishment of a cemetery at Antietam, but we are not sufficiently advised of the facts to speak of them at length. The facts, however, appear to be, briefly, about as follows: Some time in 1865, we think during the spring, Maryland made an appropriation to purchase and inclose certain grounds, embracing a part of the battle-field at Antietam, to be held hereafter as a national cemetery, and we believe she has since invited the other States that lost troops at Antietam to join with her in removing the dead of Antietam thither, and in grading and somewhat ornamenting the grounds. This, it will be seen, if carried on to completion, will give us only a duplicate of Gettysburg, and we object to it because it involves only *State* action, not *National*, as the subject deserves.

Just here we would say a word about the dead of the Sixth Massachusetts that fell in the streets of Baltimore on the famous 19th of April, 1861. They were all, we believe, of humble, if not obscure origin; but Massachusetts, true to her high professions and great traditions, promptly secured their remains and bore them home to Lowell for interment, where they were awarded a public funeral and given an appropriate monument at the expense of the Commonwealth. Nor did Maryland fail in her duty toward them, after the first wave of treason was past. As soon as a loyal Legislature was convened she communicated to Massachusetts her desire to redress the wrongs of the 19th of April as far as possible, and as evidence of her sincerity proffered annuities in perpetual support of the families and widowed mothers of those who, in her hour of madness, had been so traitorously slain.

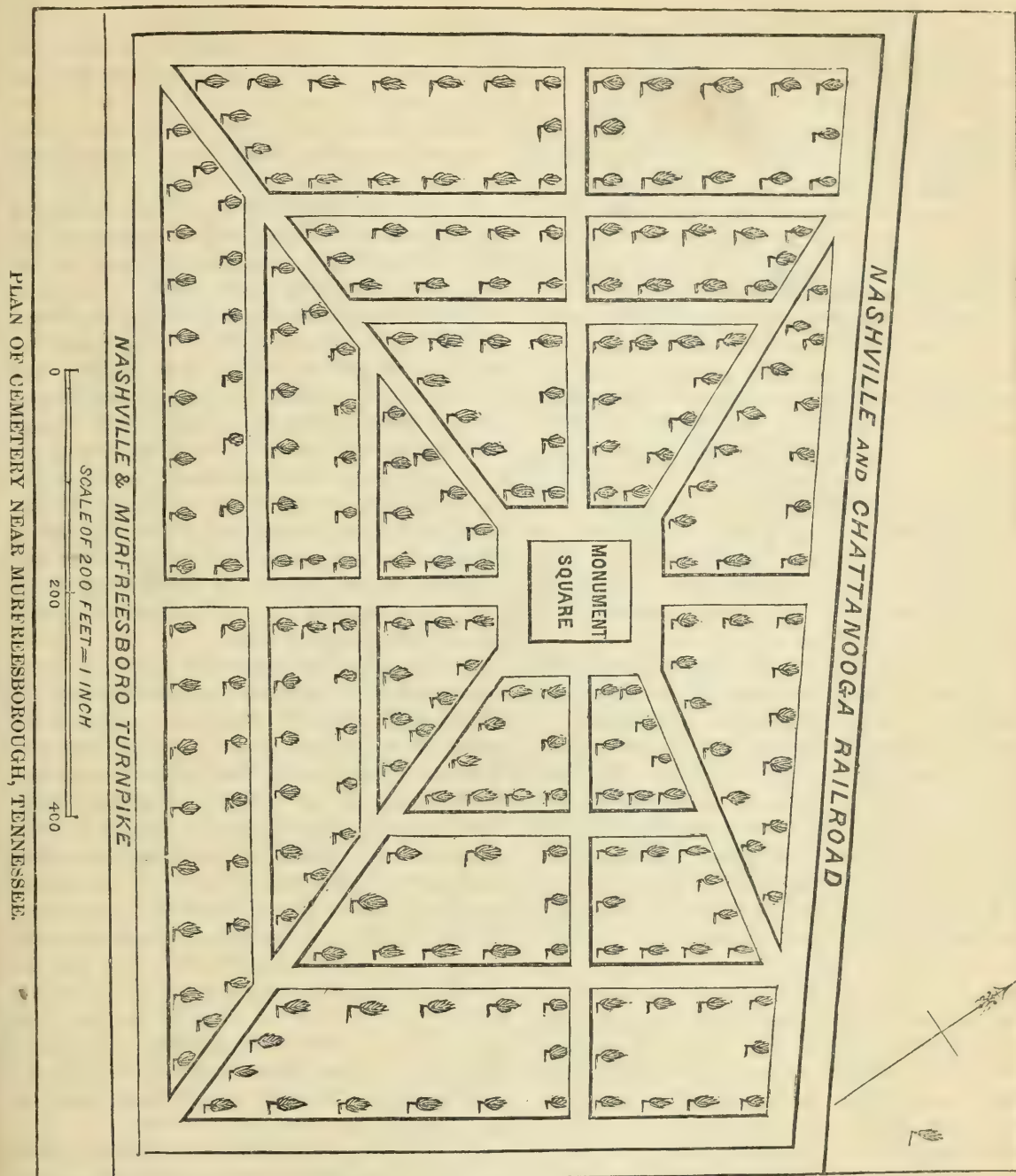
So much for what the Country has done. The Army, it will be found, has not waited in the matter, but, on the contrary, has proceeded to prompt action of its own wherever time and opportunity have offered. In the East our troops in the Department of Washington, in the summer of 1865, when having but little to do, collected together many of our dead from the battle-field of Bull Run, and erected over them a plain but substantial monument,

to mark the spot, at least, until something better could be done. Another monument, erected at the same period, marks the scene of the battle of Groveton, or Manassas, fought near the same place, August 29 and 30, 1862. The materials were derived from the vicinity, and consisted only of common stone, arranged suitably for the purpose.

We are not aware of any further action by the army in the East; but in the West our troops have begun, and pretty well finished, two great cemeteries that are worthy of the subject. The first one we refer to is that near Murfreesborough, Tennessee, on the battle-ground of Stone River. It is about four miles west of Murfreesborough, with the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad on one side of it, and the Nashville Pike on the other. It is of a rectangular form, and comprises about sixteen acres in all. The grounds were selected by General Thomas, and the work has been carried forward chiefly by his direction, though the troops have ordinarily vied with each other in the work to be done. Sufficient walks and roads have been laid out and graveled, trees and shrubbery have been introduced, and a plain but substantial stone wall, some four feet and a half high by two feet thick, is well under way to inclose the whole. The graves are arranged in lines, parallel to the railroad, without regard to States, though those of the same regiment are kept together as much as possible. The plot in the centre is reserved for a suitable monument, to be hereafter determined on. A space nine feet by four feet is allotted to each grave, which will afford room, it is estimated, for some eight thousand interments, should so many become necessary. About one thousand five hundred bodies have already been disinterred from where they were scattered over the battle-field, and reinterred here, which is supposed to comprise all who fell there that have not been taken North.

It is proposed to make this cemetery the general burying ground of our dead in all that section, and with this view bodies are being removed to it from hospital-grounds at Murfreesborough, Tullahoma, Decherd, Cowan, and other points along the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. These, it is supposed from records obtained, will swell the aggregate up to some seven or eight thousand graves, the capacity of present grounds. As the bodies are removed to the cemetery the graves are all numbered and recorded on a plan kept for that purpose; and neat head-boards of hard wood, with inscription containing name, rank, company, and regiment, are placed at each grave. It may not be amiss to add that the work is now being carried on chiefly by colored troops, though few of that class have fallen or died in that vicinity. Steps have already been taken to secure the monument referred to, but we deem them in the wrong direction, and trust they will all fail.

The estimated cost of the proposed monu-



ment is some twelve thousand dollars; of this amount it is said that the four regular regiments present at Stone River have already pledged themselves for five thousand dollars, and for the balance it is proposed to appeal to the States that had troops engaged there. In the name of the *Union*, for which their comrades fought and fell at Stone River, we protest against these regulars paying one cent for this purpose, and against the *States* contributing a dollar. They have both given their bravest and best blood there for the Union, in the face of all mankind. Now let the Union, saved by them, do its part, by simply but fitly commemorating their deeds, or stand disgraced to the end of history.

In this connection we must not omit to mention a small but neat cemetery some two miles west of Murfreesborough, founded by the soldiers of Hazen's Brigade. This was done by

them soon after the battle of Stone River, and before the idea of a general cemetery there seems to have occurred. As it is already so complete of itself, indeed a model in its way, we think it should be retained as it is. It consists of a small lot of ground, one hundred feet long by forty feet wide, inclosed by a substantial wall of hewn stone, four feet high by two thick. Within are the graves of twenty-nine privates of the brigade, who fell at Stone River. Neat head-stones of cut limestone, bearing the name, rank, company, and regiment of these, are placed at the head of each grave. In the centre is a simple but tasteful monument of hewn limestone, consisting of a pedestal ten feet square at base, and a quadrangular pyramidal shaft, with a height in all of eleven feet. The sides of this monument bear the following chaste and most appropriate inscriptions:

South Face.

HAZEN'S BRIGADE TO THE MEMORY OF ITS SOLDIERS WHO
FELL AT STONE RIVER, DEC. 31, 1862. THEIR FACES
TOWARD HEAVEN, THEIR FEET TO THE Foe.

West Face.

THE BLOOD OF ONE-THIRD OF ITS SOLDIERS, TWICE SPILL-
ED IN TENNESSEE, CRUISEONS THE BATTLE FLAG OF THE
BRIGADE, AND INSPIRES TO GREATER DEEDS.
(Here follow names of officers of the brigade.)
KILLED AT STONE RIVER, DEC. 31, 1862.

North Face.

ERECTED 1862 UPON THE GROUND WHERE THEY FELL, BY
THEIR COMRADES.
(Here follow names of regiments composing the brigade,
and of commanding officers.)

East Face.

THE VETERANS OF SHILOH HAVE LEFT THEIR DEATHLESS
HERITAGE OF FAME IN THE FIELD OF STONE RIVER.
(Here follow names of officers.)
KILLED AT SHILOH, APRIL 7, 1862.

This work was all done by ONE COMMON sol-
diers while the Army of the Cumberland was
encamped in that vicinity, the materials being
obtained from the country there. We think
it reflects marked credit on all engaged in it,
both officers and men.

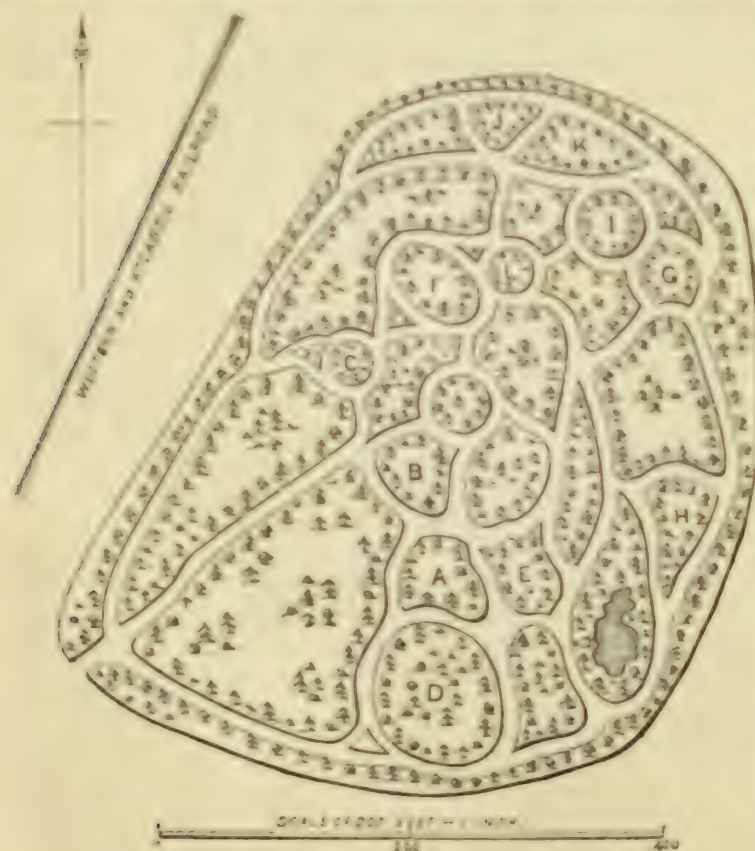
The second one we refer to as established
by the army, and the main one in the West,
however, is near Chattanooga, Tennessee. It
is located about a mile and a half southeast of
Chattanooga, and perhaps a mile or so beyond
the present line of fortifications there. It con-
sists of about seventy-five acres of undulating
land, rising by successive slopes to a very con-
siderable hill near the centre. The whole of
it is inclosed by a rough but substantial wall
of limestone, laid up dry, about four feet high

by two and a half thick, which it is proposed
to crown eventually with a plain capstone, laid
in mortar, so as to give stability to the whole.
The materials for this were of course obtained
upon the spot.

The plan adopted contemplated a central
area, with sections of different sizes grouped
around this. These sections are no two alike,
but depend for their form and size on the va-
rying features of the ground. Twelve of these
have already been laid out and partly filled up
—ten for white and two for colored troops—
and the grounds are large enough for quite as
many more. In these sections the dead are
interred in concentric layers or circles, with
officers in the middle, and non-commissioned
officers and privates spreading out to the cir-
cumference. The centre of each is still va-
cant, and it is proposed to establish there such
minor monuments as may hereafter be deter-
mined on. These sections are now designated
by letters of the alphabet, though it has been
thought to name them after some of our great
battle-fields or distinguished officers who have
fallen in battle in this war.

In the central area or section, the most ele-
vated part of the grounds, and overlooking the
whole, it is proposed to erect a chief monu-
ment, or a temple, embodying the national
idea as affirmed and vindicated by the war.
Broad roads and paths, well graded and mostly
macadamized, have been laid out, with much
skill and taste, though the plan embraces many
others not yet commenced. Shrubbery and ex-
cursions have also been introduced from Look-
out Mountain and Mission Ridge, and though
considerable died last summer,
yet enough remain to promise
well for the future. A large
amount of blasting and grading
has been necessary to bring the
hill into proper shape, but this
is now mostly over.

The interments in this ceme-
tery dated up over seven thou-
sand in November, 1865, and
fatigue parties were making ad-
ditional ones daily, by transfer
from battle-fields and hospitals
adjacent to Chattanooga. They
were mostly through, however,
and had collected here the great
majority of those who fell in bat-
tle from Bridgeport to Loudon,
embracing the dead of Chicka-
mauga, Lookout Mountain, Mis-
sion Ridge, and all who expired
in hospital at Chattanooga and
about there. The interments
are made without regard to
States, as we think justly, though
members of same regiments are
kept together as far as practica-
ble, on a good suggestion of a
distinguished Major-General, as
we learn, that "there had been



PLAN OF NATIONAL CEMETERY AT CHATTANOOGA.

quite enough of *State Rights*; that these soldiers had died fighting *for* the Union, *against* rebellious States, and now we had better mix them up and *nationalize* them a little." He thought our poor fellows would like that best, if they could have a voice in the matter, and we heartily concur in the opinion. The graves are all carefully named and numbered, and steps have been taken to prepare and keep a full military history of each soldier interred. Copies of this are to be sent to the Adjutant-Generals of the States from which the soldiers enlisted, so that corrections may be made if errors have occurred. Head-boards have been erected to a part of the graves; but it is designed to remove these, and to put up plain stones of Tennessee marble instead at the heads of all the graves, the materials for which are readily obtained but five or six miles away.

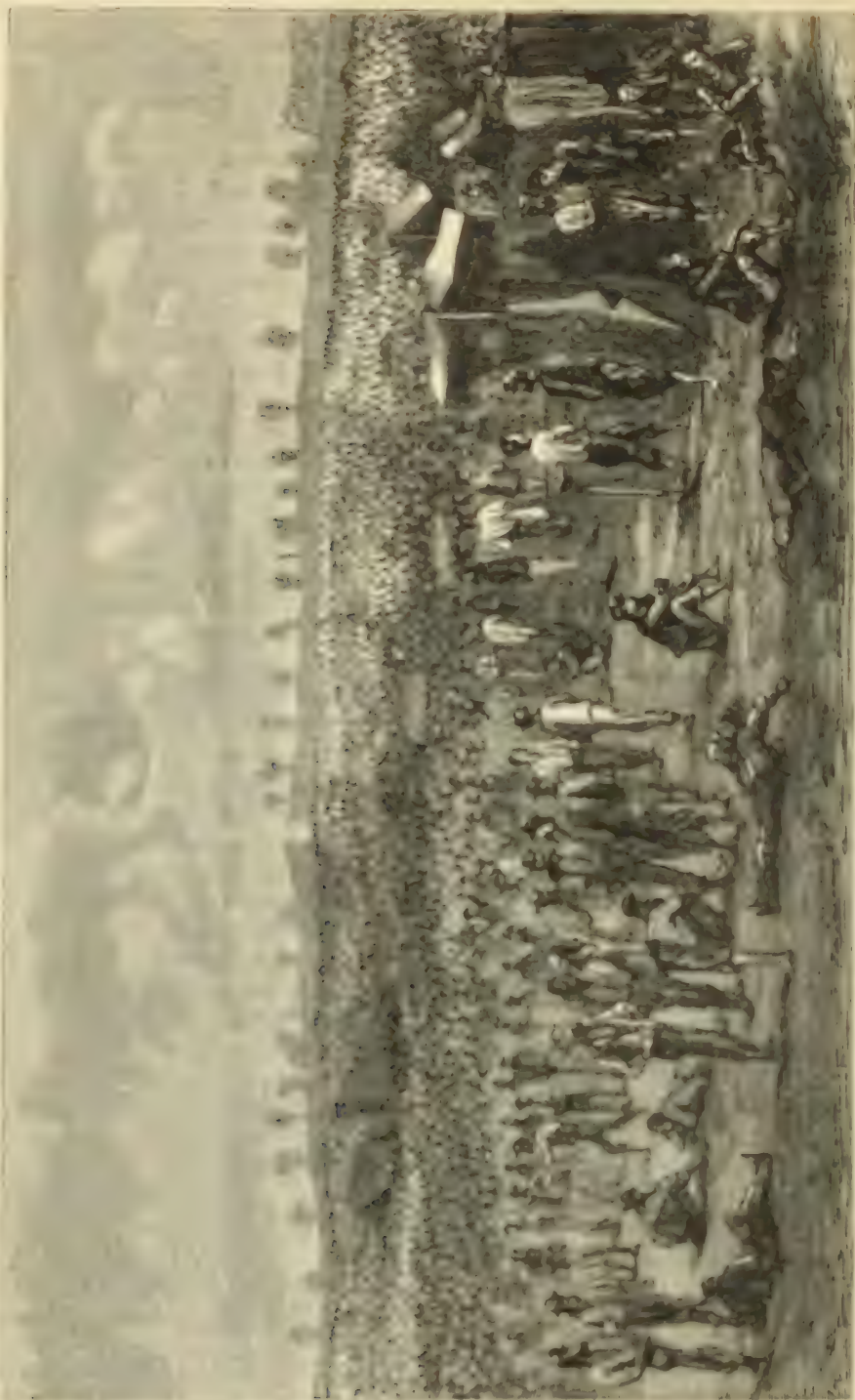
This cemetery was established in 1863, in pursuance of General Orders No. 296, Headquarters Department of the Cumberland, for the purpose of providing a place of interment for the dead at and about Chattanooga; and all the work so far done has been performed by our troops when encamped or stationed there. No State has contributed a dollar toward it so far, and we trust none will be asked to. It stands out a truly Union and national work as far as completed, simple but grand in its conception and execution; and General Thomas well deserves high praise and the united thanks of the army and the country for what has there been done so promptly and appropriately for our slain and dead soldiery.

In addition to these national cemeteries proper there are other *quasi* ones, but none, we believe, that merit any extended notice. We refer to those that have sprung up at Washington and elsewhere by the accumulation of interments chiefly from hospitals, and which have since been inclosed and partially cared for. In all of these cases, we believe, accurate mortuary records have been kept; but the grounds were originally selected more for convenience or from chance than aught else, and, as a rule, it was not until they had grown into vast grave-yards that they began to be inclosed and to take the name of cemeteries. All such are inclosed only by a common deal fence, and no proper regard has been had to method or to permanence as at Gettysburg, Murfreesborough, and Chattanooga. As examples of these we refer to the soldier cemeteries about Washington, including Arlington and Alexandria, that foot up in the aggregate over twenty-five thousand interments; to those at Nashville, that foot up over seventeen thousand; to those at and near Vicksburg, about ten thousand; to those at New Orleans, about the same; to those at Louisville, over nine thousand; to those at Memphis, about eight thousand; to those at St. Louis, about seven thousand; and those at New York, about four thousand. There must also be heavy interments at Cincinnati and elsewhere North, as

well as at many other points South; but we are without sufficient data at this writing to speak intelligently of any more. The cemetery at the Soldiers' Home near Washington and that at Arlington are the best of this class; but neither of them approach to the dignity of a national cemetery in either design or execution. We think all who have visited them will concur in this opinion, at least substantially.

Much similar in character to the ones above-mentioned are those that have been established in the Wilderness and elsewhere by direction of the War Department. In the Wilderness are two, both inclosed by paling fence; one containing one hundred and eight graves, and the other five hundred and thirty-four. At Spottsylvania there are some seven hundred graves more. These are the dead of the Army of the Potomac, resulting from Grant's obstinate, determined fighting there in 1864; though some of those slain at Chancellorsville, under Hooker, in 1863, may also be included. In all of these instances the graves have been marked by simple white tablets of wood, containing the names and regiments of the men as far as ascertainable. Working parties were sent out from Washington by the Quarter-Master's Department for this purpose, and the usual practice seems to have been to select grounds where the dead lay thickest, and to collect in that locality, after inclosing it, all the dead found in the vicinity. The dead at Ball's Bluff, we believe, have been removed to Washington, or at least similarly cared for; but those at Fredericksburg, Williamsburg, Gaines's Mill, Cold Harbor, Seven Pines, the Seven Days' Fight, Petersburg, Five Forks, etc., still lie substantially where they fell, with such poor burial as our troops could then give them. So, also, those in the West, at Perryville, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Chickasaw Bluffs, Pea Ridge, Red River, Port Hudson, Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta, and other points; though in some of these cases the graves may have been roughly inclosed as at Memphis and elsewhere.

In this connection we must not forget the cemeteries at Salisbury and Andersonville. We are without positive data as to the one at Salisbury; but the cemetery at Andersonville consists of fifty acres, and contains twelve thousand nine hundred and twelve graves. On the collapse of the rebellion Captain James M. Moore of the Quarter-Master's Department was sent there with a force of men to inclose the grounds and erect head-boards. He found our own men had taken great pains in burying their dead, numbering the graves, and keeping a careful record of the names and numbers, as well as erecting rude head-boards as far as possible, so that he was able to identify twelve thousand four hundred and sixty-one out of those buried there. This, however, left four hundred and fifty-one poor fellows to be recorded forever as "Unknown," their names and very resting-places, as it were, blotted out



ANDERSONVILLE—VIEW FROM THE MAIN GATE.

of existence. We have been fortunate to obtain photographic views of that hell on earth when in full blast, that we think at a glance readily account for its terrible mortality. By way of specimen we give the "View from the Main Gate." We received this from an officer who escaped from Andersonville when a prisoner there in 1864, and he vouches for the liberal accuracy and fidelity to everyday experience in that living hell when he was imprisoned there. He says all the horrible accounts of cold and hunger, of dirt and filth, vermin and disease, outrage and cruelty at Andersonville, during the reign of Winder and Wirz there, are true, but only half the truth, because human language is incapable of expressing the whole, or the human mind of com-

prehending it—so fearful and hideous was the reality.

On a previous page we have spoken of the action of the War Department, early in the war, requiring a record to be kept of all who died. We have also spoken of the law, passed in 1862, authorizing the purchase of grounds for cemetery purposes. In addition to this we are glad to say there are indications that the Government is about moving further in the matter—though as yet apparently somewhat casting about as if uncertain of its policy. The Quarter Master General, by two General Orders (Nos. 49 and 65), late in 1865, called upon all officers of his Department for Special Reports of the location and condition of soldier grave-yards known to them, with recommenda-

tions as to the means necessary to preserve from desecration the remains of those interred there, having reference especially to the following points, to wit: (1.) location; (2.) condition, whether inclosed or not, whether with head-boards or other means of identification; (3.) place and condition of mortuary records and names of officers who have had charge of same; (4.) recommendations as to disposition to be made of the grave-yards, whether to be continued or removed to some permanent cemetery near the place. General Thomas's chief quarter-master, General Donaldson, acting, we suppose, on these orders of General Meigs, has issued a circular, calling on all who have served in the army at any time during the war, in the Military Division of the Tennessee, for information as to the places of burial or scattered graves of our soldiers in that region, and he goes a step farther than the Quarter-Master-General by intimating that the information is desired "with a view to the *establishment of national cemeteries*, and the removal to these of the dead, on the plan of those already in process of completion at Chattanooga and Stone River." We have found this circular in the papers, but judge it to be authentic, and sincerely hope General Thomas and his Quarter-Master are only a step in advance of what is meant by the Government at Washington.*

We go for closing up the war now, and ending it fitly and nobly. And with this view we submit that the nation, with a united voice, should call for these scattered dead of the Union army, whether white or black, to be disinterred from the places where they lie, and brought speedily together into great national cemeteries, where they may repose in peace and dignity beneath the ægis of the Republic while time endures. The cost need not be large; and should it be millions, no Congress that we are likely to have for some years to come would refuse it, if properly called on. Gettysburg, Murfreesborough, and Chattanooga are models in their way, because of their grandeur yet simplicity, or at least will be, when the nation has done its share of the work, by erecting plain but tasteful monuments there, as we have elsewhere indicated. So the cost of maintaining them will be small, as the troops might be charged with this duty in time of peace, and in time of war they could readily be provided for.

To get at this practically we would suggest that Gettysburg be retained where it is in the

bosom of Pennsylvania, and that all the dead in Pennsylvania be concentrated there; that Antietam be pushed forward to completion in the heart of Maryland, and all the dead in Maryland concentrated there; that a great national cemetery be established at Washington, to include all the dead there and in that vicinity; those at Bull Run, Groveton, and Chantilly, those in the Valley of the Shenandoah, those at Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, and all who fell under Grant, from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor—this to be the largest and grandest of all, as befits its location; that another be located at or near Richmond, to include all the dead who fell on the Peninsula under McClellan, and all of Grant's dead from Cold Harbor to Lee's surrender, together with all other dead in Virginia, not sent to Washington; another, at or near Wheeling in West Virginia, to include all the dead of that region; another at or near Bentonville, or Fort Fisher, to include all who fell in North Carolina; another at Charleston, to include all who fell in South Carolina, both white and colored; another at Atlanta, to include all who fell in Georgia; another at Mobile, to include all who fell in Alabama; another at New Orleans, Galveston, Vicksburg, Arkansas Post, or Fort de Russy, St. Louis, and Perryville, to include all who fell in Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri, and Kentucky respectively. Tennessee has been so great a battle-ground, and is so large a State, that she seems to require four. The two at Murfreesborough and Chattanooga, of course, ought not to be disturbed, and we trust never will be; the seventeen thousand dead at Nashville should have a cemetery of their own, to include the dead of Franklin, Fort Donelson, and other points adjacent, and Shiloh should be marked by a cemetery, to take in the dead at Fort Henry, Memphis, and all West Tennessee, except Fort Pillow, where we had almost forgotten to say the Secretary of War has already ordered a small cemetery in perpetual memory of the savage massacre there. Of course the dead from each place should be kept together in these cemeteries, as far as practicable, at least those from different battle-fields, for obvious reasons. This would give a national cemetery to every State affected by the war, on the field of our greatest victory or at place of most importance, to stand as a monument forever to the South, and to us all, of the crime and folly of Secession. We would establish and keep these, not from Northern glorification, nor as a taunt to "our wayward sisters" of the South; but as a just return, due our heroic dead, from the enlightened civilization of the age, and as a standing exhibition to the world of the might and majesty of the Union, the dignity and power of a free republic, the sentiment and culture of a self-governing people.

We esteem this the Nation's solemn duty, and would urge it from every consideration of patriotism and humanity. We owe it to pa-

* Since preparing the above, the Quarter-Master-General has announced that it is the intention of his Department, sooner or later, to inclose the cemeteries (*i. e.*, the rude grave-yards or burial-places) of all Union soldiers, and of all prisoners of war, with plain but substantial fences, and to mark the graves with a suitable head-board, bearing name, company, regiment, and State of each man, so far as can be ascertained. He says, it is also "his wish to publish a record of the names and places of interment of all soldiers who have perished in the service of the United States during the war." This is certainly very creditable to the Quarter-Master's Department, and the country will thank General Meigs for his just and humane views, so far as they go.

triotism. We owe it to humanity. We owe it to the intelligent progress we boast, and to the perfect freedom God has permitted us to save and enjoy. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* is a good sentiment for soldiers to fight and die by. Let the American Government show, first of all modern nations, that it knows how to reciprocate that sentiment by tenderly collecting, and nobly caring for, the remains of those who in our greatest war have fought and died to rescue and perpetuate the liberties of us all. Let us emulate the lofty example of that other republic, Athens, in the best days of her supremacy, and thus rebuke forever the current calumny and slander about "the ingratitude of republics." We are sure the army would rejoice, through all its grades, to see this done, from the humblest private to the Lieutenant-General, and the people would approve, large-hearted, great-thoughted, as they always are, where the national name and fame are involved.

We acknowledge to have written this article *con amore*, and to have lingered upon it perhaps more than we should have done. Our excuse is, that we served with our armies, both in the East and in the West, throughout the war; are conversant with many of the fields and most of the facts we have mentioned; and we frankly confess to the instincts and feelings born of the march and fight, the *l'homme* and camp-fire. We do not know how we can better or more appropriately end it than by Mr. Lincoln's brief dedicatory address at Gettysburg in 1863, which, in the light of subsequent events, sounds more like inspiration or prophecy in this connection than the utterance of mere human lips:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that, from these honored dead, we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve, that the dead shall not have died in vain—that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of

freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

MISS INGERSOLL'S PRIDE.

I.

WHEN John Ingersoll died, it was found that out of a great fortune and a great business there wasn't enough left to support his family. The great fortune had been entirely swallowed up in his mercantile enterprises, and though these were so large that the income must have been in proportion, still, there never seemed to have been a time when any thing was laid by. It was all "spend as you go" with John Ingersoll: and certainly this spending had been conducted in a very royal manner. There was never any stint of pleasure in his house or in his family. He never spoke a word of limitation to his wife or his daughters. Money seemed always easy with him, and it flowed like water; and he, the dispenser of it, was always, in externals at least, a genial, jovial gentleman. When he came to die, and it was discovered that the great business had used up the great fortune, and there was nothing behind, nothing to show for it now the great manager was gone—what conjecture and perplexity there was as to how those three girls and Mrs. Ingersoll were going to live! "What *will* they do?" was the question that rung through Avenue-dom late and early in the first excitement of the knowledge that had come to them.

"Kate can teach music!" said one. "She plays well, you know."

"Julia can turn governess, for she was the best scholar at Madame's the whole time!" said another.

And still another: "Em can paint pictures—she has a taste that way!"

So they were severally disposed of, over and again. But not one of these things did they do. People never do what is expected of them.

A gay little lady who was one of the Ingersoll's "dear five hundred" was the first to tell the story of their whereabouts in Avenue-dom. She came flying in to Mrs. Cræsus's boudoir with the exciting question, properly emphasized:

"What *do* you think has become of the Ingersolls, Mrs. Cræsus?"

"They've opened a girl's school! I told Mr. Cræsus it would be the very thing!" returned Mrs. Cræsus, triumphantly.

"Not they. Wait, you'll never guess. Mrs. Ingersoll has gone to Philadelphia to spend the winter with a sister of hers; Kate and Julia are with the Delanos—cousins, I believe, of theirs; and Em, after staying a week at Mrs. Vandervere's, has disappeared somewhere into the country, and the joke of it is, Kate and Ju won't tell where."

More in this strain the young lady rattled off, and then took herself and her gossip, perhaps, into another boudoir. And all the time those two proud girls, Kate and Ju, were learning their

first lesson of bitterness, and speculating with new and keen pain upon this very kind of gossip.

"Oh, but I wish Em had staid at Mrs. Vandervere's!" sighed Julia.

It was the end of all her sighing—the burden of all her complaint. If Em had only staid at Mrs. Vandervere's. And why didn't Em stay at Mrs. Vandervere's? For this reason: she was too proud. Em was the eldest: Miss Ingersoll. Too proud, she called it, and the other girls thought it was a lack of this quality. In the first breaking-up Miss Ingersoll had accepted Mrs. Vandervere's invitation to spend a year with her, because there seemed nothing else to be done just then, and if there had been, her mind was too confused to make any plans. A year, and she only staid a month. But that month was longer than any year Emily Ingersoll had ever known. She had been there barely a week when she surprised her sisters one morning with the information that she "shouldn't stay at Mrs. Vandervere's any more."

"Not stay? what is the matter, and where are you going, Em?" asked all, in a breath of amazement.

"One thing at a time;" answered Miss Ingersoll, with a cool, impenetrable face. "I sha'n't stay because I am convinced that I was never made to eat the bread of dependence."

"Why, you don't mean that Mrs. Vandervere makes you feel that it is the bread of dependence—that she doesn't treat you well, and—"

"Makes me feel? Well, I don't know as any body does that. I think it is the circumstances. Mrs. Vandervere is kind, she treats me well: oh yes. But I don't like it. I am invited for a year; at the end of that time if I don't get married—which is Mrs. Vandervere's plan for me;" and here a gleam of some fiery spirit shone in the speaker's eyes: "why, I must depend upon another invitation elsewhere. My day of grace will be up with Mrs. Vandervere—and quite rightly; don't think I am complaining. There is no reason why Mrs. Vandervere should ask me for any longer: she is very kind to ask me for the time she has. I am simply mentioning the fact of limitation. I don't relish the prospect of living round—going from 'pillar to post,' as Mary Nelson used to; and as the marriage prospect, notwithstanding Mrs. Vandervere's hopes, is more than uncertain, I think I had better be looking about me; bestirring my wits, to employ them in an independent manner; which is, after all, what I always meant to do."

"Em, Mrs. Van *don't* plan openly to you of marrying you off?"

Em laughed. "Oh, she don't say, 'Emily, the only thing for you to do is to get married, and you've got a year to do it in.' She don't say, 'Now there is Tom Vars, who always admired you, and who has quite a snug fortune; and Mr. Sizar, who admires you still more, and has a still snugger fortune; and I'll invite them here to tea quietly, or to lunch some day when I'm out: and then we'll follow it up by various

little arrangements of a like nature.' Oh no, she doesn't *say* this, but she *does* it. I go down to lunch some day, and I find Tom Vars's little, red, good-natured face beaming over the tablecloth. Mrs. Van has 'picked him up' on her way home from Stewart's. And another time, in the same place, sits Mr. Sizar, looking pale and interesting across his coffee-cup. She has 'picked him up' too. And then Tom has some sort of commission for her, and when he comes to the house Mrs. Van is engaged and can't see him, and will I go down? And Mr. Sizar calls to bring her a particular paper she wanted, and she is engaged again, and I am requested to go down and thank him for her. This is the way I am put up for sale. I think of Ethel Newcome and her little green ticket every day of my life. And yet Mrs. Van thinks she is doing her duty by me. In her estimation there is nothing left for me but a good match, and I suppose after all that that is the usual feeling as the world goes, toward reduced gentlefolk like us, Ju. But I 'don't see it,' as Jimmy Vandervere says."

As she concluded Kate and Julia eyed her with some alarm. Em had ever been a kind of perpetual surprise to them. She was unlike them. Not at all a proper young lady, who did as the rest of young ladydom did; but full of "notions" of her own, new ideas of right and wrong, and strange interests which they couldn't account for. She was what most persons call "queer," and another class "transcendental." It was no wonder then, that, after this outburst of hers, her sisters should regard her with some alarm. What was she going to do? And presently they asked her the question.

Emily Ingersoll looked them steadily in the face while she made this astounding reply:

"I am going to Meriden Centre to open a dress-maker's shop."

"Emily Ingersoll!"

"Of course, I knew you would dislike it; and so do I. But, girls, I know it is the one thing I can do."

"But, Emily, you can paint pictures beautifully."

"Yes, very pretty pictures; but I couldn't earn enough to keep me from starving painting those pretty pictures. I have only a taste for painting, and some talent—not a bit of genius: I found that out long ago. But for dress-making, that little French Arles used to say when I got into a hurry and helped her about my party-dresses, 'Mamselle, you have de one grand talent. If you was poor girl now, you could make your fortune.' Well, you see I am 'poor girl' now, and with my 'one grand talent' I am going to make my fortune."

The tears ran down Julia's cheeks, and Kate's aristocratic profile suddenly grew sharp and severe, as she said, hastily:

"Em, I think this is too bad of you. You, who might do something so much higher, to turn to an occupation that requires simply mechanical skill—what Ann Mahoney down stairs could do as well."

"I know, Kate, it is one of the common inferior occupations; but I am morally certain it is the only thing I can do to real pecuniary advantage."

"And to think of your going to Meriden Centre: such a high and mighty town. They are just like English people there, and they'll patronize and snub you unmercifully," Julia cried out through her tears.

"That's just why I selected it, because it is 'high and mighty.' I remember the summer we spent at Meriden Hill the Meridenites out-rivalled us all in the splendor of their attire. So I thought it was a fine field for my 'grand talent.'"

Much more of this kind of talk followed during the interval that elapsed before the flitting to Meriden; but though it pained deeply, it did not move Emily Ingersoll from her purpose. She was older than the others—twenty-six, though most persons couldn't believe it, she looked so young. And when, as a last suggestion, Julia half hinted that if she would remain in her own station she might perhaps better her condition without sacrifice of any sentiment, she answered, a little satirically:

"I'm twenty-six, Julia, and I have never yet found this Sir Launcelot you hint at, though I have been quite a queen of the revel for the last six of the years. It isn't very reasonable, then, to count upon his coming at this day, when I am not even one of the maids of honor, but only a kind of haugen-on at court. I've known girls spend the best of their lives in this waiting expectation; but I don't see what they did with their self-respect in the mean while."

Julia would sigh at these replies, and Kate would shrug her shoulders and comment severely upon Emily's transcendental notions. And all the visible effect this had was to hurry Emily off to Meriden Centre.

II.

Young Mrs. Chatam, riding down Main Street, at Meriden Centre, one morning suddenly caught the glitter of a new sign:

MISS INGERSOLL.

FASHIONABLE DRESS-MAKING.

Beneath this sign, in quite a large window, was a lay-figure, got up in veritable silk and thread lace in such an unique and artistic style that Mrs. Chatam became interested at once. Consequently she stopped for further observation. Consequently she turned her phaeton before the door, and alighting therefrom went into the new shop for closer inspection. She was full of curiosity and question. "Did Miss Ingersoll come from New York?" Miss Ingersoll did.

"And did she dress the model there? and was that a new pattern of sleeve and trimming?" All of which questions Miss Ingersoll's assistant answered affirmatively. Mrs. Chatam tapped her fingers meditatively upon the table, and from the charmingly dressed model her scruti-

nizing eyes went on a general survey. She was evidently not displeased with what she saw, for coming back from the survey she says: "Can I see Miss Ingersoll?"

The assistant disappears through an inner doorway, and presently reappears with Miss Ingersoll.

Mrs. Chatam, who has an eye to business, regards Miss Ingersoll with keen attention, and after two or three well-put questions, which were as well answered, she says, inwardly: "She'll do, I'm certain." Whereupon a negotiation was immediately entered into, and home drives the lady to communicate her "morning's luck" as she calls it. She bursts into Madame Chatam's room with:

"Mother Chatam, I've engaged your new dress-maker to make up my dresses."

Mother Chatam removes her spectacles.

"My new dress-maker; what do you mean, Louisa?"

Louisa laughs and relates her discovery.

"I knew she must have taste, if not skill and experience, when I found she got up that model; why, it was a regular fine lady in real silk and thread lace—and the loveliest trimming, perfectly novel and unique! Then I learned, by some questioning, that Madame Arles, of New York, is her reference, so I engaged her at once."

"That's just your hasty way, Louisa. Why didn't you wait until you heard about her work?"

Mrs. Louisa began to look uneasy, but she wasn't going to let "Mother Chatam" know it; so she said, valiantly, "Oh, I feel perfectly satisfied as she comes from Madame Arles, even if her fitting of the model wasn't just as charming as it could be!"

Mother Chatam resumed her spectacles with rather an incredulous air, and looked in rather an incredulous tone that Mrs. Louisa wouldn't be disappointed. It was an awful wet blanket, this air and this tone, to little Mrs. Chatam. She would have given any thing just then if she had waited, as Mother Chatam had suggested. But it was too late now to retract. She had engaged Miss Ingersoll for the first of the week. And when the first of the week came, and she stood under the hands of this Miss Ingersoll, she fortified herself against any little misgiving by another admiring glance at the lay-figure arrayed so charmingly in real silk and lace.

That figure had been a trump card to Miss Ingersoll; but she never told any body that she took one of her old silk dresses, and improvised the trimming out of some lace that she had worn to perhaps a dozen balls, to get up this charming array. Yet such was the fact. There were a good many other facts too about which Miss Ingersoll did not find it necessary to speak. She told nobody at the time, not even kind, sympathizing little Madame Arles, who would have done 'most any thing for her, that she had spent nearly all of the small fund—that was her portion out of the great ruin—to start herself

in her present occupation. And so, of course, she told nobody of the anxious fears that beset her by night and by day; nor of the tears that wet her pillow through many an hour of darkness. In the mean while her mother and sisters called her unfeeling, and thought her utterly devoid of pride.

I don't know what they would have said had they seen her with her employers there at Meriden Centre. She put on no haughty airs, nor was even a little cold and chilling, as perhaps might have seemed natural to a young lady so suddenly brought down in the world. Instead, to the farmers' daughters as well as to the gentry like Mrs. Chatam, she was alike pleasant and obliging in her demeanor, showing candidly that she wanted to please them. She might have taken a lesson of Madame Arles in this, for that shrewd Frenchwoman never grudged her finest manners to the poorest. Indeed, there must have been suggestion of this, or Mrs. Chatam would not have said to her mother-in-law after that second interview, that Miss Ingersoll's ways were continually reminding her of Madame Arles. To which the old lady grimly returned: "I hope her fitting will remind you."

Mrs. Louisa could make no answer here, and it was with a good deal of trepidation that she prepared to meet the final test on the night her dresses were sent home. Flying up to her room with a gay air of pleasant expectation which she did not feel, she proceeded to array herself. Madame Chatam down stairs picked up the bill she had dropped in her swift flight. Peering at it through her spectacles, she said, aloud: "The idea of a country dress-maker's charging these prices; and I'll warrant the gowns are ruined. Just Louisa's hasty way."

But presently Louisa stood before her with a—"Look, mother, look! what did I tell you?" Mrs. Chatam raised her eyes. Yes, she allowed that was very well—very well, indeed—for Mrs. Chatam *mère* was an honest-spoken woman, though a trifle given, as we have seen, to croak when there was the least chance.

"Yes, that is very well; but, Louisa, what do you think of this bill for a new country dress-maker, eh?"

Louisa, elate over her gowns, caught the slip of paper in a little, airy, indifferent manner, as if it wasn't of the remotest interest to her. Running her eye across it she tossed it back with the same manner, and a—"Well, that isn't too much, is it? nothing near what Arles charges, and just as perfect a fit. Tra, la la, la li la," and Mrs. Louisa was waltzing before the mirror to see the effect of her gown.

"Oh, Mother Chatam, I think it's a love of a fit, and when I go home to Boston, I verily believe I'll send down to this country dress-maker of yours whenever I need any thing."

"A good deal you will," Mother Chatam returned, in her short, incredulous tone.

"Well, I will; see if I don't, for I'm all out with Miss Mackenzie; she shall never set another stitch for me. If it hadn't been for that,

I should have sent these very dresses to Boston for her to make."

Mother Chatam said nothing to this. Her mind was occupied with its little grumble about Miss Ingersoll's bill, and she forgot to remind giddy Mrs. Louisa that she'd very likely be all out with Miss Ingersoll before long.

Mother Chatam, notwithstanding her croaking and her grumbling, was very fond of her daughter-in-law, and probably Louisa was in some way sure of this, or she would not else have been so untouched by it. And then Louisa liked Mother Chatam. She couldn't have told you why, and she wouldn't have tried, but she liked her very much.

So all this external difference had nothing malicious in it; it was the *sauce piquante* at the Meriden Hill house. But if Mother Chatam relished an opportunity to croak and grumble, in her grim, half-humorous manner, at Louisa, Louisa no less relished an opportunity of triumphing over these croakings; what she gleefully called, "Making Mother Chatam own up that she was right." So she sung her dance-tune, and kept time to it before the glass, all the while thinking, "I've made her own up to the fit of my gowns, and the next thing I'll coax her into having Miss Ingersoll herself, instead of that frump of a Dorcas Brown!" And she actually did. Before the winter had set in down rolled the phaeton into Meriden Centre again, and stopping before Miss Ingersoll's, out got Mother Chatam and followed her daughter into Miss Ingersoll's presence.

And all this apparent accident of Louisa's giddy haste, and then Louisa's gay little triumph, was a great thing for the new dress-maker. The Chatams were some of the gentry of Meriden, and what they did persons of less importance were inclined to do after them. In less than six months, then, Emily Ingersoll found that she had a flourishing business before her, and instead of one assistant she had been obliged to employ sometimes three or four. And morning and night click, click went the busy hum of the sewing-machines. To her sisters and her mother Emily wrote in a playful, jesting way of her success. To Madame Arles she spoke out of a serious, grateful heart of what she had accomplished. The former sighed over her, and bewailed her spirit and her want of pride. The latter looked radiant as she read what "Mees Emilie" wrote, and said, softly: "I always told her she had grand talent that way."

III.

"It's of no use, Louisa, my trying to go down to Miss Ingersoll's; I can't move a step on that foot without pain. Why, just look at it." And Mother Chatam lifted her skirt from the disabled foot, reposing upon a *brioche*. Louisa opened her eyes with amaze:

"My goodness, mother, it's big as two! What a nasty thing rheumatism is!"

"Humph!" grunted Mother Chatam, in reproof of Louisa's English usage of the word

"nasty." But Louisa paid no heed. She was full of another subject, and she went on with it.

"But what will you do, mother; you must have that silk made up by Christmas? I ain't going to have you wear that old dowdy gray that Dorcas Brown had a hand in. Oh, I've got a plan! You just write a note to Miss Ingersoll, and tell her all about your poor foot, and beg her for once to come to you."

"But, Louisa, she refuses to go out, you know; and she might not like it."

"Like it! oh, she won't dislike it. She's the best-natured, most obliging person in the world. There's no nonsense, and no pride about her. Come, mother, you just write your note, and George'll go for her; won't you, George?"

George Chatam, Mother Chatam's youngest, and, some people said, her favorite son, thus addressed, laid down his newspaper which he had been reading.

"Go for whom?" he asked.

"The dress-maker. Mother can't go to her, you know, on account of her foot."

George Chatam put on a look of grim humor that was a great deal like his mother, and turning to that lady, he said:

"Mrs. Chatam, did you authorize that giddy young woman to send me out on this freezing December morning upon such an errand. It makes my teeth chatter to think of bringing that dismal Dorcas up here."

"Dorcas! 'tisn't Dorcas any more, George; it's Miss Ingersoll," exclaimed Louisa.

"So, mother, this giddy young woman has persuaded you into changing old acquaintances, eh? The next time I come home I shall find somebody else in my shoes. Eh, what, is that note ready? And I'm to take the buggy, you say? Well, I'm in for it, I suppose. Where's my hat? Louisa, don't use that journal for curl papers as you did the other while I'm away."

And out he went, followed by Louisa's saucy rejoinders, and his mother's fond, but covert smile. He was the apple of her eye. Not quite thirty yet, and of a generous, hearty manhood, which, wherever he went, gave him a first place among his fellows.

"Be sure you don't come back without Miss Ingersoll, George!" Louisa cried out to him from the door-way as he drove off.

When the young man observed the look of indecision Miss Ingersoll's face wore as she read the note, he remarked, pleasantly:

"The last thing my sister-in-law said to me was: 'Be sure you don't come back without Miss Ingersoll.'"

Miss Ingersoll smiled vaguely in return, but stood, thoughtfully, holding the matter under silent consideration.

"I don't see how I can," she spoke, at last, more to herself than to him, and looking meditatively out of the window.

The young man stood idly waiting. He had no interest in the matter—indeed it was rather a bore; only he didn't want his mother and Louisa to be disappointed. A few moments

more, and Miss Ingersoll had decided. She would go. It was half an hour's ride to Meriden Hill, and in that time there was very little said—a few remarks about the weather, and a few questions and answers concerning the arrangement of the wolf-robe. George Chatam felt rather relieved than otherwise when he had delivered his companion over to his sister-in-law. But he hadn't got rid of Miss Ingersoll yet. Toward night his mother came to him, saying:

"George, I wish you'd take Miss Ingersoll back. I wouldn't ask you, but Michael isn't fit to be out with his cold."

"Certainly, mother;" answered George, obligingly; but it was a little disagreeable to him to leave his warm nook in the library, and those "English Humourists," of which he was so fond. It was a dismal night to turn out in; raw and rainy, with an east wind blowing. But George never showed his petty annoyances. He was just as kind and pleasant, though a little absent; his thoughts more with that warm fireside he had left, and the company of Swift and Steele, and Gay and Prior. Perhaps it was this absence of mind that made him a little careless in his driving, for in turning at the cross-road he seemed to have forgotten a certain pile of stones to be avoided—for the road was under repair at the time—and this inattention very nearly caused a serious accident. There was a sudden swerve, a sudden shock; and though George retained his seat, it wasn't so easy for Miss Ingersoll, in that low-backed, or no-backed, open buggy. She gave just a little "Oh!" of fright as she was thus unceremoniously thrown out, and then George heard not another sound. He righted himself and jumped to the ground with no very great delay, you may be sure. It was quite dark, but he could just see Miss Ingersoll, sitting with her head bent forward upon her hands.

"Are you hurt, Miss Ingersoll; are you hurt?" he inquired, anxiously.

"No," in rather a faint voice; "only it was a shock, and I am a little faint and giddy."

"It was very careless of me, very; and I am ashamed to ask your pardon."

Miss Ingersoll didn't reply. She sat there quietly a moment or so longer, and then said, in her simple way:

"Now I can go on, if you will help me. I think my ankle is sprained."

"Bless my soul, you don't say so!" George was so sorry and so shocked at himself that he expressed a good deal of his feeling. Miss Ingersoll replied to it all with:

"Oh, it might have been much worse; and there is no justice in your blaming yourself, Mr. Chatam. It was simply an accident, and nothing very serious at that."

But her cool way, though it was a relief, didn't make him regard his own carelessness in a less culpable light. As he put her into the carriage again, he said, decidedly:

"You must let me take you back to my mo-

ther, now; she would never forgive me for letting you go off to take care of yourself after suffering by my carelessness." And with these words he was turning his horse in the direction of Meriden Hill.

"Mr. Chatam, you will be kind enough to take me to my home at Meriden Centre."

The quick, firm tone impressed George Chatam with her earnestness at once.

"But, Miss Ingersoll, I wish you would trust to me in this. It is better as I say. My mother will gladly do any thing she can for you."

"Mr. Chatam, I thank you; but I don't want to go to Meriden Hill; I want to go to my own room."

For the first time there was something a little haughty in Emily Ingersoll's manner; haughty, and almost ungracious. George wouldn't have resented any thing from her then; but he felt, somehow, confused and misunderstood.

"You shall go just where you like, Miss Ingersoll," he answered her, gently.

It was the best thing he could have said, and the best thing he could have done, to have obeyed her wish as he did. But after he had seen her safely landed at her boarding-place he went to his mother's family physician, and begged him to go at once and attend to her. This was some satisfaction. He felt still better about it, however, when he had told his mother and Louisa what had happened, and enlisted their sympathies and services. Mrs. Chatam *mère* was quite horrified.

"My goodness, George!" she exclaimed, in her abrupt way, "I wonder you weren't both of you killed. See to her—of course I will; but she ought to be here."

Louisa couldn't help her jest with George, even on so serious a subject.

"You're a pretty fellow," she said, "rushing across the country in such a hap-hazard manner that one doesn't know whether they are in or out of the carriage hardly. I think I shall insure my life next time I go with you."

But spite of her fun Mrs. Louisa felt sorry for Miss Ingersoll, and the next morning went to make kind inquiries and offer what service she could. There wasn't much opportunity for any body's service it seemed; for there sat Miss Ingersoll, inside her shop-window, busy, with her two or three girls, over Mother Chatam's dress, the sprained foot properly bandaged, and resting upon a cushion.

Mrs. Louisa went in full of her mission, and came out entirely robbed of it. According to Miss Ingersoll's statement there was nothing to be done. The foot and ankle were getting on well—a little painful, of course, but nothing but what could be borne. Home sped Mrs. Louisa and related the result of her interview.

"Mercy! I should have been on the lounge, making every body wait upon me; and there she sat, as cool and easy as you please; but I suppose girls in her situation get used to taking things coolly. They are obliged to, poor things!"

George Chatam, in the window-seat, made no

comment; but he thought, with a good deal of curiosity, of the character this cool way suggested, for he hadn't forgotten his own experience of this coolness the night before. And that remark of Louisa's: "I suppose girls in her situation get used to taking things coolly; they are obliged to, poor things!"—touched George a good deal. He hadn't given it much thought before, but there was this girl, evidently a person of refinement; just as much, and perhaps more, of a lady than Louisa; and how different their lots in life! As George pondered this his pity increased, and his desire to make some amends for his carelessness became naturally stronger. That afternoon he rode down himself to make personal inquiries. Miss Ingersoll was alone in the front shop, and the busy click, click of the sewing-machine going on in the room beyond. She received him pleasantly enough, answered his questions, his commiserations briefly but politely, told him, smilingly, that it wasn't worth so much talk, and grew so evidently annoyed with the subject that he dropped it. And then came an utter silence which she would not break, and George was fain to make his exit as speedily as possible.

"She's a curious person," he thought, "and very unlike most girls in her position. No embarrassment, no flippancy, no commonplace volubility, but as cold and simple as a duchess might be. She evidently scents patronage, the condescension of people who look over her head, and she is determined to bluff it off. Plucky, I declare!"

But George Chatam was a persistent fellow when he set out on a principle; and it was a principle with him now to do a gentleman's duty under the circumstances. A little proud, too, it hurt him to be the means of doing an injury, and then be denied any reparation whatever. So a second time he presented himself at Miss Ingersoll's door with his inquiries, and then he spoke to her quite frankly of how he felt about it.

"You are scarcely generous, Miss Ingersoll," he said, seriously, "to treat me in this way."

Miss Ingersoll was completely taken aback by his honest, serious directness. She began something, however, in the old strain. "It wasn't worth minding, etc."

"Miss Ingersoll, it *is* worth minding. If you had been in my place and I in yours would you have felt that it wasn't worth minding?"

Miss Ingersoll was obliged to own by her silence, if not by words, that he had the best of it here. She broke this silence at last by saying:

"Well, perhaps I am not generous—perhaps I am a little morbidly sensitive. I suppose I am; but you can not know, Mr. Chatam, how hard it is for a woman in my circumstances to keep the exact balance—to know just what is best for her self-respect to do when brought into contact in any other than a business capacity with persons differently circumstanced."

"No, I don't suppose I do, Miss Ingersoll. I think I can imagine how you feel, however, and this is the very point. You fancy that peo-

ple situated as we are mean patronage and condescension, whenever we approach you in any other way than that of business. You may have had experience which proved it to you, but you mistake in the present case. I should have shown no more and no less interest in any one, however circumstanced in the world. But perhaps I am too hasty. I think very likely that I have felt a keener sympathy and interest in your suffering by my carelessness because of your very circumstances. You depend upon yourself; you can not afford to lose your time or your health in any way. You surely will not misunderstand me now."

"No, I will not, Mr. Chatam."

For the first time George Chatam realized Emily Ingersoll's personal appearance as he looked up at her. She was really attractive—not a beauty, but fair to look upon.

"A lady!" he said inwardly, as he rode home, "whatever her condition in life."

IV.

Louisa was down from Boston again, and sat reading aloud to her mother-in-law. It was approaching spring, and though the road was white with snow there was a twitter of bird and a swelling of bud which were sure harbingers; and Louisa, looking up from her book every now and then, welcomed these indications with a vague sense of pleasure. At last she looked up and forgot to look back. Mrs. Chatam mere glanced over her spectacles at her to see what delayed her.

"What is it? what do you see, Louisa?"

"Mother Chatam, did you hear the gate clang just now?"

"I don't know as I did. Why?"

"It was George with a bundle of books, and a basket of flowers from the hot-house. Do you know what he is going to do with them?"

"No, of course not. Why should I?" answered Mother Chatam with lofty indifference.

Louisa was gazing thoughtfully from the window out upon the long white road, the distant town. She went on as if Mother Chatam hadn't spoken.

"Mrs. Tennett told me last night, mother, that George goes to see Miss Ingersoll very often, and that he carries her books and flowers."

"Louisa, I hope you haven't been encouraging any idle, vulgar gossip about the family with Mrs. Tennett or any one else."

Mother Chatam spoke in her haughtiest tone. Louisa knew what it meant—knew she was in earnest, and did not mean to discuss the matter. She wisely resumed her book then without further remark, and the matter was dropped. But Mother Chatam had not dropped it so easily out of her thoughts. Her George carrying flowers and books to Miss Ingersoll—to her dress-maker! If the rumor was true, what did it portend? But no, it could not be true. It was only idle, country gossip. George had simply been kind to her on account of her accident. Mrs. Chatam was not a snobbish person by any

means; but she was a conventional woman of the old-fashioned school of country gentry. And this country of Meriden had always been specially aristocratic in its tone; what Julia Ingersoll had termed "English." Mrs. Chatam then, with her *Mayflower* blood and her ancient prejudices, looked upon her dress-maker as only a short remove from her chamber-maid. She would have nursed her in sickness, and helped her generously if she had been in need of help; but she would have done it from the "lady of the county's" sense of duty, just as she would have tended or helped any of her poor.

But while Mother Chatam's mind is in this state of commotion from Louisa's gossip, let us see what George is really going to do with those books and flowers. Yes! he drives down the road and turns the corner—that very corner where he once turned over—and keeps on to Meriden Centre. It was late in the afternoon when he started; it is coming twilight when he reins up—yes, actually before Miss Ingersoll's door! It is her shop-door, and in this shop—Miss Ingersoll has never tried to call it "rooms"—Miss Ingersoll spends her evenings; for here she has quite a pretty little parlor all to herself, when no customers are there. George enters this little parlor like one quite at home.

"I've brought you those books I spoke of, Miss Ingersoll; and here are some of our last roses and a few other flowers, if you'll give them house-room."

"Oh, thank you; how lovely!" and Emily Ingersoll bent over the basket with a face of delight. Presently she opened a portfolio and pushed it toward her guest.

"Do you recognize these?"

"What! the violets and pansies I brought you last week?"

"Yes; I tried the multiflora, but it had faded too much, and I am used to painting violets and pansies more than other flowers."

"You have painted flowers a great deal, haven't you? Those water-lilies you showed me were wonderful."

"Yes; I have painted them a good deal—I like to copy from nature."

So they talk first of the flowers, and then of the books, and George reads some of his favorite passages. George has evidently none of his mother's prejudices. He is of the new-day school instead of the old, as you might perceive if you observed the books he bought. There are two or three of Thoreau's, and one of Emerson's which Miss Ingersoll hasn't read; and George gets quite brilliant as he discusses them. The town-clock struck ten before he dreamed of it.

"Bless me! I didn't know it was so late!" he said, rising. It was a lovely night that met their eyes as they stood a moment by the open door.

"It will soon be delightful riding, Miss Ingersoll," George remarked, animatedly, as he felt the spring air: "and then you must let me take you over some of these hills; I'll promise not to upset you. You will go with me, won't you?"

"I—I think not, Mr. Chatam."

"What, did you get so permanent a fright after all in that upsetting?"

"Oh no, not that; but this is a gossiping neighborhood, Mr. Chatam, and women in my position have to be very careful. I was going to speak to you a week ago or more about another matter connected with this subject. It is better that you should not come here so frequently for that very reason. Of course I know that you are a liberal-minded gentleman, and that you recognize me as a friend without regard to my worldly position; but others will not. There will be always in such companionship as ours the ordinary vulgar supposition of a flirtation or something of the sort. There, now, you need not say a word. We can't help it, you know, and we are just as good friends as ever."

She smiled at the conclusion—would not let him speak in reply, but bade him "good-night," in such a frank, commonplace way as to divest every thing she had said of the least over-sensitive or sentimental feeling.

George drove off with a sensation of chagrin and disappointment.

"Why wouldn't she let me speak, I wonder?" he thought over and again as he rode along, and the thought seemed vexatious and mortifying.

Mother Chatam was sitting up for him when he arrived. It was an unusual thing, and George stared at her in surprise when he entered the parlor. He was in no mood for talking, and was lighting his candle to go up to his room, when she surprised him still more by saying:

"George, I want to have a little talk with you."

"Very well, mother;" and he drew a chair up to the fire.

She began at once without preamble.

"George, Louisa tells me that there is a gossip about you and Miss Ingersoll."

The old lady was regarding him keenly over her spectacles. She saw that calm face of his not a whit disturbed in outward serenity, and his only reply was the monosyllable "Well?" in a questioning tone of voice. She saw that he meant her to go on.

"And they say that you carry her books and flowers."

"Well?"

"I told Louisa that it was only idle gossip; that you had been kind to Miss Ingersoll on account of her foot. But I thought I had better speak to you about it, and let you know what was said, so as to put you on your guard. Such tittle-tattle is always annoying, and it might be of serious detriment to Miss Ingersoll."

"Yes, it might; I will look out that it does not, however. I will either cease going altogether there, or I will have the best of reasons to go."

"George, you don't mean—"

"Yes, I do, mother. I mean that I am going to ask Miss Ingersoll if she will marry me."

"Well, George, I never thought you would come to this!"

"Come to what, mother—matrimony?"

"Don't jest, George, I beg of you. You know very well what I mean. You know that it is not the marrying, but the marrying beneath you, that I object to."

"Beneath me!" and from this indignant exclamation George went on to expound to his mother his own liberal ideas on this subject. He told her that Miss Ingersoll was more of a lady, and a better educated one than Louisa; and it was the accident of poverty, of course, that had given her her present position.

"But if she was such a lady, if she was better educated, etc., why didn't she make use of her advantages? There were plenty of occupations—teaching for instance, which were ladies' occupations. If she was so well educated why didn't she teach?"

"I never asked her, mother. If I thought about it I trusted such a person as Miss Ingersoll to have good and dignified reason for her choice of occupation. When you talk of plenty of lady-like occupations, consider a moment—what is there open to women except the few employments such as teaching, dress-making, millinery, and fine sewing. I mean the legitimate occupations open to all. The others are accidents or special talents."

George, of course, had the best of the argument; but his mother was not convinced by it—rather irritated instead. She didn't understand this new doctrine of equality. It partook of schism and conspiracy, and even the Prayer-Book warned her of that.

"But you'll welcome her, mother, as your daughter if she accepts me?" George finally asked, with some anxiety.

"I can't *welcome* her, George, for I can't lie," the old lady answered, decidedly.

George rose up with a sigh. "Ah, well, mother, I know that you will think better of it sometime."

He went out with his usual good-night, a little sad-faced but kind as ever. Her favorite son. She looked after him with tears in her eyes, and thoughts both gentle and bitter were in her mind. She had always been proud of his steady-mindedness, but it was this very trait now that she feared. When George once made up his mind there was no turning him.

Louisa, sitting near the window the next afternoon, saw her brother-in-law go out at the gate again, and, entering his carriage, go riding forth toward Meriden Centre. "There he goes to see Miss Ingersoll, I'll bet," she thought, but she did not give utterance to her thoughts this time. Yes, he went to see Miss Ingersoll, yet Louisa little guessed his errand.

Miss Ingersoll herself did not guess it as he stood before her. She was surprised to see him, after the conversation they had had, and her face showed it, if not her tone of greeting; but there was no lack of cordiality in her tone. So far from that, it seemed as if the surprise was so sudden a pleasure she had not time to conceal it if she had cared to. His heart leaped as he met that

glance, and something shone in his eyes as he put out his hand that brought a little flutter of color to her cheek.

"You did not think I would come so soon again, did you? You thought you had sent me away for good and all perhaps."

"Oh no, not so bad as that, I hope, Mr. Chatam," she answered, with a new constraint upon her.

He stood with his hand upon the back of a chair, looking thoughtfully down as she spoke. He waited a moment thus in silence, and then in the same voice:

"If you send me away again it will be for good and all, for I have come to say what will either banish me entirely from your presence or give me a right to it forever, as your answer may be. I have come to ask you to be my wife—you *know* that I love you with my whole soul."

"As he said this, lifting his eyes in that full tender gaze, she did indeed know that he loved her. A sudden rapture lit her face, then faded.

She put out her hand to him, but only said, in a wistful, anxious way,

"Your mother?"

He knew what she meant—he knew that she had read his mother's character, and anticipated her opposition. A dark flush mounted to his brow as he answered:

"My mother has some old-school fancies and prejudices which are scarcely American; but our lives must not be marred in consequence. We are mature enough, we are reasonable enough to make our own choice."

"Yes—I know, but—I can not enter a family unwelcomed; I should not be happy."

"But a prejudice; an old whim of a past day, with which we utterly disagree in every belief and principle that we have. Think, Emily; think what it is to sacrifice a whole life, perhaps, for that."

"A whole life?—yes, I think what it is; yet I do not see that I can do otherwise."

As she said that, musingly, in a soft, tender tone—"a whole life," his face glowed, for well he knew what she meant. By those words, so uttered, she had confessed her soul to him. When he spoke again, it was with new vehemence, and eloquent was the suit he urged. The tears were in her eyes when he concluded, but still she shook her head.

"You think this is poor pride, perhaps, or morbid sensitiveness. It may be; but listen to me. If I married you with this knowledge, and under these conditions, that to your own mother I was an alien, an unwelcome guest, that she held me as beneath your choice; spite of my philosophy, spite of my entirely different principle of belief, I should become embittered, and the bitterness would enter into my daily life, and gradually affect my relations with others. Worst of all, I think it would, perhaps, make me suspicious where I had no right to be suspicious. This is a weak and pitiful pride, I dare say; but I know that it is the grain of my character, and I dare not let it have opportunity to

run riot as it would have under the circumstances you propose. Do not blame me too hardly for this; do not hate me for this decision," she concluded, sadly and tearfully.

"Hate you? hate and you can never come together in my mind, Emily. I believe you are making a grievous mistake for us both, that is all."

She was quite silent for several moments after this; then, with a new flush upon her cheek, and a little quicker of tone:

"I do not know—it might make a difference with your mother if she were aware of the facts of my story. Still, I think I understand the quality of her pride. It is the old name only she holds worthy of alliance with hers, and my father was a self-made man. It is in this day and generation that John Ingersoll's name was noted, and that only for wealth and commercial transactions, I suppose she would say; though, I am sure, she could never have found a truer gentleman."

"So your father was John Ingersoll the merchant prince, Emily? Know him? not personally, but I knew of him as every man of the world did, by reputation, and that was as a true and honorable gentleman. Whatever my mother's opinion might be in regard to an alliance with such a man, I should feel honored by it. To make a good name I hold to be a greater grace than the simply bearing one."

"Whatever his mother's opinion might be." Unwittingly he had by this sentence admitted her suppositions concerning his mother's opinions to be correct. Emily felt this at once; but there was no more time for further words, even if she had not seen that further words were only a useless trial, for voices and footsteps sounded outside upon her door-step, which warned her that the conference was over. She turned to the new-comers—her landlady's young daughters—with a heavy heart, for she had just bade adieu to a great joy. But George Chatam, as he rode down the road, carried a hopeful spirit. He had scarcely realized the truth of his unwitting admission as yet. John Ingersoll's daughter! That ought to be enough for any body. He went straight home with this idea, and up to his mother's room, where he knew she would be sitting at this hour, quite alone. Last night she had wanted to have a little talk with *him*; to-night he wanted to have a little talk with *her*: and he sat down there before the fire, and told her the whole history of the evening. Of his rejection and the grounds of it, winding up with the one grand climax of her parentage, John Ingersoll's daughter! But omitting—I dare say for the moment he really forgot it—Miss Ingersoll's last supposition, of the quality of old family pride that would still look down upon so new a name. But he remembered soon enough. Mother Chatam heard him through in grave silence, and then she said, quietly:

"I do not see how the fact of her being John Ingersoll's daughter changes the matter. Who was John Ingersoll, George?"

"Mother, you certainly have heard of Ingers-

soll, the great merchant?" answered George, a little indignantly.

"Oh yes, yes; he made a sudden fortune and lived lavishly to the end of his life, and lost it then, it seems. 'Up like a rocket, and down like a stick,' George; just like such new people."

"Mother, John Ingersoll was an honorable gentleman. In the commercial world his name is famous. Dying suddenly in the midst of his enterprises was his misfortune, not his fault; and if he lived lavishly, it was generously, too. Many a poorer man had cause to bless the name of John Ingersoll."

"He may have been a worthy man enough; I dare say he was, George; but he was a man of money—that is all I can recall; and he was of low origin. The book of merchants, I remember, says he started a news-boy."

"Oh, mother, mother! your prejudices are not Christian."

"Oh, George, I see how it is! I know you want me to favor this match. You want me to say I like it, that I think this girl a fit mate for you; but I don't, and I can't. I think she has shown herself a nice, sensible person, in many ways; but if she had been a lady, and the daughter of a gentleman, as you say, she must have chosen a different means to support herself. I have known a great many poor gentlewomen, but I never knew one who did not take higher grade than this."

What was the use of combating such prejudice? Alas, none! And George knew it. He gave one heavy sigh and rose up from his chair, feeling very bitterly, though he did not give utterance to it.

V.

As soon as twilight approached the next day he again sought Miss Ingersoll's presence, and again vehemently pleaded his suit. Not a word escaped him, however, of his interview with his mother. But Emily Ingersoll was not to be deceived; she knew by his very avoidance of the subject that an interview had taken place, and that it had been unsatisfactory. Simple and straightforward in every thing she did, she answered his impassioned pleading with this knowledge. Once more that dark flush mounted to his brow, and once more he brought up his former arguments against the prejudice they could not hope to overcome. She interrupted him at last very gently, but with the old, sad, inflexible tone.

"Stay a moment," she said; "in our personal loss I think we have put aside another and not less weighty consideration. If I could not for my pride enter your family an unwelcome guest, I am sure I ought not for another feeling—that of honor and duty. It is your own mother who thus opposes your inclination. How could I in honor deliberately sow dissension between you two? How could I stand between mother and son?"

"Good Heavens! Emily, you do not suppose my mother is so vindictive or so unreasonable

as that? It is true she does not favor my inclination—you know for what reason—but you do not know the limit of her disfavor. She simply objects to our marriage on the ground of worldly position; objects, mark you! She gives this objection frankly as her right—the expression of her feeling; but she does not question *my* right to rule my own action; and once my wife, Emily, I make no doubt that she would unlearn her ancient prejudice even, in learning how true a woman and lady she had found in you."

This was a fair and eloquent statement; but still Emily Ingersoll shook her head, still she maintained her sad inflexibility. Pride, and Honor, and Duty. It was a formidable trio. Against it all urging and argument were vain. Not that she was unmoved by what he said. Ah, no! Tears were in her eyes; they choked her utterance and almost betrayed her into sobs as he went on. It was so hard, so very hard, to fight against him, when her heart ached for his sympathy and companionship. He saw all this—her tears and her struggles, yet he saw too, that her will conquered. Pride, and Honor, and Duty. These three; but he recognized only the first, and at last grew bitter under it. And as he rode back, in the still, splendid night, he felt sorely used on every side.

"So," he mused, gloomily, "she can sacrifice her love for her pride. I thought she had too large a nature for this. I thought I had found one woman above such weaknesses. Pride to part us two! What comes next, I wonder?"

He was both angry and bitter as he contemplated his defeat; but it was the anger and bitterness that grows out of wounded feeling and sharp disappointment. Later, he learned to do her justice. Now, in view of her determination, he could not see that she suffered more deeply than he did himself. He could not see, if it was hard for him it was harder still for her—a woman almost friendless and alone, and working for her daily bread.

Day after day to toil there and think of the love she had put away. Day after day, year after year, perhaps, to struggle against the tender dreams that would arise, and know that she was doomed to a lonely life. This was the prospect that presented itself to Emily Ingersoll, as she worked mechanically over a gay party dress, on the morning after this last interview. How many times her deft fingers had helped Madame Arles to decorate her own dresses in just this way! Yet she did not think of this now; there was no regret for the costly garments. It was for the desolate existence that she must support; and for the first time a doubt assailed her as to the wisdom of the step she had taken in choosing her present occupation. Never before had she realized how it had separated her from her class. Perhaps it would have been better if she had turned governess, or starved on those "pretty pictures," as Julia had suggested, for evidently she was at odds with society now. These thoughts stung her for a moment, then were followed by a swift scorn of herself for the entertaining of

such thoughts. "Alas, have I no more courage than this!" she cried, bitterly. "Has my pride no deeper virtue than to be shaken by the first trial?"

But even as she asked this sad question she knew that no sorer trial could come to a woman's life.

Perhaps the sharpest pang of this trial was when the news reached her that George Chatam had sailed for Liverpool without seeing her again. "I should not have served him so," she meditated; "I should at least have gone in peace from one I loved with a 'good-by!' and a 'God bless you!'"

Most women would, but most men would have done precisely as George Chatam did. Afterward, when he smoked his pipe under the shadow of the old palace roof where he lived a traveler's life, gentler thoughts came to him, and he repented of his bitterness. He saw her toiling alone, day after day, with no hope, no consolation, but with the ghost of a vanished happiness perpetually before her—for he could do her justice now—and he knew that she loved him. These meditations filled him with other thoughts than those of self-commiseration. He began to think of her with a yearning sense of pity. He was learning to be friend as well as lover—that truest, rarest union of life. And out of this new feeling arose a desire to serve her as a friend might. There was surely one way: he might now and then write to her, calmly and kindly, assuring her of his never-failing interest and watchfulness over her welfare. And no sooner did this occur to him than he acted upon it. It was a manly letter that he wrote, full of honest, earnest cordiality, though a little sad and solemn in its earnestness, as was natural under the peculiar circumstances, but entirely devoid of complaining or sentimentality.

It came to Emily Ingersoll like a message from heaven. The dreary weight of desolation that had oppressed her now lifted. Not as a hope did she welcome it, but as a renewal of faith. In his hasty departure there had been more than the disappointment of the external good-by to her. It was the disappointment in the man, whose generous nature she had trusted. Now she had it back again—the faith which was a comfort in itself. As friends they corresponded with each other, neither ever alluding to the subject that had parted them, because both instinctively recognized that to have done so would have been to have fed the fever, which had already seared them with its consuming fire.

Weaker and less assured characters would not have allowed themselves this consolation of friendship. The terse old French motto, "*Tout ou rien*," would have been their watchword. But these two were of different mould. A little of the heroic element mingled in the blood of both of them perhaps, and where they had cast the anchor of duty or determination they knew that by the force of their natures they must need abide, however storms might shake or sirens sing. They had not been lovers only, but

friends. If one relation was impracticable, why should the other be given up? Friends were not so easily found that they could be thus put aside. And with this faith in themselves, and something like this reasoning, the correspondence began and went on—went on through months, which lengthened into years.

In the mean time the proud old dame who had parted them lived in her stately mansion upon the hill, and gave no sign. It must have been a dreary state she kept, and grievously she must have missed the genial presence of this favorite son.

Three years; three summers and winters, springs and autumns, and still the wanderer did not return. And still the old life was kept up at Meriden Centre and Meriden Hill. Still Emily Ingersoll worked steadily through all the changes of the seasons, keeping up a brave, steady heart, thanking God for one friend and for the health and strength that was vouchsafed her to hold her place. It was not always easy to keep this brave heart, and to feel thankfully for health and strength. Sometimes, at lonely twilight hours, the bitterness of these lonely days would smite her, and before her vision the long, long future would stretch in desolate, dreary mockery. But a gentler mood would follow, and, bending over the rich silks or delicate muslins, she would think: "I have certainly prospered in my undertaking, and by-and-by when I get old I shall not have to work, but, like good little Madame Arles, I will have a store laid by to live upon. And then, and then—but there is no use to perplex myself about that future 'then.' Heaven, who fits all things, will send me peace and perhaps pleasure then."

And this was all the comfort Emily Ingersoll dared give herself, and she did not mix with it either bitterness or sarcasm. If she dared give herself no more comfort, she certainly dared give herself no less by tainting her philosophy with bitterness and sarcasm. I think the sharpest pang that struck her in these days was when sometimes in her walks she met "Mother Chatam." The old lady's face was very like her son's, lacking however his genial, pleasant look.

Her greeting to Emily was grave and civil, wanting no courtesy, but it some way seemed to frost the air and chill the currents of her life. After these meetings she would feel more lonely than before, and as if friend as well as lover was put far from her. Occasionally, too, gay little Mrs. Louisa would flash in upon her, and her easy ways were hardly less trying than the odd, grave dignity of the mother. For if the former was unconscious, she ran against so many remembrances in her heedless mention that the sore heart bled. But "Patience, patience," whispered the angel of consolation; "there must be 'sweet fields' somewhere beyond these swelling floods!"

Three years was a long time to wait for peace, but there were those who had waited longer than this. Three years! At the end of these three years a great trial came to George Chatam's

mother, and in a direction she had never looked for it, which made it harder. She had always been very much gratified at her eldest son, William's, marriage. Not that Louisa was in every thing her ideal of a woman. By no means. But she was Lloyd Fotheringay's daughter, and the Fotheringays were of the best blood in the country. A long line of gentlemen and ladies, and Louisa was the last of her race. It was quite fitting that the old Fotheringay name should be merged in one still older—that Louisa Fotheringay should become Louisa Chatam. Louisa cared very little for this prestige of name herself. Mother Chatam never understood how little. She knew that her daughter-in-law was a gay, careless creature, with not so much dignity as she would have liked to have in her son's wife; but she was young, and by-and-by it would be different. By-and-by she would resemble her grandmother Fotheringay in character as she did now in person. And Mother Chatam remembered with admiration what a brilliant woman Sarah Fotheringay had been in her day. But Louisa, if she was like her grandmother in person, inherited much more of her father's character, which was not only brilliant, but gay, and wild, and reckless. A pleasure-seeker, with a pleasure-seeker's idleness, selfishness, and vanity, was John Fotheringay. To a man these qualities were dangerous enough, but to a woman they were fatal. And with this fatal dower, and with another to make it still more fatal—that of beauty—Louisa at twenty was launched fully on the broad sea of fashion. She was a good-natured little thing—every body liked her; even Mother Chatam, apart from her being a Fotheringay, was fond of Louisa's bright company, though she vexed her sorely with her careless, idle ways. And Mother Chatam thought these idle, careless ways were the worst of Louisa. And they were only the froth upon the surface—mere indications of what lurked beneath. But when she went to Boston to pay her annual visit, two years after George's departure, she did think Louisa was imprudent.

"I wouldn't let that young man pay me so many attentions, and I wouldn't dance with him *all* the time, Louisa," she remonstrated, in her brusque way, one morning after a party.

"What young man? Oh, Roswald. Pooh, that ain't any thing; I don't care any thing about him."

Mother Chatam took off her spectacles, and looked at Louisa in amazement and horror. There stood the giddy thing filliping her ear-ring, while she coolly talked of not caring any thing about somebody who was not her husband.

"As if I supposed you did care any thing for the popinjay, Louisa, or any body but William. I wouldn't insult you by such a supposition."

Louisa lifted her eyes in wonder. What *had* she said to call down Mother Chatam's wrath like this? Mother Chatam soon enlightened her, and Louisa burst into a shriek of irreverent but good-natured laughter.

"Why, was that any harm? I'm sure I didn't

mean any; but you are such an ark, Mother Chatam; you think I must act and talk as they did in your young days before the flood."

Mother Chatam delivered herself of a wholesome lecture; and Louisa took it so easily and with such frank mirth that the old lady was appeased.

"There is really no harm in the child," she said, to herself; "but she is so careless; and then these nineteenth century manners are detestable, enough to spoil any body."

The next thing, Louisa went to Europe with her husband.

"You'll come home with so many foolish, foreign notions you won't be good for any thing, Louisa," was Mother Chatam's comment as she bade her good-by.

Louisa made her a courtesy. "I shall come home covered with glory and conquests, for I mean to turn all those foreign heads with my yellow hair. Yellow hair is fashionable there, Mother Chatam, and I shall carry the palm!" This was all said with only the merriest malice. "Louisa's careless way." But there, with the bright June sun shining down upon her, Mother Chatam shivered.

"Take care of her, William!" she suddenly exclaimed, with more than usual earnestness.

William laughed a little at his old-fashioned mother, for he took things as easily as Louisa, though in a different way.

The letters from Paris were full of rattle, and vivid life and color, like Louisa herself. They amused the lonely old woman in her lonely house; but every now and then a vague uneasiness would assail her at the gay gossip and allusion in these letters. "I told you so," she wrote once: "all Paris is mad after my yellow hair. You see I came to the right place to be appreciated, Mother Chatam? And then there came gleeful mention of some fine, and even famous names, of whom she spoke with that gay malice as her 'adorers.'"

Mother Chatam knew perfectly well this was mischievously written; but then she knew, too, that Louisa was "imprudent," and she worried about her. Not that she imagined for a moment that Louisa would be any thing but simply gay and heedless, and too fond of attention. Louisa was a lady, notwithstanding her nonsense; a lady and a Fotheringay! They always knew their place, and kept it. But it would be so humiliating to be "talked about;" and that was so readily done. She answered Louisa's gay letter with one full of advice and warning. "Be careful, be careful, Louisa;" she reiterated. Louisa returned one gayer than ever, containing this item: "George has left Rome and is with us here, instituting himself my guardian and mentor in your absence. He is just like you, Mother Chatam, and teases the life out of me on every occasion. It's 'Louisa, you mustn't do this, and Louisa, you mustn't do that.' It is wearing the flesh off of me."

Mother Chatam thrilled as she read. If George had taken her to task she must be going

on very heedlessly. There was a longer gap than usual after this letter. Then, one brilliant winter morning, another came from George himself, which verified all his mother's worst fears. "Write to Louisa; do, mother," he wrote, "and caution her. She goes on in such a giddy, reckless way that she must soon be a mark for scandal unless it is stopped; and I don't want to speak to William, it might make worse trouble."

VI.

Scandal. To be talked about. Those were Mother Chatam's "worst fears." And that this should arise from Louisa's foolish, childish ways, her "imprudence," was not at all surprising to her. That there was any thing deeper than this foolishness she never thought for a moment. Thus, unprepared and unsuspecting, what a blow was the next news! George wrote:

"MY DEAR, DEAR MOTHER,—I wish I could spare you the sad story I have to tell; but I can not, when in a few days it will be the public gossip of Paris and a newspaper paragraph. Not even your letter, it seems, had any effect upon Louisa, for there was no check to her mad career; and William, absorbed in his own pursuits, was blind until an accident suddenly opened his eyes and caused the catastrophe of which I write. It seems that the foolish, reckless girl has been carrying on a sentimental correspondence with a young count here, and that at various times she had received costly gifts from him. It came out in a most unfortunately public manner at the club the other evening. I had dropped in to see William a few moments before I went to my hotel, and found him playing billiards with the count himself. I waited for them to finish the game, and just as it came to an end, and I had begun to speak to William, he turned to De Vernai and said:

"Oh, Count, where's that note of Smythe's I let you have? If you have it about you I'll take it."

"De Vernai was busily engaged talking with some one else by this time, and hastily felt in his coat-pocket and drew forth what was supposed to be the note in question, and handed it across the table. I saw William's face change as he looked at it—an expression of surprise at first. Then he opened it and grasped its contents at a glance, for in an instant his eyes were wild, and I saw something was wrong. I had no idea what it was. I can never tell how all the rest happened. I have a remembrance of William leaping over the table, and a sound of high words and a quick succession of blows. There was great confusion, of course, and two or three voices were asking, 'What is it all about?' But alas! that question was soon answered, for the note he had dropped in his excitement was scanned by other eyes than his before I found it. It was a foolish little letter written by that foolish child Louisa, evidently an answer to another, and contained, among other half-gay and half-sentimental nonsense, thanks for a recent gift. If William had been cooler he would never have made this public scene; but I saw from the first he had been drinking too much wine. Luckily De Vernai was clearer headed, and was as desirous as myself to end the disgraceful scene. And in justice to him I must say that he is the least to blame of any of the parties. For in William's course there has been an entire disregard of any thing but

his own pleasure, and a culpable neglect of Louisa in many ways.

"De Vernai is a Frenchman, with a Frenchman's ideas of gallantry. He found a pretty woman, who smiled upon him and welcomed his attentions, and whose husband was apparently wholly indifferent about it, which was certainly no uncommon state of affairs in fashionable life. It was simply, then, in his world but a matter of personal inclination. If she chose to smile upon him and receive his attentions, and he liked the smiles and liked to pay these attentions, why should he not? So it has gone on, and this is the end. Of course there will be a great deal said that isn't true; you must be prepared for that; but always remember that what I have written is the whole. Sad and humiliating enough I know, but report will make it out a good deal worse, I dare say. I hope the matter may be tidied over without further trouble now, for William has awakened to a sense of his own carelessness, and De Vernai is a man of sense in his way, and abhors what he calls an *escalade*. Louisa, like the foolish, vain child she is, scarcely realizes what mischief she has done not only her friends but herself, and talks about '*such a stupid fuss over such a little matter*.'"

"I am afraid she will never take higher views than this, for I am afraid her character is moulded after the pattern of that gay worldling, Lloyd Fotheringay. But we will hope for the best. I shall not write again, for we sail for home next month.

"Your affectionate son,

"GEORGE CHATAM."

Mother Chatam groaned in spirit over this news. Proud old Persian that she was, she sat in sackcloth and ashes now. It was an awful blow, for it struck at the very root of her chivalry. Blood had been her infallibility. She went about as usual for several days after this, but old Rachel the housekeeper said to one of the maids in a mysterious tone,

"Miss Chatam's got to hev a spell o' sickness, Mary. She looks all broke up someway."

And old Rachel was right. One morning Mrs. Chatam did not appear down stairs at her usual hour, and Rachel went to her room to discover the reason, and there she found her mistress unable to rise from her bed. She had had a "stroke," and though it had left her brain clear, and speech unimpaired, there would be no more activity and busy usefulness for her. It was three weeks from this event before she might expect to see her children, and during those weeks she had nothing to do but to lie there and think. It was dreary work, but the result proved the temper of her mind. She had been a stiff, prejudiced, and perhaps a narrow-minded old woman, but honest and true as steel always. She was honest and true as steel now, but a clearer, broader light was letting in upon this honesty and truth.

"My own flesh and blood, too!" Rachel heard her murmur one day as she lay there thinking. The old housekeeper thought she was talking in her sleep, but she wasn't. She had spoken aloud unwittingly; but it was the key to all her thoughts, and she went on with these thoughts in silence.

"My own flesh and blood! for it isn't only Louisa who is at fault, but William. And I reared him so carefully to be an honor to his name—the name that never had a stain upon it before. And I was so proud and pleased with this Fotheringay alliance. And this is what it has all come to. This is the end of my pride. God forgive me; I believe it is a judgment upon me, for I thought that blood was infallible. And there's that girl down there at the village who shames us all. And her pride is better than any of ours. Ah, I wish that George would only come!"

VII.

This was the end of her meditations—that wish for George to come. And one bright morning George *did* come. He was greatly shocked at his mother's state, and glad that William and his wife lingered behind in New York. To talk over things with him was quite enough for her now. And in talking "over things" George found his mother changed in a good many ways. Not a whit less vigorous of mind, but a great deal softer than he had ever expected to see her become.

"I've been wrong, George," she said at last, after one of these talks. "And I've made a great mistake, and I want to set it right."

She paused here and looked steadfastly at her son for a few moments. She was thinking how worn he looked—how sad, and wistful, and old; and she knew the reason dated far back of this trouble about William; and she knew that she herself was the sole cause of it, and that in spite of that he was a good and tender son to her.

"Yes, I want to set it right, George. I've been lying here thinking by myself for three weeks, and I see that I've been setting myself up against the Lord's judgment and nursing a wicked pride all my life, and it needed this very humiliation to set me down; to show me that blood wasn't infallible. You know what I mean, George?"

George did know what she meant, and a great flush came into his cheek, and his eyes filled with tears. It was so sudden, so unexpected, that he hadn't a word to say. He had never looked for this. If he had no words his mother had plenty, and she was never afraid of speaking the truth, even when the truth was against herself.

"I've been a hard and a foolish old woman, George, but I see now that there is a better pride than mine; perhaps better blood. I liked it in that girl even then, George, though it sent you away, as I thought at the time, never to come back. And I've thought a great deal about those last words of hers. I'm glad you told me of them. And when this news of Louisa and William came I couldn't help comparing them with her. Honor and duty! yes, *she* knows what these words mean, and she knows how to respect herself too! And her pride all through has been better than ours. She is a lady, George, out and out, or she never could

have done as she has. She's a lady spite of her trade. There, go and tell her so; go and tell her an old woman has learned something of a younger one, and fetch her back with you, George, fetch her back with you!"

George did not wait a second bidding; and his heart throbbed with a mighty throb as he found himself once more on his way to Emily Ingersoll.

It was just at dusk, and Emily was alone at last after a tedious, harassing day. She was in one of those moods which, singularly enough, affect people when on the threshold of some unsuspected bliss—a mood of unwonted depression.

Lonely and weary, she sat there in the gathering dark, while before her trooped all the ghosts of her life; and, sadder than any, were the dead hopes of three years gone, and the struggle that would never end but with her existence, she mused. But as she mused she heard vaguely a hand upon the door—then a footstep sounded; yet she did not stir or take much heed. It was some neighbor, doubtless. But the footstep comes nearer, and it has a ring that echoes back three years. Her pulses beat quicker, and a red heat rises to her brain; but she puts it down with a resolute will, and says, mentally, "How fanciful I am getting!" and she says aloud, in a steady enough voice, "Come in," to the light tap upon the inner door. And the next moment the wild fancy she was putting down is a fact, a palpable presence, for he stands there before her—the wanderer of three years; only a friend, only a friend, she had elected him; but nature was too powerful for her to hinder that joyful cry of welcome. And then he had his arms about her, and was trying to tell her in a few incoherent words the great change that had come for them. But it would not be told in this way. A little later, when he sat there beside her, he made the story more intelligible.

Emily was very happy to have her friend and lover back again, and at the first words she had gathered enough to know that something, she did not question what then, had arisen or happened to remove the necessity of any further parting. And now, when a little cooler, she heard the whole story—the sad and bitter story about William and his wife—and the gentler one about his mother, it may be that she was a little unreasonable, or it may be that in the repetition of the latter story she did not receive the touching impression which George had when he listened to the honest, frank confession. At any rate, spite of her happiness, there rose up in her mind a little leaven of the old pride, which could not come under the head of honor and duty. She remembered the three long years she had been toiling alone and almost hopeless for this prejudice of Mrs. Chatam's; and now, though she was very, very glad that it had given way, she did not feel like going forward and expressing her gladness or acceptance until something more had been said to her. In short, if Mrs. Chatam had discovered that she was wrong in her prejudice, and if she designed to make known to her

that she regretted it, and was disposed to regard her in her proper light as a lady, and one whom she no longer considered beneath her son's choice, it was certainly due to one who had suffered under this prejudice to be personally addressed and conferred with about the matter. Very gently, but very decidedly, she acquainted her lover with this state of her mind. He was wise enough not to try any more words of his own, for he thoroughly understood how she felt, but he understood his mother also. He proved his wisdom by the course he took. And that was by confiding the whole matter to her the first thing the next morning.

"Bless my soul! does the girl want me to go down on my knees to her?" the old lady exclaimed, with her wonted grim humor. But in a moment she resumed, nodding her head emphatically: "I don't blame her, I don't blame her. She's a right to her pride; and she's all the better for it, for it's the right stuff. There, George, hand me my desk, and I'll ask her to come up and have a little talk with me. I can use my hands well enough, thank Heaven, if I can't my feet."

George gave her the desk, and she wrote the note—as cordial and courteous a note as even Emily Ingersoll's pride could demand. But when Emily stood by that bedside and saw the stricken woman, whom she had met so little while since hale and active; and when she listened to that "talk," so kind, and hearty, and honest, she was thoroughly overcome, and felt that this last point of her pride might have been a little overstrained.

"No, no, my dear, not a bit of it," answered Mother Chatam, calmly, as this doubt found expression. "It's the right sort, for it comes from self-respect." And then a spasm of pain crossed her face as she thought of "that foolish child Louisa," and her lack of this quality. And when "that foolish child Louisa" came again to Meriden Hill, just the same foolish child as ever, and expressed her flippant surprise at George's choice, and Mother Chatam's pleasure in it, the old lady answered, in a significant tone:

"I do not think I shall ever have cause to be ashamed of her, Louisa. She has a better pride than any of us, and you may depend she'll never cast a slur upon it."

And when Mrs. Ingersoll and her two daughters, Kate and Julia, were apprised of Emily's prospects, they were, of course, greatly relieved; but they expressed themselves as characteristically as Mrs. Louisa, for they all agreed it was the most wonderful piece of luck for Em, after the mistake she had made; but they didn't suppose she'd appreciate it, for Em never had any proper pride!

It was scarcely supposable that Kate or Julia would understand Emily's real appreciation in this matter, for in marrying men like little Tommy Vars and Mr. Sizar they could not certainly have followed the dictates of taste or affection.

MISS STUYVESANT.

SUPPER was ready. The windows of the little dining-room were open, the wind sweeping through, fresh and cool, the fringe of the white curtains tossing idly. The table was set in the draught; the day had done credit to even a July day in a bare Vermont Valley; now, since five o'clock, a faint wind was rising, like the breath of a sleepy monster, rousing from a dream. Mrs. McKay had picked up the threads from the carpet, tucked her work neatly away out of sight in the machine—one did not want always to be reminded that one had to eat in a sewing-room—skimmed the stone-china pitcherful of yellow cream, gone out in her sun-bonnet to pick that dish of raspberries, crimson and glowing among their leaves, baked the flaky biscuit, and pumped from the lowest deep of an old, dark well water clear as crystal, cold as snow. Who was to know that she seldom afforded ice? When money left her in the gap, nature had a kindly way with Mrs. McKay of making up the deficit. And if nature happened to fail, Mrs. McKay's own invention was discovered to be about the same thing.

She had laid the plates, and put her silver—what there was of it—in the sunbeams that flicked the table; it looked so bright there fairly seemed to be twice as much; moreover, the children liked to fancy it was gold, and the more merry dreams they could have over their bread and milk the better. This was a specimen of a whole system of such tiny household craft, in which Mrs. McKay was a perfect Machiavelli. Her husband used to wonder where she learned it. Out of the Bible, she said.

She had placed the chairs, the baby's next to his father, who would always have it so, the guests facing the open door with a glimpse of mountains through it. If people had tastes, Mrs. McKay reasoned, it would be such a pity not to suit them. Such a trifle where one sits at supper? Oh, she didn't know, it was no trouble to her to stop and think about it, and how could you enjoy your supper if you knew somebody would rather be somewhere else all the time?

The white table-cloth had been smoothed from its spotless wrinkles a dozen times, the last tender touches given to the pat of golden butter, stamped with a clover, the merry tea-bell rung, the children scattered right and left with a laugh, to wash their hands, and the baby tied into the high-chair. She had run out to meet her husband coming up the lane, weary and warm from his mowing, and then run on ahead to meet him at the door with a glass of sparkling water, and a look in her wide, cool eyes that he caught thirstily, though it was always on him, and though they had been married ten years.

Every thing was ready now, and she had gone to the door to look for her niece.

"Mary, Ma-ry! I don't see where she is. Did you see her any where, Frank? Oh—there!"

Miss Stuyvesant, coming up the lane, nodded and smiled.

"Just look at her, Frank! Did you ever see a head held like that? She treads those dusty clovers like a queen at court, and there she is in my old broad-brimmed hat, with a purple lawn and thick boots! I'm a little afraid Mary won't have a very smooth time in the world, somehow. These royal people never do. They don't know how to manage themselves."

"How can she help it, with such an aunt, my dear?"

"Frank, I'm really ashamed of you! Well, Mary, what now? Butter-cup roots for your conservatory?"

"Only a little missionary enterprise," said Miss Stuyvesant, crossing the piazza in her stately way, her apron thrown over one arm, her head erect, her cheeks bright under the shadow of the old hat. In spite of the hat, *malgré* the lavender lawn and muddy boots, this young woman was well worth looking at. It is quite possible that she was aware of the fact, and, in her usual logical fashion, scorned herself for the knowledge. Miss Stuyvesant, considered in an objective point of view by Miss Stuyvesant, was a curious specimen of humanity.

"Dear me, sassafras!" cried Mrs. McKay, as the apronful of dusty roots fell tumbling into a chair; "very thoughtful in you not to spill them on the floor, I'm sure, and you with your bringing up, what could you be supposed to know about floors? But sassafras!"

"For you," said her niece, giving her apron a little shake. "I have the impression that I overheard you sighing for some in your chirping little way yesterday."

"For Frank—yes, poor fellow! with his rheumatism; and it hurts him so to mow. Sassafras makes such a capital liniment—and so good in you to think of it, my dear! But how on earth you happened to know sassafras from dog-berry?"

"By a process of induction."

Mrs. McKay knit her sunny forehead, and said "Oh!" and looked as learned as possible.

"I tasted it."

The wrinkles smoothed out of Mrs. McKay's forehead, and she repeated her "Oh!" with animation.

"If it had been ivy-root you'd have eaten it all the same, my dear!"

"Probably," said Miss Stuyvesant, half-way up stairs.

"How delightful it is!" said the young lady at supper—what with the perfume of the wind, the golden butter, the glowing fruit, the cozy chatter, and that glimpse of mountains touched in beyond the door, finding herself in an idle trance of physical content.

"What is?"

"To be poor."

Mrs. McKay laughed merrily.

"We don't have cream on berries 'cept when there's company," put in one of the children with a pugilistic scowl. "Mother she just has

to use it all for the butter, 'n then she goes 'n sells the butter, 'n I'd rather live in a big house, and have a pony and a candy-shop—so!"

"Oh, Frankie!" Frankie was hushed up in a flutter. Miss Stuyvesant looked at the mountains and heard nothing. To see her dreaming away with her great eyes there all supper-time, as if the rye-bread were ambrosia and that dining-room the seventh heaven! Mrs. McKay's eyes twinkled over at her husband as nobody's eyes but Mrs. McKay's ever did twinkle. To practical people who had lived through the washing and ironing days of ten years together, it was as good as Punch. But Miss Stuyvesant having left the city, and her parties and admirers and diamonds and dividends and account-books, and accepted in the stead thereof rye-bread and a room without any carpet in the corners, for the especial purpose of doing as she pleased, they let her alone, and she dreamed away the meal in her imperturbable silence, heard every word that was said and saw every look.

Doctor Enoch James, coming up to the gate just after supper, saw her sitting there upon the piazza, behind the vine-leaves, where the westering sunlight shifted, her profile just turned from him. There was a little of the Marie Stuart cut about it at times—in certain moods, and always when she was alone.

Doctor James stopped short, having no fancy to go in, anathematizing his errand with Mrs. McKay. He had hoped to accomplish it quietly and come away. He and this young lady clashed instinctively.

She raised her eyelids slowly as he passed her. His grave, nonchalant bow would have piqued some women. It simply puzzled Miss Stuyvesant. It was something she was not used to.

Mrs. McKay bustled out on the piazza presently with Doctor James. "Go home?" He shouldn't think of it, with a sunset like that! He should sit straight down and look at it. He sat down and looked at it. The sight was one Doctor James could not turn his back upon, even if Miss Stuyvesant's company must be its price. Ranks of purple phantoms serried round a tiny, golden grave; its head-stone a slab of crimson veined with fire; in the pallid blue above it the quivering of unseen wings.

Doctor James was startled from his silence by a curious, quick-drawn breath. "Now for a convulsion of well-bred enthusiasm!" he thought, in his bitter way. Leaning forward to pick up his hat he saw Miss Stuyvesant's eyes. "Hum!—used to the theatre, probably."

"I'm so sorry Frank lost it," said Mrs. McKay, softly.

"The coffers of the night thrown down, her treasures scattered golden on her silent floors," quoted the Doctor, under his breath. Miss Stuyvesant's lip curled.

"Isn't a sight like that free from contamination?"

"Contamination?"

"You can ask? Are the very skies to be likened to dollars and cents?"

Doctor James smiled. There was something peculiar about Doctor James's smile.

"To beggar and to prince alike! the matchless cry goes echoing and re-echoing through her ancient halls—let him that thirsteth come! I see you were not familiar with the quotation, as is very natural; it is a prose work, somewhat rare—a great favorite of mine."

"For its financial allusions?"

Dr. James bit his lip. He felt that Miss Stuyvesant *ought* to have understood him. Apparently Miss Stuyvesant agreed with him; she turned suddenly, her cheeks faintly flushed.

"Dr. James, I believe I was rude."

Dr. James was standing with his hat in his hand, his tall height towering above her against the sky. He bowed, and begged leave to differ. That a poor country doctor could, in the nature of things, be otherwise than avaricious Miss Stuyvesant certainly was not justified in assuming. He would wish her good evening.

"Dear me, dear me!" exclaimed little Mrs. McKay, in a flutter. "You two are always in a pitched battle! You never talk like charitable members in good and regular standing five minutes at a time—beg your pardon, Dr. James, I forgot, you are not a professor. What! not going so soon?"

The Doctor really must be going so soon, and Mrs. McKay tripped away down the walk with him, anxious to make the point. In her good-natured little way Mrs. McKay was a bit of a gossip. Living there so long among the Vermont wildernesses, with a heart open like a lake to the merriest sunbeams of interest in every body and every thing, and with no more intense excitement stirring in town than the bi-monthly arrival of the peddler's cart (which bore the remarkable advertisement, "Two Fletchers," and of which, to this day, no citizen of Dunkirk hath the audacity to inquire the significance), is it much of a wonder?

In her cozy, confidential way Mrs. McKay began:

"Really, Doctor, you don't understand my niece."

"I never aspired to that honor, Mrs. McKay."

"No; but really—of course I know it's just as bad on her part—but you don't. She's not a bit more of an aristocrat than I am—it's only a way she has. She's as foolish and morbid because she has money as you are because you haven't."

Dr. James winced a little; but there was no resenting Mrs. McKay.

"You're both of you living in a strained, suspicious, unnatural mood, and you fly to different poles at sight of each other; and between you both you keep a poor little woman on pins and needles. I do so hate not to see people have a good time! Now, there isn't a truer girl in the country than Mary. She's as true as a Mayflower through and through; and so much as she does for Frank and me, under pretense of giving presents to the children, and so silly about her money too! I believe she'd

will it all away to-morrow if she thought it right. Why, Doctor, have you any idea how much that girl is worth?"

"I prefer not to know, if you please."

Mrs. McKay opened her eyes wide.

Miss Stuyvesant was sitting very still when she came up the walk, her head resting on her hand. There was a certain contraction of her forehead which was a match for Dr. James's low whistle as he walked rapidly up the road, switching the thistles with his cane in his nervous way.

She sat down at Mrs. McKay's feet, her head thrown back, her soft dress falling around her like Raphael's draperies. Miss Stuyvesant's dresses always hung like a picture; which is a circumstance quite worth mentioning. Let a woman be "Juno when she walks, Minerva when she talks, and Venus when she smiles," if her dress is an inch too short, too long, too scant, her breadths uneven, the silk flimsy, her muslin limp, she is good for nothing in an artistic point of view.

"Auntie, I want to be talked to."

"Very well, my dear. Shall I tell you a story of the depraved little girl who quarreled with country doctors, and what a sad end she came to in consequence?"

"No," said Miss Stuyvesant, with decision.

"Dear me, Mary, how you made me jump! My dear, my style of conversation isn't adapted to eyes like that."

Miss Stuyvesant's manner suddenly changed. She threw up her arms a little in brushing her hair from her forehead.

"Auntie, auntie, I'm tired, and foolish, and troubled. Talk about yourself—tell me all about you and uncle, and the children, and the hard times, and just how happy you are—exactly; don't make up a bit. I want to hear something that is real and true. I get so puzzled sometimes."

"Why, my child, I've nothing to say. There's only the old story—Frank, and the doctor's bills, and the children's jackets, and a little dread that would be a worry if we would let it, for fear the two ends won't meet. But then they always do meet, my dear."

"But weren't you ever unhappy, auntie, in all that's happened, when all the Mondays and Tuesdays kept going on with their washing and sweeping and cooking and sewing, and no end to it all, and no way out of it—never a bit? Oh, I so hope you weren't!"

"Once, Mary, I was a little blue—just once. It was just after Frank's health broke down, and he had to give up his parish and take to this farm. It was so hard for him, poor fellow! and for six months we hardly knew where next week's bread was to come from, and the children growing so fast. I used to go up into my room sometimes, and just get down on my knees and throw up my hands over my head and cry—and cry. Some days that was all the prayer I could say any way, if you'll believe it—I was so wicked, Mary. But then Frank never knew.

It's easy enough to laugh if you try. There wasn't but one day I couldn't joke and carry on at dinner. That day Molly was just down with the scarlet-fever, and none of the children had had it, and we in this damp house with the fresh plaster and paint, and no doctor in town then to be trusted, and no money to get one from Burlington. I did try to speak up bright, and—I was just pouring the tea—and I broke down all at once, and cried out, 'Oh, Frank, Frank!' just as if I were a baby in a spasm, and expected him to give me paregoric, or something, you see, Mary, and so silly! I've never forgiven myself for that, and I never shall to my dying day. He grew so white about his mouth, and his eyes looked so. 'Delia,' said he, 'come here;' and he took me right up in his arms and let me cry as hard as ever I could—right there before the children, too. Mary, where did I drop my handkerchief?"

Miss Stuyvesant looked very hard at the sky where the early moon was setting.

"There was only one other time when I thought something was coming that I *could not* bear."

"I know."

"The fever lasted so long the Doctor gave him up. We'd said good-by and talked it all over, what was to be done with the children and all, and I'd kissed him and—well, he got well after all. What a goose I am! Where *did* I leave my handkerchief? Any way, those are the only two times I haven't been as happy as the day is long."

"And you were all the prouder of him because he was a poor man? And you never repented it one minute?" said Miss Stuyvesant, triumphantly.

"*Repented it!* Oh, Mary!"

Miss Stuyvesant's eager smile softened and quivered; her triumphant tones grew low.

"Auntie, you are so *sure* people love you. When they say you are dearer to me than any thing on earth you know they don't mean your United States bonds and petroleum shares. I would throw every dollar I own into the sea if I could, and begin life as a shop-girl—to dare to believe in people, to dare to take manliness, honesty, friendship for what they seem. I can say this to *you*—and it is a fact—that you are the only person I know in all this world who would not answer me with a superior smile and—oh, that's because you've never been poor. Money is quite worth having, Miss Stuyvesant; and what's the use of friendship without it? Poor people always quarrel, etc., etc. The very air is full of it, Aunt Delia. You breathe it in at every breath. It is the keystone to every novel. Magazine stories are flooded with it—avarice, avarice, avarice, told over and over, as if a woman *could* marry, could desire to marry, could harbor the shadow of a thought of marrying for any reason upon earth but a love so solitary, a love so mighty, that if she and it were alone in the universe she would say, I am content! As if a high-minded woman could talk

about money, ease, position, home, as *temptation* to marriage—as if she could be *capable* of it!"

Miss Stuyvesant drooped suddenly, that curl on her lips, which would have fitted Zenobia, sharpening.

"And I—I have nothing. I can believe in neither man nor woman. You are all I have, auntie, all I shall ever have."

Mrs. McKay caught her outstretched hand with a quick movement, kissing it in her soft, petting way.

"Mary Stuyvesant, you are just as morbid as you can be."

"What! you don't understand me—you?"

"Understand you? Better than you understand yourself, my dear. But I don't understand that you can't have just as many friends as any body else. You can make your money just as much of a blessing to you as it is a curse to some other people. And *every* poor man, my dear, doesn't want to marry you for your money, nor every woman court your acquaintance for the sake of your parties. Hark! what's that?"

It was nothing but a little low cry from somewhere up stairs, but Mrs. McKay hurried away as she always hurried to such little cries.

"That's one of the uses you might put me to," said Miss Stuyvesant, impatient at the interruption. "If you'd only have the grace not to be as proud as Lucifer, and let me hunt you up a good stout Irishwoman! You see if I don't smuggle one into the house some day!"

Miss Stuyvesant paced the piazza many times that night there in the dark, her hands locked behind her. She paced her room a while too, in the same restless way, a set bitterness in her smooth, womanly face that ought not to have been there. She was morbid, of course. But a little story lay beneath the morbidness that the happy woman with the wide, cool eyes, singing away in the next room to her babies had never translated. Mary Stuyvesant had not loved. No. Otherwise, her history were ended; she was not a woman given to fancies; what was once was always. But somewhere in her life a bit of a dream had come to her, and faded, rudely.

A circumstance worth mentioning happened the next morning: the slight circumstances are the great ones in nine cases out of ten. Dr. James, coming up from the office, saw Miss Stuyvesant out in the garden in a calico dress and Mrs. McKay's old hat. She looked up as he stopped, her lap full of weeds, both hands in the mud.

"Miss Stuyvesant weeding!"

"She appears to be. Mrs. McKay has several other little things to do."

"Mrs. McKay asked me to bring her letters. You monopolized the box," said the Doctor, gravely, holding a letter over the fence. Miss Stuyvesant broke into a merry laugh, and raised her muddy hands. Dr. James's professional eyes noticed the blue veins on them; his democratic and critical eyes observed that she wore no rings.

"Dr. James, will you be good enough to open the letter and tell me who it's from?"

He hesitated from simple astonishment.

"I will not trouble you," said Miss Stuyvesant, haughtily.

He opened it.

"Ah, my man of business! And he knew I came here to be rid of him. Will you do me the favor to read it aloud, and save me the trouble?"

He read it. It notified her of the loss, by fire, of one of her stores, a new building, but partially insured. The young lady laughed a low, bubbling laugh, and tossed the letter away.

"Thank you. See the clover leaves I've pulled out of this pansy-bed, Dr. James—this one bed."

Dr. James leaned over the fence and looked at her.

"You care so little?"

She flushed to her temples, and rose in her queenly way.

"I am surprised that a gentleman of your perception should ask. Do you not see that I am heart-broken? What higher aspirations are there in this world than those bounded by four walls of granite and accompanying rents?"

Dr. James bowed and left her without a word. She dropped her weeds, opened her great eyes, and watched him walk away. That those two should misunderstand each other seemed inevitable. They gravitated away from each other by a law

"Aunt Delia, I feel at this moment precisely as if I should like to hire myself out as your Irish girl. One could believe in one's misery and the ghosts of one's first cousins, I suppose," said Miss Stuyvesant, going up to the house.

That next fortnight there fell a judgment upon Dunkirk. The why and the wherefore, the whence and the whither, no man knew; but the judgment came and was gone and left a great hush in its place.

Dr. James's journal will be, perhaps, for our purposes its best record:

"July 15.—The heat is intense. Thermometer 98° in the shade, not the shadow of a wind. There is a peculiar dry, scalding sensation in the air I never remember to have noticed in New England before. It reminds me of that week I spent becalmed just off Bombay years ago. I am not, to this day, capable of recalling that week without a gasp.

"I don't like the looks of things in the east quarter of the town. That case of Hoadley's disappoints me. Then there is Brandon; the man ought to be well by this time. The resemblance between the two cases may or may not be fancied. I can hardly tell as yet. Neither do I like the face of Brandon's wife exactly; there are circles about the eyes that had better not be there; the pulse ninety-six, moreover. But the woman complains of nothing. We must have rain.

"Passed that young lady from New York this morning, on my way to dinner; noticed her at

a distance, owing to the fact that she wore a dress of some light blue stuff which shaded into the sky where she stood against it at the brow of the hill. She appears to fancy plain colors. I passed her with a bow, walking rapidly on. It may have been fancy, but I thought she looked a little surprised—she has a haughty way of drooping her eyelids when she is surprised. It probably was fancy.

"I had not gone far when I saw a lady's veil caught on a thorn bush—a delicate affair, blue, like Miss Stuyvesant's dress; there was a faint perfume of attar of roses about it. If there is any thing I particularly dislike it is attar of roses. Reasoning that she must have dropped it on the way down to the village, I deduced the conclusion that there was nothing to be done but go back and give it her. I did so with the best grace of which I was master. I was a little amused at the conversation; of course it was Hobson's choice to join her then.

"Thank you. I did not know I had lost it."

"I presume not. If it had been a five-hundred-dollar watch it would, without doubt, have been quite the same. Those heiresses are extravagant from their cradles, always. In handing her the flimsy thing it caught upon my sleeve-stud and tore slightly. I made as much of an apology for my carelessness as I thought the occasion required. She interrupted me with a gesture of impatience:

"*N'importe, d'importe! c'est assez!*"

Her face was worth seeing when the words were spoken. That she should have insulted an inoffensive country doctor by addressing him in a language which he could not be expected to understand, I saw, and I was surprised to see, jarred terribly against her sense of the generous and the courteous. Her face flushed in its faint way; she turned abruptly to see the view (which, by-the-way, consisted of a high board-fence, a thicket of nettles, and an interesting and diminutive boy eating bread and molasses on top of a barrel). At that moment I was awkward enough to tread on her dress. At my '*Pardonnez, Mademoiselle!*' she looked relieved. Her haughty eyelids, however, dropped in their surprised way for the second time.

"And that was literally every word that was said till our roads parted, and I left her.

"I incline to the theory that this young lady has been decidedly bored by something or other at some time in her life. I begin to have a faint suspicion of the basis on which she rests her opinion of me, if she does me the honor to have any, which is more than doubtful.

"The above is respectfully submitted to Enoch James, M.D., as bearing on the question, 'How shall a country doctor, with eight hundred a year, no rival, an epidemic coming, and a whole night's study before him, spend his precious time?'

"July 16.—Brandon's wife is down. The eldest daughter doesn't look right. I begin to understand matters.

"*July 17.*—The cat is out of the bag now, and East Dunkirk has made up its mind to immediate extermination. It appears to be a species of malignant fever; of the typhoid type, if it can be said to have any type. There are five cases within a stone's-throw of each other. The Brandon girl, though the most recent, is the most unpromising.

These people are wretchedly poor, and wretched poverty has little chance against an epidemic. Am doing what I can. The worst of it is, I am not made of stern stuff, and the women have such a way of wailing at you to save their husbands, as if you held human life between your finger and thumb, and could take it up or lay it down at pleasure.

"These still women cap the climax, however. There is that young creature, Annie Guest, sitting there all day with her eyes on David's face—they haven't been married three months. She never sobs nor cries out; she only looks up when I come in, and looks at me while my finger is on the pulse, and looks at me as I turn away. It makes a fellow feel so precisely like going away and saying his prayers.

"Went up to Mrs. McKay's to-day to tell her just how things are; the stories about town are so ridiculous—cholera, small-pox, and yellow-fever—all three have raged within the last ten hours, with attendant horrifying circumstances *ad libitum*. Such as Dr. James having told Mrs. Guest to order her husband's coffin, as the undertaker would be so busy shortly that it might save her some expense to do it now.

"I found Mrs. McKay expecting me, and unprepared to believe any thing till I came.

"This thing will grow, Doctor?"

"Probably."

"It may come to us, then?"

"Possibly."

"It is one of my rules to have nothing to do with evasions. Of all men I believe a physician is most culpable in the use of them. I believe there are few cases in which the simple truth, properly told, can do a patient harm. Mrs. McKay, at least, should always hear it.

"Her children were clustered about her as they always are; her husband sitting by the window. I believe McKay likes to keep her in sight as well as he did upon their marriage-day, or better. She stooped suddenly and kissed the little upturned faces; then went over to her husband and slid her hand quietly into his.

"I suppose I have caviled a good deal at the abuses and the shams of marriage; more perhaps than is necessary. There is something about this woman's love that always makes me feel like taking off my hat.

"Miss Stuyvesant followed me out to the door. The intelligence I brought had drawn no word from her. She had been quietly sewing (some of Mrs. McKay's work, I could see) in the corner. There was a light in her eyes that puzzled me.

"Dr. James."

"I bowed, and waited her pleasure.

"Can money help it any—this trouble?"

"Money can hire nurses and purchase ice—yes."

"I am so glad! I should like—Doctor James—"

"She paused, with a delicacy for which I had not given her credit, unwilling to remind me of the great gulf between us.

"I should like to do something for these people—any thing you think best. Will you do me the kindness to call upon me at any time?"

"I confess I was unprepared for this. This young lady has a fashion of developing where you least expect it. However, it is an easy thing to play the lady patron. One never feels so rich; and it is such an excellent method to remind people of the fact! Fancy Miss Stuyvesant's great eyes if you suggested that she come down herself into these wretched homes, from whence the frightened nurses have fled, and touch these parched hands with her own white fingers!

"*Query:* Is it preordained, predestinated, and in the eternal nature of things, that country doctors shall grow bitter as they grow old?—an inalienable instinct of the genus?"

"A ring at the door—the fourth this evening. The Brandon girl, probably. I had hoped for a little rest.

"*July 18.*—No rain. A sky like molten brass. Slow, purple hazes creeping like snakes down the valley; a mountain on fire four miles up the river. This grows serious. I have ten cases in one street. Hoadley died to-night, poor fellow! in a horrible spasm. I have done all I could for him—all human help could do, I solemnly believe. This thing puzzles me. I keep some cases from fatal termination: I effect no change—no cure.

"*Later: 11 P.M.*—Just back from the Guests. *Eureka!* These people have actually been drinking the water of that half-stagnant pond without a filter!

"*July 19.*—Still no rain. Those wells ought to be filled. I am afraid the mischief is too far under headway for me to do much with it. The people get drunk, and can not be made to take care of themselves. I have lost two more. Brandon is better; I shall save him. But things are in a terrible condition there. The girl got hold of some rum in some way, and is dying horribly. The woman can not leave her bed yet; the nurse has fled with a cowardice that would be ridiculous if it were not abominable. What is to be done!

"Since writing this page my question has answered itself. Right in the middle of the glaring afternoon, with that sun like molten brass in the sky, and clouds of dust like the smoke from a huge furnace, the whole length of a long mile's walk, some one opened Peter Brandon's door, and swept in a little breeze of Cologne-water and the flutter of a cool white dress. It was Miss Stuyvesant. She had a pail of

fresh ice in one hand, and a couple of palm-leaf fans in the other.

"Miss Stuyvesant!"

"Dr. James!"

"What does this mean?"

"Just what it appears to mean."

"But I protest—"

"Protest if you choose. I don't know what difference that will make."

"You are not afraid?"

"Do I look like it?"

"But Mrs. McKay?"

"Bid me God-speed, and sent me down."

It is simply impossible for her to leave the children. I have wanted to come from the first. I suppose she read it in my eyes. You can go now; they want you in the next house. Have you any directions?

"July 20.—I saw a sight to-night I never expected to see. The Brandon girl died at nine o'clock. I was sent for at eight, and found Miss Stuyvesant there, sitting like a statue, in her pure, soft dress; her face a little pale, one of her hands—they are slender hands and white, with neither gold nor jewels on them—clasped convulsively in the girl's rigid fingers. I declare it made me start to see that clasp—the girl has led a wretched, evil life. I stood a moment looking in at the window. The lady's regal head was bent a little in the lamp-light, her eyes—the lashes, I think, were wet—upon the open pages of a well-worn Book, bound in purple-and-gold. Her voice I could hear, but the words she read were lost. It was somewhere in the Gospels.

"But I'm so wicked!" sobbed the girl lying there, so still and listening.

"And then that woman, still clasping the other's hand, knelt down upon the wretched floor, beside the wretched bed, and prayed such a prayer as I never heard in any pulpit—as I never expect to hear again.

"Enoch James, there may be several things in this world you are not too old to learn.

"July 22.—The worst is over. I think I shall not lose more than one or two cases now, and have started the rest up hill. How much I have to do with it I don't know. There is no rain yet, but a brisk west wind is fighting with those snake-like hazes. Possibly what Miss Stuyvesant would call Providence is at work somewhere. David Guest has come out of the crisis a live man. His wife's face is worth walking ten miles to see.

"Now that the intense pressure of responsibility and terrible strain on my sympathies are lifted a little I begin to feel the reaction. I sit here in the cold, gray dawn and write on and on, because I have not the courage to stop and think.

"I suppose unconsciously I have written all these pages for the same reason—a Model Doctor you are, Enoch James! Our profession ought to be left to men with delicately-constructed pebbles in the place of nerves and heart.

"It rests me to write to-night, for I have something rather pleasant to write about.

"Miss Stuyvesant and I left David Guest's at about half past eight. She proposed going rather suddenly. Annie was taking a nap, but she woke her. I was surprised for the moment till I noticed—what I had been too busy with the man to notice before—a grayish pallor about the young lady's mouth.

"I hurried her out into the air, cursing the luck that had not predestinated me to ride this evening. Every other evening this week at that time my carriage has been standing there in the square.

"You are not fit to walk?" I exclaimed, smothering an exclamation between my teeth which I fancy she must have heard, for, faint as she was, her eyes twinkled.

"I am fit to walk. The greatest kindness you can do me is not to talk to me, if you please."

"We walked on slowly and in silence, her hand upon my arm, the ribbon of her hat fluttering now and then against my cheek, the wind catching the faint perfume of the faded handkerchief she had thrown about her throat. She spoke only once to say:

"I am afraid I tire you."

"She was leaning somewhat heavily on my arm, and not a house in sight where a vehicle could be procured. I did not dare to leave her long enough to get one. At last she drew away her hand and sank slowly to the ground.

"I believe I am a—little—faint."

"The welcome lights from my hall-door were just in sight across the road; but they might as well have been across the Atlantic for her ability to reach them.

"I am afraid you will have to let me take you in."

"No! oh no! I shall be better in a minute. It is nothing. I will just sit here till this dizziness passes off."

"Miss Stuyvesant, you will *not* sit here, and you can not walk a step, try as hard as you like."

"I spoke in a tone I do not often use; and in a tone this young lady is not used to hearing. But I was proud enough, or foolish enough, or wicked enough—for there was not a particle of color in her face now—not so much as to touch her hand without permission. She looked up into my eyes. I don't know what she saw there, but I fancy she respected me at that moment—for the first time probably since she came to Dunkirk.

"She held up her hands to me like a child in the dark. I carried her in, gave her a tremendous dose of Cognac with one hand, and rang for the housekeeper with the other. There are few women or few men to whom I would have given just that dose. That it was precisely what Miss Stuyvesant needed I knew. It brought the color to her cheeks, her lips, her temples as if one were painting a statue. She sat up on the sofa and asked for her hat and gloves as if nothing had happened. I har-

nessed old Billy in a hurry and drove her rapidly home.

"Miss Stuyvesant, are you going to have that fever?"

"Doctor James, I have not the slightest thoughts of it."

"She will not."

"July 26.—How easy it is to say 'The worst is over!' Even such kings and counselors of the earth as Doctor James know precisely as much about it as a baby."

"I saw a pretty, womanly picture to-day. One of the McKay children had been sent for me with the simple message that I was wanted. I went as soon as I could get away. Miss Stuyvesant met me at the door with Mrs. McKay's baby in her arms, its little pink hands thrown up on her cheek."

"My work is here now, Doctor James. They are waiting for you up stairs."

"My inquiries revealed the fact that one of the little boys, straying away from his mother a few days ago, had wandered off with some ragged playmate picked up in the street into the very heart of the infected region, had spent two hours there before he was found. Mrs. McKay moved away from the bed as I came in, her eyes on my face. I wish I could forget the look of those eyes."

"I knew at once how it would be—the child was already in delirium. I gave some orders in a rapid way, which that woman saw through as well as I did."

"Doctor?"

"She said that, and that only, coming up to me presently, her hand on my arm."

"I will do what I can, Mrs. McKay."

"A slight shiver ran over her down to the tips of the fingers on my arm. She turned away and kissed the child with a sudden kiss."

"My little Frankie—mother's own little boy!"

"If she had wailed or sobbed a fellow could bear it. Miss Stuyvesant came in softly and took her hand. It seems as if I *must* save that child."

"July 28.—I may say 'I must' as much as I choose. I may spend half the night studying the case. I may—and I am not ashamed to write here that I did—get down on my knees and ask, in my blundering way, for the little fellow's life. What is the use? I have had a consultation from Burlington, but we can do nothing. It is one of those mysterious cases that baffle every thing; that come like a thief in the night and do their work, and are gone. I thought I had brought down the pulse once with aconite, but it was only a temporary relief."

"McKay is perfectly stunned. He sits with his face in his hands, moaning the child's name over and over. His wife comes up and just touches her lips to his forehead softly, and leaves him quiet. She sheds no tears; she seldom speaks. She bears him up on the strength of her great love and her great stillness, and, I believe, actually suffers every throb of his pain

twice over where she is once conscious of her own. I always thought that fragile woman had the soul of a hero in her somewhere; she is more of a man than he, but she seems to love him all the more for that."

"Miss Stuyvesant is every where, does every thing. She keeps the children away out of sight and sound, nobody but herself knows where. The baby's clinging arms are about her neck all day. She is cook, housemaid, seamstress, nurse, and withal finds time and ways to manage to slip into the sick-room now and then, and let Mrs. McKay steal out for a nap. I see her often through the kitchen window, as I pass up the yard, in a muslin or calico wrapper and checked apron, her delicate hands in dough or gruel, her face flushed and weary and beautiful, the children playing softly about her. I hear her womanly voice, low and still about the house, falling like a strain of sweet music on its pain and its dread. I hear it when I come and when I go. I hear it long after I am in my solitary room at night."

"Sometimes, too, I go out and help her about her work, if I have a few moments to spare. We have cooked meat, and baked biscuit, and stirred gruel together. I thought myself learned in these departments from my experiences camping out in the Yosemite; but I find this city-bred heiress is a woman after all, and knows something of the wherewithal shall we be fed, in spite of her dividends. She is quiet and courteous; her eyes are right womanly, and her smile is always kind. Why not? Only the family physician—such a grave, unassuming man, with such a rusty-respectable hat, and the edges of his neck-tie frayed so perceptibly! To be sure, why not?"

"My German Bible lies on the table, open by some chance at the forty-second Psalm. I caught a line that I can't get rid of—'*Was betrübst du dich, meine Seele, und bist so unruhig in mir?*'"

"Later.—Received a sudden summons to-night from Mrs. McKay. Her niece met me at the door, and led me up stairs without a word."

"One or two of the children were sobbing in the corners of the room; McKay in the old attitude, his face buried in his hands, his wife leaning over the bed, her back to the door. She was speaking as I came in; her voice was low and still."

"Will Frankie kiss mamma once—just once?" "Can't?" "Well, mamma will kiss him, and that will do just as well—won't it, Frankie?" "Dark?" "Frankie needn't be afraid of the dark. Mother is close by him. Hold her hand so—no, she won't go away." "Sing?" "Well, she will try." And the quiet voice broke into chanting—some children's hymn that the little fellow was used to."

"She sang it without a tremor, and she sang it through to the end."

"I did what I could, but it was soon done, and the singing dropped softly away into silence,

and the woman kissed the little dead face, and turned around, stretching out her hands in a curious way.

"Frank! Frank!"

"McKay groaned aloud.

"Frank! why, Frank! We have each other left, you see—don't you see, Frank? I have you, and you have me, and we—"

"She crept up into his arms with a stifled cry. We took the children out and shut the door.

"We stood there a moment in the entry, quite still, we two, with our unmarried, lonely lives stretching on into an unknown future, and I believe one thought was in the heart of both. I believe we envied that man and woman in their grief—in any grief, in any agony.

"August 15.—Miss Stuyvesant left for New York to-day at five o'clock. [*Observation: How easily words are written!*]

"I went up to the house to bid her good-by. It was an intrusion, of course, and I knew it; but I went.

"The carriage was already at the door, and I walked down the path with her to carry her little bag. The sweet graciousness of those days when death was in the house, and we struggled against it together, had given place to a certain hauteur in her manner, or embarrassment. I conclude the former. Her stylish traveling-suit—its soft drabs and blues suiting her face so wonderfully—the complete return to the elegance of her city life which showed so utterly in her dress (a woman's dress translates much of her unspoken history) dazzled me at first. I doubted for the instant—or rather I tried to doubt—whether the entire woman were not thus transformed into a thing of art.

"I doubted no longer when we reached the gate. She turned her face up to me with her rare, womanly smile, putting her little gloved hand frankly into mine.

"Dr. James, I have a confession to make to you."

"I stammered some protest.

"I grievously misjudged you once—so grievously that I can not tell you how."

"She was turning away at that, the bright scarlet color in her haughty lips; she has a curious way of showing emotion by the tint of her lips. I stepped before her in the path, caught her eyes, and held them.

"Miss Stuyvesant, I have learned something from you. May I tell you what? I have learned that to be wealthy is not always to be shallow; that position and accomplishments are not necessarily pride or vanity, or unchristian scorn of manhood and womanhood which God has not blessed with this world's gifts. I have learned from you what I have doubted all my life. And I have learned—"

"God knows what words were on my lips—mad words that were burning on my brain, and scorching my tongue, and crying like souls in pain to be uttered. What they were I believe I do not know. I do not wish to know. What-

ever they were, remember, Enoch James, you did not say them—no, you have not said them. They are yours, and yours only; they are hushed with a great silence, until the day when the sea shall give up its dead, and hearts give up their mysteries.

"N.B.—Moral reflections spoil the beauty of a narrative, particularly when it is of a cheerful nature. Where was I? Oh yes; Miss Stuyvesant dropped her parasol suddenly, and the coachman swore at the delay *sotto voce*. I picked up the parasol, I believe—yes, I picked up the parasol. I also handed her into the carriage. She threw back an impulsive, girlish kiss at Mrs. McKay, who was standing in the doorway in her black dress, with her restful smile; fluttered her handkerchief a moment at the window, and was driven rapidly away.

"I believe I went among the trees back of the house, and watched the train whirl off into the sunset, and listened to its long, loud shriek. But I am not quite sure. There certainly could have been no reason for such a procedure. I seldom do a thing without reasons.

"Four o'clock, A.M.—The faint dawn is brightening; the gray hills outlined with crimson; the shadows turning green. How long have I paced this room? God help me!—I can form no idea....."

.....He had found her at last.

He had fled from her over seas, over mountains, over trackless prairies, over burning sands. He had stifled the vision of her face in Alleghany mists. He had dimmed it in the skies of the sunset lands—had drowned it in the beat of eternal waves—had ruled it out of his dreamings by the vagaries of a savage life. He had placed the width of a world between it and him. In the hospitals of Paris, in the caravans of Arabia, in scorched valleys of India, among nameless horrors of his profession, under blazing skies, under scalding winds, in jungles lighted by the glare of tigers' eyes, on shores where the alligator leered, and royal-tinted flowers breathed rare poisons, and the slow, sly hazes crept and rose over miles of purple, doomed solitude, stretching away and dimming into "places where no man is, or hath been since the making of the world"—he had struggled with this face, this womanly, gracious face, that neither time nor space could conquer; that no will of his could blur or blot from the place which it had chosen, forever bright and bleak beside him, with great, still eyes, and a smile upon its lips.

As he had fled from it, so he had come back to it—as one commanded.

And so on this night he had found her, in this fitting place, in this fitting way—the great, gay room filled with its splendor and its lights, its jewels, its costly draperies, its haughty smiles, its merry words; himself a stranger and estranged within it, with his bronzed face, and rusty coat, and awkward silence, tolerated there by the courtesy of a careless boy whose life he had saved in the horrors of a plague at Delhi—

enduring the toleration, and gnawing his proud lips unseen, for the picture of the bright, bleak face that might be here among its like. Here, with no wealth, with no fame, where wealth and fame were all; with no passport but his manhood, where simple manhood was nothing, going back to-morrow to the old, dead days at Dunkirk, into his future of lowly toil, into years that the pictured face had left forever solitary—here, to-night he had waited for her, and she had come.

A voice at his side startled him roughly, as he stood half-hidden there in the curtain, his eyes on her as she came into the room.

"You are ill, Sir? Let me open this window. The room is close."

"Ill? No—oh no!"

His questioner, a flaxen-haired, wide-eyed belle, caught in that chance moment, in the strangeness of a crowd, a look that no human eyes had ever seen on the face of Enoch James. She remembered it to her dying day.

Miss Stuyvesant crossed the room in her swan-like way, her face rising like a statue's from her high-throated velvet dress, turned suddenly in the blaze of a chandelier, and saw him.

Her lips turned scarlet and paled.

Doctor James bowed gravely and stood still. Only the width of a mirror separated them. It might have become in that moment the width of a lifetime. He neither moved nor spoke. She neither moved nor spoke.

"Latest style from the Ganges! *Voyez vous?*" said a careless whisper from somewhere at the country doctor's elbow.

Miss Stuyvesant crossed in front of the mirror, her splendid length reflected in it, her eyes ablaze.

"Doctor James, will you give me your arm? I am tired of this room."

They crossed the gorgeous room, conspicuous in the gorgeous crowd, her gloved hand upon his arm, her velvet touching his rusty black, her head held like a queen's. At the conservatory door she stopped.

"We will go in, if you please," he said, his voice strange to himself, speaking as one who had a right to command.

She went in.

In a tangle of ivy leaves and fuschias, where the perfume of unseen heliotrope was faint and sweet, he faced her suddenly, with folded arms.

"You see I have come back. Do you know why I have come back? Do you know why I went away?"

She bent her head, a curious, listening look about her mouth.

"You know why I went away. You know why I have come back. I fled like a coward from that which has dogged me like my shadow. I turn to-night and face it. If it stabs me through all the slow years till I die, I face it. At its best or at its worst I face it. It is the love of a man to whom there is but one woman in the world; nor will ever be; nor can be."

He stood erect before her, with his head

thrown back, with his folded arms—a man with his manhood only to offer her.

That listening look about her mouth sharpened like the look of one in an agony. If he had said but a word to her of his poverty, of his obscurity, of the contrast of his toil against the gorgeous dreaming of her life; if he had said so much as one word of it, she would have raised her haughty lids, wished him good-evening, swept out of the tangle of ivy leaves and left him. But he said no such word. Nor did he speak of that judgment with which she might have bitterly misjudged him—that judgment which in its possibility had, in certain silent hours of this man's life, almost wrung prayers from his lips that Heaven would decree her peniless and friendless. With something grander than pride he passed this by. In a silence more voiceful than any speech it hushed itself.

He loved her. That was enough for him and for her. He gave as much as he could receive from princess or beggar. The equality was accepted and simple.

"I think you know," he said, speaking very quietly and gravely—she could not see his hand clenched like iron out of sight—"I think you know what such a love may be. If it is worth any thing to you."

That listening look quivered out of her lips, their scarlet color shooting over them. She threw back her head, her face upturned to his.

"For the first time in my life I am rich. For the first time in my life I am proud—so very proud. Will you look into my eyes and see?"

He looked into her eyes and he saw.

OUR MINISTER TO MEXICO.

I.

I WAS standing, on a certain Sunday afternoon, in the centre of our Bible-class and of the question as to who Melchizedek was, when I observed a stranger enter the church-door and stand in the aisle. I was not sorry for it. The truth is, I was a little weary of Melchizedek; so much so, that I would have welcomed as a relief even the end of the world! Yes, better even than Melchizedek.

Permit me to explain.

In every Bible-class in Christendom there is a Mr. Yea, generally an old gentleman—lawyer, doctor, merchant. I am speaking not of a Bible-class composed of youth—that is altogether another question—but of an adult class, such as it was my lot to attend on the warm and slumberous afternoon of which I am speaking. And a thoroughly estimable Christian gentleman is Mr. Yea, especially on Sunday, so neatly attired, and with his thin white hair carefully brushed up, by the loving hand of wife or grand-daughter, from the sides as much as possible over the bald head. Long-considered and decided opinions are those held by Mr. Yea upon every subject, especially religious. In reference to Melchizedek and the date and mode of the end of the world, the old gentleman is

very clear and exceedingly positive. If it were not for Mr. Nay it would make no trouble. Acid and alkali are quiet enough when kept apart. All the effervescence in our Bible-class was owing to Mr. Nay being a constant attendant thereon as well as Mr. Yea.

Much pleasure, doubtless, it would have afforded Mr. Nay if he could have agreed with Mr. Yea in reference to the theological points mentioned—only he could not, did not. If, only, while the one speaking could have been listened to, while proving his point, by the other! But not a bit of it; the one hearing really not hearing, only waiting impatiently for the other to get through to give his unaltered and wholly unalterable opinion.

No man could have strategized more than I did to keep these two estimable friends apart each Sunday; but, sooner or later, drawn together by the attraction of repulsion, would Mr. Yea and Mr. Nay fall into their inevitable deadlock, so stopping all thoroughfare for the rest of the class, and no police to help us. It mattered not what age of history our chapter for the day had reference to, the end of the world was almost certain to befall in some period of it; upon whatever theological platform we happened to be, the mysterious Patriarch alluded to was sure, like the Ghost in Hamlet, to rise through it and hold us spell-bound.

So that, when the stranger entered and stood in the aisle, I hailed him silently as a diversion. Mr. Yea and Mr. Nay, both sitting with their backs to that end of the church, went on with their sword-play, ignorant of the arrival, giving me time to study the person in question, standing as I did in the channel.

And he was a man to look twice at even under other circumstances; rather thick-set, very broad in the head and chest, clothed in the blackest and finest broadcloth, sumptuous Marseilles waistcoat, heavy gold chain across his bosom, a sparkling pin in his linen—a rotund, substantial-looking individual. There was nothing specially noticeable about his ruddy and clean-shaven face, save the very large and owl-like eyes out of which—as he stood, hat in hand—he gazed solemnly down upon us. Full five minutes he stood listening to the views of Mr. Yea, then gravely turned to hearken to the rejoinder of Mr. Nay for another five minutes, then came with slow step down the aisle, I making him a gesture of welcome to a seat near by as he did so.

"Could I see you, Sir, one minute?" he remarked, almost solemnly, in the brief interval, at that instant, before Mr. Yea resumed; and, with a word of apology to my class, I fell into his measured step down the aisle toward the door.

"I wish you, Sir, to marry me, if you will be so kind. My buggy and horses are at the door. I will detain you but a few minutes," he said to me in grave accents, and with smileless solemnity in his great eyes as we stood together in the vestibule.

Returning to my class, I begged them to excuse me for a while, and, taking my hat, withdrew, smiling to myself as I walked out of the church, both at my own escape and at the despairing looks of my class abandoned thus by me to Mr. Yea and Mr. Nay, as to both Scylla and Charybdis.

"My name, Sir, is Plantagenet Brown," remarked my companion, gathering up the reins of his bays, as I seated myself by his side in his very handsome vehicle.

"And the lady?" asked I.

"Her friends, I should inform you, are very much opposed to our marriage, will probably refuse to be present. Miss Amelia Agnew," replied the solemn bridegroom, in deliberate accents.

Amelia Agnew? And these handsome bays? Yes, I understood the whole thing on the spot, and while Mr. Plantagenet Brown is driving us toward his wedding I will inform you all about it. Plenty of time. Up to that instant every bridegroom who had ever come for me to perform the ceremony had driven at furious pace. Not so in this case. Nothing could be more deliberate and steady than my companion, holding firm hand, in richly embroidered gauntlet gloves, upon his horses all the way.

Amelia Agnew is a blue-eyed blonde of some eighteen years of age. If her own mother had only lived, Amelia would have been a highly intelligent and accomplished girl; even more beautiful, too. Unfortunately for Amelia, a certain December day had seen her, when a little flaxen-haired beauty of eight years old, weeping, beside her father, over the open grave in which is being lowered the mother and the wife.

It would not have been so bad then, even for Amelia, if, two years thereafter, Mr. Agnew could have contented himself with Amelia and Robert, now returned from his distant school, and let well enough alone in the society of his children. Oh, well, you would have done the same; perhaps even I myself, though a person of remarkably strong character, might have, in like case, yielded to the black eyes of Miss Parker by our own relaxing hands—have, like Joe Agnew, been carried off captive. Whether so or not, in spite of the warnings of friends, the entreaties of Robert, the passionate supplications of Amelia, looking enough like her dead mother to have had more influence, marry Miss Parker Mr. Agnew did. In very little time thereafter Robert finds it expedient to board with, as well as clerk for, Mr. Gray, of the firm of Gray and Jones. If you have ever passed through Pottsburg you may have noticed the sign, "Gentlemen's Furnishing Establishment"—it is near the leading hotel. By-the-by, if you ever did spend even a day in Pottsburg you can not but have observed my church there, the one on the courthouse square, as neat a specimen of the Norman Gothic as you could desire to see.

However, I rather think it was cowardly in Robert to abandon his sister; he had inherited that much defect of character from his father.

Because he might have well known that poor Amelia would henceforth have to endure a double portion of the new Mrs. Agnew. To do Robert justice he did all he could, before being finally compelled to leave, to propitiate his step-mother. If he failed it is only what his father did, owing to the same weakness of character common to them both.

The plain fact is, being pastor of the church where the Agnew family worshiped, I knew all about it; Mrs. Agnew was in church on Sunday in her tasteful dress, and in her parlor with company, as fascinating a lady as you would desire to see; and in the bosom of her own household, at times at least, a very—let us say—Kate, as said Kate was when Petruchio first came upon her. Unfortunately Mr. Joseph Agnew did not possess one fibre of Petruchio in his whole system. Understand me distinctly, I can assert nothing of positive certainty in reference to the lady in question; never saw her strike Amelia—never heard even a bitter word from her lips in reference to Robert, Amelia, or any one else. Yet if Mrs. Agnew could only have been a topic of our Bible-class, her character as a shrew was so well known that on that point there would have been instant and perfect assent even between Messrs. Yea and Nay. She made a hell—I use the word gravely—of Mr. Agnew's house: no Universalist in Pottsburg in reference to *that* fact.

You observe it was that little Lucy of theirs, by no means an ill-looking child, which was the chain which held Mr. Agnew in his slavery. But that he should permit the only daughter of his dead wife—her living image, in fact, which was, I dare say, the very reason Mrs. Agnew so disliked her—to be so badgered and raided upon and nagged at and worried by his terrible wife is explainable only by the ten million other instances like it.

“But what has all this to do with our Minister to Mexico?”

Exactly. You are right. The condition of the Agnew family annoyed me for so many years that I forget myself when I come to speak about it. We can discipline members in my church when they—should any one of them ever do it, which Heaven forbid!—swear, steal, fight, get drunk; but Mrs. Agnew's case—more richly worthy of discipline than any of that kind—you can not lay hold of; there are no witnesses, no facts in evidence, it is that which irritates me if I ever yielded to irritation! Besides, I am an old man; have known Amelia ever since she was presented for baptism an infant; have read her miserable home-life in her face whenever I have met her for the last several years.

Of course here in Pottsburg we all are perfectly aware of just who and what Elias Lobkin is; yet I agreed when I heard of it, with every body else, that it would be, on the whole, better for Amelia to marry even Elias than to undergo that home martyrdom still. How very strange, by-the-by, that Providence should have taken away from us thoroughly excellent Mr.

Simms, our useful Senior Warden, as it did last week, and have left this Mrs. Agnew! The Latin poet—I can not recall his name—was right in what he said about the—*Never*—what is the adjective going before? How forgetful I am, I fear I am getting old in good earnest.

I mentioned Elias Lobkin. He was by no means our Minister to Mexico, and of him I have little to say. Yet if Elias was a pale, thin, undecided sort of youth, anointing his head and scanty beard with every hair-oil in his shop—Elias is a druggist—and perfuming himself with each and every essence therein, he is a good youth; truthful, and honest, and would have made Amelia an excellent husband. And I am satisfied Amelia has had some idea of marrying even Elias as the alternative—as that druggist would have called it—to her step-mother. Pity he is so awkward and excessively shy. Not two weeks ago I met him walking with Amelia. I am sure he could have seen nothing in my face or manner to have caused it, but the poor young man colored blood-red up to the very rim of his new hat when he saw me; and Amelia had a face in which unhappiness, vexation, and mirth were singularly blended.

All this, you observe, is by way of explanation as we accompany Mr. Brown.

“Did I understand you to say that all the friends of the lady are opposed to the marriage?” I asked of my companion, as he drove steadily along.

“I so understand,” he replied, with great deliberation. “She is, as you must know, of age. I have the legal license,” he added, after a pause, and, producing that document from his breast-pocket, after a good deal of ungloving of hand and unbuttoning of coat, he handed it to me.

Reading it carefully over, I found it all correct, and fell into serious meditation as to what I ought to do.

“My name is Plantagenet Brown. I am from the State of New York. I am a speculator. I am here looking into the titles of some lands,” my companion proceeded in measured accents to inform me, after quite a silence between us, rolling his remarkably large eyes upon me with unspeakable gravity.

“Have you known Amelia for any length of time?” asked I.

“Two weeks to-day,” equally grave.

“Is not that rather a brief acquaintance upon which to form a union for life?” I next reasoned.

“I am willing to take her upon it. She is willing to take me,” was the sententious rejoinder.

Her step-mother is the propelling cause in chief, I said to myself; but what could the poor thing see in this owl-like stranger? Besides, I knew that Elias is desperately in love with her, and, unless I am very greatly mistaken, there exists some contract of marriage between them. As I said this to myself, my eyes fell on the splendid bays Mr. Plantagenet Brown was driv-

ing. Very fine animals they were indeed, groomed till their glossy hides shone like a mirror, every hair of mane and tail as accurately arranged as if by a barber with brush and pomatum. The vehicle, too, was a new and very handsome one, the most brilliant of rugs under our feet; the harness silver plated, the reins of scarlet silk.

The matter began to grow plainer to me. Let me announce it here as a fact worth saying and hearing: There is nothing which has more influence with a woman, at least with a blue-eyed blonde, than a span of fine and thoroughly trained horses. You may be ever so excellent a youth, ever so handsome, ever so well-dressed, and agreeable in manner, but, if you wish to make certain of your blonde, never visit her upon foot. Drive up to her door in a handsome vehicle of some kind, it matters not what, so that it be drawn by a pair of fine horses. I can imagine poor Elias Lobkin reaching the door of Mr. Agnew's house all heated and perspiring from a walk thither, meeting Amelia there in a fever and fluster of hair and collar and dusty boots. And I can imagine, too, this Mr. Plantagenet Brown not guilty of any such folly, but driving deliberately up to the front gate in this neat equipage, deliberately fastening his horses there in full view, not only of all in the house, but of all the neighbors, too—there is much in that also—and gravely marching up the front walk and ringing at the door. When Amelia meets him in the parlor he is cool, collected, powerful. I dare say he has had Amelia out riding with him, too; and these horses—even the red nets on them with their plentiful tassels not without their influence—have settled the question and Elias Lobkin. Perhaps Amelia, poor thing! preferred marrying some one who could and would take her away from Pottsburg and her step-mother.

I am afraid I am making a very long story of all this, but I have to tell the thing in my own way or not at all. As a general rule I do not think I am prosy. The remark to that effect in reference to my sermons which came to my ears as from Robert Agnew I ascribe partly to the extreme heat of the weather, largely to the defective character of that youth. In regard to him, it has lately occurred to me that his step-mother may have had grounds in the dissension between them.

"You are not going to stop *here*?" I said, as my new acquaintance drew up at the Widow Peterson's front gate.

"Yes. Amelia is here. They refused to permit the ceremony to take place at her father's house," replied my companion.

What very remarkable eyes that man had! The largest and most solemn I ever saw; and his whole heavy bearing in such contradiction to the hasty marriage in view. The fact is, I did not like Mr. Plantagenet Brown at all. Yet, in this, and in every thing else, I have a theory—rather a religion. It is this: when any unwelcome emergency arises, I do all in my power to

avert it. If, after full and fair effort, I am powerless to prevent the evil, whatever it may be, I accept it as a blessing. If it be inevitable, it is from a Hand which sends only blessings, even the things seemingly evil being blessings in masks.

A very full conversation I had with the Widow Peterson, one of my communicants, a sensible soul, one who had known the first Mrs. Agnew well, and who had been a second mother to poor Amelia in all her sorrows.

"Her choice is only between this Mr. Brown and Elias Lobkin," she told me finally. "That terrible Mrs. Agnew has frightened away all the rest of our young men from visiting Amelia, although they all agree there is not a prettier or sweeter girl in Pottsburg: the fact that this second wife has her grip upon all the property has its weight, of course. You can not imagine, Sir, how the men dread that Mrs. Agnew!"

Yes I could. I did not tell Mrs. Peterson, or any one else, not even my own maiden sister who keeps house for me, but I was thoroughly satisfied that Mrs. Agnew was fully equal to the part of Mrs. Brownrigg, or Madame Brinvilliers, or Messalina, just as the temptation happened to be.

"If that Elias Lobkin had only a particle of spirit, poor, weak, wishy-washy creature that he is, he could have married Amelia months ago. Hesitating, stammering, blundering, blushing goose of a thing as he is! I have done all I could," said the Widow.

"Suppose I refuse to marry them?" I asked.

"It will do no good, Sir, whatever. They have taken all that, too, into consideration, and intend, if you do refuse, to drive right over to the Methodist preacher. He has had a hint that his services may be wanted, and is waiting at his house, in case they should come over, this moment. No, Sir, I know all about it. Amelia has made up her mind. She thinks nothing on earth can be worse than her present home. Oh, if I only had that Lobkin by the shoulders I could shake him well!" added the Widow, energetically, with extended hands.

Next I saw Amelia in her dressing-room. I found her in traveling dress, bonnet on. I might as well have tried to reason with a statue. The girl was cold, pale, tearless, like a loving creature driven to bay in a stony, trance-like condition. I doubt even whether she heard a word I said.

There was nothing to do but to marry them. I looked over the license again, trying to think as I did so.

"Would it not be well for me at least to see Mr. Agnew?—even Robert Agnew?" I asked of Mrs. Peterson.

"Bless your soul, Sir, I have done nothing else but see them every day these last two weeks. No use at all," said that lady. "Besides, who knows but this Mr. Brown may make her an excellent husband at last. At least, if we know nothing for him, we know nothing against him!"

Very well, thought I, as the stranger stood

up before me at last, beside his stony-faced bride—stony-faced as Niobe, but as beautiful; behind your broad face and huge eyes there may be some blessing arrived from heaven in disguise for Amelia!

Only Mrs. Peterson and two or three neighbors, called in for the purpose, stood around as I demanded whether any one knew any reason why this man and this woman should not now be united in marriage. At this juncture, exactly as if it was a scene in a novel or a play, the form of Elias Lobkin burst upon the stage. I do not know, but have always believed that Mrs. Peterson had sent for him in her desperation. Any how, he had suddenly heard of what was going on, and there he was, standing in the door of the parlor, gazing upon us in a state of extreme bewilderment. Evidently he had come in a very great hurry; he was panting for breath, dripping with perspiration, red as morning, though late as evening. But bewilderment was the leading feature of his condition—extreme, unmingled, intense astonishment. While Elias was undoubtedly an excellent youth, most devotedly attached to Amelia, he was weak, painfully weak. His love for her had been steadily consuming what organic vigor he before possessed; and now his very love for Amelia, instead of animating him to action, only ran into and increased the intensity of his horror and amazement at finding her in the very act of being married to somebody else.

I had just consented in mind to the theory that Plantagenet Brown was a blessing in domino; having done all I could in the matter. Now I could not be sure but what Elias, instead, was that blessing. Pausing as long as I decently could, to give Elias time to get through his astonishment—"In proceeding to marry *this* man to *this* woman," I repeated, with the greatest possible deliberation and emphasis, "if there be any person here present who knows any reason why they should not be thus u-ni-ted in mar-ri-age, let him now speak, or forever hereafter hold his peace!" and I strung out the words as long as continuity of language permits.

Only amazement, pouring like a river from within—from eyes, from hair, and face, and half-extended hands, on the part of the astounded lover.

If the fool had only the sense to step forward, take Plantagenet Brown by the collar, pitch him out of the door, and marry Amelia instead! I was sure Amelia would have consented to almost any thing in her wretchedness, and I would have risked the matter in regard to the license. Clergyman as I am, I almost made the suggestion aloud. I do believe I would have actually done so in the crisis of the moment. The fact is, even in that rapid instant I thought of the editor of the *Pottsburg Scream*. Politically hostile to me, I knew well how sure he would be to parade all the circumstances of the case, frightfully distorted, in his columns, with all the adjectives, interjections, italics, and small capitals in his font of type.

To do good Mrs. Peterson justice, she had crossed over to Elias the moment of his arrival, had been whispering energetically in his ear from that time, apparently unheeded by Elias in that amazement in which his entire soul seemed pouring itself away. Now, Elias heeding neither that nor the opportunity I afforded him, that lady gave him a sudden pinch on the arm. "My gracious!" it wrung from his lips; from the shrillness of the tone I know it must have been as severe a pinch as a woman in an emergency could confer; but that was all it accomplished. He did not look toward her to see who or what it was—all his being pouring itself out in unmingled, uninterrupted, and un-interruptible amazement.

The case was hopeless. The man was a fool, and deserved to lose Amelia. I took a species of savage pleasure even in performing the remainder of the service which made them man and wife. Only astonishment, on the part of Elias Lobkin, at his sudden, irreparable, unspeakable loss, even unto the final consummation thereof.

As to poor Amelia, she stood there, looking me full in the eyes, as if she might fall into hysterics every moment. In fact, I had a rapid hope she would, and so give her lover time to recover from *his* trance. But no; she answered every question promptly, seemed in full possession of her nerves. Having known her from childhood I kissed her in conclusion—altogether too lovely a woman to squander on this large-eyed object standing beside her cool and grave as an Egyptian sphinx.

"I did intend, Sir," he said to me, as he gathered up the red silk reins, his wife beside him, to leave, "to have handed you a twenty-dollar gold piece for your services. After your extraordinary conduct this afternoon I will give you nothing at all, Sir, nothing!" rolling his eyes upon me and adjusting his embroidered gloves as he deliberately said it, and so drove off. After *that* no particle of doubt remained in my mind that he was a most unprincipled individual. My only regret was that I had not altogether refused to marry him.

I do not know how I came by the impression, but I feel positively certain that, as soon as the ceremony was over, the Widow Peterson—a robust and warm-hearted woman she was—laid hold upon poor Elias and gave him the shaking she spake of. I was glad of it—glad of it! Only, I am satisfied Elias was not at all aware of it at the time.

The whole thing took so short a time, too; on such minute pivots, infinitesimal yet jewels those pivots, does our life turn for good or for evil! Only a short time; for when I got back to my Bible-class Mr. Yea was not half done with Melchizedek—nor Mr. Nay either.

II.

It was just two years after all this, that, one morning as I was seated comfortably to my sermon, my little Harry—a remarkably intelligent

nephew of mine—of ten years, came running in to my study exclaiming:

"Oh, uncle! just to think, here is Miss Amelia—Miss Amelia Agnew—don't you remember her?—coming up the front walk!"

With that he whips out again, and in a few moments returns, showing in no other than that lady.

"That will do, Harry," I said, as the visitor in question, holding her handkerchief to her face with her right hand, made a gesture as of dismissal to the boy with her left. Of course, I was curious to know all that had befallen Amelia since her marriage to her mysterious and remarkably large-eyed lover, yet I would gladly have postponed knowing it all until the afternoon.

No alderman more unwilling to be disturbed when seated at a tureen of turtle soup than I am when fairly seated at the composition of a sermon. With the very best sermons-paper which can be obtained from England, thick, smooth, creamy, before me; with a pen which glides smoothly to my thought over the same; with a text which unfolds itself on the paper, as I write, as naturally and as fragrantly as a damask rose in spring-time, I am as happy, seated to write, as men generally get to be in this vain and unsatisfying world. My own people understand this too well to interrupt me in the morning. I only wish they took the pleasure in hearing me read my sermon on Sunday from the pulpit that I take in writing it. Much preferring, had such a thing been feasible, to have put Amelia into the closet, and have locked her in there until I had finished my sermon, I, instead of that, put my sermon, with a sigh, in its drawer, locked the same from all possible contact with Harry, and turned to Amelia, who had sunk into a chair, and was sobbing and weeping—handkerchief to her eyes—as if her heart would break.

"And where have you been all this time? And how have you been?" I asked, gently.

"We have never had a fixed home, Sir," said my visitor, after several ineffectual attempts to speak. "Mr. Brown's business kept us traveling all the time."

Sobs, tears, handkerchief.

"How long since you came to Pottsburg?" I asked at last.

"Only yesterday evening, Sir. I am staying with Robert."

"Yes, Robert has married and settled down to himself since you left. He has forgiven Mr. Brown, I suppose. That is right," I said.

"No, Sir, Mr. Brown is not with me. And that is what I came to Pottsburg to see you about," said my visitor, in an agony of tears.

"Dear me! Is he dead? Ah, yes, I ought to have thought of it! I sympathize sincerely with you in your loss. My dear lady, this is a sinful, sorrowful world. If you had not first lost him he would have lost you—"

"Oh no, Sir, no; he is not dead; it is worse than death!"

And after a fresh burst of tears Mrs. Brown gradually became composed enough to remove her handkerchief and tell me her whole sad story.

She had seen trouble, plenty of it; that was only too evident from her haggard appearance. The last two years had dimmed greatly her beauty. Her very dress showed the cruel, or at least neglectful husband, so threadbare and faded it was. Once, in the abandon of her grief, she permitted a foot to peep out from under her dress as she sat. In its patched condition I read as at a glance her whole history, though she snatched it in again the next moment.

A long story from her lips; a short one from mine. In a heavy, unwieldy manner Mr. Brown had seemed attached to her from the first. He had supplied her with every thing—a good deal of jewelry especially. He had driven her about with him from place to place, until, I dare say, she became sick of the very sight of the bays, with their red and tasseled nets. In a solemn and sepulchral manner he had treated her not unkindly; but had, while purchasing all she desired, dressed her up by an unyielding gravity and deliberation of manner, for which he was no more to blame, I dare say, than an owl is for its huge eyes and imperturbable demeanor.

Who can tell what the man really was! Who shall estimate exactly what his convictions when that letter from Elias Lobkin—mere frantic folly as it was—fell into his hands? The man may have become tired of his wife; or he may have found her an impediment to his plans in traveling; or he may have got out of means and been compelled to it, in his own opinion, as a desperate step; or he may have been—I should not wonder if at last he was—a lunatic: something so *super* or *supra* natural in his aspect; or he may have really regarded himself as wedded to a guilty wife, or a wife liable to guilt. Whatever may have been his reason, certain it is that a raving letter from Elias Lobkin to his wife having in some way fallen into his hands, he had deliberately abandoned her. It was in a town some two hundred miles from Pottsburg it happened.

"He came into my room at the hotel, one day just before dinner," poor Amelia told me, "read me a long rignarole of stuff I never heard of before, with Mr. Lobkin's name at the end of it; read it slowly and carefully, as if it was somebody's speech he was reading from a newspaper. When he got through he folded the letter up, put it back in its envelope, handed it to me; took out his pocket-book and gave me what he said would be enough to take me back to this place; told me I would never see him again; put on his hat and walked out—all as deliberately as if he was doing the most ordinary thing in the world. And that is the last I have seen or heard of him, Sir," said the deserted wife, with a fresh burst of tears.

It seemed that, ashamed of returning to her old home, Amelia had removed to another place

from that in which she had been abandoned, and had supported herself, partly by millinery work, but chiefly by the sale of her jewelry.

"It has been just six months since Mr. Brown left me. About four days ago it suddenly came into my mind that you, Sir, could find him and bring him back," she said.

"What!" I exclaimed, with astonishment.

"Oh, Sir, I feel sure you could!" she repeated over and over again, "*sure* you could, *sure* you could!"

I could not but smile at the absurdity of the request. Even if I had the least idea as to where the man had gone, what could I write to him that would have the smallest influence upon him? Preposterous as the whole thing seemed the deserted wife insisted upon it. She was just of that temperament, you observe—gentle, trustful, far from possessing a strong mind, and that mind having been left fearfully undisciplined, owing to that most unfortunate second marriage of her foolish father. So positively certain was she that the bringing of her husband back lay altogether in my power that, after being first astonished, then irritated, I at last began to pity, even to respect, the strong and unfortunate faith of the poor girl in her minister.

"I can not imagine what possesses you and Elias Lobkin," I said, at last, hoping to divert her attention, as I would a child's, from her ridiculous idea. "Do you know, Madam, that, after you were married, Elias acted as absurdly toward me as you are now doing? I can not imagine," I added, "how there can be two such nonsensical people in the world. I suppose you never heard of it—how could you? but the very morning after you were married who should come to see me—in the morning too—in the midst of my writing, but Elias Lobkin. And what do you suppose he told me? He sat down, just in that very chair you now occupy, and began a long denunciation of me for having married you to Mr. Brown. 'You must have known,' he said to me, 'that Amelia Agnew was solemnly engaged to be married to me, Sir, and you went—you, a minister of the Gospel, Sir—you went and actually married her to another man! I am astonished at you, Sir!' he said. 'I was so astonished that *you*, Sir, should do such a thing that I could not believe my own eyes, Sir, when I saw you actually marrying her to that man. No, Sir, I thought so different of her, Sir, and thought, up to that moment, so different of you, Sir, that the double disappointment was too much for me, Sir. Before I could bring myself to believe the thing possible, Sir, the couple were married, married by *you*, Sir, and got into their buggy and gone, Sir!' And would you believe it, Amelia," I added, "that foolish fellow actually expects me, in some absurd way, to undo all I have done in the matter! 'You have done me a great wrong, Sir,' he tells me whenever we meet, 'a very great wrong—you who should be an example to others; and you must undo it, Sir!'"

"The man is doing extremely well in his drug business," I continued, "and is much graver, very much more respected than I thought would be possible of the weak youth I always regarded him. Yet, absurd to say, he persists in that insanity of his still—that I was guilty of a moral wrong in marrying you away from him, and that I ought, in some way, to repent of it and undo it. He has the most singular way in the world of looking at me in a sorrowful, reproachful manner whenever we meet, as if he was a grossly injured individual, and I a persecutor obstinately refusing to repair the wrong! I do hope," I said, at last, "that you, Mrs. Brown, will, at least, have more sense than poor Elias."

For my part I have long ceased even attempting to understand human nature, especially in the case of a woman. Mrs. Brown had listened to me with interest, but without the least perception of any thing amusing in the course of Elias—listened till I was through, and then reverted immediately to her own request.

I must hasten to a conclusion, as I say toward the close of my discourses, and I imagine that movement of relief on the part of my readers at this which I have observed, with regret, in the case of my congregation at the same.

On coming down to ask Mrs. Brown where she imagined Mr. Brown to be, and how she supposed I could accomplish his return, all she had to offer was a conjecture on her part that he was "either in California or Mexico," and that I was "to write;" and so left me, for the time, on my desperate promise to do what I could; left me with actually a smile of relief on her face as if her mind was at ease; a smile which showed me how easily all and more of her former beauty—an Irish bull, only I am perfectly cognizant of it—would return with the return to her of prosperity.

It was too late for that morning to begin again at my sermon, so I took out of its drawer a quire or so of my very best and largest letter paper, and, from the text supplied me by poor Amelia, proceeded to address what might be called a discourse to three congre—I mean parties, *videlicet*: The Governor of California, the United States Consul at Vera Cruz, the Minister for the time to Mexico. I flatter myself that it was as concise yet as practical a composition as a man could well prepare on so extremely meagre a theme.

I described the fugitive husband with photographic accuracy—a thing easily done, he being a man who, as the daguerreotypists say, "took" easily. No more possibility of mistaking him for any other man than of mistaking an owl for any other fowl. With terse pathos I also placed at their feet the forsaken wife, making it also as exquisite a specimen of cabinet art as in the compass of my poor ability. In fact, from the outset of my effort, I entered into the matter with as much zest as I ever did into a sermon when I knew my bishop was to be of the audience. Well knowing how very much depends

on such things, I was extremely careful to make my communication beautifully legible, so that it would be rather a pleasure than otherwise to the persons receiving it to read it. The fervor, too, with which I appealed to the functionaries to exert, each one, himself and all his employes, to search for, find, and send back home the recalcitrant husband, brought tears of manly emotion to my own eyes as I wrote.

It was not until I had actually mailed the three epistles that the absurdity of the thing smote me—so easily does the heart delude the head. Perhaps the casual glimpse I caught of Elias Lobkin at the counter of his drug store, as I walked by it in returning from the post-office, was not without its effect. He was administering a glassful of some compound over his counter to a ragged, sickly-looking little boy as I rapidly passed the door, and, in the same swift instant, administered to me also that sorrowful, reproachful glance, as who should say, "Ah, Sir, you well know you ought not to have wronged me so cruelly; you well know you are withholding from me the reparation so justly my due!" And, on the instant, I thought, "Well, when Amelia finds that my efforts in her behalf have failed, who knows but she may become Mrs. Elias Lobkin at last?" I hope so."

Now this narrative has not the value of a straw apart from its being the simple fact. Unless the writer flatters himself too much, he is sufficiently known in the conductors of this Magazine to hope that, on his positive assertion, they will accept his statements as the truth; you have only, then, to turn to the cover, or to glance at the top of the page, of this periodical to behold his ample indorsement.

Let me tell the entire truth. To me one of the most remarkable parts of the whole affair. The reader will hardly credit me when I state, that up to this moment I have never had a line of reply from either the consul at Vera Cruz or the Governor of California! Gratitude for my letter should have prompted an acknowledgment of its receipt, even if they could report nothing more. But let that pass.

From our Minister to Mexico I *did* receive a reply, prompt, courteous, assuring me of his deepest interest in the matter in hand; promising, by his own efforts as well as by those of all his attachés, to do his best to find and return to the bosom of the disconsolate wife her flying partner.

I confess I was a good deal surprised at the speedy and satisfactory response I had awakened—this echo, quick and clear, from the slopes of Popocatepetl to poor Amelia's cry through my lips. Yet it shows, not how perfect her woman's trust in me to help her, but how divine are a woman's intuitions; how vastly superior to man's reasonings; as much swifter and superior to man's laborious logic as is the dart of a dove down upon its nest to the crawl of a mole after its worm: this shows all this, that Amelia was not at all surprised at our Minister's letter when I handed it to her, took it entirely as a matter of course.

"Robert has been so kind," she said to me. "He has agreed to be entirely reconciled to him when he comes, thinks he can put him in a way of settling down here in business."

"When who comes?"

"My husband, of course," she replied, looking at me with wondering eyes. The woman had improved amazingly since I had promised to do what I could to get her husband back, was getting positively beautiful again.

"I am making up, don't you think it will be pretty?"—she continued, holding up for my inspection some of womankind's flimsy gear upon which she was at work—"making up one or two new dresses Robert has given me by the time Mr. Brown gets home. I'm almost afraid I will not have them done in time."

As I was leaving she followed me into the yard with such a doleful, dependent motion and manner.

"Would you believe it, Doctor? that odious Elias Lobkin actually attempted to call upon me. I would not see him, of course. I am sorry for the poor man; but Robert has told him from me that he must never come near the house. Partially crazy he is about me, Robert says. Did you ever hear of such a foolish creature?" she added, with a blush and a smile.

You, she was getting to be very pretty; virtuous I never for a moment doubted; too transparent a creature to hide even a thought of guile. You could have seen the least speck of that in her instantly, had it been there, as you can see any floating mote in a glass of water when held up to the light.

Not six weeks elapsed before I had another letter from our Minister to Mexico.

"I have found your man," he wrote in triumph, "very large-eyed, owlish featured, deliberate in manner, as you described." The fact is, our Minister had made all his agents in Mexico detectives in the matter; had cast his diplomatic drag-net over that whole republic, and Mr. Plantagenet Brown was too portentous a fish to escape. And my warm-hearted Machiavel proceeded to inform me exactly how and where he had captured Mr. Brown—the solemn letters he had read him—catching, I feel confident, the inspiration thereof from my communication; in substantial token of which he inclosed in the letter a hundred-dollar bill as earnest that Mr. Brown meant what he said in promising to return to his wife forthwith. Had it been the amount due her from me for, say the making of a new surplice, Mrs. Brown could not have seemed less surprised than she did when I hastened to give her the letter and its inclosure.

"I was only afraid he would be back before I had my dresses done and our room fresh papered for him," she said, innocently.

"Ah, well, it is all very pleasant for you," I remarked, in leaving her at last, "but it will be death to poor Elias. I am almost afraid he will do something rash when he knows it; all sorts of poisons stand so ready to his hand upon

his shelves." And I was more than half in earnest in my fears.

"Oh, it will all be right for Elias yet!" she said, with a sunny smile. "Poor fellow! I have no notion how; but I feel, in some way, it will all be right for him at last. And I am sure you feel so, Doctor; now don't you?" she said, as she followed me—there was something like a pet lamb in the woman—to the door and the front gate.

I am a bachelor myself, far too advanced in years now to get married; but I wonder if married men understand any thing more of the female heart than I do!

Just that day seven weeks I stood under that roof again. Amelia was there, but not smiling this time; weeping, silently weeping, weeping copiously too, as if her poor heart would run itself away in tears. For on the bed, in their newly-papered room, lay her husband returned only to die.

It is exceedingly strange—and I have studied it closely for the last forty years—the providence of Heaven. In accordance with his promise to our Minister in Mexico Mr. Plantagenet Brown had closed up his matters there as rapidly as he possibly could, had ladened himself with huge trunks of presents for his wife, had made the whole journey in safety until within a mile of his journey's end. At that point the stage horses had taken fright at a child drawing a little wagon beside the road, and run away, frightfully injuring the returning husband. The other passengers had managed to leap out and escape. I suppose it was partly owing to his burly form, largely to his excessive slowness of habit in all he did; but Mr. Brown remained in the stage, was taken out of its fragments, and borne to his waiting wife only to linger a few hours in great suffering and die.

I had no conversation whatever with the dying man. It was too late when I was hurried, singularly enough, from my Bible-class, and from between Mr. Yea and Mr. Nay, again, to the scene of death. Robert Agnew has told me (Mrs. Brown never opened her lips to me on the subject) that the husband had a long conversation in private with his wife before I came. I rather think there was a flash of recognition in his remarkably large eyes rolled upon me as I entered the room; but, even as I began to address myself to the man, the broad, brown face grew ashy, the eyes quivered and glazed, and, with a slow relaxation of the hand clasped in that of the weeping wife, the wanderer was gone, and gone to a land in which our Government has no—Lest there should seem to be even the faintest irreverence let the thought remain unspoken.

I dislike very much this being so hurried toward the close of my remarks—I mean narrative. For two reasons.

First. I wished to have described at length how I married Elias Lobkin to Amelia in just eleven months after her husband's decease.

They were by no means as vigorous in intellect, either of them, as I could wish, or they would have postponed the matter for one month longer at least. Though, to do them strict justice, their mutual trials have expanded their characters beyond all I could have expected; deepened and strengthened their characters greatly. However, in the case of Elias especially, I refer the fact of his standing so much higher as a business man than I ever dreamed he would, not only to all his constitutional bewilderment having been literally poured out of him at the marriage of Amelia to her first husband; but also to the fact that, to the surprise of us all—regarding Mr. Brown only as a big and empty bubble as I at least did—there were found papers in his possession establishing him to be a rich, I may even say, a very wealthy, man in bank stock, railway shares, real estate, and the like, as well as a large amount in cash, found on his person after death. It is the control and management of this addition to his means which has gone far to develop Elias Lobkin into the really first-class business man all of us in Pottsburg now regard him as being.

Secondly. I did wish to enlarge a little, by way of application, upon several heads or inferences drawn from the above: as that—

(1.) Government should make it the official duty of its diplomatic agents to restore, on application, delinquent husbands to their wives if found within the nation to which they are accredited. If there exists no extradition treaty to that effect with every people with whom we now hold official relations, the sooner such treaty is negotiated the better. As to the question of delinquent wives I am not so clear.

(2.) I have the greatest possible faith in the Intuitions of Woman as distinguished from the Reasonings of Man. It is very remarkable that, as yet, no work has appeared upon this most philosophical and fruitful and practical theme. I would deprecate, however, the publication by any one, on this suggestion, of any such treatise, as I intend, at my earliest leisure from parochial duties, to prepare and publish one myself.

(3.) And in conclusion. No man has a right to refuse attempting any thing, honorable in itself, when providentially pressed to do it, even if the probabilities of success are of the slightest. We can not tell through what labyrinths and to what glorious outlet even the frailest thread may lead us. I have no reason to think that the sermon I laid reluctantly aside when I wrote that letter to our Minister in Mexico did any body any particular good, while the letter itself was the means of bestowing life-long happiness and wealth upon a most deserving pair; a refuge and home, by-the-by, to Joe Agnew when his black-eyed virago of a wife at last robbed him and eloped with a gambler; most of all, brought a bad man to repentance, even though that repentance occasioned his death, in good time, perhaps, before he was tempted again to sin in the same way.

AN INQUIRY INTO ONE OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL RESTRICTIONS ON THE REVENUE POWERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

By GEORGE TUCKER CURTIS.

AN inquiry into the constitutional restrictions upon the Revenue Powers of the United States will be forced upon us sooner or later, as a matter of the gravest concern to the whole country; and such an inquiry can not be unprofitable, if conducted with a love of truth and a sincere desire to discover what these restrictions are.

It is not to be presumed that any enlightened administration of the government will rest satisfied with the mere procurement of means sufficient to meet its current expenses and the interest on its debts, regardless of the fact that the legislation of the day may be drawing vast sums into the Treasury by methods not warranted by the Constitution. A great government like that of the United States, bound by definite rules in its fundamental law, can not afford to live from hand to mouth, at the risk of merely changing its creditors; and if statutes of limitations are imposed, as a means of protecting the Treasury to some extent against the incursions of those who may suppose themselves to be constitutionally taxed, the signs of the times admonish us that adjustments can not always be expected, and that questions which will touch very large sources of our present or proposed revenues are extremely likely to arise.

It is so true that a system of revenue has been arranged with an altogether insufficient attention to the constitutional limits of the revenue powers, a decision by the judicial department adverse to some important branches of that system would obviously cause a serious embarrassment to the government, and possibly a derangement of its credit. Such decisions must in all probability be sought; for the pressure of Federal taxation upon the property and industry of the country, borrowing as it does the resources for the support of State and municipal governments, and placing heavy burdens upon individuals and corporations, will inevitably give rise to questions of the most serious nature respecting some parts of the Federal revenue system.

In what manner the details of an internal revenue system can be best arranged is, as a question of revenue and public economy, one that I am incompetent to discuss. But if I presume to think that my studies have not unfitted me to explore the origin and limitations of Constitutional Powers, or to suggest the great reasons why an entirely unreserved revenue power was not conferred upon the General Government, I shall not be thought by candid men to be stepping beyond my sphere, when I endeavor to contribute something to the right understanding of a subject which involves interests, both public and private, of incalculable importance. I propose, therefore, to invite attention to the rules under which the Constitution requires the

Federal Government to exercise its revenue powers.

That there is occasion for such an inquiry can not be doubted. Notwithstanding the Constitution bears upon its face two special rules for exercising the revenue powers, an examination of the existing system of internal taxation will show that while we are raising from four hundred and fifty to five hundred millions of internal revenue, the whole, or nearly the whole, of this vast sum is levied without any apportionment between the States, according to the census. It is levied, in other words, as if it ought not to be assessed as a "direct tax," but as if it were all rightfully claimed under the constitutional heads of "Duties, Imports, and Excises."

The practical construction of the Constitution, under which we have been acting since 1789, seems to proceed upon the idea that the "direct taxes" of the Constitution embrace only capitation or poll taxes and taxes upon lands, and that every other species of governmental movement that can be derived by the ingenuity of those who are wise men (and rightfully so) to obtain money for the use of the government is either a "duty," an "import," or an "excise." Under this is the assumption, or else it is supposed that there may be taxes which Congress is not required by the Constitution to lay according either to the rule of apportionment or the rule of uniformity, but which it may lay under either of those rules, or under any other rule, at pleasure. For, it is to be remembered, that the Constitution, after having granted the general power of laying Taxes, Duties, Imports, and Excises, has directed that capitation and all other direct taxes shall be laid by apportionment among the States according to the census; and that all Duties, Imports, and Excises shall be laid by the rule of uniformity; that is to say, so that the rule of assessment shall be the same in all parts of the Union, however various may be the total amounts which are collected in different States.

Now it is apparent that unless these two rules were intended to embrace and exhaust the whole taxing power of the Constitution, there may be taxes which can be laid by Congress that do not fall under either of those rules, and can be laid by any rule which Congress may see fit to adopt. If, on the other hand, we suppose that the two constitutional rules were intended to embrace and exhaust the whole taxing power, the present internal revenue system would appear to be founded on the supposition that the rule of apportionment comprehends only capitation or poll taxes, and taxes upon lands; and that all the other internal taxes which we are now levying belong to the class of "duties," "imports," or "excises." Thus we have, for example, a

tax on Incomes, a tax on the gross receipts of Railroad and Express Companies, a tax on Occupations or Professions, a tax on the gross receipts of Insurance Companies, Telegraph Companies, and Theatres; a tax on the average deposits and the capitals of Banks; a tax on Legacies and Successions to real estate—and many others, which, although they are called “Duties” in the laws which impose them, are essentially assessments upon persons or corporations in respect of some mass of property or money of which they are possessed at a given time. All these are laid without any regard to the rule of apportionment, and as if they were rightfully laid by the rule of uniformity; and it is obvious that if this legislation is constitutionally correct, it is so either because the “direct taxes” of the Constitution comprehend nothing but poll-taxes and taxes upon lands, or because there are taxes which are neither direct taxes nor duties, imposts or excises, within the meaning of the Constitution, but which Congress may lay by any rule that it sees fit to adopt, and which it does lay by the rule of uniformity, for convenience only.

Certainly it would be difficult to conceive of any tax, or legislative assessment, more *direct* in its operation and nature than a tax on a man's income, or a tax on the gross annual receipts of a corporation: and if these are not “direct taxes” in the sense of the Constitution, it must be because that term is confined exclusively to poll-taxes and taxes on lands, or because there are taxes which, however direct in their operation and nature, are still nothing but duties, imposts, or excises, or which, being neither the “direct taxes” of the Constitution, nor the “duties, imposts, or excises” of the Constitution, may be laid by Congress at pleasure.

No further illustrations, therefore, it is presumed, are needful in order to show the importance of the inquiry which I propose to make. That inquiry, reduced to its simplest form, is this: WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE TERM “DIRECT TAXES” IN THE CONSTITUTION?

In any attempt to answer this question it will be necessary to state all the provisions of the Constitution which grant and which regulate or restrain the Revenue Power. For this purpose they may be grouped together as follows:

“ART. I. § 8.—The Congress shall have Power—To lay and collect Taxes, Duties Imposts and Excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States; but all Duties, Imposts and Excises shall be uniform throughout the United States.”

“ART. I. § 9.—No Capitation, or other Direct, Tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the Census or Enumeration hereinbefore directed to be taken.

“No Tax or Duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State.”

“ART. I. § 2.—Representatives and Direct Taxes shall be apportioned among the several States which may be included within this Union, according to their respective Numbers, which shall be determined,” etc.

In examining the meaning of the term “Direct Tax,” as it is used in these clauses of the Constitution, I propose to consider—

First, Whether there has been any Judicial

construction which fixes the meaning of this term?

Second, Whether there has been any Congressional construction, so uniform, full, and clear, since the adoption of the Constitution, that it ought to be considered to have settled the meaning of this term?

Third, What appears to have been the understanding of the framers of the Constitution and of those who ratified it, when they established the rule relating to Direct Taxes?

Fourth, What is the construction which the provisions and purposes of the Constitution appear, on principle, to demand?

I.—THE JUDICIAL CONSTRUCTION.

Under this branch of the inquiry it will be necessary to notice the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on the subject of the carriage tax, which was held not to be a direct tax. I refer, of course, to the case of *Hylton v. the United States*, decided in 1796.* As usual, it is necessary to discriminate between the point actually decided in this case and the arguments and reasonings of the judges. At that time there were six judges in the Court: Ellsworth, Chief Justice; Chase, Paterson, Iredell, Wilson, and Cushing, Associate Justices. The Chief Justice and Judge Cushing did not sit at the argument of this case, and took no part in the decision. The decision was therefore made by four judges. The leading opinion was delivered by Judge Chase, but the other three judges also delivered opinions. Their reasonings were various, but all the four concurred in holding that a tax on carriages is an indirect tax, because it is indirectly a tax on expense or consumption. A carriage, said Judge Chase, is a consumable commodity, and an annual tax on it is on the expense of the owner. He classed it, therefore, among the “duties” of the Constitution. Such is the precise point decided in this case.

Among the suggestions made by Judge Chase and some of the other judges, on this occasion, in the course of their reasoning, but not involved in the point judicially decided, was this: that as the Constitution embraces a general power to lay “taxes” as one power, and a power to lay “duties, imposts, and excises” as another, and as it applies the rule of apportionment to direct taxes only, and the rule of uniformity to “duties, imposts, and excises,” if there are any species of taxes that are *not* direct, and *not* included within the words “duties, imposts, and excises,” they may be laid by the rule of uniformity or not, as Congress shall think proper. But the case did not call for a decision of the question whether the Constitution did in truth contemplate taxes which are neither “direct taxes” nor “duties, imposts, or excises;” and Judge Chase did not suggest what would be such a tax. All that the Court had to decide was, whether a tax on carriages is a “duty;” and they held it to be so, because it

* Reported in 3 Dallas, 171.

is an indirect tax falling on consumption or expense.

This decision, therefore, when we keep in view the point decided, will always be regarded as a precedent of considerable importance, because, so far as it extends, it shows the quality that makes a tax indirect, and a counter to the quality that makes a tax direct. It shows that directness of assessment on the thing that is the subject of assessment, while it may be one element of discrimination, is not of the essence of the distinction; for a tax on a carriage, so far as the directness of assessment is regarded, is no less direct than a tax on an acre of land. Some other element of discrimination is therefore to be sought; and it is found by regarding the tax on a carriage as a tax on consumption, or expense, while a tax on land is not a tax on a thing that is undergoing consumption, and is not laid with any reference to the fact whether the owner is expending the value of the land, or with any presumption that he is so doing. The tax on land is an assessment upon a mass of property in the hands of the owner, and is imposed, not because he is consuming or wearing out the land, and therefore that he ought to pay tribute to the public in some proportion to the expenditure at which he lives, but because the land is a portion of fixed capital, on which an assessment can be easily levied, and is levied whether the owner is consuming that capital or preserving it, increasing or diminishing it, or leaving it as it is. The tax on a carriage, on the other hand, according to the theory of this decision, is levied upon the ground that the owner is consuming the capital invested in it, and the public levies upon him a tribute in some degree proportioned to the rate of expenditure at which he lives, and levies that tribute upon the article which he is consuming.

There is no other sense in which this decision can be understood. If it is to be regarded as sound law, it must be accepted as having established, in our constitutional law, as one of the grounds of distinction between a direct and an indirect tax, that the latter is of such a quality that it reaches to consumption or expense, while the former has no relation to consumption or expense. If this distinction will fit such taxes as those imposed on manufactures, it must be upon the ground that the article is made for consumption, and will be consumed by somebody; and as the tax will ultimately fall on the consumer, it becomes indirectly a tax on consumption or expense.

Some of the reasoning of Judge Chase on this subject, which has often been quoted since, strikes me as fallacious. He thought that an application of the rule of apportionment to the taxation of a specific article would evidently create great inequality and injustice, and therefore that it was unreasonable to say that the Constitution intended such a tax should be laid by that rule. In support of this reasoning he employed the following illustration, which has been thought famous, not to say conclusive:

"It appears to me that a tax on carriages can not be laid by the rule of apportionment without very great inequality and injustice. For example, suppose two States equal in number to pay eighty thousand dollars each by a tax on carriages of eight dollars on every carriage; and in one State there are one hundred carriages and in the other one thousand. The owners of carriages in one State would pay ten times the tax of owners in the other. A, in one State, would pay for his carriage eight dollars; but B, in the other State, would pay for his carriage eighty dollars."

But if a tax on carriages, laid by the rule of apportionment, would work this result, is it not plain that Congress has nothing to do but to assess the tax on whatever property the people of a State possess? But this, says Judge Chase, would not be a tax on carriages. Certainly it would not; but it does not follow that the Constitution, when it established the rule of apportionment, meant that the effect of that rule on the taxation of specific articles should be the criterion of a direct tax. The rule is simply this: that when Congress means to raise money by direct taxation, they must determine the amount that is to be so raised and apportion it among the States according to the census. Having done this they may levy it on any article they may see fit to select. If they select a subject of specific taxation that does not exist at all in one State, or exists in such small relative quantities that great inequalities would be produced, the general power of taxation is no more abridged by the operation of the rule of apportionment than it is when an *ad valorem* tax is resorted to, and the inequalities of wealth as between the States produce inequalities in levying the public burdens under a rule which makes the relative numbers of the people the measure of the proportionate sum total which each State has to pay. It is reasonable, for example, that a tax on land is a direct tax; and that when Congress mean to tax land they must apportion the sum that is to be raised among the States according to the numbers of their inhabitants. But there is not only much less land in a very small State than there is in a very large one; but the average value of an acre in the former may be much greater than in the latter, while the populations of the two States might be so nearly the same as to make the total taxation on each State equal or nearly so. An inhabitant of the small State would thus pay a larger tax on his acre than an inhabitant of the large State would pay on his. This is the same kind of inequality that appears so glaring in Judge Chase's illustration of an apportioned carriage tax; but it is an inequality produced in both cases by the operation of a rule which assigns the sum to be paid by a State to the relative numbers of its people; and if the operation of this rule abridges the general taxing power by making it necessary to attain a proximate equality by selecting the subjects of taxation, the abridgment of the taxing power is the same whether the article is to be taxed specifically or upon a valuation. I shall have occasion to consider hereafter whether, and how far, the Constitution intended to abridge the general taxing power.

There is but one other decision of the Supreme Court in which this subject has been touched at all. It is the case of *Loughboro v. Blake*, decided in 1820, in the time of Chief Justice Marshall.* The only point involved in this decision, that is material to the present inquiry, related to the question whether Congress has a general power of taxation, which extends to the District of Columbia and the Territories, and is constitutionally unrestrained, as to the District and the Territories, by the rule of apportionment. It was held that Congress has such a power, and may levy a direct tax on the District of Columbia, and may *elect* as the rule for levying it the standard of apportionment furnished by the census. But this decision did not touch the question of what is a direct tax, which *must* be apportioned among the States; nor did it decide that, in taxing the people of the States, the general power of taxation is not abridged by the operation of the rule of apportionment when direct taxes are to be laid.

The result is, therefore, that the judicial interpretation of the Constitution, thus far, has given us, as the definition of an indirect tax, when one is levied specifically on a consumable commodity, that it is a tax on consumption or expense. This has some bearing upon the question what is a "direct tax;" but there is no judicial decision which fully answers this inquiry.

II.—CONGRESSIONAL CONSTRUCTION PRIOR TO THE YEAR 1861.

When the Government of the United States first went into operation under the Constitution, with Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, the revenues were so arranged that it did not become necessary to ask for authority to levy a direct tax. That great minister was of opinion that this resource should be reserved for extraordinary occasions which would more immediately interest the sensibility of the whole community and more directly affect the public safety.† Accordingly, he so arranged his system of internal taxation as to make it chiefly fall on articles of consumption. Hence it was that no act of Congress was passed until the year 1798, which undertook expressly to procure the necessary statistics and make the necessary enactments for levying a direct tax. A period of nearly ten years, therefore, had elapsed before there was any thing that can be regarded as a legislative definition or application of the constitutional phrase "Direct Taxes." But in 1798 two acts were passed with the express intent to make what was supposed to be a direct tax. The first was an act which by its title disclosed its purpose; namely, "To provide for the valuation of lands and dwelling-houses, and the enumeration of slaves within the United States."‡ This was preparatory to the laying of a direct tax. The slaves were enumerated under it for the purpose of laying a capitation tax on that class

of persons, and the lands and dwelling-houses were valued for the purpose of levying a direct tax upon their owners in respect to this description of property. It was followed in a few days by an act "To lay and collect a direct tax within the United States."* This act laid a tax of two millions of dollars upon the United States, apportioned it to the respective States according to the census, and assessed it upon dwelling-houses, lands, and slaves according to the valuations and enumerations to be made pursuant to the former act. The slaves were taxed specifically at \$2 per head. The lands and houses were taxed by valuation. These two acts therefore undoubtedly show, that, in the judgment of that Congress, a capitation tax and a tax on lands are "direct taxes," which are to be laid by the constitutional rule of apportionment of the gross amount among the several States. But whether they have any tendency to show, that, in the judgment of that Congress, there are, or can be, no other taxes which are "direct taxes," depends in some degree upon the other parts of the contemporaneous internal revenues. If there were at the same time laws in operation which levied taxes upon personal property in the same direct manner of assessing the holder upon a valuation of that property, and these taxes were still not laid by previous apportionment of a gross sum among the States, but were laid by the rule of uniformity only, they would afford ground for the inference that Congress did not understand them as included within the "direct taxes" of the Constitution. Further, if it appears that there were such taxes, so laid, there may have been other circumstances of discrimination which, notwithstanding the direct manner of the assessment, distinguished them in the judgment of Congress from a tax on land, and made them referable to the class of indirect taxes.

Now it so happens that from the origin of the Government down to the year 1798, when the first "direct tax" was laid, *eo nomine*, and for a period long subsequent thereto, there were no other internal taxes or duties that could not be referred, as to their subjects, to the heads of consumption or expense, or the manufacture of articles of consumption. In all that period there was not a single tax on personalty which operated in the same manner as a tax on land, and differed from it only by not being a tax on land, and at the same time was laid without apportionment. There were duties on distilled spirits, on stills, on licenses, on carriages, on the manufacture of snuff and refined sugar, on some sales at auction, and stamp duties. These were all referable to consumption or expense, or manufacture and production of articles of consumption, etc.; and it is probable that this character of the taxation was but the continuance of a long established habit of regarding such taxes as indirect taxes, in contradistinction to those which can not be so referred, but which are levied in respect of a mass of property or money without refer-

* 5 Wheaton's R. 317.

† Report on Public Credit.

‡ Act of July 9, 1798, ch. 70.

* Act of July 14, 1798.

ence to its being consumed or expended, increased or diminished, by the owner or any one else. At all events there are no taxes of the latter description to be found on the statute book within the period of which I now speak, and therefore the legislation of that period has very little tendency, if any, to show that in the judgment of Congress such taxes, if resorted to, would not be "direct taxes," the gross amount of which must be apportioned among the States before they can be levied.

The same observations apply to the legislation of 1813-15, when another direct tax on land was laid, and when the other parts of the contemporaneous internal revenues were of such a character that their being levied by the rule of uniformity, without an apportionment among the States of the gross sum to be levied, has very little tendency to show that Congress regarded a tax on land, or a capitation tax, as the only "direct taxes" contemplated by the Constitution when it established the rule of apportionment.

But there is one feature of the legislation of 1813-15 which has a very important bearing upon the present inquiry. We have seen that in 1798 Congress laid a capitation tax on slaves, and of course it was laid by the rule of apportionment. But in 1813—*notwithstanding the dicta of the judges in the case of Hylton v. The United States*, strongly expressing the opinion that the only direct taxes are land, and house, and capitation taxes—Congress ruled that an *ad valorem* tax on slaves is a direct tax, and they provided for the valuation of all slaves with a view to having them taxed whenever a direct tax should be laid.* In 1815 Congress laid an *ad valorem* tax on slaves as a direct tax, by expressly denominating it a direct tax, and laid it by the rule of apportionment†. The same Congress of 1813 renewed the specific carriage tax, and did not lay it by the rule of apportionment, but laid it by the rule of uniformity. They doubtless felt themselves bound, or authorized, by the judicial decision of 1796, to treat a specific tax on carriages as an indirect tax; but they did not feel themselves bound or authorized, by the extra-judicial opinions of the judges, to treat an *ad valorem* tax on slaves as any thing but a direct tax. This occurrence does not appear to have attracted the attention of either Chancellor Kent or Mr. Justice Story. Both of those great jurists, in their Commentaries, have referred to the opinions expressed by the judges in the case of *Hylton v. The United States*, and both seem to incline to attach some importance to the suggestion that direct taxes include only taxes on lands and houses and capitation taxes. But it is clear that this doctrine was not accepted in Congress in 1813-15, while the point judicially involved and decided in *Hylton's* case, in relation to the carriage tax, was accepted and acted upon.

Upon the whole, therefore, it may be said that, prior to 1861, the Congressional construction of the Constitution has been as follows: First,

that a tax on lands and houses and a capitation tax are direct; Second, that taxes on specific articles of consumption or expense are indirect; Third, that an *ad valorem* tax on personal property, without reference to consumption, is of the same character as an *ad valorem* tax on land, both being direct. This course of legislation seems to conform to what the Court judicially decided in 1796, but it does not conform to the extra-judicial opinions expressed by the judges.

III.—THE VIEWS OF THOSE WHO FRAMED AND THOSE WHO RATIFIED THE CONSTITUTION.

One of the greatest defects of the Union that existed before the Constitution was, that Congress possessed no revenues whatever, in any proper sense of that term. Each State possessed a full revenue power, both external and internal. When Congress wanted money it determined the quota which it would require from each State, and the State exercised such branch of its revenue power as it saw fit in order to raise the money; and paid its quota to the Federal Government, or left it unpaid, very much as it pleased. In order to remedy this great evil the framers of the Constitution undertook to obtain for the General Government, which they proposed to make, the same revenue power which was possessed by each State. But in bringing this about, and in adjusting it to the double character of the political system that was to exist after the Constitution had gone into operation, several difficulties presented themselves. On the one hand, if all the subjects of taxation were placed under the exclusive power of Congress, the States could have no means of maintaining their local governments. On the other hand, if the imposts were left in the hands of the States, and not placed exclusively under the control of Congress, there could be no uniformity of duties on foreign merchandise. Again, if the General Government could draw no revenues from any source but the imposts, its resources might be insufficient to meet its wants. It was therefore perceived that the imposts must be vested exclusively in Congress, and that while Congress must have the power, by internal taxation, to reach all the other possible subjects of taxation that are within the reach of the States, those same subjects of taxation must be left equally open to the States. What we call the external revenue was thus to be given exclusively to Congress, and the power to raise internal revenue was to be given also to Congress, but was to remain a concurrent power in the States. This last arrangement subjected all the property within the country to two independent taxing powers, capable of operating upon the same subjects. But in adjusting this branch of the revenue power a further difficulty arose. The General Government was to extend over States differing greatly in numbers and wealth, jealous of what they were to surrender, and fearing injustices and oppression through powerful combinations in the national legislature. The idea of proposing to the States to make this

* Act of July 22, 1813.

† Act of Jan. 8, 1815.

Federal power of internal taxation a purely consolidated power, to be exercised without any limitation, was simply out of the question. They had never been accustomed within their own limits to have a direct tax imposed without apportionment among the local subdivisions of the State, by some rule, although they had been accustomed to the operation of excise laws, which are regulated by the rule of uniformity only. Every member of the Federal Convention knew, therefore, that if Congress was to have granted to it a power of both direct and indirect taxation, his State would insist that the former branch of this power should be regulated by some rule of apportionment that would have some tendency to equalize the burdens, and to prevent combinations among one class of States to oppress another. The difficult problem was to find such a rule. It was found in the numbers of inhabitants of the respective States, upon the ground that this is the best criterion of ability to pay taxes that can, under such circumstances, be resorted to. Whether this was theoretically true or false is nothing to the present purpose. The rule was adopted and applied.

Now whoever will attend to the mode in which this rule was brought forward and incorporated into the Constitution by its framers, will see that their understanding must have been that it did not need to be applied to those subjects of taxation which in that day were understood to be embraced in the terms, "duties, imposts, and excises." These terms were descriptive of certain kinds of taxes which the States had been accustomed to lay themselves, in the exercise of both their external and internal revenue powers. They all belonged to the class of indirect taxes, and were so understood in every colony of the whole thirteen before the Revolution, and had been so understood in every State after the Revolution. "Neither the Stamp Act," said Chief Justice Marshall, "nor the duty on tea, were direct taxes;"* yet the one was an external and the other an internal tax, and both belonged to a general power of taxation, wherever that power resided. Inasmuch, then, as the rule of apportionment did not need to be applied to the "duties, imposts, and excises," of the Constitution, about the operation of which no special jealousy was to be apprehended from the States, since they could be regulated by no rule except that of uniformity; and as all the remainder of the taxing power was likely to excite great apprehension in the States, and could be regulated, so as to quiet that apprehension, solely by the rule of apportionment—the structure of the Constitution is easily accounted for. That structure, when viewed in the light of the reasons which actuated those who made it, shows that whatever was not comprehended under the terms "duties, imposts, and excises," was understood by them to fall under the head of "Direct Taxes."

If we follow the Constitution into the conventions which ratified it, we shall find that it was

understood there in the same sense. In those bodies was displayed in full force the jealousy which the framers expected to encounter, and for the satisfaction of which they meant to provide. So far as the revenue powers were concerned, this jealousy expended itself almost entirely upon the power of direct taxation. Against this Patrick Henry exerted all the strength of his burning eloquence and his passionate invective. The objections were the same in Massachusetts, in Virginia, in New York, in Pennsylvania, to a very striking degree. "We are called upon," said the opponents of the Constitution, "first, to give up our custom-houses exclusively to the National Government; next, to surrender to it a concurrent power to lay the same indirect taxes which we ourselves lay as duties and excises upon our own people; and, finally, we are asked for a concurrent power of direct taxation, to operate on the same people and the same property which we ourselves tax, and to operate in the same way. This is monstrous; for it is a solecism in government to have the same property subjected to two independent powers of taxation." Now the answer that was made by the supporters of the Constitution shows that both sides understood this matter of direct taxation in the same sense. Those who contended for the Constitution had no desire to deceive any body, and they were contending with men whom they could not have blindfolded, if they had attempted it. They admitted at once that the internal direct taxation asked for would operate on the same property on which the corresponding power of the State would operate; but they said, that however new such a system of government might be, it must be established and tried. They admitted too that direct taxes are of two kinds, general and specific; the latter operating upon particular things, the former upon all property—but they said that the General Government must have this plenary power of direct taxation, and Congress must do the best it can in exercising it, and as Congress will contain a representation from every State, it will have all the needful information as to the situation and habits of the people. These arguments were made to prevail *by reason of the rule that the power of direct taxation could not be exercised without an apportionment among the States*; and in all the discussions that I have seen, from New Hampshire to Georgia, I do not remember that it was once suggested that there could be such a thing as a tax that was neither a "direct tax," nor a "duty, an impost, or an excise." Whenever an indirect tax was spoken of, it was assumed that it was bottomed on expense or consumption of some kind. Oliver Ellsworth, who certainly understood this subject, if any man in that age understood it, when arguing that an impost is the best way of raising a national revenue, thus expressed the essential, practical contrast between a direct and an indirect tax:

"All nations have found it so. Direct taxation can go but little way toward raising a revenue. To raise money in this way, people must be provident; they must con-

* In Loughboro vs. Blake.

stantly be laying up money to answer the demands of the collector. But you can not make people thus provident. If you would do any thing to the purpose, you must come in when they are spending, and take a part with them. This does not take away the tools of a man's business, or the necessary articles of his family, it only comes in when he is taking his pleasure and looks generous; while he is laying out a shilling for superfluities, it takes two pence of it for public use, and the remainder will do him as much good as the whole."^{*}

In short, I believe if the idea had been popularly breached, when the Constitution was before the State Conventions, that Congress would have power to lay a description of taxes that would be neither direct taxes nor duties, imposts, or excises, as the people then understood those terms, we should not now be living under that instrument. I can find no contemporaneous evidence which shows that the people did not understand the two restraining rules as intended to exhaust the whole taxing power in its application to the States.

IV.—HOW SHOULD THE CONSTITUTION BE RE-GARDED, BY PRINCIPLE?

By principle, as used in this connection, I mean no reference to theoretical ideas of how the taxing power of a Government should be arranged; but I include all that reference to terms used, to the known character and purpose of the Government actually established, and to the circumstances on which the Constitution was to operate, that enter into a sound canon of interpretation. With respect, then, to the terms employed to describe the subjects of the revenue powers, we shall find very little profit in resorting to the aid of lexicographers, contemporaneous or subsequent. The Constitution was not made to be ratified by a people who would be likely to look into dictionaries for the meaning and scope of the terms in which it was expressed. It was a great instrument of fundamental legislation; and the safest rule for its interpretation is to regard the taxing power—the revenue—as using terms in the sense in which they had been accustomed to use them, if they were borrowed from surrounding legislation, or in the sense which the surrounding circumstances show to have been that in which they must have used them for the purpose which they meant to accomplish. This is especially true of the terms which describe the powers conferred upon Congress. Take, for example, the term "Commerce," which Congress was to have the power to "regulate," as between the States and foreign nations, and among the States. One might look into forty dictionaries, without finding that meaning of the term "Commerce" which we know from the surrounding circumstances and the historical purpose was intended to be given to this subject of legislative power, and without finding that scope of the term "regulate" which we know from the same sources was intended to be given to this legislative authority. In the same way, if we would know the meaning in which the people of the United

States used the terms "Taxes, Duties, Imposts, and Excises," we must go to the sense in which they were accustomed to use these terms for purposes corresponding to those for which they must have used them in this Constitution; and in this inquiry lexicons, however good, will help us very little, and the definitions of economists as little.

I assume, then, that when the people of the United States used the terms "Taxes, Duties, Imposts, and Excises," they used these terms as they had been accustomed to use them; that they described by them the branches of revenue power which they meant to confer on Congress, in order to enable it to pay the debts and provide for the general welfare of the United States under the Constitution; and that they could have understood no other way of doing this, but to confer on Congress the same kinds of power which their State governments exercised in paying the debts and providing for the general welfare of the States under their local Constitutions. This was what they were asked to grant, subject to certain restrictions as to the mode of exercising the power, and what they did grant. It is historically notorious that the people of the States were told that Congress must have the same sources of revenue which the States had hitherto enjoyed; that as to some of these sources the Federal power must be exclusive, that as to all the others it must be concurrent; and that the sole compensations or safeguards that could be given for this vast surrender were to consist in two restraining rules, by which Congress were to be bound in their revenue legislation. As the revenue powers of Congress, therefore, were to be the same as those previously held and exercised by the States, subject to the two restraining rules, it is a just and reasonable inference that the terms of the grant described the subjects of the powers as the people of the States had been accustomed to describe them in their own governments. In that usage the term "Taxes" had undoubtedly embraced those exactions for public use which the State governments had always assessed upon the citizen, either in respect of his person or of his property without any reference to his consumption or diminution or expenditure of the fund from which the assessment was drawn; and the terms Duties, Imposts, and Excises, described those impositions for public use, which they had been accustomed to lay on articles of consumption, and by the operation of which the public takes, and means to take to itself, a part of that which is being consumed. Any one who will look into the legislation and habits of the States, prior to the Federal Constitution, will see that these terms were used in these senses; and that "Taxes" was not understood to include "Duties, Imposts, and Excises," although in a lexicographical or general sense all public assessments, demanded under authority of law, are *Taxes*.

The superstructure of the whole argument, which supposes that the term "Taxes," in the grant of the power, comprehends more than the

^{*} Debate in the Convention of Connecticut.

"Direct Taxes" of the restraining rule, is built upon the assumption that "Capitation and *all other Direct Taxes*" do not describe so much as "Taxes" describes. But if we regard the term "Taxes," in the grant, as describing what it certainly did describe in the legislative and popular usage of that time, namely, those public exactions which were not understood in legislative and popular usage as Duties, Imposts, and Excises, the argument falls: for in these meanings the two kinds of public exactions stand opposed to each other, and the one comprehends all direct taxes, including polls, and the other comprehends all indirect taxes. There is strong reason for regarding this as the true interpretation; because if the words of the grant provide for all direct taxes and for all indirect taxes, the revenue power, as to the grant, is complete, and is as large and of the same nature as that previously held and exercised by the States. If we suppose the terms of the grant to read thus—"To lay and collect *all Direct Taxes, and also Duties, Imposts, and Excises*," we have as full and ample a revenue power, with all its branches, as the States ever possessed. We may safely conclude that the States did not intend to grant more power than they ever possessed themselves, and we know that they did grant as much, because they were told that they must, and all the history of the times shows that they intended, however reluctantly, to comply with the demand that was made upon them.

On the other hand, we can not find the power of direct internal taxation in the grant, so clearly and unequivocally as we ought to find it, if we do not suppose it to be implied in the word "Taxes," and do not insert it in the construction: for if we suppose the term "Taxes" to be in any way synonymous with "Duties, Imposts, and Excises," we are at once involved in tautologies, and must resort to our lexicons to help us to the power of direct taxation, which we know was demanded for Congress, was discussed in every one of the State Conventions, and was understood there to reside in the word "Taxes," while the whole power of indirect taxation, external and internal, was understood to reside in the words "Duties, Imposts, and Excises." On this subject there are two passages in the *Federalist* which have a very important tendency to show the understanding of the whole country. From one of them we learn what the advocates of the Constitution supposed that they were demanding: "As theory and practice conspire to prove that the power of procuring revenue is unavailing, when exercised over the States in their collective capacities, the Federal Government must of necessity be invested *with an unqualified power of taxation in the ordinary modes*."—(No. 31.) The unqualified power and the ordinary modes are described by the terms of the grant. The other passage discloses to us how the opponents of the Constitution understood the power of internal taxation to be divided, on which branch the stress of their objections was expended, and what was the character of the in-

direct internal taxation that was supposed to be comprehended in the proposed grant: "The taxes intended to be comprised under the general denomination of internal taxes may be subdivided into those of the *direct* and the *indirect* kind. Though the objection be made to both, *yet the reasoning upon it seems to be confined to the former branch*. And indeed, as to the latter, *by which must be understood duties and excises on articles of consumption*, one is at a loss to conceive what can be the nature of the difficulties apprehended."—(No. 36.)

These and many other reasons, on which the limits of this paper will not permit me to enlarge, strongly incline me to believe that the restraining rule of apportionment affects all the revenues of Congress which are levied upon persons in respect of a mass of property or money without reference to its present or prospective consumption, and which are imposed as a mere assessment on account of the present existence of that property or money. These were the kinds of taxes which in the time of the establishment of the Constitution were regarded as *direct* taxes, and which were so much feared and avoided because they had not the alleviation that attends an assessment falling indirectly upon expense, consumption, and luxury. As the term *direct* Taxes is introduced in the restraining rule of apportionment, we may now look to see whether the purposes of that rule will afford any aid in determining what a direct tax is.

I have already suggested the reasons why the rule of apportionment was not applied to the indirect taxation. To this branch of the revenue power that rule was incapable of being applied. Congress could never know beforehand what gross sum a duty on foreign goods or an excise on domestic manufactures would yield, although they could estimate what a given rate might probably yield. Nor was the jealousy felt in regard to this power the same as that felt in regard to the power of direct taxation. "We know," the opponents of the Constitution reasoned, "that Congress may with more propriety be intrusted with a power of taxing what men choose to consume and expend; but we object to giving them power to stretch forth their hands into the pockets of our citizens and to take from them what they are *not* consuming or expending. At all events, if they are to have this latter power, they shall have it only under the restraint of a rule that will oblige them to fix the whole sum which they intend to raise in this way, and to apportion that sum among the several States; for in no other way can we know how far the accumulations of our people will bear to be diminished, and in no other way can we prevent oppressive combinations in the National Legislature to favor one class of States at the expense of another."

Such, then, being the purposes of the rule of apportionment, what reason can be assigned, in the nature of things, for confining its operation to taxes upon land and capitation taxes? The

terms of the rule do not so confine it, for they declare that "no capitation, or other direct, Tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census." Is there, then, any thing in the nature of a tax on a sum of money, that can distinguish it from a tax on land, in respect of this quality of directness? The owner is taxed in respect of his land, upon no theory that he is consuming it, or expending its value, but because it is an object of assessment on which the Government can conveniently act. This is what makes it a direct tax. If he is taxed in respect of his money, the operation is precisely the same, and the tax is not bottomed upon any presumption that he is consuming or expending his money, but it is a simple diminution of what he has accumulated, or what he now holds. If you say that he may make a profit by the use of his money, and so that the tax operates indirectly on his profit, and may be thus dissipated, the same thing is perfectly true of his land, and thus the tax on the latter, which is conceded to be direct, becomes an indirect tax. This would realize the notion of Judge Chase, that "some taxes may be both direct and indirect at the same time," in the which Hamilton pronounced "absurd," and which, it may be added, probably did not present itself to either the friends or the opponents of the Constitution at the time it was established. Both sides appear to have understood that this power of direct action on the accumulations of the citizen was to be given to Congress; and this, I think, was what they meant by direct taxation, and what they designed to restrain by the rule of apportionment.

Among the law books published in the works of Hamilton there is a short one on this subject, which appears from its date (1785) to have been hastily sketched for the use of some one who was to act on the carriage tax in Congress, or possibly to be used in the argument of the case of Hylton.* It bears the marks of his profound insight into such subjects, but it is not a full discussion; and it does not develop clearly the point on which the Court actually held the carriage tax to be an indirect tax. But there is one view taken in it which exhibits his great sagacity and soundness as an interpreter of the Constitution. He refers to the doctrine of the French Economists and other speculative writers, that all taxes, on whatever things they are levied, fall ultimately upon land, and are paid out of its proceeds; hence that taxes on lands are direct, and those on all other articles are indirect. But this, he says, can not be applied to our Constitution, which certainly contemplated other taxes as direct than those on lands; and when he comes to suggest what he supposes are direct taxes under our Constitution, the classification which he makes shows how quickly he always perceived, and how intuitively he followed what may be called the historical canon of construction—that canon which looks to the admitted purpose for which the people understood a

given rule to be introduced, and for which it must have been introduced. Thus he classes as direct taxes, under the Constitution:

"Capitation or Poll Taxes.

"Taxes on Lands and Buildings

"General Assessments, whether on the whole property of individuals, or on their whole real or personal estate."

He deduces this classification from the rationale of the rule of apportionment; and this seems to me to have been a method of interpretation in every way worthy of his great intellect. But if a general assessment on the whole personal property of an individual is a direct tax, by reason of the known purpose of the rule of apportionment among the States, it would be very difficult to show why an assessment upon particular portions of the personal property of all individuals who have that kind of personal property does not belong to the same category. In order to reach any distinction, it would seem to be necessary to do what the Supreme Court did with the carriage tax—namely, to follow it into the class of assessments on what is being consumed, and to connect it with the idea of expense. There is no other way of reaching a distinction between a specific tax on a carriage and an ad valorem tax on a slave; a distinction which was reached and acted upon by Congress in 1803-15.

Before discussing the subject, perhaps I ought to guard against the possibility of being misunderstood. I have no idea that it is necessary for Congress, before laying a particular tax, to find a precedent of the same tax in the practice of the States before the adoption of the Constitution. This is not the position suggested. But what is suggested is, that in the practice of the States, before the Constitution, will be found enough to show what the people of the States regarded as direct taxes, in contradistinction to the taxes which they had always considered as indirect; that they had this line of division in view when they limited on the rule of apportionment for direct taxes; and that if this distinction is applied and followed out, it will be found that all the taxes that have been subsequently devised will fall on the one or the other side of it.

It has not been my intention in this paper to bring under discussion the validity of any particular tax that is now levied. My sole purpose has been to indicate the sources of investigation which must be resorted to, and to suggest some of the grounds on which it will probably be found that the distinction between direct and indirect taxes will be ultimately rested. The public debt of the United States ought to be an object of solicitude, as it is a burden, to every citizen in the land. That it will ever be seriously menaced by calling in question the objects for which it was incurred, I do not believe. It would be impossible for any man, or any party, to discriminate what parts of it are open to the complaint that they were incurred for unconstitutional objects; nor is there the remotest proba-

* Works of Hamilton, 811, 845.

bility that the people would listen to any attempt to make such a discrimination. But if it is true that in legislating the modes in which the people are to be assessed, in order to maintain this debt in the position in which every patriot must desire to see it maintained, Congress are bound by definite Constitutional rules, the time is not remote when they must regard those rules, if they have not regarded them heretofore. Whatever may have occurred or been justified in a period of war and confusion, the signs of the times show plainly that the Constitution is finally to resume its supremacy, and that discussions of its meaning and purpose are to have their rightful influence over our affairs.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA.

IF Mr. Wade Hampton is ambitious to add a deeper shame to a dishonored name, he has attained that end by his renewed attempts to hold General Sherman responsible for the burning of Columbia and its terrible consequences. And it is furthermore one of the striking evidences of the peculiar characteristics of Hampton and those like him, that from the fall of Sumter until the day of the occupation of Columbia by the Union army, they should have boasted daily that they would burn their cities, bridges, and barns before the Yankee invader; that they would immolate themselves upon the ruins of their homes, etc., etc. Yet when the Federal army did appear, these personages were as eager to preserve their homes and household lares as any Jew or Scotchman among them, and when their property was sacrificed by confiscation or the destruction which is an inevitable incident in war, they crouch among the ashes and waste the days in fruitless complaints.

At this time, when the people of other portions of the South are honestly striving to rehabilitate themselves socially and politically, it is not pleasant to say these things; but Hampton and certain others insist upon reopening the discussion by most absurd misrepresentation, and it is not out of place for those of us who took part in the capture of Columbia to relate what we saw.

Columbia was burned because of Hampton's recklessness in firing the thousands of bales of cotton which he had placed in all the public streets of the city. And it may be said here that the labored persistency with which the Confederates destroyed cotton in preference to other property can only be accounted for upon the supposition that they believed that Sherman did not intend marching farther north than Columbia, or perhaps they had so long vaunted the royalty of cotton that they had come to the belief that, like the fetich of their slaves, it really possessed some marvelous magic power for good or evil.

At noon of February 17, 1865, as our party entered the city of Columbia and rode down the main street, we saw here and there squads of the

Federal soldiers. In truth there were but a few hundred in the city, and these were the skirmish line of Logan's advance, who, early in the morning, had crossed the Broad River in boats. The first person who passed over the pontoon bridge when it was completed was General Sherman, who was followed by General Howard and officers of their staffs.

It had been no easy task that day to build one thousand feet of canvas bridge, for even in this sheltered valley the wind blew with great force, bending the tree-tops, whipping the surface of the water into foaming waves, tossing rudely about the cloth boats, partially filling them with water, and altogether severely trying the patience of Engineer Captain Reese and his brave pontoniers.

When we mounted the hills and passed out upon the ridge which is crowned by the city of Columbia, it seemed to me I had never experienced a more powerful gale of wind, even in view of vivid recollection of storms on the ocean and storms on the plains. It was a dry, southern wind which filled the air this afternoon with dust and twigs and smoking flakes of cotton, and as I saw this incendiary matter flying over our heads, catching in the branches of the trees already white with cotton, or falling upon the shingled roofs of the houses, I thought to myself, and said to a companion, "That cotton is as dangerous as so much powder." There was no evidence of unusual disorder in the city. The soldiers in the street seemed rather hilarious than otherwise. Some of them had evidently been drinking, and as we passed along I noticed a citizen who came out from his house and gave one of them a pail from which he took a longer draught than was prudent if it was, as I suppose, spirituous liquor. The soldiers, as I have said, were in a jolly mood, but were not more enthusiastic than would be natural for Yankees who had just taken possession of the capital of the State of South Carolina.

Mr. Goodwin, the Mayor of Columbia, met General Sherman near the City Hall. He made no complaint of ill treatment, but asked that the usual protection should be given to the citizens and private property. General Sherman answered:

"Here is General Howard, who commands the troops who will occupy the city. The people and their houses will be respected, but we shall take any supplies which can be used for the army."

Just at this moment a throng of escaped prisoners surrounded the General, who rode in advance of his officers. They were a strange, uncouth crowd of men which gathered about him, ragged, barefooted, and hatless, most of them, with unkempt hair and beards, with glassy eyes and livid lips and sunken cheeks. Their eyes filled with tears, their lips trembled as he halted among them and took their thin hands in his, and said gentle words of welcome.

"Thank God, and you, General Sherman, our misery is over!" cried one, in delirious tones.

Said another, with a wild look in his eyes, "We knew you would come to liberate us from the power of these infernal fiends. Curse them!" "Yes, curse them! curse them!" was muttered by more than one of the group.

General Sherman gave them directions to come to his head-quarters, and passed on to the Charleston railroad station, where there were several large warehouses filled with commissary stores. It was his habit to see for himself the character and quantity of supplies which fell into our hands. After this investigation he went to an unoccupied house in the eastern part of the city, where he established his head-quarters.

Although the wind had increased in violence, and it was extremely uncomfortable out of doors, yet I passed three hours of the afternoon walking through the town. Guards were being stationed at the houses and about the streets. There was order and quiet in every direction so far as I could see. On two occasions women called from their houses, asking me to expel some intruder who was investigating the contents of their out-buildings, but upon no occasion did I see or hear any other rudeness or violence.

"Who broke into this store?" I asked of a citizen standing in front of a clothing shop whose doors and windows had been smashed to pieces.

"Wheeler's Cavalry," was the answer.

"I am glad it was not done by our soldiers."

"It was not," replied the man. He continued, in a bitter tone, "You haven't in all your army such thieves and cut-throats as this Wheeler's Cavalry. They are the terror of the whole country, and would have sacked every house in the town if your army hadn't driven them away."

As I left this man, who seemed to have more fear of Wheeler's Cavalry than of the Federal soldiers, I passed through the main business street of the city, and observed that the smoke still ascended from Wade Hampton's cotton bales.

It must have been somewhere near nine o'clock in the evening of this day that my servant rushed into the room where I was writing, shouting, with great terror:

"De city are on fire, Sah! We'll all burn up, Sah! God bless my soul!"

Giving him directions in regard to the horses in the event of the fire coming too near, accompanied by Mr. Davis, an artist for *Harper's Weekly*, I hurried out and down the street in the direction of the conflagration. It was the grandest, most awful sight I had ever seen. The northern and western sky was not only all aflame, but the air was filled with myriad sparks and burning brands. They fell upon the wooden house-tops; they dashed against the window panes, lurid with reflected light; they fell in showers into the garden and among the trees; they mingled with the eddying dust which whirled along the street. It was the rain of fire which is so sublimely expressed in music in that grand oratorio, *Lied in Egypt*.

Until we came near the burning district we saw very few of the inhabitants of the city.

Paralyzed with fear they sought the shelter of their houses, barring the doors. Turning the corner of a street where stood a church, which I had noticed during the afternoon as one of the finest in the city, we came in front of a house which had just caught fire. On a sidewalk in front of the church stood a middle-aged lady. Near her were several articles of household furniture.

"Is that your house, Madam?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir; and this," pointing to the table and trunks, "is all I could save from it."

"Have you no male friend to assist you? Where are your friends?"

"My brother, Sir, is in the Confederate army, but my negro servant is doing all he can. But it is too late. The house caught fire in several places from falling brands."

"Can I assist you, Madam?"

"No, I thank you. I shall go to my sister's house near by. Look, Sir," she continued, forgetting her own misfortune, "the church-yard is on fire!"

We then saw to our dismay that the fire, which had caught in the tall dry grass, was sweeping rapidly toward the church. Mr. Davis and myself jumped over the fence, cut branches from the cedar-trees, and for half an hour we fought fire, and, though scorched and blackened by the flames and smoke, we succeeded in stifling it and saved the church.

Leaving the lady going piteously at the ruins of her house, we penetrated yet further into the burning district. A terrible, heart-rending sight it was to see. Groups of men, women, and children huddled about the few articles of clothing and household wares which were saved from their ruined homes. Officers who had taken comfortable quarters were suddenly turned out of doors with the loss of their camp equipage. Patrols of soldiers were marching about the streets arresting stragglers who without orders had come into the city from their camps. Some of these men were intoxicated, and may have pillaged the burning houses, although I saw nothing of the kind. It has been said that soldiers of Sherman's army, who were Eastern men, entered the city and robbed the inhabitants. This is a gratuitous falsehood, for the only Eastern troops in the army were in the Twentieth Corps, in the left wing, which had not yet crossed the Broad River, and were miles away.

About midnight the fire had obtained full possession of the business portion of the city, and swept forward with a fury which defied the efforts of an entire division of the Fifteenth Corps which had been ordered out to contrail it. I saw Sherman, Howard, Logan, Woods, and other general officers with their staffs working with heart and hand to stay the progress of the flames. Now and then tremendous explosions took place from buildings containing powder and shell, driving back the squads of men, and then the flames burst forth with increased fury. The City Hall, printing-offices, all the public buildings used by the Confederate Government for

printing treasury notes, handsome warehouses, elegant mansions filled with costly works of art, and rare libraries; all these were rapidly consumed by the flames.

All the southwestern portion of the city was destroyed. The fire swept into and across the square where the work-shops surrounded the new capitol building, and which contained all the figures which Brown the sculptor had modeled for the capitol. Mr. Brown has since told me that he does not regret that loss. The old capitol building, which was situated a few yards beyond, became so rapidly ignited that the provost guard which was stationed there was unable to remove its equipments. It was a brick and wooden structure, containing the archives of the State and a valuable library. In fifteen minutes it was one column of flame; in half an hour, a bed of coal.

It was after one o'clock in the morning before the wind shifted and died away, and then the efforts of the soldiers were successful in saving the remainder of the city from destruction. During the progress of the fire, and afterward, while the army was in the city, every effort was made for the relief of the sufferers. They were furnished with bedding and food, and were quartered in the houses which had been deserted by their owners who had fled the city the day before.

General Sherman gave up his own quarters to a family of ladies with their children, who were fed from his table; and I know from personal observation, that he and the officers and men of his army could not have made greater exertions to alleviate the sufferings of these homeless ones if they had been their own kith and kin. It is worthy of note that the army has failed to receive any marked expression of gratitude from these people.

There were exceptions, however. The morning after the night of the fire General Sherman, in answer to a request of the Superior of a convent which had fallen in the track of the flames, went over to a church where, with the sisters, she had taken shelter. She was a lady of rather imposing appearance, who accepted the misfortune which had befallen her with calm dignity and resignation. She thanked the General for his kindness, and expressed especial gratitude for the efforts in their behalf of Colonel Ewing, a brother-in-law of General Sherman, and one of his staff. Before the General returned to his quarters he visited the arsenal, which was situated upon a hill in the northern outskirts of the city. As he rode along past a large house near the arsenal he was accosted by a man who ran out into the street to meet him.

"Is this General Sherman?"

"Yes, I am General Sherman."

"I am told you intend to destroy the arsenal; I don't care so much for my house, Sir, but my wife lies there, and so ill that she can not be removed. I know it is a great favor to ask, but can not this property be destroyed in some other way? If you blow up the arsenal with all that

powder and shell in it, my wife will certainly be killed."

The General hesitated a moment, and then replied, "We can destroy the arsenal without blowing it up, and some other way must be found to destroy the ammunition."

"Thank you, General. God bless you, Sir!"

The arsenal afterward was hurled to the ground by battering rams, but the ammunition! It can be imagined what were the feelings of the man who never, even in battle, sacrificed the life of a single soldier that it did not give him pain, when he heard that twenty-seven of his brave men were killed and wounded by the explosion of that same ammunition while they were throwing it into the river.

Among others to whom I was sent to give assistance was Mr. Huger, a well-known citizen of South Carolina. He said to me,

"I hope, Sir, a strong force of your troops is to be left in the city."

"I can not tell whether or not we shall garrison Columbia."

"For God sake, Sir," said the old man, while he placed his hand on my shoulder and looked me earnestly in the face, "do not leave us here without a guard. I am too old a man to dissemble in this matter; but the truth is, if you do not leave a guard, Wheeler's Cavalry will return after you go, and they will rob us of what little is left."

I replied, "We have heard of the outrages which Wheeler's men have committed in the country, and we know that Governor Brown, of Georgia, issued a proclamation calling upon the people to defend themselves against these plunderers by force of arms, but we never imagined they dared pillage a city like this."

"But they did though," replied Mr. Huger, with indignation; "they not only broke into the stores and houses, but they robbed citizens on the public streets."

As I parted from Mr. Huger I seriously regretted that I could not assure him that a guard would be left in the city; but I was not surprised to hear his story, for several of the principal citizens of Savannah had said to me that until our occupation of that city they did not dare go out upon the streets after nightfall with any article of value about their persons for fear of robbery by their own soldiers.

When the citizens of Columbia begin their investigations of the burning of that city, and the pillaging of houses and robbing of citizens, let them not forget to take the evidence of Mr. Huger.

Perhaps it would be too much to expect of the people of the South that they should take pains to publish the atrocities which were committed upon them by their own soldiers, yet it is rather hard to saddle the Union army with their crimes. All of Sherman's sixty thousand men were not angels, and unquestionably there were wrongs perpetrated by wicked men who wandered from the ranks for which their leader and his officers ought not to be held responsible.

Recrimination at this day when conciliation should be the rule of action is useless. Heaven knows there is material enough, should we desire to enter into that discussion. One instance will answer for our purpose here. The history of the conduct of the war by the Union armies does not furnish a parallel to the destruction by order of an entire city as in the case of the city of Chambersburg by the Confederate commander.

Sherman pressed with a land of fire and of iron wherever he marched. He cauterized the States of Georgia and the Carolinas; but in his greatest deeds and lightest words he was governed solely by a profound reverence for the Government of the United States; and so far as he might, with full respect for the laws of war and the dictates of humanity, he sought to impress traitors with the enormity of their crime. This generation may not know how terrible were the conditions of his success; but in the disaster at Columbia he had no thought nor part. There is one striking consideration which suggests itself in view of this subject. If the Union soldiers had been in actual occupation of the cities of Charleston and Richmond at the time of the conflagration which followed the evacuation of those cities by the rebel troops, would not those shocking disasters have been charged upon them? In these and other instances where the enemy applied the torch they seemed to have been actuated by fear or petty spite, but never with the wisdom of military foresight or in a spirit of self-sacrifice. In every instance there was exhibited a strange, incomprehensible recklessness and indifference to the welfare and lives of their own people. The costly railroad bridges on the Charleston, Florence, Wilmington, and Weldon Railroad which spanned the Santee, Little and Great Pee Dee, and the Roanoke, were destroyed when there was not a Yankee soldier within fifty and one hundred miles of them; while at the cities of Winnsborough, Orangeburg, and Cheraw our troops followed so quickly the retreating rebels—a distance of some one or two hundred yards—that we were able to save those cities from destruction from the fires which had already been ignited. In the latter place, not one hundred yards from the railroad depot, which was burning when our troops reached the spot, there was stored in a wooden building several thousand pounds of powder. It seemed to us, who saw this means of horrible death lying there within reach of the sparks from the burning building, that the people of Cheraw were saved as by a direct interposition of Divine Providence.

While the army rested at Columbia I strove most faithfully to ascertain the origin of the fire which had destroyed nearly one half that city. All my inquiries from white people and black, from soldiers and citizens, led to one result, that the first and principal cause was the burning of the cotton. Two persons, citizens, told me that they saw men with lighted brands set fire to the stoops of their houses; and it was reported that others were fired in the same way.

It is possible that some of the escaped prisoners, with their minds as well as their bodies diseased from their prolonged torture in their mud prisons on the other side of the river, may have sought vengeance by fire upon their tormentors, and often when the memory of those tragic events comes up before me I see, as if it had been a weird prophetic vision, that group of ragged men with their glaring eyes and pallid faces, and I again hear that terrible cry: "Curse them! curse them! curse them!"

The verdict which history will render of this eventful episode of the war will be made up from the statement of General Sherman in his well-considered, remarkable report of the Campaign of the Carolinas: "And without hesitation I charge General Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia, not with malicious intent, nor as a manifestation of 'Roman stoicism,' but from folly, and want of sense."

NEWSPAPERIANA.

THE most interesting departments of a newspaper to many individuals include the births, marriages, and deaths, which a humorous editor in the West classifies under the headings of "Hatched," "Matched," and "Dispatched;" while yet another places marriages under the line "Noise of the Week." In older times these were more notable as literary curiosities than in the present. The first heading is but little used in this country, being almost confined to Europe, although much might be said in favor of its adoption every where. The second, perhaps, is of the most general use, but its contents have been sadly reduced. In the childhood of newspapers they gave us fuller information of the bride and bridegroom than now commonly published, and therefore saved many inquiries. For example, take a batch of marriages from a Scotch newspaper of 1730:

- "Mr. Baskett to Miss Fell, with £2000.
- "Mr. Davis to Mrs. Wyllie, with £400 per annum.
- "The Lord Bishop of St. Asaph to Miss Orell, with £30,000.
- "J. Whitcombe, Esq., to Miss Allen, with £40,000.
- "Mr. Will Hurke to Miss Sally Mitchever, with £2000."

These, at least, showed in part the worth of the women who had changed their state. Of similar import are some contained in the *Salisbury Journal*, January 29, 1735. As we read them we can not but think that the matrimonial announcements now published must yield the palm of interest to those contained in the early provincial papers. It is something to hear about the person of the bride, her figure, and her fortune:

"Married, at St. George's, Hanover Square, — Agnes, of the county of Northampton, Esq., to Miss Ann Sampson, only daughter of John Sampson, of the county of Leicester. Esq., a young lady of £10,000 fortune.

"Mr. Henry Murray, Esq., a young gentleman possessed of a plentiful estate in the county of Wilts, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, to Mrs. Wick, widow of Simon Wick, Esq., a fortune of £15,000 and £400 per annum.

"Lieutenant Cotton Dent, of the Royal Navy, son of Digby Dent, Esq., late Commodore in the West Indies, to Miss Kitty Bowerbank, daughter of Thomas Bowerbank, Esq., barrack-master of Portsmouth, a lady of merit and fortune.

"Villiers Fitz Gerald, Esq., to Miss Newcomen, eldest daughter to Colonel Newcomen, in Ireland, a most agreeable young lady, with a large fortune."

Sometimes our American editors travel beyond the record and add to the customary announcement. Occasionally they are known to indulge in a little pleasantry, in the form of an epithalamium, thereby showing their ready wit and acknowledging the slice of cake. A single example, for which the *Boston Post* is responsible, must suffice:

"Married—Thomas Hawk, of Mansfield, to Miss Sarah J. Dove.

"It isn't often that you see
So queer a kind of love,
Oh, what a savage he must be,
To Tommy Hawk a Dove!"

But the unctuous way in which a bachelor editor, lately married, talks of his bliss is really tantalizing to the inexperienced. Writing of his newly-found happiness, he says:

"A pair of sweet lips, a pressure or two of delicate hands, and a pink waist-ribbon, will do as much to unhinge a man as three fevers, the measles, a large-sized whooping-cough, a pair of lock-jaws, several hydrophobias, and the doctor's bill."

It may appear to be almost sacrilegious even to smile at obituary notices, but it can not always be resisted. A certain Philadelphia daily gives more reason in its obituary column for cachinnation than all the rest of the paper. It is but fair, however, to state that its notices are paid for. Some of their verses are apparently stereotyped and appear in almost every paper. Others are unique and confessedly original. Such is the following on the death of a child, and is a fine specimen of bathos:

"So sweet a flower to bloom on earth,
The rose that crowned our little plot
Has withered here to blossom forth
In a superior flower-pot.
His body lies in the Union ground,
His soul has gone to Him who gave it;
And shall we never hear again
The prattling of our little Jacob?"

The above, as Weller would say, "goes from bad to verse." I opine that the editor who announced that he would not publish poetical obituaries unless paid for, while he "would be happy at any time to publish a simple announcement of the death of any of his friends," must have been now and then troubled with such visitations as the above.

Of course, none other but a Western paper could have given us the following in a notice of the death of a prominent citizen:

"He was the father of eleven sons, five of whom married five sisters. He had one hundred and eighty-nine grandchildren; and at his funeral, two weeks ago last Sabbath, two horses were stung to death by bees, and another came very near losing his life by the same."

Another paper in the same locality gives, as

below, a wholesome specimen of an honest obituary—something really uncommon:

"He came to his death by too frequently nibbling at the essence of the still-worm, which soon placed him in a non-traveling condition. He lay out the night previous to his death near a cotton gin in this place, and was found too late on the following morning for medical aid to be of much importance in staying his breath. He has been a regular tippler for the last half century."

A paragraph published in the *Foxtown Fusilier* betrays, perhaps, a little professional jealousy, but serves as an obituary and advertisement:

"POSTSCRIPT.—We stop the press, with pleasure, to announce the decease of our cotemporary, Mr. Snaggs, editor of the *Foxtown Flash*. He has now gone to another and a better world. Success to him. Persons who have taken the *Flash* will find the *Fusilier* a good paper."

A fictitious notice of death sent to the editor of the *Worcester (Mass.) Spy*, is thus served up quite daintily, and made to answer a double purpose:

"If Pratt was really dead, we should be very happy to write his obituary for nothing; but as we are quite certain he is alive, and may see these lines, we would respectfully suggest to him that he has an unsettled account at this office, and that if he has any serious intention of dying, it may ease his conscience a little, in the last hour, to know that he has paid the printer."

Obituary notices may be occasionally gratifying to survivors, but I have rarely known them to have been of much consequence to the subjects themselves. The *Circleville (Ohio) Journal*, however, thought otherwise when, as an inducement to certain of its friends, it stated that "all subscribers paying in advance will be entitled to a first-rate obituary notice in case of death."

Another Western paper chronicling the lamentable occurrence of a staging, attached to a church, being blown down and "fatally injuring" a workman, very feelingly said:

"We are happy to state that over twenty persons were suddenly brought to the ground safe, and one man, Mr. Wilkins, had his neck broke. Mr. W. was an estimable young man, and the father of a good many children, besides a large farm well stocked. He was fatally injured."

Upon yet another paper the pressure of death appears to have been heavy, the editor printing the notice in one of his issues, "Several deaths unavoidably deferred."

The last to be now cited is a most graceful notice in a Southern paper of a brother of the quill, lately deceased, under the caption, "An Editor in Heaven," the first of all places, next to the printing-office, which he deserves to inherit, for there "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." The obituary closes with these words:

"Are we not also glad that such an editor is in heaven? There the cry of 'more copy' shall never again fall upon distracted ears. There he shall never be abused any more by his political opponents, with lies and detractions that should shame a demon to promulgate. There he shall never be used as a ladder for the aspiring to kick down as soon as they reach the desired height and need him no more. There he shall be able to see the immense masses of mind he has moved, all unknowing and unknown as he has been during his weary pilgrimage on earth. There

he will find all articles credited—not a clap of his thunder stolen—and there shall be no fatal typographical errors to set him in a fever.”

The labors and therefore difficulties of an editor are multifarious. If he should happen to be merely a “local” he must prove himself a man not only of incredible industry, but should or at least pretend to be thoroughly posted on all subjects, from the sublime to the ridiculous. Several months since a member of the corps thus capitally epitomized the necessary qualifications of a successful local editor, all of which representation may be regarded as correct, and therefore fitting for the information of certain ambitious young men:

“A good local must combine the longevity of a mule with the impetuosity of the duck. He must know how to time a race-horse, sell a look, teach a Sunday-school, preach a charity sermon, run a car-mill, keep a house, turn a double somersault, and brew whiskey. He must be up to a thing or two in political economy, and be *well* in the matter of working horses. On the trail of any such one item he must be a veritable greyhound. His hike must be like that of the rhinoceros. He must be immune to the crooked snake, and excusable on some of anger when he is kicked down stairs. He must show mastery to the dog. Next, above all, he must be an adept at the art of puffing. This secret he approaches to the blacksmith's bellows that far as he will succeed. He must be ready at all times to say something funny to repeat to Smith's grocery, or to surround Miss Thompson's military establishment with a halo of glowing adjectives. He must be enthusiastic on the subject of home, verbose in extolling hardware, and highly imaginative in the matter of dry-goods. He must look pleased when invited to walk distant squares in the morning and to write a six-line puff for a labor-saving device or a patent washing machine. He must feel grateful when invited to dine at the Dejeuner Hotel, and write a glowing account of the excellence of the food and the civility of the head-chuck. If he feels any sense of humiliation in sitting down to a formal gathering, on the occasion of the presentation of a sword to Captain Washington, or a set of silver service to a brave lieutenant, he must smother it, and revenge himself on the Champagne and cigars. He must often believe that he is invited in a purely social way, and not for the sake of having him write a good account of the occasion, with three sentences of speeches he tall, for the next morning's paper. If he dips in his description of Hodge's freedom ball, or ‘let's down’ in winding up the set of indignations of good-fellow's team, he must take it kindly for being reported for his extravagance. In the matter of sleep, the local must always be brilliant. He must talk lucidly of passengers, with a flared assumption of knowing words, such as ‘sawyer,’ ‘trunk,’ ‘pneumonia,’ ‘high lights,’ ‘re-growth,’ ‘perspective,’ etc.; he must be heavy on numbers, with a capacity to appreciate Miss Spenser's enumeration of difficult facts in the ‘upper register’; he must be ecstatic in praise of double-headed cotton, and eloquent in behalf of fat women and living skeletons. All this, and more, it takes to be a ‘local.’”

The onerousness of the work of one occupying such a position is best illustrated, perhaps, by the journal of an employé of a French paper, who although he might not have been strictly a local, his duties were very similar. An extract:

“To-day I have been a journalist collector of news for sixteen years. I have not been ill a single day, and, excepting on the five great festivals of the year, I have not failed to make up and distribute my correspondence to the journals of Paris and the Departments every day.
“As my working year is three 360 days, to-day makes 5760 days that I have worked on the daily press. Consequently, I have made up 3700 budgets of news. As each

budget contained, on the average, 39 facts or different pieces of news, it follows that I have sent into the world 145,200 articles of intelligence.

“Every day, to collect and distribute these news, I have traveled on the average 16 leagues, which amounts to 3600 leagues a year, and in sixteen years to 57,600 leagues. The amount of the terrestrial globe being about 6000 leagues, it follows that in sixteen years, to find my 145,200 pieces of news, I have traveled as much as six and one-third times the circuit of the globe.

“I affirm, on my honor, that I have never suffered the least attack of that cruel malady called the gout. From this I conclude that those citizens who abstain, like me, travel ten leagues a day, will not have to suffer any further from that terrible malady.

“Finally, to sum up the results: On the average I have annually asked 1000 francs a year. Consequently, through the publishers and editors of the journals, I have made 18,144 francs, of which there remain to-day 12 francs 50c. (about 22 1/2c.) which I hope will carry me through to the 20th of the present month.”

Arduous, however, as are his duties, which are scarcely exaggerated in the above, they have their joys and fun like common people. As the various insurance companies, savings-banks, State officials, and missionary societies are making their annual reports, and publishing long columns of figures which are of the most intense interest to the reading public generally, the local reporter of the *Memphis Bulletin* gives his also for the year:

Report.	Total.
Men asked to drink	11,364
Drunk	11,392
Expended to drink	416
Drunken	416
Invited to parties, receptions, presentations, etc., etc., by people seeking for parts	2,800
Took the bait	15
Didn't take the bait	2,280
Threatened to be whipped	174
Have whipped	6
Whipped the other fellow	4
Didn't come to time	170
Have provided bottles of Champagne, whiskey, gin, liquors, boxes of cigars, etc., if we would go after them	2,050
Been after them	9
Going again	9
Men asked—‘What's the news?’	200,000
Told	13
Didn't know	199,987
And about it	99,994
Men to church	2
Charged pulpit	22
Expended to charge off	22
Gave to church	85 00
Gave to a hotel for	25 00
Chick on hand	0 00

The poor fellow refers to having “whipped the other fellow” but four times, which scarcely speaks well for his “science” or independence. Of a very different character was a sharp fellow named Doolittle, of whom I have an anecdote but little known. He was a Connecticut “exotic.” About twenty years ago he was transplanted from Harvard University to one of the Southern States, for the purpose of assuming the editorial control of a violent party paper, where no one ever labored with advantage for the party, simply because an infinite quantity of pistols and a multiplicity of bowie-knives prevented the strenuous advocacy of certain principles, and fettered the freedom of speech in ele-

gant style of efficacy. Doolittle was highly educated, was impetuous, brave, yet—with the characteristic cunning of his tribe—careful of his own interests. He took hold of the paper with a determination to make it “serviceable to the cause,” and serviceable he did make it. The opposing candidate was a bad fellow—a duelist, a dram-drinker, a lover of “poker,” and a decided votary of Venus. Doolittle dared what no other editor had dared—he said so. The day on which his article appeared the candidate entered the editorial chamber.

“You are Doolittle, the editor of this paper?” holding a copy of the sheet in his hand.

“I am.”

“You have libeled and insulted me, and”—(drawing a large knife)—“I have come for your ears.”

“I beg your pardon,” said Doolittle. “I am a stranger to your customs, and perhaps have taken a license which, in this part of the country, is inexcusable. Such is, I think, the fact. Suppose we compromise the matter?”

“Very well,” said the bluff Southerner; “I’ll kick you, and you shall make a full retraction.”

“You’ll what?” said Doolittle, quietly.

“Kick you.”

“You insist upon that little privilege?”

“I am unalterably fixed in my determination!”

“So am I”—said Doolittle, firing a horse-pistol, as big as a blunderbuss, and shattering the Southerner’s right leg—“*not to be kicked!*”

He held his situation six months; was stabbed twice, shot three times, belabored with a bludgeon once, thrown into a pond once, but he was never *kicked*. During his six months’ experience he killed two of his adversaries. All of these are absolute facts.

That editors are frequently independent can not be doubted by those who read the metropolitan press. One of the smallest but most amusing instances, perhaps, occurred in New York in 1849. A man in that city, wishing to obtain a certain office under the Government, sent to the New York *Courier and Enquirer* a puff of himself, with a promise of fifty dollars in case he succeeded in his aim. The editors published both the puff and the promise, thus killing the candidate politically.

Turning away from the metropolis to the village, a country paper furnishes the following example of “glorious independence,” well worthy of imitation:

“We do not belong to our ‘patrons,’
Our paper is wholly our own;
Whoever may like it can take it,
Who don’t can just let it alone.”

There are but few, however, who can afford to take so noble a stand. I cite the above, therefore, as a most remarkable, nay, as an almost isolated instance of independence on the part of a country editor.

The experiences of the country editor are divers. He is not only editor-in-chief but every thing else—even occasionally playing the

very “devil.” He frequently sets his own type, handles his roller, works his press, keeps his books, writes his editorials, and does work generally, besides sometimes sawing and splitting his own wood, dangling the baby, and carrying water. He is, however, often in difficulty when obliged to leave his home in search of delinquent subscribers, or to attend to other equally momentous and unprofitable business. Then it is that the paper is frequently handed over to the care of the loving wife or diligent “devil.”

An amusing circumstance occurred, not very long since, in the history of the Green Bay (Wisconsin) *Advocate*. The editor, during an absence, left the management of the paper in the hands of his wife, who, being a good Republican, took the Democratic ticket down from its columns, and wrote some energetic Republican editorials. The editor, it appears, was soon afterward again obliged to leave his home, when his substitute announced as follows:

“Our editor has gone to Madison, and in order to make a sure thing of it, and prevent the appearance of any more Republican editorials, has taken his wife with him.”

The “devil,” however, plays more innocent pranks, but never forbears to inform the public “who’s who” in the temporary management. And never does he fail to display his native pride. Thus, the editor of a Vermont paper being absent from his post, his sub poetically exclaimed:

“The editor’s absent; his scissors and quill
Are left with the ‘devil’ to handle at will;
This item is given, kind reader, that you
May for once, as you read, ‘give the devil his due.’”

In another case, that of the Newcastle (Pennsylvania) *Courant*, the “devil,” a young man of parts, and evidently on his way to fame, thus writes:

“The improvement in the general appearance of this number of the *Courant* is owing to the absence of the editor!”

“N.B.—When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for us to forsake, for a brief period, the ‘ink-keg’ and ‘roller,’ and take our place in the chair, editorially, a due respect for our vanity makes it incumbent on us to give the following notice, to wit: viz.: as follows: During this week all editorial favors, such as wedding-cake, bouquets, cigars, specimen whisky, and other summer drinks, Thanksgiving turkeys, and all the *et ceteras* that are part of the emoluments of our new position, should be sent to the
DEVIL.”

Here is another instance of a courageous editress which I have under the date Jan. 2, 1855. Mrs. Prewett, who, after the death of her husband, edited the Yazoo (Mississippi) *Whig*, having received an offensive note, published a slightly severe rebuke couched in the following language:

“If the biped that sent us the anonymous letter from Jackson, signed ‘Cherubusco,’ will come to Yazoo city, and call at the *Whig* office, two noble little boys, one eight and the other six years old, shall tie a leather medal around his neck, as a due-bill for a flogging they owe him, payable some ten years hence, with compound interest.”

We sometimes find, again, that country editors are occasionally short of editorial and other reading matter, for the absence of which their

excuses are of "all sorts." For instance, a Hoosier editor thus writes:

* A little 'circumstance' in our domestic affairs, which is not likely to occur oftener than once in a year or ten, must atone for any deficiency in our official department."

Another. Hooper, the witty editor of the Lafayette (Alabama) *Tribune* thus gives vent to a little bad humor arising from lack of "matter:"

"**TRY OUR FLOOR.**—We can't help it, and we wouldn't if we could. For the life of us we can't make up a decent tapest (this week). We have had a little cold for several days—we have 'fished' about little jenny notions—the hands in the mill are all half sick and out of humor—the weather is warty—and our whole editorial machinery is as intractable as a stubborn mule in a mud-hole. We promised to 'let' one of the 'Money-making Characters' for this Number; but we shan't! 'It's no use knockin' at the door,' we are off our feet, sick, mad, and ready to fight any one of our subscribers who doesn't like our remarks, provided he doesn't bring here that one hundred and fifteen pounds."

A Down-East quill-driver modestly apologizes as follows. Perhaps his reasons are sufficient :

"Yesterday, we had a note to pay, a libel-suit to look after, and a new telegraph arrangement to negotiate. If any one thinks that he could attend to all these things and write of them too, we should like to employ him as an editor."

The editor of the Asheville (North Carolina) *Messenger* would seem to be a thorough "man of all work," judging by the following substantial reasons he gives for his homeopathic dose of editorial in a late Number:

² Our editor (fortunately for our readers) is short this week. We have no apology to make, only that we are an editor, a spinster, empty refrigerator, house and dog painter, tax-exempt, shaggy-headed *Bilbo*, "daddy" of two children, and a first-rate booklover and bibliophile. Having our professional responsibilities sometimes pretty well divided, it is not of our power to be equal and even just to all, without breaking a brain or splitting our collective head."

Another editor, and a Western one at that, expresses the hope that his subscribers will excuse the scarcity of original matter in a certain Number of his paper, for he has "had the headache, the gout, a fit of the ague and fever, and an increase of one to his family, besides, he hasn't been very well himself." He, of course, under such circumstances, ought to be excused.

But about the coolest thing on record is the advice of the editor of the *Madison Courier*, who, in the absence of reading matter from his paper, remarked, that if reading the news alone was the object of his subscribers, "they will find enough that is new to them in the Bible, and it is good reading too."

Of the many trials of the country editor those arising from poverty, mainly caused by delinquent subscribers, are probably the most abundant, but amidst them all the poor fellow seems to carry a merry heart. At any rate, he strives to drive dull care away from the end of his pen. Seldom is this better seen than in the "darning" paragraphs, in which the writer sometimes discloses family secrets, the lightest word of which is designed to harrow up the soul of the

debtor. It would sometimes seem as if the writer, like the renowned King Richard, could smile while he murdered. Yet, how pitiful are many of these, especially when we know how, for the most part, true they are!

As a matter of history, before referring to cases of less note, and perhaps better illustrative of this point, I would refer to that of Samuel Keimer, whose name so often occurs in the history of Benjamin Franklin. In 1723 a paper was issued from the Friends' Monthly Meeting, setting forth that Samuel Keimer, who had then lately arrived from Europe, had printed diverse papers, particularly one styled "The Parable," wherein he assumes the language of Friends; wherefore they certify that he is not of their society, nor countenanced by them. This proved to be rather an awkward introduction to the public. In 1728 he started *The Pennsylvania Gazette* in opposition to *Hartford's Weekly Mercury*. It was announced in a strange braggadocio style, and in one year failed and fell into the hands of Franklin, who conducted it with success for many years, while poor Keimer got into prison. In 1734 he set up an establishment as a printer and publisher at Barbados. In his posthumous appeal to his patrons there he gives some facts as to the compensation of American colonial printers :

"What a pity it is that your modern lawless
Wags ask themselves gentlemen here in Barbadoe,
Should pass after their pay is debt to their printer,
And not run to pay him in summer or winter!
Is there's a wretched country Tape Sale in question,
The printers grow rich, — are it made their posterity."

In farther pursuing his subject he shows that Mr. William Bradford, of New York, had £200 a year from the king. In Maryland and Virginia each province allowed the "established" editors £200 a year; for, he added, "by law he is paid 50,000 pounds' weight country produce" — meaning tobacco.

"But, she! your poor Type point an Eagle like mallee;
 Cloud, clouded, chased by such pallid fellow—
 Though wearing like a dove, with soul and true bearing,
 He and we are not as yet even sold to his perdition!"

He was, however, able to continue his paper, as two octavo volumes of extracts from it were published in London.

Modern instances will show that the times have not much improved. The unfortunate editor of an Indiana journal thus addresses his delinquent subscribers:

"HARD-UP.—It is but seldom we trouble our patrons by asking them to look over the small balance due us; but we think if they only knew how difficult a task it is for us to make provisions to protect Sally and the children from the cold chilling blast of winter that is now coming upon us like an avalanche, it would hardly be necessary to say pay more than zero, for they would come to our rescue instantly."

"One more unfortunate" in Kentucky speaks to his patrons in these touching words :

"Friends, we are almost penniless. Job's turkey was almost a millionaire compared with our present depressed treasury. To-day, if the price of salt was two cents a barrel, we couldn't buy enough to pickle a Jay-bird."

Another appeals thus to the sympathies of his readers :

"We can not help thinking how much easier an editor's life might be made if his generous patrons could only hear his 'better half' scraping the bottom of the flour-barrel! A man that can write editorials with such music sounding in his ears, can easily walk the telegraph wires and turn somersaults in the branches of a thorn bush."

Another writes on the subject more philosophically, but not the less points his moral :

"Every man ought to pay his debts, if he can. Every man ought to get married, if he can. Every man should do his work to suit his customers, if he can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue, if she can. Every lawyer should occasionally tell the truth, if he can. Every man ought to mind his own business, and let other people's alone, if he can. Every man should take a newspaper and pay for it ANY HOW."

The Louisville *Times* has a fair "take off" on the expression "in a few days," so commonly used by poor debtors, and applies it to serve a good purpose. He who can not see its wit is to be pitied :

"You present a man a small account, he will pay you 'in a few days;' pretty girls expect to marry 'in a few days;' we expect to give our readers some interesting local news 'in a few days.' And we are hoping that a great many of our subscribers will send the amount of their dues 'in a few days.' In fact, we know they will, for some of them have been promising to 'do that little thing' every few days for a year or two. We expect them to be 'in funds in a few days.'"

The following "dun" of a poetical stripe is worthy of preservation in these columns, if only as a good parody on the popular song, "Then you'll remember me," in Balfe's opera entitled the "Bohemian Girl:"

"When other bills and other duns
Their tale of woe shall tell,
Of notes in bank, 'without the funds,'
And cotton hard to sell;
There may, perhaps, in such a scene
Some recollection be
Of bills that longer due have been,
And you'll remember me!"

"When 'hard up' customers shall wring
Your hearts with hopes in vain,
And deem it but a trifling thing
To tell you 'call again,'
When calling proves a useless task,
Without the lawyer's fee,
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me!"

Two other representative instances of the poverty of this class may yet be given. The first is that of a Western editor who lately called his "devil" to him, and told him that he could not afford to hire his services any longer, unless he would agree either to take nine-pence a week for them, or share equally the profits of his paper. The boy concluded to stay, but unhesitatingly chose the nine-pence a week for his wages.

The other is of a more melancholy character, and refers to a New Hampshire editor who, while recently traveling, had his wallet abstracted from his pocket by some adroit thief. The pickpocket was so disgusted with the result of his exploit that he returned the plunder by express to the address written inside the wallet, with the following note :

"You miserabil skunk, hears yure pocket-book. Fur a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wellit with nuthin in it but a lot of noospapur scraps, a ivory tutthecom, too noospapur stamps, and a pas from a rale-rode directur, is a contempterbul impursion on the public. As I hear yure a edditur I return yure trash. I never robs any only gentlemen."

The editor of the Alabama *Argus*, published at Demopolis, seems to have been thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Mark Tapley, when, after the following fashion, he showed himself "jolly" under what most people would consider a serious circumstance :

"We see that the sheriff, during our absence, has advertised the *Argus* for sale. We hope the bidders will have a merry time of it. If the sheriff can sell it he will do more than we ever could. Like a damp percussion-cap we think it will fail to 'go off.'"

But, verily, we must have fallen on the "last days" in which St. Peter declared that "scoffers" should come. For are not these men scoffers of poverty? And not only of poverty, but also of riches; for should once an editor become fortuitously wealthy, he is regarded as a *rara avis*, and his name emblazoned in full caps in every paper in the country. Read how the editor of the Horicon (Wisconsin) *Argus* discourses :

"An exchange says that editors are, as a general thing, not overstocked with worldly goods. Humbug! Here are we, editor of a country paper, fairly rolling in wealth. We have a good office, a double-barreled rifle, seven suits of clothes, three kittens, a Newfoundland pup, two gold watches, thirteen day and two night shirts, carpets on our floor, a pretty wife, own one corner lot, have ninety-three cents in cash, are out of debt, and have no rich relatives. If we are not wealthy it is a pity."

Here now is a small batch which reminds one of an editor who wrote his editorials on the soles of his boots and went barefoot while his boy set up the manuscript—so making himself rich by saving paper :

"There is a rich editor in New Hampshire who has made his money by always practicing economy. He always writes his editorials on a slate."—*Mail*.

"There is another who saves the expense of his slate and steals his editorials from us."—*Concord Recorder*.

"But you don't mean to say that he gets rich off such stealings? Should think he'd starve for want of subscribers."—*Mail*.

"What a rumpus a rich editor always does kick up!" spitefully adds a Western contemporary.

Alas, alas! it is that so many of these creators and conservators of public opinion are doomed to travel in the walks of poverty, and that while so few of them are bred to the profession, in the majority of cases the business is not bred to the editor. Hence many a burning and shining light of literature is obscured by the withdrawal of editors to private life. The valedictories of such are among the most curious specimens of pathos to be found in our language. Two or three of these are now quoted to be immortalized by a place in these pages.

Mr. Edward Willett, one of the editors and proprietors of the Cairo *Times and Delta*, takes farewell of his readers in the following expressive language :

"I know well that I need not offer a word of justification for the course. I have struggled and starved long

enough for Cairo; have wasted nearly three years of active, vigorous, youthful life, the end of which shows a beggarly account of nothing at all, except much friendship and a little reputation; and as Scripture bids us to rejoice in the days of our youth, I desire, before that halcyon period is quite ended, to obey its precepts in some measure. I leave Cairo with deep affection for my friends, of contempt for my enemies, if any I have, and of infinite disgust for that abominable old nuisance, the Cairo Company."

I give another, which approaches almost to the sublime notwithstanding its free and easy style. R. S. Goellet, of the *Pass Christian* (La.) *Times*, on retiring from the editorial charge of that paper, was safely delivered of the following:

“VALEDICTIONARY—STAND FROM UNDER.

“Fare thee well, thus dismissed,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Scorned in heart, and lone and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.”

“Although we have been engaged in the editorial business for several years, yet we never wrote a valedictory, under such circumstances, in the whole course of our life. nor did we expect an man to be called upon to do so; but as it is, we do the best we can.

“We retire from the chair editorial of the *Times* with the full conviction that all is vanity. In general we have found our patrons to be upright and honorable persons, but in part we have been dealing with a set of scoundrels and villains, and as evil communications are apt to corrupt good morals, we retire in disgust from the present scene of our labors. We have been solicited to lie upon every subject; to insert said lies free gratis; to send our paper to those who are able but too mean to pay what they owe; to puff into notoriety all pretenses, without a faint hint of remuneration or reward. We have endeavored to build up the ‘*Pass*,’ and are pleased to see that our labors have been crowned with success; notwithstanding all this our boat will sink, for some of our patrons have done all in their power against us; but we beg to assure them that their labors are duly appreciated and kindly remembered.

“As for the ladies (Heaven bless them!), we have found a few true ones among the many, but who they are we feel not called upon to say. But as for the girls—by girls we mean all the double members of the softer sex under the age of thirty—these lines picture them:

“The girls are all a fluttering crew
For man’s delusion given;
Their smiles of joy, their tears of woe,
Doubtful shins, doubtful brow;
There’s not one true to us now.”

“But the parting hour is at hand when we are called upon to bid adieu to you, dear reader, perhaps forever. The chain that has bound us together has been broken by circumstances over which we have no control, and we must depart on the road pointed out by destiny. But go where we will, we will ever cherish fond remembrances of the past and hope for the future—what the future will be we know not, but we hope we may all meet again in that bright heavenly home where we are never called upon to say ‘good-by.’

—HENRY S. GOELLETT, EX-ED.”

But I must quote one other, the reason given for withdrawal from “the chair” being so unusual and praiseworthy that every reader will naturally desire the speedy restoration of the health of the writer:

“The undersigned retires from the editorial chair with the conviction that all is vanity. From the hour he started this paper to the present time he has been solicited to lie upon every given subject, and can’t remember having told a wholesome truth without diminishing his subscription list or making an enemy. Under these circumstances of trial, having a thorough contempt for himself, he retires in order to recruit his nasal constitution.”

I can not refrain from inserting in this paper some rich *morceaux* of editorial humor on “things in general,” with two or more instances of ludicrous blundering. Thus, for instance, does an editor puff his own class:

“A newspaper may be destroyed at night, it may light a cigar, it may curl a lady’s hair. Ah! only think of that, girls! An editor’s thoughts completely, sweetly, exquisitely wreathed in your rich tresses, and—yes, nestling down with you in your midnight slumbers, to gently guard and peacefully keep watch over your happy dreams! Who would not be an editor?”

Another goes to work to display his scholarship, and hunts after the root of the name *Chastetute*. Our Western friend gives its derivation thus:

“*Chastis*, day; and *tute*, whole; that is, *day or whole*. Some of the Chastetutes may grovel at this, but, on the whole, we think the game not worth even a growl.”

Another, who would depreciate and write down a contemporary, writes that “his mind is so small that it might dance a hornpipe in a mosquito’s watch-fob.”

A California paper, attempting to be witty and severe at the expense of a new-born contemporary, spoke of it, saying—what may truly be said of too many journals—“It only lacks ability and character to be influential.”

Another, in striving to be just to a rival contemporary, magnanimously wrote:

“He was formerly a member of Congress, but rapidly rose until he obtained a respectable position as an editor—a noble example of perseverance under depressing circumstances.”

The last, however, is decidedly less complimentary when speaking of a quill-driving friend:

“His intellect is so dense that it would take the anger of common sense longer to penetrate it than to bore through Mount Blanc with a heated barrel.”

But how queerly and carelessly do some of them strain at metaphors and mix up hyperbole! The following fearful announcement lately appeared in the Washington (D. C.) *Star*; and while it is a curious conglomeration of horticulture, fire, and water, is a pretty fair specimen of *stiller* literature:

“It is evident from this that the smoke of discord has been thrown into our midst, and, unless nipped in the bud, it threatens to burst forth into a conflagration that will deluge the whole land.”

This is almost paralleled by the remark of the Boston *Pilot*, some years ago, while congratulating the Whig party upon its non-alliance with Know-Nothingism, that it had refused to be bound to “the chariot-schools of this mesh-room.”

The following “splendiferous” sentence is from the pen of a Down-East editor, who, speaking of a literary contemporary, spreads himself thus:

“The raft on which he was fast pulling himself into the Federal eddy has been suddenly brought up against the wreck of that party, so that, by certain feats of lofty tumbling, he is on his face before the passing simoom of fanaticism, bigotry, and prescription.”

A Western editor also “cuts it rather fat” in speaking of a man who had been bitten by a

mad dog, which he brilliantly lengthened out by saying: "He was attacked by a canine quadruped while laboring under cerebral excitement."

But for a "blazing burst" of eloquence commend me to a worthy writer in the "Nutmeg State," who some time ago, in describing the burning of a barn, the property of a man who had been active in prosecuting the vendors of ardent spirits, indulged in the following:

"There can be little doubt but that this blazing barn with its contents, valued at about \$350, with the cow bellying in agony from which she could not be relieved, should be hung on the northern branch of the Connecticut rum tree as its legitimate fruit."

The violations of syntax are sometimes fairly excruciating, but nevertheless apt to cause a bursting of buttons. A New Orleans editor, recording the career of a mad dog, says:

"We are grieved to say that a rabid animal, before it could be killed, severely bit Dr. Hart and several other dogs."

A New York paper, announcing the arrival of a vessel near the Narrows, says:

"The only passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owned three-fourths of the cargo and the captain's wife."

The editors of a Western paper observe:

"The poem which we publish in this week's *Herald* was written by an esteemed friend, who has lain many years in the grave for his own amusement."

The editor of an Eastern newspaper expresses great indignation at the manner in which a woman, who had committed suicide, was buried:

"She was buried like a dog with her clothes on."

But here I must close my chapter of elegant extracts, selected from my huge pile, illustrative of many matters pertaining to newspaper life. And this I can not do better than by an extract from the Printer's Prayer, first published in Peter Edes's journal in 1816:

"Protect and bless us, and keep us from the evils of the night, and when we lay down may we ask ourselves what we have done for the good and instruction of mankind; if not much, *and we have leisure to do it*, may we repent, and by the next number get out a rich and fertile sheet."

So mote it be!

THE ST. LEONS.

I WAS a Northern woman, and my husband was an Englishman by birth. We were dwelling in a Southern State, and keeping house; so, of course, we needed servants, and as there were no white servants we were obliged to hire those who were colored, and who were held as slaves. It was now Christmas week, when all such arrangements were made for the next twelve months, and to a housekeeper situated as I was it was a time of some anxiety.

I was in a deep meditation. I was not much of a housekeeper, and I had been very desirous that my husband should not discover my ignorance—certainly that he should never suffer by it. His profession called him away from home most of the first year of our married life. The following, which was our first year of housekeep-

ing, I was less alone than was desirable for a person addicted to store-room experiments, and tied to weights and measures. It cost me great labor and some tact to cover up my occupation; not that I was ashamed of it, held as it was in such esteem, especially in that part of the country, but I was so far from being the expert I desired to be considered that I dreaded exposure and mortification. Of course only my successes found their way to the dining-room, and I tried to take the praise for these as if I was used to the delicate flattery.

At last the secret was out. Reginald happened to come upon me in the pastry-room in the midst of a hopeless failure in a grand culinary exploit; when the flour was bestowed upon my perplexed brow with less care than pearl-powder, and the red of the heated cheek was quite too deep to be becoming. My unfitness to be the mistress of an aspiring establishment, unless with the best of servants, had to be confessed.

I was too young a wife, and felt the mortification of the disclosure too much to be very severely reproached for my little deception as to my accomplishments; so, leaving behind us the *débris* of my failure, and commending various half-finished dishes to the good intentions of honest and ignorant Crecy, who served as cook, Reginald drew me to my dressing-room to repair my toilet and to discuss an improvement in our domestic establishment.

"Don't pity me Regi—pray don't," said I, looking up from the cool bath I was giving my heated face; "I could not bear that at all. *Haven't* I done well before this? Was not that a delightful curry yesterday? Does any one have better *pilaws* than we have? Whose boiled custards are best, Mrs. Clayton's or mine, and she the best housekeeper in Middle Georgia? What jellies I can make! You wished for an artist once to paint my dessert, my dear Sir, and haven't I heard you say that the pickles and sweetmeats of our table spoiled you for all others? Oh, Regi, I can tell you every word of praise you ever gave me!"

"I don't wonder, my water-nymph, when you had toiled so hard to earn the praise. I confess to your unparalleled excellence—but Nee-*lie*—"

"Oh, you don't like cabbage-rose cheeks, and you have the plebeian taste to object to powdered hair."

"No, these are endurable. You could bear even such an abuse of your good looks without losing them."

"Well, what then, pray? Are you going to take to giving dinner-parties every week before you get to be Judge? What bad taste again! Do you want game suppers as often? What is the reason poor Crecy and I are to be dethroned?"

Reginald's face appeared above mine in the mirror, before which I was trying to arrange some stray curls. He laid his finger on my forehead and said:

"A little time is coming between your fingers that will go into a wrinkle, and the gray of them curls will be less easily removed than the powder which you have just brushed away, if I let you worry over your housekeeping at this time. I only propose getting you a good cook, my wife, when with your present knowledge of the cuisine you could have your orders graciously granted."

"But good servants are not hired out, Reginald. It is an extraordinary circumstance for really accomplished servants to be found out of the families where they are owned. They are too much prized to be parted with."

"On that score be at rest. This very morning I chanced to hear of an excellent woman, a most skillful cook, whom the Scrantons are giving to him out for the coming year."

"Why do they part with her?"

"I don't know. I believe they have another."

"I want to know something about this woman before you hire her, Reginald."

"Know what? They ask a tremendous price for her—no less than ten dollars a month, and she has two little children who must go with her. But Mr. Scranton told Harry Lee this morning that she was well worth the price."

And so I meditated: "We have already Crecy, the cook—pains-taking, honest, respectful and incompetent Crecy; Maria, her daughter, who is chamber-maid; Celia, the laundress; Louis, the waiter; and 'old Harry,' the gardener—a large enough complement of servants, one would think, for a family of three persons! Then those children! But there are rooms enough in the servants' quarters of this old house for twenty people. The children will cost us nothing. Crecy can be installed as a kind of housekeeper—oh, if she were only as competent as she is willing and honest! Well, I confess it will be an immense relief; especially if the Odeons stop on their way from the Springs, and the Maxwells come up to Commencement, and Hal marries and brings out his bride here for a wedding trip." My meditation ended with this conclusion, and I said:

"Well, you are such a good, thoughtful fellow, Regi, and I know you only want to save me trouble, so if you really think we had better have this woman, and if you will find out why the Scrantons hire her out and keep that old crone at home who almost poisoned us with her miserable cooking the day we dined there, why I will not say a word against it, and you shall have as many game suppers as you want; and I—I will not say I will keep my beauty, that would be too absurd—but I will delight you with such charming tobes as will pay you for being so very, very good, you dear old fellow!"

"Bless me, what gratitude! And you have been trying all this time to make me believe that you liked housekeeping! Well, Soellie, we will have this accomplished Therese, and you shall have a couple from the party room. You could even trust Crecy to give out for you, and so be saved all trouble."

"I don't know about trusting Crecy to give out! No, I never about putting out servants over another."

"Nonsense! it's the commonest thing in the world to have a colored housekeeper, and Crecy can be trusted with unaided gold."

I was having an audience with the new cook, the "accomplished Therese." She was a French mulatto, and it was evident at a glance that she was a woman of strong passions, of much force of character, altogether of uncommon mould. She was large and well-built; a little stout, without losing the symmetry for which any one would have remarked her. Certainly she was a very beautiful woman. I had to acknowledge that. Her magnificent black hair lay in heavy waves under the folds of the bright handkerchief which was arranged on her head with as much elegance as an Eastern turban. Her large eyes looked forth at her new mistress without a drop of the heavy lid, commanding, full of fire, and with any thing but the expression a young and inexperienced mistress would like to see in them. I took it all in as she stood before me; the queenly head, the fine falling shoulders, the well-formed hands folded as if in mock-humility as she stood before me: all this I saw, and I turned an imploring look toward my husband who was standing behind me. His eyes were fixed on Therese, who looked to him as I did. The look was stern, and she saw she had a master even though she did not entertain a high opinion of me as a mistress. But her eyelids did not fall even before him, only the expression in them gave place to one of defiance.

I summoned what courage and dignity I could, asked her a few questions, and gave my order for dinner for the day. Then I said, as carelessly as I could,

"Why do you not stay in Mr. Scranton's kitchen, Therese? He tells Mr. Hamilton that you are a much better cook than old Aunt Cely."

"That is little to say, Madame," she replied, in the rich tones which were as remarkable as her looks. "Mrs. Scranton sent for the Marshal one day when Mr. Scranton was away, and had me whipped."

I fairly shivered as I pictured in my mind the lash descending on the being before me.

"Why did your mistress do this?"

"I struck her; I threatened to poison her."

"Therese!"

"Madame, she said my children were whiter than I; that their father had been a white man."

"Where is their father?"

"My husband was sold when my master's estate was divided. Do they sell white men?" bitterly, and with her shut teeth.

"You have not always lived in this country, Therese?"

"No, Madame. I was brought here from the West Indies; but I have not lived there always either."

I had no time for further questioning then, as I dismissed her and went out to the yard into

which the laundry opened, and where, under a great spreading mimosa-tree, I found Therese's children. The little one, Ettie, was asleep, pillowed on the lap of the boy Philippe, a lad of ten, perhaps. The little girl was plump, and had a rosy tinge on her soft olive cheek; Philippe was wonderfully handsome, with large, sad eyes and a grace evident in his position.

I took the little girl up, saying that the day was too cool for her to be asleep out of doors, and carried her myself to the comfortable cottage separated from the house, as were all the servants' rooms, where I had decided to place the mother and children. I had given Therese two rooms, intending one to be used as a play-room for the children in bad weather. A little bed had been made up for the boy, which delighted him. On this I placed Ettie without waking her, and Philippe took his attentive station beside her.

This done, I returned to the house and entered the library where my husband was writing. I stood by the table till he looked up, a little impatiently.

"I am busy just now, dear."

"But I can not wait to know who this singular creature is, with her lovely and refined children. The mother uses as good language as I do, and I am actually awed by her queenly manner. It is a very uncomfortable impression to receive from one's cook, Reginald. Did you know why Mr. Scranton would not keep her in his kitchen?"

"I heard something of the story this morning, but it did not deter me from hiring her. Mrs. Scranton is a woman of violent temper. Therese has not been well treated. She had more ladyhood than her mistress, who doubtless was coarse and abusive, and roused all the evil passions of a woman of high, strong feeling. I knew you would treat her far otherwise; that she would have a different nature called out here; that you could soften her and make her a good woman, as she certainly is a remarkable woman. But I was stern with her, for I do not know but she might presume, and she must feel that it will never be allowed here, however gentle you are. And now go, dear wife! I am very busy. By-and-by you can win her story from her own lips. I have heard it only in part."

I departed not half satisfied. Reginald was going away from home soon, to be gone some weeks, and then, and indeed at any time, I must be supreme in my house and over my family. I was a young and inexperienced woman. I hardly knew whether I was courageous or not. I certainly did not like the looks of my new cook any better than I should have fancied a lioness for a household pet. Yet something attracted me to her; the magnetism which one strong womanly nature has over another, no matter how they are related.

The dinner was superb; no less significant word would describe it. The same materials that poor Crecy would have jumbled up and

made barely eatable furnished us with the most elegant dishes, and the dessert would have done credit to a confectioner. When Louis had withdrawn, I said:

"Well, Reginald;" and he replied,

"Well, Cornelia."

"I want to know if we are at home or at the St. Charles?"

"We are under Therese's administration. Are you satisfied?"

"It would be hard to be otherwise. But I dread to call her to the store-room."

"Let Crecy give out breakfast and supper."

"What, put Crecy over this woman! She would annihilate the humble creature with a look."

So I summoned Therese to the store-room myself—directed her to the meal and hominy bins, to the spice-boxes, tea-chest, coffee-bag, and unlocked the great closet where the pickles, mangoes, and jellies were stored. Then I told her at what hour I would come to the store-room with her in the evening for supper and breakfast, and in the morning for dinner.

"When I can not come myself I will send Crecy," I said, as carelessly as I could.

A smile of bitter meaning curved her lip.

"You heard that I was a thief, also, Madame?"

"It has been my custom to trust the keys to no one but Crecy," I said, coldly—"she is of proven honesty."

"And I am—whatever you please to think me," she said, in an under-tone. "Is this the barrel of brown sugar?"

"No. That is sweet crackers, and the next is rice; the sugars are on the other side;" and so we came out of the store-room after she had filled her measures.

In the morning Crecy said to me:

"Miss Nelia, did you gib Therese sweet crackers for the children yesterday?"

"No, I did not."

"There was a dozen or so at the bottom of the meal measure. She said the mistress gib 'em for the children."

I watched her the day following, but could not discover that she took any thing not ordered. The same report reached me about the crackers.

"Reginald," I said, "this 'grand creature,' as you call her—well, she is superb—but she steals, before my eyes even. I really believe she does it because she saw I would not trust her."

"You are doubtless right. She steals to revenge herself on you for your suspicions of her. I believe if she were trusted she would prove trust-worthy. Have you asked her more about herself yet?"

"Yes, I asked many questions. I find she was born in a French West Indian island, that she went to France with her young mistress, where the young lady went to complete her education. Afterward they went to England, where the young lady married. Finally the family returned to the island, but in embarrassed circumstances, and Therese passed into the possession of the uncle of the young lady whom she had

served as maid. In this household she acquired her wonderful skill in the *cuisine* from an old French cook still in possession of his office, though too feeble for the full performance of its duties. There, too, she married the confidential servant of the master, a quadroon, who had traveled a great deal in Europe, and who acted now as the planter's man of business. Therese's children were born here, with two others who died. The family ruin came to this household also, and broke the old man's heart. After his death the estate was divided, the negroes sold; a trader purchased Therese and her children, and brought them to this country, where she in time became the property of Mr. Scranton. The husband was carried off to some other island, St. Thomas, I believe. And this is the story which you and I can fill up as we study her peculiarities."

"This accounts for her accomplishments. I have heard that she can read and write; that she can embroider, and do all kinds of fine sewing, and that she has even something of musical talent and cultivation. She is as good a lady's maid, as good a child's nurse—"

"Oh, she could never be intended by nature for that!" I said, hastily, and my heart sank within me, remembering the dainty care I had given personally, and always, to the little child whom I had laid in the grave after a few months of beautiful life.

Weeks went by. There was not a jar in my household arrangements; guests came and went with little more care on my part than if I were entertaining them at a hotel. Then my husband, fully satisfied with the *ménage*, went off on his contemplated journey: his sister, too, was absent on a visit, and I was quite alone. My dressing-room window opened into a garden, separated only by a kind of hedge made of peach-trees, cut off low, and kept broad and flat, for drying and bleaching clothes from the large laundry yard of which I have spoken. Into this the pastry-room opened, with a door on the opposite side opening toward the cool spring house. I walked out near to this hedge, apparently examining some fine hyacinths, but in reality more interested in watching through openings in the thicket the play of Philippe and Ettie. The boy was as graceful, and as well-bred even, in the abandon of his sport as a gentleman's son. Well might the mother of such children cling to them with the idolatry which poor Therese showed.

Suddenly loud tones arrested my attention, and, looking up, I saw Harry, who was an old, perverse, and opinionated man, standing by the pastry table, one hand on the slab, and one used menacingly near the face of Therese. As I looked she stepped back with her arm raised, a gesture equal to that with which Grisi reproaches and threatens her false Roman lord in "Norma."

The old man made a dextrous retreat into the yard. A torrent of invective in French and English followed him, and then I saw Therese turn toward a door that led through a corridor into the house. Before she could reach my room

I was in it and had locked the door. I had no fancy for the scene which might follow, or for facing such a woman in her rage, though I felt obliged to hear what she had to say.

She came through the hall stepping heavily, as if with the might of her passion, and knocked at my door.

"Well, what is wanted?"

"I would like to speak to you, Madame."

"Say now what you have to say, Therese. I don't wish to open my door."

"I must speak to you of Harry, Madame. The miserable old man has offered insult to me. I can not take his contumely. In his ignorance he calls me a witch, talks of my "evil-eye," and accuses me of trying to poison him. He swears he will eat nothing more in the kitchen, and calls me thief, murderer, worse—"

"What is worse, pray?"

"I can not tell you, Madame."

"What did he say, Therese?"

"It was the same lie that Mrs. Scranton flung at me. Oh, for God's sake, Madame, let me into your room!"

Her voice had lost its fierce tone, and sounded as if tears were falling. The softened mood touched me. I opened the door and retreated to my couch again. She stood before me so changed that she was not the same woman whom I had seen with uplifted hand and stormy brow. Tears were streaming down her face, her bosom heaved tumultuously, and her hands worked nervously as she strove to clasp them before her.

"Therese, you are in greater trouble than Harry can bring you," I said, kindly.

At first she could not speak. Then with a great effort at self-control, she said:

"Madame, Mr. Scranton was here this morning. He told me that he was going to sell me away from the children. He will keep them himself. His wife wants to bring them up in the house. Philippe will be a waiter, and Ettie a maid for her daughter. A man was with him, a trader, who wanted to take me west at Christmas."

The voice was low but intense with the tone of subdued passion; before she ceased speaking it sunk to a monotone of helpless misery. A shock went through me as I listened. There were some "peculiarities of the institution" to which I could never become accustomed. In the community in which I was living there was very little buying or selling. Most of the families had inherited their negroes, and never sold unless under great pecuniary pressure. A "negro broker" was regarded with contempt, with utter abhorrence, and treated as a social pariah. Mr. Scranton was a new man. He had made his money, and consequently had to buy his negroes as he did other possessions. His wife, unused to her position, was haughty or condescending as the case might be, her want of breeding evident in either demonstration, while her loud tones and harsh words showed what those who lived with her might be called upon to endure. Her husband, a kind-hearted man, possessed some

qualities which gave him a respectable position in society and commanded some tolerance for his wife, though social circles opened very charily to them, notwithstanding his great wealth and public spirit. I could easily understand why Therese felt the added sting of leaving the children to the tender mercies of this inferior and insolent woman. I had no drop of comfort to give to the poor mother, except to say:

"Poor Therese! If this must be done I will try to have some oversight of the children. How much better it would be for them if you could control yourself more!"

"That is true; they will owe it to me," she said, humbly.

"And now let them owe to you one year of happy life," I added. "Harry is always kind to them. I have often seen him stop his work to fix a toy for them; to help Philippe in his play, or lift Ettie over a rough place. Would it not be better not to mind the old man's folly and idle words, but for their sakes return good for evil?"

"It is very hard, Madame, to keep my temper. He said this morning, when he had driven me beside myself with his lies, that he 'could make a peaceabler bargain with Satan himself than with me,' and I told him I would give him a chance to do so any time he wished to change company."

I smiled inwardly and said, "Now go, Therese. I will see Mr. Scranton myself, and use any influence I may have for you. And, Therese," as she was going out of the door, "if you would like it, you may take the store-room keys and get the children some sweet crackers, and at the same time get some gelatine. I do not think I gave you enough yesterday."

She turned and looked up into my face as I handed her the chatelaine. "Madame, you are too good. I have not merited this kindness. I thought, perhaps, you were like Mrs. Scranton, and when I saw that you preferred not to trust me with the keys I took from you what my children wanted. I have often taken crackers and a cup of jelly when Ettie was sick."

"No matter, Therese; I do not think you will do so again without my permission. You will find me too good a friend to want to deceive me."

She tried to speak, but the words would not come; there was a convulsive movement of the throat, and after standing a moment in silence she turned and slowly walked back to her domain, disarmed and overcome.

I threw my arm up over my head, and meditated how I could best compass my wishes and my strong purpose in behalf of the children. I knew this was Mrs. Scranton's revenge, for which she would say she had ample justification in the violence of the mother. I knew kind-hearted Mr. Scranton, who sacrificed a great deal for a quiet life, was very apt to do as his wife desired, or, rather, to let her rule. But I had a long time before Christmas in

which to work, and I determined to pay a court I never otherwise should have dreamed of to the purse-proud Mrs. Scranton. I fell asleep with my plans playing through my mind, mingling with visions of the lost husband and father, whom, however, I could not include in any possible future that I could picture for Therese.

The post that day brought me a letter from my husband, who was in Savannah. He gave me an account of his social life there, consisting of such little "asides" as a lawyer could find time for, told me of old friends, and spoke enthusiastically of a Creole family he had met at the Telfairs', where he had dined the previous evening. "They are originally from St. Thomas, where they still own large sugar plantations; but they have resided in Europe for some years, and are personally acquainted with every artist or musical composer of note in Southern Europe. Under great *bonhomie* Señor Rosas carries a warm heart and much artistic culture and appreciation. His wife is a delicious *exécutive* on the piano and harp. There is a member of the family whom they treat as friend and equal, though his position has been that of a courier, I think, while they were traveling. Every thing is referred—I might almost say *deferred*—to Leon. He is in New Orleans now, so I have not seen him, but they are talking of coming to the 'up-country' for the summer, which they will spend at Madison Springs and traveling in the upper part of the State with the Bryan County Maxwells, who are relatives on Mrs. Maxwell's side; and Leon will be with them then, I hope. You know Mrs. Maxwell was a Gindrat. I have promised that we will join them at the Springs, and explore the beautiful region above with them, if they will stop in O—— and pay us a visit on their return. And the Odeons are coming in September, and the Laws will be here at Commencement; the old house will be gay. How delightful! and how thankful I am for Therese—" And I went down stairs to see if the luncheon I had ordered for the friends who were to pass the day with me "socially" was all I could desire.

Only a painter could have done justice to it. If Therese had brought in the bloom of the peach orchard, and trailed the golden jasmine which covered our roof with its glory, and hung in festoons of beauty from the balustrade over the portico, about the walls, and shed over all the emerald light which made our carriage drive dim at noonday, she could not have surprised me more than the magic of her taste and skill did now. It was a dainty little feast, with flowers and vines in profusion about the room. Crecy stood by in dumb amazement and delight watching Therese, who was bringing to order a wayward myrtle branch which depended from a tall vase in the centre of the table. Her face flushed as she saw my look of surprise and pleasure, and in reply to my exclamation, "Oh, how lovely! how perfect!" she only said, quietly, "It was very little to do for you, Madame."

To my friends I confided my interest in The-

rese, and wished, oh, how vainly! that I could retain always in my service the skill and taste of this admirable cook. But I knew my English husband's principles too well to think of persuading him to purchase her, so I only listened to her praises with a sigh for the change my dining-room would suffer with any other person controlling its interests.

As for teaching Louis or Crecy, I know she would willingly undertake it if I requested it. But her art is not transferable; her taste amounts to an inspiration. No teaching could have produced the artistic effect you see in this room. Well, I must make the best I can of her, and—do my best for her.

I saw Mr. Scranton as soon as possible. Avoiding all reference to his wife and Therese's troubles with her, I inquired if it would not be possible to keep mother and children together. I felt at liberty to do this, because his intention to sell was becoming known, and some in town, who were aware of the woman's skill, were considering whether they could not secure such invaluable services. He began at once to tell me of the woman's conduct toward Mrs. Scranton, and how only that morning on which he last saw her she had uttered under-breath fresh threats against his wife.

"She was not a responsible person, her whole nature tortured by the prospect of separation from her children."

"I don't want her to stay in this part of the country," said Mr. Scranton, "and I can not persuade my wife to give up the children. She says such a fierce-tempered creature will be their ruin, and for their sakes, if not for other reasons, they ought to be parted. They are very promising children."

As delicately as I could, taking all care to avoid reflecting on Mrs. Scranton, I gave him my opinion of Therese.

"I have proved her honesty, tested her honor, and I am sure that when she considers herself treated with the respect she thinks she deserves as a capable, not to say gifted, human being; when she feels trusted and cared-for she is not only tame and submissive but devoted and exerts herself to the utmost to give satisfaction. When roused, especially through her children, she is a lioness for wrath, and yet through her children she might be almost regenerated. Pray make no definite arrangement yet for her sale. I feel sure something will occur in her behalf."

"I am afraid you do not know Therese yet;" and so we parted. As I approached the house I shortened the walk by going into the lane which led to the kitchen. It was bordered by hedges of the luxuriant Cherokee rose and overhung by tall Pride of Indias, now in full foliage. The lane ended in an open space near the house, where the hedge, "rounding greenly," made room for the well-house which stood on a green bank where the sward was always rich and soft and very pleasant to Northern eyes.

On this bank was now seated the woman Therese with Ettie in her lap, while Philippe was

running and jumping at them to amuse the little girl, who was shouting with laughter. The gay head-handkerchief, always worn while engaged in the kitchen, was laid aside, and the imperial head was only graced by a shining coil of rich wavy hair. The contour and *posé* would have made a study for an artist. I stood a moment unseen, watching them. There was the refinement in the mother's manner of sporting with her children which we consider the result of birth or breeding. I marked the well-formed, taper hands, the elegant curve of her arms, and noted her rich, musical voice as she caressed her children with pretty French phrases uttered half unconsciously. I could not believe that all that fascinated me in this scene was subject to the possibilities of slavery, and might be dispelled by its tyranny. I stood still and prayed, God knows how fervently, that He would interpose and save the mother and the children from the terrible fate which seemed to await them.

As I passed the group Therese arose with a respectful salutation and the inquiry, "Shall I send in tea, Madame?"

"Yes; I will take it in my dressing-room, however, for I am too tired to go to the dining-room. This will be my last evening alone, Therese. To-morrow my husband will be with me."

The color forsook her face, and the light went out of her eyes, as the words too surely reminded her of one who would not come back to her. The very currents of her being seemed checked for a moment; then she said, simply,

"I am glad for Madame that her *husband* will be with her again;" and she followed me to the house, leading a child by each hand.

Delicious spring flew by. In the wealth of its flowers and under the blue of its skies Eden seemed renewed on earth, and I looked about vaguely, fearing that some tempting fruit might beguile me into evil. But the tempter was not so visible, though, doubtless, he was busy enough weaving his spells even there. The happy are seldom on guard, and I almost forgot that I was mortal under the witcheries of the beauty around me. June growing fervid recalled me to my summer plans, and by July we started for the Springs, Old Madison, then in all the glory of its popularity. Here we were to meet the "low-country" families who had engaged us to spend the hot months in the upper part of the State with them.

We drove up to the piazza of the great hotel just before sundown. The Laws and the Rosas, the Creoles of whom my husband had written me, were already there, and the first person we saw was M. Rosas, advancing to greet us. He was a stoutly-built, merry-eyed man, whose very countenance would put one in good humor with the world at once, it was so free from cark and line of care.

"We reached here only yesterday; but Leon, who will insist on being courier still if he stays with us, preceded us some time, and after engaging the best quarters for us, he has devoted his time to his quest. We have rooms reserved for

you also in our cottage. There we are behind that cypress-vine pyramid, the prettiest cottage between the hotel and the spring—two rooms communicating across the hall from yours most devotedly”—M. Rosas ran on as he led us to our quarters.

“Excellent Rosas!” said Reginald, “so you were fortunate enough to prevail on Leon to accompany you!”

“Oh, yes! I dread to think of parting with him. He is our friend, Hamilton—our brother. He is not a mercenary fellow, but you know he has large uses for his money. He intends opening a broker’s office in New Orleans in the winter, but for the summer he devotes himself once more to us. I don’t know but I shall apply for the post of office-boy next winter rather than be parted from him. Here is Madame. Our friends the Hamiltons, Angelique”—and I really felt almost as much at home with these strangers as Reginald seemed to be. There was more than French warmth under all this French vivacity. I felt the heart in the hand.

A tall and very elegant man approached us as we left our rooms after the refreshment of a bath. Standing by M. Rosas was small advantage to that gentleman. The stranger was clad in the white linen which is the luxury of the climate and the season, and removed his broad-brimmed hat, which worn by him was only properly named a *sombrero*, and held out his hand in response to my husband’s gesture of greeting.

“This is Leon, my best of couriers, and my good friend,” said M. Rosas, gayly.

There was a shade of color in his face, but no suspicion could attach to it of its being negro blood. The countenance was noble; the whole expression of the man intellectual and refined. The grasp of hand which Reginald gave him told me that he knew his worth, and made me eager to know more of him.

Our time at the Springs went by most charmingly. We drove and sauntered when it was cool enough, drank the waters, chatted, rolled ten-pins, and played billiards. All this idleness was infused with spirit or sentiment as best suited the temper of the individual. I watched some flirtations going on briskly, and made acquaintance with pretty children. Leon seemed strangely busy, and devoted himself to each new-comer, or to his *suite*, as the case might be, with a pertinacity which puzzled me. In the evening we danced in the great ball-room or promenaded the galleries. The Rosas, Odeons, Laws, and Maxwells, with a dozen families less intimate, made a delightful coterie.

Sitting in the gallery one evening it occurred to me to ask of my companion, the genial Rosas, the history of Leon. “A slave who has bought his freedom, and who is now seeking his wife and children to buy them. But Madame,” said he, with emotion, “Leon is our *friend*! You who see the distinctions of caste to which I was born in thrall can understand how much must underlie such an expression. He has proved a devotion, which only friendship can repay, in a

thousand ways. He is as worthy as any man living of the position. He saved the lives of our whole party in an emergency when we were in Europe, and at a cost which might have been his own life, but a good God interposed for him. The time will come when we shall forget that Leon was a slave. Ah, if the poor fellow could only find his family!”

“Has he no idea where they are? What separated them?”

“Ruin came to the estate—all were sold, the children with their mother; and they to a trader, while it was my good fortune to buy Leon. I said he bought his freedom—he did so when at the peril of his life he saved ours. It was a small recompense.”

“What was his wife’s position?”

“She is probably a cook. Leon thinks she is; though she was brought up as lady’s maid and went to Europe with her young mistress, who was sent to France to be educated. She was beautiful, Leon tells me, and a great favorite with her young lady, who made her share her lessons with her even to learning music and embroidery. It is to facilitate Leon’s search for her that he has consented to come to the Springs with us. It is this that makes him attach himself to all new-comers, hoping to hear of his family, to get some clew.”

I could hardly steady my voice as I asked—“Had they children? yes, you say his family. How many were there?”

“Two, I believe. One born just as they were torn apart; he does not know if it is living.”

“M. Rosas, I know Leon’s wife. She is my cook. His children are at our home.”

“Good God!”

“Hush; don’t let me be overheard: but I am persuaded this is so.”

“Why not tell him?”

“There is the least chance of a mistake. He shall ‘prove property,’ as people say when things are found. I would not for the world raise false hopes in the poor fellow.”

We were just leaving the Springs, and a short journey of two days’ travel brought us to Clarks-ville, the threshold of the picturesque “up-country of Georgia.” Toccoa, Tallulah, Nancocchie, and other places of noted interest, were only short drives from the town where we established ourselves. One fresh morning, soon after our arrival, we drove over to Nancocchie, the beautiful valley through which run the head waters of the Chattanooga, there a clear little stream whose waters we could ford at any point. This morning our object was the ascent of Yarr-rah, the tallest mountain in Georgia and one of the last spurs of the Blue Ridge. The carriages were left below, and for some distance the ascent was made on horseback by the ladies, by the gentlemen on foot. Then as the difficulties of the ascent increased the horses were tied and all proceeded to walk.

The top was gained, and we overlooked a country that was the veritable promised land for luxuriant beauty. Some of the party made ex-

cursions for the best resting-place. One of them found his own name on the rough trunk of a neighboring tree, where it had been cut with those of all his college class twenty years before, the letters so huge and rugged that they were almost unreadable. In its shade we disposed ourselves, and combining bodily with spiritual refreshment we satisfied our intense thirst with the fresh and delicious peaches which had been brought for that purpose.

Time went by too speedily. We did not know that we were losing all the morning hours till noon announced itself by the shortened shadows. We at once began the descent, but it was made intolerable by the heat. As a turn in the path brought us, when about half-way down, to a huge rock forming the precipitous side of much of the peak in whose deep, cool shadow stretched out another rocky platform as solid as that towering above us, we hailed it with such acclamation as our parched lips could utter. We remembered how in other days the weary had given thanks "for the shadow of a great rock," and we sat down to await the coolness of evening. The sides of the rock above us dripped with moisture, and we leaned our heated faces against it and pulled the damp mosses from their beds.

There was a great fissure in the rock upon which we sat, not more than a foot wide at the top, but thirty or more feet in depth. The sides of this fissure were covered plentifully with mosses, and far below us, out of all possible reach, we heard the rippling and purling of a stream of water. We leaned over the fissure, and realized the fable of Tantalus as we inhaled the fresh coolness which the water sent up. I raised my face, burning and fevered, and found Leon standing beside me with a peach peeled and presented on the point of a fruit knife; in the other hand he held a little basket of sandwiches. I was most grateful for both, and the more so that I knew he had made his way down the mountain while we reclined there so indolently to the carriages, and brought up a supply of refreshments left behind us on the supposition that our mid-day lunch would be taken in the valley.

"Why, Leon," I exclaimed on trying the sandwiches, "these are made just as we have them at home! Did you make them yourself?"

"Yes, Madame. I delayed at the hotel this morning for their preparation, knowing how much more acceptable they would be than the cakes and insipidities the landlady was ordering for the party."

"Salad sandwiches, by all means! They are delightful. I never saw them made except by my cook, Therese."

I felt rather than saw that the man started.

"If Madame pleases," he began, after a moment's pause. I looked up. Every vestige of color had forsaken his face, and his voice was hollow as if articulation was painful. "Did I hear rightly? Your cook Therese, Madame?"

"That's her name, Leon. She is a beauti-

ful woman. Her face not darker than that of Madame Rosas, her soul as white as mine."

"And she has two children, Philippe, and a little girl, Ettie, perhaps?"

"The same, Leon," I said, trembling myself in the excess of my sympathy. "You know Therese?"

"It is my wife and children of whom you speak, Madame. God is good!" he said, removing his hat and reverently looking up. "I have sought them these six years, since Ettie was born, from whom I was parted before her mother was able to hold the baby in her arms. She wished to name her for her dear young mistress, Mademoiselle Henriette."

"Yes, Leon, it is your wife and children whom I left in my quiet, happy home. They are well. They love you. Therese lives only for them and in the hope of yet meeting you."

"I know that, Madame. I know my glorious wife!" and the poor fellow put his face down on his hands, and I honored him the more as I saw the tears steal through those shapely fingers.

The little party had kept aloof from us during this conversation. Many of them knew what I knew, and the emotion of Leon betrayed the revelation that had been made to him. A hush had fallen on all as they sat on the great rock in the cool shadow. One of the party, my good English husband, who was nearest me, and who had heard and seen what I had, was busy with his knife cutting something into the rock. The old English letter kept him very busy and very much absorbed; it was easier looking down than up when one's heart is so near the surface. As we rose to go down the mountain later in the day, I read the inscription:

Death to Slavery and Cast.

Early in September our faces were turned southward. It was arranged by the gentlemen of the party that Leon should not only delay till we all departed, but that he should not arrive in our town till a few days after our arrival, and should first call on Mr. Scranton and inquire about the woman he had for sale. That I should prepare Therese for the meeting, lest a suspicion of their relationship might confirm the opposition of the woman, determined to be revenged on her slave—and so defeat their purpose of purchasing Therese and children, no matter at what price their owner held them.

Never was Southern home lovelier by Nature's bounty or in better keeping than was ours when we reached it. The hall door was opened for us by Therese herself, to poor Crecy's discontent and Louis's dismay; but the woman's superiority had given her her own way with the servants, and no ideas of precedence or condition were allowed by her to come between her beloved mistress, the poor creature's "only friend," and herself.

Did I say "the poor creature?" Surely I did not mean to apply the words to the queenly woman, radiant with pleasure, who stands beside the door as we enter. With affectionate and

grateful respect she carried my hand to her lips, and then stood with downcast eyes while my guests passed in. She did not meet the curious glances that no good-breeding could restrain, which were cast on her as the party entered, or hear the murmured words of admiration when the drawing-room door closed on the group of servants assembled to welcome their master and mistress.

I accompanied my friends to their rooms to see if honor was done them in the arrangements for their reception. The neatness and taste were beyond praise. Therese had been ubiquitous. Orange leaves floated in the finger-glasses on the toilet-tables; roses lay on the pillows; bouquets were on every bracket and mantle; and even the curtains were looped back with flowers, their folds artistically arranged. The cool matting, the snowy beds, the floating muslin, the fragrant and lovely flowers, the tempting balconies, and the easy-chairs beside the open doors leading to them—the tempered light and air, the cool drops beading the goblets and pitchers—what more could guest or even hostess ask?

After a little time spent in arranging their dress, removing the soil of travel and cooling heated faces, we met in the shady dining-room where most evidently only Therese could have presided. What a spell of beauty that one woman's taste diffused over my house! How could I endure housekeeping without her! Louis and Crecy were both in attendance.

"The half has not been told us," said lively and irrepressible Tallulah Odeon. "But where are the children?"

To the astonished faces of the servants no less than to the question of my vivacious guest I replied:

"The only children on the place, Tallu, belong to my cook. I am sorry not to be better provided for such baby-lovers as you are."

The cue was taken, and we were silent on the engrossing subject till the servants had retired, then leaving the gentlemen to their sherry and their cigars, I took my friends to the window of my dressing-room and called "Philippe!" In a moment the hedge parted, and the boy bounded into the garden all aglow with pleasure.

"Where is Ettie?"

"Here she is, Missis," and the little creature—she was small for her six years of age—crept through the opening. Never had they looked lovelier. Ettie was always the picture of mother, and Philippe had grown ruddy and more robust. I asked them some trifling questions, gave them each a little money, and told them that when my trunks were opened they should have some toys.

"If you please, Miss Nelia," said the boy.

"Oh yes, I understand, Philippe. Well, something for you much better than a toy." I knew the boy had been learning to read, and understood his pleading look.

That evening I summoned Therese for an account of her stewardship; for to her, in place of Crecy, with her duller sense, I had confided my

house, the keys of the store-room, the silver closet, and every responsibility to an extent that would have convinced poor Mrs. Scranton of my insanity. Therese came in with the same soft, brilliant expression on her face that had greeted my return. She stood, as usual, with folded hands to hear me speak.

"It has all been very satisfactory, my good Therese. I can not prize you enough for all you have done—for your watch, care, and your preparation for our return."

"I have done more, Madame, I have done more—for I have made friends with Harry," she said, smiling.

I replied to her smile as much as her words: "And you are much happier for this ruling of your own spirit?"

"Oh yes. Poor old man—ignorant and superstitious. My anger was bringing me to his level, I fear. He is always good to the children, and would serve me in any way now. Madame, every thing was conspiring to my degradation when you saved me by your kindness."

"Poor Therese! But I have such a large reward for you. I have news from Leon!"

"My husband, Madame! Great God! I have not trusted Thee for this!" was the devout confession of the excited and trembling woman. Then for a moment neither of us spoke. Tears were readier than words. I was glad to see them gather in those large eyes, softening their expression into a tender yearning.

"Sit down, Therese. Was it not good news? And he is near you. He has money enough to pay all that Mr. Scranton will dare to ask for you or for the children. God has so prospered him and given him such good friends that you have every thing to hope."

Not even the falling tears relieved the throng of emotions which these words called up. I saw the growing pallor of her lovely face, and the fall of the listless hand, and flew to her with restoratives. She did not quite lose consciousness, but she could not repress the fear which overcame her, or summon courage to speak it—however, it struggled up. At last she said:

"Mrs. Scranton will never give up those children. I knew this would be her revenge. Oh, my God, pity me! I have brought this on myself. How can I meet Leon with this on my soul?"

In every way I soothed her and bade her hope. There were so many interested; Leon's friends were powerful; no money would be spared—and so I comforted the poor mother. I told her, moreover, the plan for Leon to come to Mr. Scranton as a gentleman wishing to purchase her and her children—for the Rosas and others to assist if there were any obstacles to be overcome; especially if Mrs. Scranton's determination was persisted in. I told her of the service it had been in Leon's power to render to M. Rosas, and how gladly he would in some way repay the man he called his friend; and so, at last, with a renewed charge that she should not betray the relationship by any recognition of her husband, I sent her away.

In less than a week "M. St. Leon," as his card announced him, presented himself to Mr. Scranton to purchase the famous cook Therese. He came with all the showy appurtenances of a man of the world and of fashion; his horses, his valet, his letters of credit and of introduction, were very imposing. My husband and his friends were all delighted, as they told me, of the ruse, and of its effect upon Mr. Scranton. But it had one result less desirable. It increased the value of Therese in the eyes of her owner, who determined that his new customer should pay a round sum for the valuable servant.

"I hear she has two children," said the purchaser.

"Yes, but they are not to be sold."

"I can not purchase the mother then—not that I care for the children so much, but the mother will pine for them. If she is what you tell me she will be of much diminished value without them. I will pay as large a price as your conscience will allow you to ask, Sir, for the mother, if the children may be sold with her."

"My wife—"

"Ah, there is the difficulty! Could I see Madame myself?"

"It will be of no use; though it will give me great pleasure to have you dine with us to-day."

"Thank you. Nothing could be more agreeable," said St. Leon, with a courtly courtesy; and with this courtesy he plied Mrs. Scranton.

"The dinner was perfect." "Therese must have left her mantle in departing; or, perhaps it had been Mrs. Scranton's own skill that had perfected the cook whose reputation was so extensive. He was just going to housekeeping himself. He had been married several years, but had not yet set up a private establishment, having spent some years since his marriage in Europe. He was desirous that his wife should begin with every advantage, but he could not allow himself to contemplate purchasing this woman without her children. She might even make way with herself or with one of us"—bowing blandly to Mrs. Scranton at the allusion to Therese's threats regarding herself. "He could appreciate Mrs. Scranton's desire to part with her, and yet he had a kind of blind confidence in undertaking the ownership of her. He did not fear any trouble provided the children came with her."

And then he offered such a sum of money for the family that even Mrs. Scranton, with her habitual greed, was tempted to let go her hold on the children—and on her revenge. Not quite decided was the hard Mrs. Scranton, and the matter was left under consideration till M. St. Leon had seen Therese.

Mr. Scranton came up to the house with him that evening, and after the gentlemen had partaken of a superb supper, which Therese had prepared, she answered in person the summons to the dining-room. I did not see the meeting. I knew I could not trust myself, and I was fearful that by my irrepressible feminine sympathy I

might unnerve the poor woman put to so severe a test. At last Reginald came to find me.

"Would I be willing to see M. St. Leon, and to say to Mr. Scranton myself what I thought of canceling our engagement for the year, and letting Therese go at once?"

There was just enough selfishness stirred to keep me steady. Not that I would hesitate for a moment—oh, not for the world! but I began to consider our dining-room handed over to the crudities and the commonplaces that had characterized our ménage before the administration of Therese. I went in dutifully, was presented to M. St. Leon with ceremony, and greeted Mr. Scranton. I did not dare to look at Therese, who was standing a little in the shadow. Every thing seemed to swim before me, and I scarcely noted what was said to me until the silence struck my ear, and I began to comprehend that I was expected to reply to some question or remark. Then a glance at the husband and wife, confronting each other in such strange circumstances, restored my poor faculties to my control, and I said, what I supposed was expected of me, "that however much I might regret losing a cook whom I considered unequalled in her department, I would yield to my husband's decision"—a piece of wifeliness that I hoped Mrs. Scranton would hear of, if need be, and be the better for.

At last the whole scene grew clear before my dazed eyes. Most of the gentlemen were still sitting around the table, leaning on it as if they had been engaged in some interesting discussion. Mr. Scranton had risen and was standing, unsupported and ungainly, opposite Therese. Near him was M. St. Leon, leaning against the mantle. His attitude indicated the utmost ease and self-possession. One hand toyed negligently with a spray of roses falling from a vase, and as the leaves scattered from one of the clusters he carefully brushed them back from the edge of the marble that they might not fall upon the carpet. He was pale, but never handsomer nor his tone steadier, as he discussed with her owner the merits of *his wife*.

Therese was in her usual attitude, her hands folded and her eyes downcast, but once or twice I saw her lift them luminous with her love and flash their brilliancy on Leon as Mr. Scranton turned from her to him. How the man bore it I can not tell, but not even an eyelash quivered, and his voice did not lose half a tone.

"She has been well since she has been with you, Mrs. Hamilton?" said the master.

"Invariably."

"Do you think her health would be as good separated from the children?" St. Leon asked.

"She would die," I answered. "She lives only for them."

I felt a beam of gratitude from the beautiful eyes of Therese resting upon me. The talk went on like this for a while and she was dismissed.

I followed her out and called her to my room; it was well I did so. She lay fainting on my

couch for an hour, and then I heard Mr. Scranton bowed out at the hall-door and I hastened to the dining-room. With his departure went all of Leon's coolness. Flashing eyes, and glowing face, and eager voice were asking for his wife as I entered to conduct him to her. The door of my room stood open, and I indicated that he was to enter; then I went into the dressing-room, where the two children were lying asleep. I roused Philippe and told him to take his sister to their mother, opened the door for them, closed it hastily, and made my escape with the tears which would come hysterically after the long repression.

How the gentlemen talked in the dining-room, and how the ladies talked in the drawing-room, and how the reunited family talked up stairs I can not tell. I know no more about the one than the other. I only remembered that all seemed sure, and that the obstacle of Mrs. Scranton's will was so puny before her large inducements to yield it that it did not once disturb our hopes.

And so it proved. I would not dare to tell the sum that Leon paid for those whom God had given to him so long before, nor could I tell you of the pretty wardrobe that was privately made up for Therese and her children, and how elegant she looked when we tried her in her new attire, nor of the good wishes and the blessings showered upon them as they went away as happy people as ever the sun shone upon, despite the incongruous relation which they had to preserve before those who knew Therese only as a slave and Leon as her master. We heard from them when they had reached Baltimore. Leon wrote that he had not yet decided where to make a home. Of course he had not much money left after the large transaction I have described. But he had no fears for the future. To Him who had been so faithful to him in the past he trusted for time to come.

Years went by, adding another and yet another to the little graves where we had buried our first-born. A fourth child sickened in its second summer, and our physician told us plainly that a change of climate might save him—nothing else could. We came to a Northern city, where we had relatives, and where a skillful physician awaited our sick baby.

For a week or two we thought of little but our charge; but at length the child revived, and we became interested in the world around us. The first of May was at hand, and with it those changes that make it the dread of Northern housekeepers.

"The brown stone house next to us has been bought by some one who is going to fix it up a great deal," said my young cousin one morning.

"Who has bought it, Charlie?" said his sister.

"I don't know. Foreigners, I believe. Workmen are there making alterations in the drawing-room. The doors are to be arched, and a niche widened to make room for a grand piano.

The dining-room is to be paneled and frescoed, and I don't know what all."

"You are very good to inventory your neighbors' business," said his mother, a woman who most emphatically attended only to her own affairs.

"Well, there are two children in the family—one a boy a little larger than I am, and one your age, Nellie—a girl, too. Now who is interested, I wonder?"

The sound of hammers ceased at length, and furniture was brought in. Then came the quiet which characterizes a well-bred family, and we forgot that we had neighbors, except that as the warm weather came on we heard through the open windows the sound of music and pretty French songs; and Sunday evenings grand masses were played and fine church music.

"Bridget, where is the baby?" I said one afternoon to my nurse, who sat sewing on the stairs. The child had been playing in the hall, but it was vacant now, and the vestibule door was open.

"I don't know, ma'am," said the girl, starting up from her engrossing work with a suddenly returning consciousness of her charge.

Even while she spoke a scream came from without the door. We reached it just in time to see an elegant woman coming up the stone steps with the boy in her arms, while the blood was already running from his forehead over her dress. There was little time then for civilities—the incident had made us all acquainted. The lady was without her hat, and it was to be presumed that she was our neighbor. Finding the cut not very dangerous, I turned to the stranger standing in silence before me to express my thanks.

As I looked up I encountered eyes swimming with tears, and those earnest, loving eyes belonged to *Therese*!

"To meet you again, Madame! to meet you again! And you are the mother of the dear child we have watched on the street and in the garden!" She bent over and kissed the baby, and raised my hand to her lips with the old habit of deference. I would not allow the humble gesture, but pressed her hand with unaffected joy at the meeting.

"Madame St. Leon," I said to my relative, presenting her—and then to herself, "Oh, Therese! I shall be long learning to call you any thing else."

"To you always the grateful Therese," she said, as her tears fell fast.

And so we met at last, and I heard the story of their wanderings in search of a home; of St. Leon's wonderful prosperity when he entered into business again; of his determination to live where a social position would be accorded to his family. Both parents had spared no pains to fit themselves for this position; both began with many previous advantages to assist them. Therese was elegant, and soon renewed the graceful accomplishments acquired in the days when her young mistress made her her companion in all

her studies. Her natural aptitude for music made her skill at the piano, and even the harp, more than such as is commonly found in private circles. St. Leon, as he continued to call himself, had his large knowledge of the world, of foreign languages, and rare financial ability upon which to base his fortunes and his ambition.

To my generous-minded friend I told the story. Others only heard from me that they were West Indians whom I had known when they were living at the South. There was nothing about them to call their pretensions into question. The children were all that the children of such parents should be, except that neither of them were their equals in presence, and Therese could never be equaled in her remarkable beauty.

Many an evening we passed in the house which they had made so attractive, where the fine taste of Therese had dictated every arrangement and adornment, listening to her rich voice perfected by skillful training. Many a dinner we sat down to, in a room on which taste and art had exhausted themselves, to Therese's incomparable dinners. They almost worshiped Reginald and myself, visiting on us much superfluous gratitude. They are courted now in the elegant coteries which they all are fitted to grace, my good Therese and her husband, and this owre true story could only have been possible *before the war*, thank God!

A MAJOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

IN the army, as in other classes of society, may be found representatives of all types and varieties of human character.

Many years since it was my fortune to serve with an officer who, during the war of 1812, enlisted as a private soldier, and for his gallant and meritorious conduct had been rewarded with a commission. He had served in the Creek War and at New Orleans under General Jackson, and had performed much faithful service elsewhere. Although I do not mention his name here, his contemporaries will doubtless have no difficulty in identifying him after reading the following.

This officer had risen to the rank of Major when I first met him, and was then well advanced in life; but he still retained an exceedingly youthful and social disposition, and never seemed more happy than when "fighting his battles over again," and relating the prominent incidents of his life to an attentive audience by the fireside or at the mess-table. He was a man who, I verily believe, would not for his right hand have made a deliberate misrepresentation of facts in regard to persons or business. At the same time his imagination was exceedingly fertile and vivid, and his memory did not always seem to be reliable; indeed, the marvelous appeared to predominate in his composition almost to as great an extent as it did in that of Baron Munchausen. He was invariably the hero of his own stories, which seemed

to be stereotyped upon the tablets of his brain, and were narrated to every one who felt inclined to listen to them.

As may be imagined, these tales lost none of their romance by repetition. On the contrary, it was quietly whispered about by the officers that, like the old frigate *Constitution*, they had been so much amended and changed that but little, if any thing, of the original structures remained. He always maintained a most grave and dignified cast of countenance when giving an account of his exploits, and no one in his presence, with the exception of his "better half," ever presumed to throw the slightest shadow of incredulity upon the truth of the narrations. His wife, however, often assumed the privilege of expressing her opinions in the rather abrupt form of "Now, you know you lie." He was one of those imperturbable persons who never manifested surprise at the narration of the most startling facts by others, and always had at his tongue's end an *apropos* incident in his own experience which threw all others far into the shade.

He informed me that, while he was doing duty at New Orleans in 1814, having a desire to gain as much knowledge as possible regarding the peculiar habits of the people, he upon one occasion paid a visit to a quadrone ball, where he met with a large concourse of people of all classes, and among them were quite a number of Spanish Creole young men, who exhibited rather an unfriendly disposition toward the officers generally, and were particularly pointed in their deportment toward him. He endeavored to avoid them for some time, but they seemed determined to draw him into a quarrel, and at length their insults became so apparent that, to repeat his own language,

"I was obliged to break three or four chairs over their heads. I then drew a pair of Der-ringers that I had in my vest pockets and fired them into the crowd; but as this did not settle the difficulty, I happened to think that I had a pair of holster pistols in my coat pockets, and discharged them also."

We asked him if the police did not arrest him. He said no, that in the *mêlée* which ensued the lights were extinguished, and this gave him an opportunity to make his escape to his quarters. He added:

"I have nothing to say about the sequel of this affair, gentlemen, excepting that I was informed that *dead Spaniards* were found in the ball-room on the following morning."

During the time the Major served in New Orleans the pay of the army was so small, and the paymaster so seldom was in funds, that the officers were for the most part obliged to depend upon the slender fare derived from the commissary's store. They rarely had an opportunity of indulging in the expensive luxuries that the market afforded, unless perchance (which did not often occur) they received an invitation to dine out with some friend who was so fortunate as to possess means aside of his pay.

The Major informed me that an invitation was upon one occasion extended to himself and his room-mate, a brother officer named Tom —, to join a party of officers who were to dine with Colonel —. They gladly accepted the invitation and went to the dinner, during which the wine circulated freely, and every one seemed to enjoy the sumptuous fare which the Colonel's long purse enabled him to spread before his guests. At a late hour in the evening, when all were competent to give direct evidence as to the superior quality of the wine that had been so bountifully supplied by their hospitable host, and at a time when some of the guests appeared about taking their departure, a bottle of Champagne was placed at each plate, and an intimation given by the Colonel that he expected every one to finish his bottle before leaving the table. The Major said he regarded this as a peremptory order, drank off his wine at once, and retired with the intention of reaching his quarters and going to bed before he became seriously affected by it.

On his way, however, he was passing the door of a gambling saloon, and, having a dollar in his pocket, he determined to try his fortune with it. Accordingly he entered the establishment and placed his money upon a card which won for him several times, and he in a short time accumulated quite a "pile of chips." At length, however, the room began to revolve as upon an axis, the cards and money multiplied into many times their original numbers, and every thing in the establishment appeared to wax dim and misty; and finally he lost all recollection of events until late on the following morning he was awakened by his mess-mate, Tom —, when, to his astonishment, he found himself in his own room and suffering from a most excruciating headache.

His friend informed him that their larder was completely exhausted, and if they expected any dinner it would be necessary to replenish it, but that he himself had no money. The Major said it was probable that his finances were in the same condition, as he had paid a visit to the faro-bank and was rather oblivious in regard to the result; but if there was any thing, he presumed it would be found in his pockets; whereupon his clothes were examined, and, to their utter amazement and delight, every pocket of coat, vest, and trowsers was filled with doubloons and bank-notes, amounting in the aggregate to something like ten thousand dollars. The Major then said to his mess-mate:

"Now, Tom, my boy, as we have been roughing it for some time on commissary tack, I propose that you go to market and lay in a good stock of luxuries, and from this time out we will live like gentlemen."

Accordingly his friend took money and went in quest of the supplies.

Now Tom, be it known, was himself very fond of his grog, and would at any time sooner have dispensed with his dinner than his liquor. After he had been absent for some time the Major

heard a great noise like the rolling of barrels across the hall, and on going to the door found his friend engaged in unloading barrels from a huge wagon. He was in most exuberant spirits, and, rubbing his hands together, informed the Major, with a most gratified expression of countenance, that he had secured a splendid lot of supplies, sufficient to serve them for a good while. In reply to the Major's inquiry as to the character of the articles purchased, he said there were thirteen barrels of whisky, two hams, and a loaf of bread. He added that he would have purchased some coffee and sugar, but he thought they did not care much about such flummery so long as they had a good stock of the substantial of life.

I once inquired of the Major if, while he was with the army at New Orleans, he ever chanced to meet with the renowned pirate Lafitte. He said he had seen him often and knew him intimately; indeed, that General Jackson had once sent him out for the express purpose of capturing Lafitte. According to his account, it had been reported that the formidable buccaneer, with but three or four followers, was then lying concealed among the islands in the vicinity of the present site of Fort Livingston, and the Major, with a detachment of twenty men, was directed to search out his hiding-place, and, if possible, secure him. Accordingly he left New Orleans with his men in two row-boats and proceeded down the river to the Balize, thence he turned west, and skirted along the bayous and islands for some time, until suddenly, as he rounded a high projecting point, he came directly into immediate proximity with a fleet of seven raking, suspicious-looking vessels, lying quietly at anchor.

He was then too close to retreat; and putting on a bold face rowed directly up to the flag-ship, and demanded to see the commanding officer. He soon appeared in the person of the veritable Lafitte himself, who very courteously saluted him, and calling him by name, invited him aboard his vessel. He accepted the invitation, and as he went aboard, remarked that having learned the fleet was in that vicinity he thought he would pay his respects to the commanding officer. He was escorted to the cabin and treated with the most distinguished consideration and hospitality. The best wines and liquors were set before him, and a sumptuous dinner was prepared of which he partook freely. Afterward he smoked the most costly cigars, while indulging in the luxury of a siesta in a gorgeous hammock swung upon the coolest part of the deck, and every thing was done by the courteous pirate to render his visit pleasant.

When the time arrived for him to take his departure, he found his boats stocked with baskets of Champagne, jars of sweetmeats, and other delicacies in the greatest profusion.

As he was on the point of leaving Lafitte took occasion to tell him that he was perfectly well aware of the object of his visit, but suggested that when the Major next started out for the

purpose of capturing the commander of a fleet of seven vessels, completely manned and armed, he should take a greater force than twenty men. He returned to New Orleans, and resolved to profit by the advice of the buccaneer, whom he pronounced a most hospitable, generous fellow.

The Major had at one time been stationed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. I was aware of this fact; and as I had understood that a whale was once killed in that vicinity, I inquired if he had ever heard of the circumstance.

"Why, my dear fellow," said he, "I was the very man that killed him."

I expressed some surprise at this, and requested him to give me an account of the affair. He said that one day it was reported to him that a large sperm-whale was seen spouting about two miles below Portsmouth, and there was every indication that he was coming up to the town; whereupon he called out his boat's crew, manned his barge, and, taking a harpoon that he happened to have, set off in pursuit of the sea-monster. He soon came alongside of him, and succeeded at the very first cast in fastening his harpoon into him. The whale made some terrible efforts to extricate himself, but not succeeding set off furiously up the river with the barge in tow. At length, however, he turned down stream for a few miles, then turning back again went up the river, and in this manner the Major said he continued towing them up and down the river for three successive days and nights, during all of which time he stood at the bow of the boat with axë in hand, ready to cut the harpoon-rope in case he should take them out to sea. At the expiration of this time the whale became so much exhausted that he was easily killed and landed, and afforded an enormous amount of oil.

I inquired of the Major if he did not become hungry during all these three days. He replied:

"No; our friends threw provisions into the boat as we passed back and forth under the bridge at Portsmouth."

One evening I came in from a duck-shooting excursion, when I had been very successful in bagging a large number of birds. I reported my return to the Major, and gave him some account of the incidents connected with our hunt, and among other things I mentioned that I had killed nine ducks at a single shot.

"Why, my dear fellow!" said he, "when I was with Old Hickory at New Orleans I took a day's duck-shooting on Lake Pontchartrain; and, Sir, two of us bagged six hundred and ninety-one duck and mallard. I myself, with my large-bored 'Joe Manton,' that Packingham presented me with, at a single shot killed seventy-seven ducks, which we picked up, besides wounding many others."

One of the officers present gave a prolonged low whistle of incredulity at this marvelous

statement, when the Major turned upon him, and with a most indignant expression asked if he presumed to doubt the correctness of what he had advanced? He replied:

"By no means, Major—certainly not. I haven't the slightest doubt upon the subject."

The Major continued: "You may rest perfectly assured, Sir, that every word I have stated is absolutely and literally true. We bagged eight hundred and ninety-three duck and mallard, and I myself killed eighty-seven of them at a single shot with my 'Purdy,' which Andrew Jackson insisted upon my accepting as a Christmas present. Moreover, Sir, let me tell you that it was an infernally bad day for duck-shooting too."

The Major had upon one occasion given permission to an officer of his command to visit New Orleans, and the young man, having overstaid his leave, expected to be called to account for it. Immediately on his return he called at the commanding officer's quarters, and not finding him in at the moment endeavored to place himself on as favorable a footing as possible with the lady of the house. He described to her the latest fashions, and related the most recent gossip of the city, and was getting along very well when the Major entered, and in a very dignified manner asked him the news from New Orleans.

Now the Major was not at all fond of literature. He very seldom read a book of any description, but poetry was his abhorrence; he could not endure it. He had, however, gone entirely through the four volumes of Emmons's epic "The Fredoniad," in the vain effort of finding his own name mentioned in connection with the events of the War of 1812. He did not appear to appreciate the merits of the work in the slightest degree. On the contrary, he even went so far as to pronounce the author "a humbug." The Lieutenant being aware of this prejudice against the writer of the poem, replied to the question as follows:

"There is but little news in the city, Major, excepting that Emmons has come out with a new edition of his 'Fredoniad.'"

"He has, has he?" said the Major. "Well, Mr. —, I'll tell you what it is, Sir, that man Emmons I take to be a consummate ass, Sir."

"Why, Major," said the Lieutenant, "he has introduced you into this edition."

"The devil he has? What has he got to say about me, I'd like to know?"

"Well, Sir, he says:

'And there was Major — in a blaze of fire,
He caused the British for to retire.'"

The Major's face lighted up instantly, and he observed that, upon reflection, he believed that "Emmons was a d——d sight more of a knave than fool."

The cunning Lieutenant escaped without arrest, or even a reprimand.

THE FOOL CATCHER AGAIN.

THAT it should have occurred a second time! I protest I am mortified! I am more than mortified! I must explain.

It began with Dolly Dalrymple, but all the aunts, cousins, and nieces are in it. In fact there is a breeze in the family tree, and every twig is in a flutter; and Aunt Sennoth went to explain to Dolly, who shut the door on Aunt Sennoth, thereby knocking in the crown of her hat, and nearly pushing her from the steps; and the children, even to our three-years-old Dot, play Dolly and Aunt Sennoth, and say to each other, "You old hate——"

But never mind what they say. It is simply shocking, and, putting on my mantle of charity, I was starting the other morning to act as mediator, when coming up our steps again, with his book under his arm, I saw the Fool Catcher.

"I see," remarked that gentleman, with his quiet smile, "that though you bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him. Fall in line, Madam!"

And so we marched on as before—the Fool Catcher and I—and at the first turning met Mrs. La Place, looking fagged and fretted.

"I am worn out," said Mrs. La Place, plaintively. "I am searching for a roc's egg to hang from my drawing-room ceiling, and I believe I have explored every street of the city on foot lest my stupid man should pass a single door. I have telegraphed every where! I have sent to Barnum's, and all the museums! and Dr. Thibet, the great traveler, you know, has promised to bring me one from Syria, or Timbuctoo, or some of those places. But that is so long, you know! Besides, he may be eaten by a lion, or some of those horrid natives; and every time I see Mrs. Conda, 'My dear,' she cries, 'isn't it perfect!' pointing to the egg dangling from her ceiling. I could box the woman's ears."

"Why?" asked the Fool Catcher.

"Do you suppose I intend to be outdone by Mrs. Conda?" cried Mrs. La Place, with spirit. "Is it not enough that she has the first roc's egg? and they are the rage in Paris, where they are bringing fabulous sums! It is even said that the Empress is dying of vexation because they have all been bespoken by the *Quartier Breda*, and she is unable to get one for the Tuileries. Why, Mr. Fool Catcher, no house is perfect without one."

"Mrs. La Place," said the Fool Catcher, "if Mrs. Conda—whom you know as an ill-bred, illiterate woman, for whose mind and heart you have a thorough contempt—if Mrs. Conda, I say, in this hemisphere, or some woman in another hemisphere, so much more worthless that the details of her existence could not be mentioned before a lady like you, should choose to make a drawing-room pet of a donkey, and keep him on the rug, do you think your house would be perfect without him? Or suppose Mrs. Conda or Mdlle. Anonyme grow thistles in their

green-houses, would you not pull up your roses by the roots at once?"

"One must do as the world does," commenced Mrs. La Place, when—"Fall in line, Madam!" interrupted the Fool Catcher, sharply.

"But the roc's egg?" bleated Mrs. La Place.

"Will be for sale in every shop in the city, once it is known by American women that one dangles in Mdlle. Anonyme's boudoir," retorted the Fool Catcher, grimly.

And so we marched on—Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—till we were brought to a stand by young Tandem, who had nearly run us down.

"Good-morning, Mr. Tandem," said the Fool Catcher, putting up his glass. "Pray, Sir, will you allow me to examine your pocket-book? Unless my excellent glass deceives me that is remarkable currency you are carrying."

One of the Fool Catcher's peculiar conditions was that no one was ever surprised by his requests or dreamed of disputing them. Accordingly young Tandem drew out his porte-monnaie, and looked quietly on while the Fool Catcher, like an amateur brigand, counted out bank-notes and gold pieces in his broad hand. By what magic we read there, in place of the usual legends, such inscriptions as, "Business Credit," "Mother's Peace," "Broken Heart," "Father's Disappointment," "Good Health," "Common Sense," "A Year of Life," "Good Name," and "Energy," I do not pretend to say; but there were the letters, and there were we looking at them, young Tandem with us.

"Good Health—Energy—Honor—Business Credit—Mother's Peace—A Year of Life," repeated the Fool Catcher, in his deep voice. "Large prices to pay, Mr. Tandem, for wines and cigars, for drinking bouts, smiles that can be bought, games at cards, and horse-flesh. You buy dear and sell cheap, Mr. Tandem, and have as good a chance as any man I know of being shortly bankrupt of all these commodities," tapping the inscriptions with his finger. "Fall in line, Mr. Tandem!"

And so we marched on—young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—till we found Miss Sharpe cutting up the beautiful Amaranthe:

"Nothing in her at all!" cries Miss Sharpe, shrilly. "Call her beautiful if they like. I say her complexion is dull, her eyes are of a bad color, her nose is too long, she has no——"

"Fall in line, my dear Madam, and don't perjure yourself!" cried the Fool Catcher, briskly.

"So"—snapped Miss Sharpe, viciously, and eying Mrs. La Place and myself—"all the fools are women! We should have a female Fool Catcher!"

"Ah, Madam! what need," said the Fool Catcher, serenely, "when fool-catching is the business of ladies' lives, and you do it so well?"

"The brute!" muttered Miss Sharpe. But by this time we were at Mrs. Merrywell's door, and found that pretty little woman in violent perturbation—crying, in fact, and sniffing unro-

mantically, because her honey-moon had gone down; in one breath abusing her Harry, in the next bemoaning herself.

"Dear Mrs. Merrywell," said the Fool Catcher, sympathetically, "is your husband unkind to you?"

"Not—not exactly," sobbed Mrs. Merrywell. "I think he is fond of me in his way, but he is so changed. He used to lean over the piano, and now he lounges on the sofa with his horrid cigars while I sing, and says, 'That's jolly!' and 'You're a larkly little woman!'—think of my being a larkly little woman now, when he *used* to call me an angel! and *then* he brought me bouquets every evening, and I now asked him for one and he forgot it; said he had been so busy; and I cried, and he called me a goose—me!"

"Dear Mrs. Merrywell," asked the Fool Catcher, seriously, though not without a twinkle of the eyes, "have you your husband's picture?"

"To be sure," returned Mrs. Merrywell, briskly. "I had it before our marriage, and I used to kiss it every day."

"Precisely; and did you kiss it this morning, Mrs. Merrywell?"

"Why, no," returned the little woman, doubtfully. "I—"

"Did you kiss it yesterday, or the day before, or even the week before?" continued the Fool Catcher, with increasing severity; "or did you this very morning pinch your husband's ears and pull his hair instead? Mrs. Merrywell, you may be fond of your husband in your way, but think of pulling his hair instead of kissing his picture!"

"At any rate, I don't forget what he asked me, and then call him a goose," argued Mrs. Merrywell, plucky and pouting.

"Mrs. Merrywell," said the Fool Catcher, "when you have baked your cake on one side you must turn it and bake it on the other. Your case is by no means singular. Wholly to win a man, a woman must win him twice over. Once by her beauty, her girlish freshness and sparkle, whatever it was that attracted him; the second time, by her goodness, tact, and cleverness: and as the last qualities are superior, so is the last love sweeter and dearer. But if instead you only show him tears, pouting, and *deshabille*, he will be apt to remember that he was won by fair looks, and feel as you would, Mrs. Merrywell, if you paid for a silk gown and they sent you home a print."

"Why are not women then to be won twice over, and all the rest of it?" commenced Mrs. Merrywell, mutinously. "Why must men—?"

"My dear Madam," interrupted the Fool Catcher, "I do not make facts, I only state them. Fall in line, if you please. A walk with us will do you no harm."

And so we marched on—Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—till we were unlucky enough to meet Nullus with an armful of books,

all bearing, "THE WORLD AS IT IS: NULLUS," in gilt lettering on the back. I am positive that the Fool Catcher tried to dodge him, but Nullus seized him by the coat, and began to dilate on his book, assuring him that he would find satisfactorily treated there every subject of note that had been started since the deluge.

"Do you find market for your works?" asked the Fool Catcher, uneasily.

"Market!" repeated Nullus, with huge disdain. "Does any thing find market nowadays but clap-trap? Give people sound reasoning, and profound thought on original subjects, and they won't read it. Fine fancies and delicate shades of thought are thrown away on the brutal taste of the day. I tell you, Sir, men are required to write as scene-makers paint—in great, staring colors, that require no thought, and no close inspection. No, Sir," pursued Nullus, with increasing heat, "I don't expect to find a market, Sir. A hundred years hence, somebody may dig out a stray copy of 'The World as it is,' and make the publisher's fortune; but I pay for publishing, and starve in a dirty lodging-house."

"Alter your style."

"To suit a vitiated taste? Never," declaimed Nullus.

"Choose another profession."

"What, and give up my muse! Impossible; why—"

"Fall in line, Sir!" roared the Fool Catcher. "What the deuce would you have, if you will play dead-marches when people want jigs!"

And so we marched on—Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—and met the Hon. Mr. Boreas, coming fast, and with a bright face, around the corner.

"Congratulate me," he cried to the Fool Catcher. "I have just been investing my money in the *Monthly Periwinkle*, the best magazine published! Splendid investment! The circulation is—"

"Fall in line!" exclaimed the Fool Catcher, sharply. "Why, you are a curiosity, Sir!"

And so we marched on—the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—to the Tornado Place, where old Tornado sat at dinner, in a fury, over the beef.

"Underdone again! Is there a house-keeper in this house or not, Mrs. Tornado?" roared her husband. "If not, inform me, and I will supply the deficiency. Upon my word, Madam, it is a wonderful thing—a *wonderful* thing, that nothing can be done properly in my house. Every thing, from the children to the dinner, neglected and spoiled. D—n it, Madam, do you hear me? I say every thing is *ruined* in this house!" glaring fiercely at Mrs. Tornado, who sat stonily through it all, looking steadily at her plate.

"The brute! the ass!" murmured the Fool Catcher, "to trample under his hoof not only the woman but all his own chance of happiness,

when you can lead any woman, with kisses and coaxing, from Dan to Beersheba. Fall in line, Mr. Tornado!"

And so we marched on—Tornado, the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—to the next block, where Mrs. Scragge sat reading a letter, crossed and recrossed, after the horrible manner of women.

"Such a sad case!" she said, looking at the Fool Catcher; "but, of course, you have heard. I always felt there was something about that woman that was to be distrusted. How *can* people do such things, Mr. Fool Catcher?"

"Circumstances alter cases," returned the Fool Catcher, sententiously.

"I do not think they do," cried Mrs. Scragge, virtuously. "I do not consider any circumstances an excuse for such things. I have never pretended to be better than other women; but, Mr. Fool Catcher, you might bring me what circumstances you like, and it would make no difference with me; not an atom."

The Fool Catcher waved his hand toward our ranks.

"Fall in line, Madam! You are as wise as a baby that is sure the candle will not burn its fingers:" securing, in the same breath, an editor, whom he had caught among the prophets.

And so we marched on—the Editor, Mrs. Scragge, Tornado, the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—to—well—really, there are times, and persons, and things about which one should have discretion—let us say that it was Dash, who was observing, in an unctuous, comfortable way, to three bony women in print gowns:

"I don't deny that it is hard, my good ladies, but it is undoubtedly the will of God, because, whatever is, is right; so that, in my opinion, the powerful effort that is now being made to alter your status, is a direct flying in the face of Providence. It is painful individually, but, no doubt, that is a wise provision that makes the condition of working women as uncomfortable as possible, since, were it otherwise, women might be tempted to revolt against their natural protectors, and make themselves independent of men."

"My good Dash!" cried the Fool Catcher, twirling that worthy about on his own steps like a top, "if there was a custom of horsewhipping, daily, all fat, pompous men like you, would you consider it an ordinance of God or a device of man? and when you have a fever, do you not think that a doctor and medicines is so much flying in the face of Providence? since, though the fever may bear individually hard on you, doubtless a wise provision made fevers possible for mankind, especially in the spring. Fall in line, Dash!" at the same time pouncing on what he called Similar Cases—a young man, who insisted that a fine head of blonde hair and a pair of pink cheeks were a sweet temper and a good heart, and a young lady, who believed a

well-starched shirt-bosom and a heavy mustache to be refinement and bravery.

And so we marched on—the Similar Cases, Dash, the Editor, Mrs. Scragge, Tornado, the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—till we found old Cruet, dropping gall as usual.

"Hear the fellow!" said the Fool Catcher, as Cruet ran up to Dr. Honiwell.

"Good-morning, Doctor! I congratulate you, Sir. I see your son has graduated at last; and, for my part, let people talk as they like about young Cresses, I never fancied such precocious development. Ah! Mr. Besom! why, I was thinking of you. I have just seen your new house, Sir. Pity there wasn't a varnish of time, and ready-grown moss, to be had with other building materials. A spiteful neighborhood like yours will have its fling, you know, at new-people. Miss Cresses, how ill you look! what has become of that fine bloom that I used to praise a year ago? My dear Hodein, why I am meeting all my friends this morning! So you have an article in the *Saga*; and, by-the-by, what a wretched number that was! Pity, too; its editor never pays, if he can help it. Now—"

"Fall in line," said the Fool Catcher, laying a heavy hand on Cruet's shoulders. "I remember, Sir, that Heaven reckons up each drop of gall that you distill for your fellow-creatures, and will, one day, give it all to you to drink!"

And so we marched on—Cruet, the Similar Cases, Dash, the Editor, Mrs. Scragge, Tornado, the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—and found old Mene, peeping into a kettle, boiling on the range in his own kitchen, and lecturing Mrs. Mene and the cook.

"Mrs. Mene, I thought I ordered this fish to be kept till to-morrow, and a picked-up dinner for to-day! 'There was nothing left,' Mrs. Mene? Do you mean to tell me there was nothing left? And a pudding! Mrs. Mene, will you look here? The woman is making a pudding! Fish, and a pudding, together! Burning out the candle at both ends! And you talking about new hats for the children! There must be some old things in the house. Look them up, look them up, Mrs. Mene, and set the pudding away, do you hear? Fish, and pudding, in one day! indeed!"

"Here is an idiot," said the Fool Catcher, with strong disgust. "You should have married a five-dollar note, Sir. It would have cost you nothing, and you need never have spent it. Fall in line, Mr. —; but hush, what is that?" And listening, we heard Mrs. Worreit.

"Oh, yes! I get the woman, my dear, at little or nothing. She has neither home nor friends, and is glad of a shelter; and she is not aware of her own value. She is a perfect seamstress; has taste and judgment, and I should pay two dollars a-day for the work that I get

out of her at a dollar a week. As you say, I think I am in luck myself; but I am always on the look-out for such lucky chances. I get all my work done in that way. I can afford to dress well on the money I save."

"Ah! Madam;" cried the Fool Catcher, suddenly stepping in before her, "as I told Mr. Cruet, Heaven is in account with you, and of such as you will exact usury on every penny that you have gained or saved out of the poor and afflicted, and you will find it a fearful debt to pay. Fall in line, Madam. You are penny-wise and soul-foolish."

So we marched on—Mrs. Worreit, Mr. Mene, Cruet, the Similar Cases, Dash, the Editor, Mrs. Scragge, Tornado, the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—when we met Miss Blew, in a dingy, rumpled gown, and the ugliest bonnet that could be bought for money.

"You are a pretty Fool Catcher!" cried Miss Blew, scornfully scanning our line. "A man or two to save appearances, and all the rest to go free. But wait till the new order of things comes about. Then we may have a female Fool Catcher, and men may get their deserts for their meanness, stupidity, obstinacy, ugliness, pettiness, tyranny, malice, and abuse of women generally. I only wish they would make *me* Fool Catcher," she said, grimly, curving her fingers like claws.

"Is the new order of things at hand?" asked the Fool Catcher, quietly.

"No; nor won't be," snapped Miss Blew, "till women pluck up a spirit. Men are like donkeys—"

"But, my dear Madam, you can lead your donkeys better with thistles than sticks. Tact, and conciliation—"

"Have been tried for the last six thousand years!" screamed Miss Blew. "Men are to tyrannize over us, because it is unfeminine to show temper and resist; and we are to look pretty, because men like pretty faces; and wear neat gowns, because men like neatness in women. But if we only get a dinner semi-occasionally, we must not mention it, because the only remedy is, more trades and more wages; and as it tickles men's vanity to think that he is the centre of woman's universe, and that in him she lives, and moves, and has her being, the best he can do for working women, who live and move in themselves, if at all, is to wink at their existence, and continually hold them up as dreadful examples of what may happen to women without his protection; telling us, meanwhile, how feeble we are in muscle and endurance, and how inferior in judgment and talents. But when the painter drew the lion at the feet of the man the lion said that he should have placed the figures differently. It makes a difference who tells the story. Give us as thorough and sensible an education as you do men, as fair a chance, and as desirable a prospect, and let us demonstrate our inferiority. So far it

has been millions of times asserted, but never once proved. Let—"

"Fall in line, Madam!" interrupted the Fool Catcher, who had listened with something like interest. "There are grains of wheat in all this chaff, but common-sense might teach you that when you deliberately make yourself as unbearable to men as possible they will very naturally suppose you the fruit of the system you advocate, and as naturally oppose it, when you stand in need of their sympathy and hearty co-operation, instead."

And so we marched on—Miss Blew, Mrs. Worreit, Mr. Mene, Cruet, the Similar Cases, Dash, the Editor, Mrs. Scragge, Tornado, the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—till the Fool Catcher stopped us to listen to Mrs. Gnat.

"There, Gnat!" she was saying, "just like you! Forgot it, of course! You wouldn't have forgotten it if Mrs. Walliker had asked you! Toiling and slaving, you say! I suppose you expect to have a wife and daughters for nothing, Sir. I suppose you would like us to turn our old gowns, and wear them the year through. Mimy extravagant! She don't dress as well as Laura Walliker! Always talking about sitting at your desk! Where would you sit? or as if you cared for any thing outside of your counting-room."

"Yes, but he might have cared for his home," said the Fool Catcher, softly.

"You are lazy, Gnat," pursued the lady, "or you would be willing to escort your daughters about, poor things! You would, if you had natural affection. Worn down! Well, I am worn down, I should think, with a house, and three daughters, and six servants, to oversee! But I sacrifice myself; I go till I am fit to drop!"

"What a pity that the Gnats are not given to the Tornados!" said the Fool Catcher, stepping forward with his customary formula of "Fall in line, Mrs. Gnat."

And so we marched on—Mrs. Gnat, Miss Blew, Mrs. Worreit, Mr. Mene, Cruet, the Similar Cases, Dash, the Editor, Mrs. Scragge, Tornado, the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I—till we overtook Mrs. Pharisee, entangled in a crowd about a miserable woman caught in the act of filching an apronful of beans.

A movement of the crowd brought Mrs. Pharisee and the woman face to face. Mrs. Pharisee was fresh, clean, and spotless, from her stockings to her collar. Her face was fresh and spotless also, with here and there a line—for Mrs. Pharisee was not young—but lightly drawn by small anxieties. The woman, though ten years younger than Mrs. Pharisee, looked older, so haggard, ragged, and begrimed was she. No stronger contrast could have been made. Mrs. Pharisee was proper; the woman was reckless. Mrs. Pharisee was neat; the woman was

filthy. Mrs. Pharisee was on her way to evening prayers; and the woman had just stolen beans, for her children, she said, looking half-imploringly at Mrs. Pharisee.

"And you see where your theft has brought you and them," said Mrs. Pharisee, answering her look. "Why will people be bad, when, in these days of light and of the dispensation of the Gospel, it is just as easy to be good?"

The Fool Catcher choked.

"Fall in line!" he gasped, when he had recovered breath. "If all the virtues and proprieties have been able to make nothing better of you than this, I wonder what you would have developed had you been born, like this woman, not to days of light, but to days of darkness: not to the dispensation of the Gospel, but to the dispensation of the devil! Fall in line, Mrs. Pharisee."

And so we marched on—Mrs. Pharisee, Mrs. Gnat, Miss Blew, Mrs. Worreit, Mr. Mene, Cruet, the Similar Cases, Dash, the Editor, Mrs. Scragge, Tornado, the Hon. Mr. Boreas, Nullus, Mrs. Merrywell, Miss Sharpe, young Tandem, Mrs. La Place, the Fool Catcher, and I.

CARLYLE AT EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH has no University Hall, and accordingly, when speech-day approached, the largest public room in the city was chartered by the University authorities. This public room—the Music Hall in George Street—will contain, under severe pressure, from eighteen hundred to nineteen hundred persons, and tickets to that extent were secured by the students and members of the General Council.

On the day of the address the doors of the Music Hall were besieged long before the hour of opening had arrived; and loitering about there on the outskirts of the crowd, one could not help glancing curiously down Pitt Street, toward the "lang toun" of Kirkcaldy, dimly seen beyond the Forth—for on the sands there, in the early years of the century, Edward Irving was accustomed to pace up and down solitarily, and "as if the sands were his own," people say, who remembered, when they were boys, seeing the tall, ardent, black-haired, swift-gestured, squinting man, often enough. And to Kirkcaldy too, as successor to Edward Irving in the Grammar School, came young Carlyle from Edinburgh College, wildly in love with German and mathematics—and the school-room in which these men taught, although incorporated in Provost Swan's manufactory, is yet kept sacred and intact, and but little changed these fifty years—an act of hero-worship for which the present and other generations may be thankful. It seemed to me that so glancing Fife-ward, and thinking of that noble friendship—of the David and Jonathan of so many years gone—was the best preparation for the man I was to see and the speech I was to hear. David and Jonathan! Jonathan stumbled and fell on the dark hills not of Gilboa, but of Vanity; and David sang his

funeral song: "But for him I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with. I call him on the whole the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or now hope to find."

In a very few minutes after the doors were opened the large hall was filled in every part, and when up the central passage the Principal, the Lord Rector, the Members of the Senate, and other gentlemen advanced toward the platform, the cheering was vociferous and hearty. The Principal occupied the chair of course, the Lord Rector on his right, the Lord Provost on his left. When the platform gentlemen had taken their seats every eye was fixed on the Rector. To all appearance, as he sat, time and labor had dealt tenderly with him. His face had not yet lost the country bronze which he brought up with him from Dumfries-shire as a student fifty-six years ago. His long residence in London had not touched his Annandale look, nor had it—as we soon learned—touched his Annandale accent. His countenance was striking, homely, sincere, truthful—the countenance of a man on whom "the burden of the unintelligible world" had weighed more heavily than on most. His hair was yet almost dark; his mustache and short beard were iron gray. His eyes were wide, melancholy, sorrowful; and seemed as if they had been at times aweary of the sun. Altogether in his aspect there was something aboriginal, as of a piece of unbewn granite, which had never been polished to any approved pattern, whose natural and original vitality had never been tampered with. In a word, there seemed no passivity about Mr. Carlyle—he was the diamond, and the world was his pane of glass; he was a graving tool rather than a thing graven upon—a man to set his mark on the world—a man on whom the world could not set its mark. And just as, glancing toward Fife a few minutes before, one could not help thinking of his early connection with Edward Irving, so seeing him sit beside the venerable Principal of the University, one could not help thinking of his earliest connection with literature.

Time brings men into the most unexpected relationships. When the Principal was plain Mr. Brewster, editor of the *Edinburgh Cyclopædia*, little dreaming that he should ever be Knight of Hanover and head of the Northern Metropolitan University, Mr. Carlyle—just as little dreaming that he should be the foremost man of letters of his day and Lord Rector of the same University—was his contributor, writing for said *Cyclopædia* biographies of Voltaire and other notables. And so it came about that, after years of separation and of honorable labor, the old editor and contributor were brought together again—in new aspects. The proceedings began by the conferring of the degree of LL.D. on Mr. Erskine of Linlathen—an old friend of Mr. Carlyle's—on Professors Huxley, Tyndall, and Ramsay, and on Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer.

That done, amidst a tempest of cheering and hats enthusiastically waved, Mr. Carlyle, slipping off his Rectorial robe—which must have been a very shirt of Nessus to him—advanced to the table and began to speak in low, wavering, melancholy tones, which were in accordance with the melancholy eyes, and in the Annandale accent, with which his play-fellows must have been familiar long ago. So self-contained was he, so impregnable to outward influences, that all his years of Edinburgh and London life could not impair, even in the slightest degree, *that*. The opening sentences were lost in the applause, and when it subsided the low, plaintive, quavering voice was heard going on, “Your enthusiasm toward me is very beautiful in itself, however undeserved it may be in regard to the object of it. It is a feeling honorable to all men, and one well known to myself when in a position analogous to your own.” And then came the Carlylean utterance, with its far-reaching reminiscence and sigh over old graves—Father’s and Mother’s, Edward Irving’s, John Sterling’s, Charles Buller’s, and all the noble known in past time—and with its flash of melancholy scorn. “There are now fifty-six years gone, last November, since I first entered your city, a boy of not quite fourteen—fifty-six years ago—to attend classes here and gain knowledge of all kinds, I knew not what—with feelings of wonder and awe-struck expectation; and now, after a long, long course, this is what we have come to.” (Hereat certain blockheads, with a sense of humor singular enough, loudly cachinnated!) “There is something touching and tragic, and yet at the same time beautiful, to see the third generation, as it were, of my dear old native land, rising up and saying, ‘Well, you are not altogether an unworthy laborer in the vineyard. You have toiled through a great variety of fortunes and have had many judges.’”

And thereafter, without aid of notes or paper preparation of any kind, in the same wistful, earnest, hesitating voice, and with many a touch of quaint humor by the way, which came in upon his subject like glimpses of pleasant sunshine, the old man talked to his vast audience about the origin and function of Universities, the old Greeks and Romans, Oliver Cromwell, John Knox, the excellence of silence as compared with speech, the value of courage and truthfulness, and the supreme importance of taking care of one’s health. “There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What to it are nuggets and millions? The French financier said—‘Alas! why is there no sleep to be sold!’ Sleep was not in the market at any quotation.” But what need of quoting a speech which by this time has been read by every body? Appraise it as you please, it was a thing *per se*. Just as, if you wish a purple dye you must fish up the Murex; if you wish ivory you must go to the east; so if you desire an address such as Edinburgh listened to the other day you must go to Chelsea for it. It may not be quite to your taste, but, in

any case, there is no other intellectual warehouse in which that kind of article is kept in stock.

Criticism and comment, both provincial and metropolitan, have been busy with the speech, making the best and the worst of it; but it will long be memorable to those who were present and listened. Beyond all other living men Mr. Carlyle has colored the thought of his time. He is above all things original. Search where you will, you will not find his duplicate. Just as Wordsworth brought a new eye to nature, Mr. Carlyle has brought a new eye into the realms of Biography and History. Helvellyn and Skiddaw, Grassmere and Fairfield, are seen now by the tourist even, through the glamour of the poet; and Robespierre and Mirabeau, Cromwell and Frederic, Luther and Knox, stand at present, and may for a long time stand, in the somewhat lurid torch-light of Mr. Carlyle’s genius. Whatever the French Revolution may have been, the French Revolution, as Mr. Carlyle conceives it, will be the French Revolution of posterity. If he has been mistaken, it is not easy to see from what quarter rectification is to come. It will be difficult to take the “sea-green” out of the countenance of the Incorruptible, to silence Danton’s pealing voice or clip his shaggy mane, to dethrone King Mirabeau. If with regard to these men Mr. Carlyle has written wrongfully, there is to be found no redress. Robespierre is now, and henceforth in popular conception, a prig; Mirabeau is now and henceforth a hero. Of these men, and many others, Mr. Carlyle has painted portraits, and whether true or false, his portraits are taken as genuine.

And this new eye he has brought into ethics as well. A mountain, a daisy, a sparrow’s nest, a mountain tarn, were very different objects to Wordsworth from what they were to ordinary spectators; and the moral qualities of truth, valor, honesty, industry, are quite other things to Mr. Carlyle from what they are to the ordinary run of mortals—not to speak of preachers and critical writers. The gospel of noble manhood, which he so passionately preaches, is not in the least a novel one—the main points of it are to be found in the oldest books which the world possesses, and have been so constantly in the mouths of men that for several centuries past they have been regarded as truisms. That work is worship; that the first duty of a man is to find out what he can do best, and when found, “to keep pegging away at it,” as old Lincoln phrased it; that on a lie nothing can be built; that this world has been created by Almighty God; that man has a soul which can not be satisfied with meats or drinks, or fine palaces and millions of money, or stars and ribbons—are not these the mustiest of commonplaces, of the very utterance of which our very grandmothers would be ashamed? It is true they are most commonplace—to the commonplace; that they have formed the staple of droning sermons which have set the congregation asleep; but just as Wordsworth saw more in a mountain than any other man, so in these ancient saws Mr. Car-

lyle discovered what no other man in his time has.

And then, in combination with this piercing insight, he has, above all things—emphasis. He speaks as one having authority—the authority of a man who has seen with his own eyes, who has gone to the bottom of things and knows. For thirty years the gospel he has preached, scornfully sometimes, fiercely sometimes, to the great scandal of decorous persons not unfrequently; but he has always preached it sincerely and effectively. All this Mr. Carlyle has done; and there was not a single individual perhaps, in his large audience at Edinburgh the other day, who was not indebted to him for something—on whom he had not exerted some spiritual influence more or less. Hardly one perhaps—and there were many to whom he has

been a sort of Moses leading them across the desert to what land of promise may be in store for them; some to whom he has been a many-counseled, wisely-experienced elder brother; a few to whom he has been monitor and friend. The gratitude I owe to him is—or should be—equal to that of most. He has been to me only a voice, sometimes sad, sometimes wrathful, sometimes scornful; and when I saw him for the first time with the eye of flesh stand up among us the other day, and heard him speak kindly, brotherly, affectionate words—his first appearance of that kind, I suppose, since he dis-cursed of Heroes and Hero-Worship to the London people—I am not ashamed to confess that I felt moved toward him, as I do not think in any possible combination of circumstances I could have felt moved toward any other living man.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is often observed that after death the lines of faces most worn with age and sorrow soften and change, and the fresh and long-vanished expression of youth steals over them again and remains. So now that General Scott is dead, the brave and skillful soldier, the hero of Lundy's Lane, and Chippewa, and Mexico, is alone remembered. His long life of eighty years was full of services to the country, many of them illustrious, all of them patriotic. It was his misfortune that the severest trial of his ability came when his powers were weakened, but not so far that he did not see that the time had arrived at which he should formally retire from official station, and he did so, with the national gratitude undiminished. No man was ever better known in all his foibles as well as in his virtues, and it was a touching proof of the kind of hold he had upon the respect of the country that even party-spirit could not disturb it.

His military career during the war of 1812 and in Mexico, with his semi-military negotiations upon the Canada border in 1837, were the most conspicuous and valuable portions of his public life. He had great personal bravery and the talent of military organization and command, with the enthusiasm which inspires an army and implies victory in advance. Unfortunately the lustre of his action in the field and of his real capacity was obscured by an overweening sense of personal importance and of powers which he did not possess. It is the common mistake of military men. The immense and resounding applause which justly hails their achievements in the direction of their peculiar gifts bewilders and deceives them. They accept it as a credential of general power. With their admiring countrymen they forget that it is very, very seldom, as Hawthorne says in speaking of Nelson, that "warlike ability has been but the one-sided manifestation of a profound genius for managing the world's affairs." Military ability is usually a special talent, and a talent usually incompatible with that of statesmanship. Wellington, the greatest of modern English Generals, was the poorest of modern English statesmen. Our own history also gives us a striking instance. Andrew Jackson was a good soldier and one of the worst of statesmen.

Scott's political career, therefore, was altogether unfortunate. He had neither the proper perception, nor temper, nor manners for political success. He had the ill-luck of raising the laugh against himself. But happily the rebuke was felt to be superficial, and could not affect his true position. Indeed there was a time when even his political attitude was full of dignity. This was when President Polk intrigued against Scott during the Mexican war, because of Scott's probable success and his consequent dangerous importance as a Presidential candidate. It was poor business for a President, but fully harmonious with the purpose of the war—a war totally without honor to this country except in the conduct of our soldiers and the skill with which they were directed. If any American is inclined to ask contemptuously why Europe should go to war at this time, and proceed to draw a moral against monarchies, let him remember the purpose and the pretext of the Mexican war, and learn that even Republics are fallible.

His political disappointments undoubtedly tried General Scott sorely. How deep his feeling was appears from his autobiography—one of the most melancholy books ever written. But as Lieutenant-General of the army his position in the country was unique. The rebellion found his patriotism clear and staunch. He was a Virginian like Robert Lee, his Adjutant. But his oath as a soldier of the United States prevented him from resigning when his flag was insulted, even had his mind been less truly informed of the duty of an American citizen. He was too old in mind and body to plan or to conduct the stupendous operations of such a war, and after a few months during which the country reluctantly surrendered its confidence in his adequacy to the occasion, he withdrew forever from public service.

At the ripe age of eighty General Scott died, and amidst all the signs of national respect was buried at West Point, a historic spot of which he was always peculiarly fond, and to which his grave will now impart fresh interest. He will always be counted among our most illustrious soldiers, and may be truly cited as a successful General, whose ambition was perfectly restrained by patriotism—

who never for a moment forgot the duty of the citizen in the glory of eminent military command. Nor can any vague regret linger around Scott's grave; for his successor has thus far shown only those qualities which are the most precious to a Government like ours.

GEROME's picture *Deux Augures*, which is well known from the photograph, was among the works at the late exhibition of the Allston Club in Boston. It represents the Augurs, of whom Cicero speaks, as wondering that they could look in each other's faces without laughing, standing over the coops of sacred chickens, whose peckings they were to interpret. The story has served to illustrate many a sharp criticism, and at last appears in art; and it is certainly very effective, except that Cicero never said any thing of the kind, and that it was not the Augurs who performed that duty. This fact is stated by D. in a pleasant note to the Boston *Advertiser*, which does a service to scholarship and popular accuracy which we are glad to acknowledge. How many other of our stock classical illustrations would shrink under the same shrewd eye! D. says:

"More than a century and a half ago the great Bentley took the trouble to expose this blunder at full length in his celebrated *Letter of Philoentheros Lipsiensis*. The reader, who has any taste for classical learning in an entertaining form, can not do better than to refer to the passage there, and indeed to read the whole letter. But the substance on this point may for convenience be given here.

"Cicero neither ever himself said, nor repeated the elder Cato as saying, any thing of the kind about the Augurs. They were both of them Roman Tories, staunch supporters of church and state in Roman politics; and whatever Cicero may have thought or said in private as a philosopher, he was not the man to hold up, in a published treatise, the College of Augurs and the state religion to ridicule. If Lord Derby were to write that Lord Eldon said that he wondered that two English bishops could look each other in the face without laughing, the scandal and improbability would hardly be greater. Besides, Cato and Cicero were themselves Augurs, while Eldon and Derby were not quite bishops. How comes the story, then, to have such currency? Simply by substituting for a Roman Augur a very different character, an Etrurian soothsayer (*Haruspex*). The highest churchman might ridicule the episcopal character of a Methodist bishop or an Irvingite 'archangel.' *Haruspex*, as distinguished from *Augur*, is the word used by Cicero in both passages, from which the familiar allusion is derived. The *Haruspex* was in common with the Augur a professed diviner from natural signs, but in all other particulars they differed essentially, as much as a Catholic and a Methodist, though both are professed Christian divines. Their sacred books even were not in common. The origin and nature of their systems, the sources of their authority, and still more their political and social positions, differed widely. The *Haruspex* was usually and properly regarded as a foreign religious adventurer; the Augur was always a man of high political and social station in Rome. But it is unnecessary to pursue the detail, which is to be found not only in Bentley, but in any of the standard manuals on Roman antiquities. With all this knowledge accessible to them, the wonder is that two magazine writers should recall their witty allusions to the two Roman Augurs without a laugh at their own, or at least at each other's, expense; and M. Gerome might, it seems, make a third in the party."

THE extravagance and absurdity of style of much of our Yankee newspaper writing is a favorite topic of censure with many among ourselves, and of the most scornful contempt with writers in England. Indeed, John Bull's affectation of contempt for our general literary style is as ludicrous as it is unfound-

ed. There are extravagant and foolish writers here as in England, simply because folly is not local; but we challenge any reviler to find any where in American writing so turgid and ridiculous a piece of bathos as Henry Kingsley's description of the manner in which Jefferson Davis would hear of Thackeray's death—which the *Easy Chair* quoted at the time; while every steamer from England brings newspapers and magazines in which our most astounding "reportorial efforts" are outdone.

This absurdity of style is most conspicuous in personal descriptions and allusions, and in those we can not compete with our brother Bull. The truth is, that Jenkins is a purely British product. We have toadies and weak brains, but the perfect snob is found only among the proud Britons, who never, never, never will be slaves. The most daring efforts of the Yankee Jenkins are tame when measured by the great original. Here, for instance, is the manner in which he speaks of the Queen's letter to Mr. Peabody, thanking him for his generous gift to the London poor—a letter which was properly womanly and polite:

"We have this week to record an act of grace so rich, and of glory so pure, on the part of her Majesty the Queen, as will more than requicken the sentiments of reverence which all her subjects, of every order and every class, have been accustomed to entertain toward her. We refer to the letter—couched in terms of right noble simplicity—addressed by her Majesty to Mr. Peabody, in acknowledgment of the splendid gifts which that gentleman has made to the working-classes of this country."

"Here's richness!" quoth Mr. Squeers. But from Jenkins merely groveling we ascend to Jenkins in the vein of pure sentimental "hifalutin." If the Yankee "reportorial style" has produced any thing so amusing we have not seen it. Here is Mr. Gladstone driving up to the House of Commons on the evening when he was to introduce the Reform bill:

"Four o'clock had struck, and the crowd, making up its mind that Bright had gone in earlier, was only held together by the chance of seeing Gladstone. It had not been an indifferent crowd—rather a crowd keenly inquisitive, honestly in earnest. Its cheers, originated by a few men here and there, had been far more hearty than, in England, expressions of opinion are wont to be. But hitherto there had been nothing which could honestly be called enthusiasm. In fact, the people were waiting for that one leader in whose splendid brain and whose generous heart they put their whole faith. At last there came a swaying about of the crowd—a cheer went ringing and rolling along the line—the police tried to keep men back, and men wouldn't have it—a sort of electric telegraphy seemed to flash and sparkle from face to face, and those behind cried, 'Who is it?' and those in front were too busily cheering to answer the inquiry. It was wonderful—the change from the calm, indifferent, jesting manner of the crowd to the sudden earnestness with which the leader of the Liberals was welcomed. Up went the voices, and off went the hats; and all that an unimpassioned spectator could see through the tempest of applause was a pale, grave, gallant face, firmly set; then a light on the face, as the great orator was compelled to raise his hat in recognition; and by his side a lady, graciously proud of her husband's fame.

"Said one working man to his neighbor, 'Looks pale, don't he?'

"Answered the other, 'He'll make the Tories look a deal paler afore he's done!'"

But the meanness of spirit which animates both these performances is not surprising in a country where etiquette prescribes that the whim of a dull youth may interfere with the intellectual enjoyment of scholars and cultivated men and women. At a late meeting of the Royal Society Dean Stan-

ley was to read a paper, and the Prince of Wales was present. It is the etiquette that at the end of an hour the lecturer shall pause, and if the Prince indicates that he wishes him to proceed he may do so; if not, he must stop. Upon this occasion the company was composed of the most intelligent persons, and the paper was most interesting and instructive. At the end of an hour Mr. Stanley paused and looked at the Prince, whom common politeness and regard for the wishes of others should have impelled to bow in approval of finishing the lecture. But the young man simply stared. Mr. Stanley looked at Professor Farraday, who presided, and the Professor whispered that if the youth bowed the Dean might finish the paper, of which but little more remained to read. The audience, naturally impatient of an interruption which should have been merely formal and momentary, looked at the Prince in surprise, which became instantly indignation in every breast but that of Jenkins when the Heir of England rose and walked out of the room. Imagine Agassiz compelled by etiquette to stop in the middle of a lecture because Tad Lincoln or a youthful Johnson was ill-mannered! And imagine still more a company of intelligent people gravely tolerating such a proceeding!

But this apparent servility is part of the British system. "Monarchy in England," as Louis Blanc says, "is a simple business transaction. How much does it bring in? How much does it cost? Balance of profit and loss." This incident of Dean Stanley's lecture is an illustration of the horrible extravagance of the price. A system of government should be remarkably superior to all others which requires that Oriental porcellain of manner and conduct which monarchy apparently requires of intelligent Englishmen. "I have some difficulty," says the acute observer, from whom we have just quoted, "in reconciling with the manners of a free people the species of idolatrous worship—I speak only as to outward form—to which a 'Drawing Room,' as it is called here, gives rise." Nor while John Bull thinks it cheaper to maintain a monarchy must we expect him to refuse to pay the price. It may seem hard and even ludicrous that the constitutional protection of Dean Stanley's rights as a man should depend in any degree whatever upon his conforming to a system which requires him to stop short in a valuable discourse because a very dull young man in the audience is not well bred enough to ask him to proceed. But after all, it is undeniable that it is better to conform to that absurd condition than to live subject to the knout or bow-string.

"The telegrams from Italy of last evening," said the London *Times* lately, "announce the arrival of General Garibaldi at Como. The intelligence could hardly be more portentous. Garibaldi at Como is on the very theatre of his most brilliant exploits of former days." And as war is about breaking upon Italy again, and names which to most American travelers have only a romantic association become of military significance, the Easy Chair naturally recalls the days of '48 when Carlo Alberto was the Italian chief, and Italian faith and hope were as warm doubtless as they are to-day, and when, at the very moment in which the Austrians under Radetzky occupied Milan, the Easy Chair and three friends descended the Gotthard pass of the Alps into Italy. "I think at this moment," writes one of that gay party, "of the evening that

we topped the hills around Como and began to descend toward its shores."

The words breathed upon memory like a soft west wind upon an Æolian harp, and looking into the yellow diary of those cloudless days the Easy Chair finds a record which shows how the country looked, and how the people felt when Italy awoke eighteen years ago.

As the afternoon was ending—says the note-book, describing the journey on foot from Lago Maggiore and the Lake of Lugano to Como—we passed a shrine at which a mother and children were kneeling and chanting the Ave Maria, and an ass with loaded panniers jogged slowly by. The vesper bells began to ring from an old church tower upon a mountain-side, and down the long valley, while far over the rounding tops of orange and fig trees in the warm-descending vale a triangle of dark-blue water was the first glimpse of Como. My knees bent a little, not with fatigue, but with reverence, as if I were again entering the very court and heart of Italy. A group of girls, less timorous or more interested than the crowd upon the Lugano Lake shore, asked us if there were any news—if France were coming to help Italy. But ours, alas! were not the beautiful firs upon the mountains. We could only say "nothing" and "good-by."

At Santa Croce we came out in full view of the lake, upon which lay the splendor of sunset, and taking a path which we were told would shorten the journey we lost our way upon a huge hill-side. But as we reached the summit the full moon rose from behind the hills upon the opposite shores of Como, and a handsome Italian boy showed us a straight path to Cadennabia upon the margin of the lake. I gave him a silver trifle, and he wished us "bonne viage!" with his black eyes and his muscular lips, and leaving him like a shepherd boy of the puer Arvalis of the hills we descended rapidly into a vineyard, and so came to the shore.

It was a moment of mingled twilight and moonlight. A path of splendor lay upon the Cadennabia shore to the Villa Melzi opposite; and, hailing an old boatman, we glided up that golden way to the vine-clustered balcony which I knew at Bellagio under the moon. The air was calm and bland. The water was oily and gleaming. The mountains stood around us dusky and vast in the ghostly light as we went silently over the lake.

We landed, and took tea upon the balcony at the hotel whose only rival in Europe for romantic picturesqueness is the *Trois Couronnes* at Vevey upon the Lake of Geneva. The "magic casement" of Keats's Ode to a Nightingale was mine at Bellagio. The lake murmured with music every where. I saw the boats full of people singing choruses, then talking and laughing as they floated away. The sound of instruments, the throb of strings, the sad, mellow peal of horns, filled the air; and long after midnight a band was still playing in the village. About midnight Edmund and Frank bathed in the lake. Their figures were white as marble in the black water, and they struck the calm into sparkles of splendor as they swam out.

The boat which we took to descend the lake to the town of Como had three rowers. The chief, whom I remembered from last year, groaned bitterly over the war because there were so few strangers.

"Trade, you see, is conservative," said I to Edmund.

"Who wouldn't be conservative at Como?" he tranquilly replied.

"We live upon the strangers," continued Giovanni Battista, the boatman, with a simplicity and truthfulness that made us laugh; "and this year nobody comes. The Italians are driven away, and the foreigners are frightened."

He had not been to Como for two months, although his business is plying upon the lake, and his winter depends upon his summer. "The war is bad for all of us," he said, "and after all the Germans are back again."

...Farther on, and nearer Como, the shore is covered with handsome villas, of which the most remarkable for beauty and fame are Madame Pasta's, a magnificent estate, and Taglioni's, which is not yet finished, and the stately Odescalchi. As we passed Madame Pasta's the old boatman shrugged his shoulders and trilled with his voice. "That's the way the money came there," he said, contemptuously. He was clearly of opinion that only the decaying and decayed families whose names he had heard all his life, and whose ancestors his fathers knew, were to be spoken of with praise.

"Whose villa is that?" asked I.

"Eh! che! nobody's," he replied; "if it were any body's we should know."

At 5 o'clock we rounded the point over which I had stood the year before on a still September afternoon hearing the girls sing in a boat below, and so came to the shore at Como.

Every where there was an air of consternation. The Austrians had just reoccupied the town, and the streets were full of the "hated barbarians," rattling about with long swords and standing on guard at the doors of public buildings. The walls bristled with military notices. Among others I read one exhorting all well-disposed people to surrender arms of every kind by a certain day at a place named. The people seemed to be stupefied, and gazed in dull wonder upon the soldiers.

Out of the square, ringing with Austrian sabres, we stepped into the Duomo, dim and lofty and hushed, untouched by revolutions or triumphs. A few unodorous sinners were kneeling and praying. They were very poor and ignorant. But this was their palace, and they looked as if they knew that the great Emperor of the barbarians had not one more gorgeous or solemn.

We tried to secure seats in the post for Milan. There was no place. We applied at the offices of public and private diligences. It was still impossible. The evening was cool and clear, and we considered. The distance to Milan was but eight hours of our walking, and we were making a walking tour. And although we had scarcely bargained for a promenade over the plains of Lombardy in an August sun—yet this perfect moon? Should we turn back without seeing the Goths encamped around the most glorious of Gothic cathedrals?

It was nine o'clock when we shouldered our knapsacks and set forth. The dwellers in romantic Como, standing at their doors, looked wonderingly upon the four pedestrians marching in regular resolute tramp along the streets, evidently moving upon Milan. The small children plainly thought us a part of the imperial and royal army. "Here come the Austrians," whispered one boy to another, as he gazed at the gray wide-awakes and knapsacks.

The mild Francis looked at him with the air of an army which would respect persons and property so long as it was unmolested, and wished the boy so soft a *buona notte* that he smiled gently, and I am sure his dreams were not disturbed.

We passed out of the gate of Como full against the round-rising moon and took the broad hard highway for Milan. We passed a few wagons loaded with the furniture of some fugitive and rolling slowly along. As we pushed on, the idea of penetrating by night and on foot into a country at war was stimulating and novel. But what consciousness of war could survive in the deep peace of that night? The fields were covered with high corn, and the hard straight road went before us in dim perspective. There were no other travelers. Two or three empty vetturas or a wine cart straggled lazily by, the little bells upon the horses tinkling, and the drivers fast asleep. Nor were the villages many. As we passed a group of half a dozen houses a fellow was sleeping soundly upon a bench at a door. When we broke in upon the silence of night by asking the name of the village, he sprang up nimbly and limped rapidly out of sight as if the question had been a pistol-shot and had wounded him. Every body was nervous "in questo momento." Toward midnight we stopped at a house which should have been near the point at which we meant to sleep until sunrise, and roused an old lady who shrilly chirped and twittered her terror through the slide in the door. But satisfying her that we were neither Croats nor cannibals, she told us that we were yet a mile or two from Balasina.

It was now twelve o'clock, and the land seemed sunk in a sleep of death. There was no sound but our own echoes as we entered the dreary, dismal village, which, like all Italian villages, is merely a dirty street bordered with gloomy houses. They looked so hopeless with their grim stone fronts, high-barred windows out of reach, and huge gates, as if expecting nothing but hostility, that when we stopped before the inn we felt like the wretched wights who beheld the dungeons of an ogre; and when Edmund exclaimed in what seemed a terrible voice, so still was the night, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" we started as if had heard a loud joke in church. Then the vision of a pleasant inn hung for a moment in our minds, and the sense of the preposterous contrast awakened a loud peal of laughter which died away echoing among those houses which were as hospitable as sea-crag. While we stood debating, a group of peasants, with their jackets slung over their shoulders, passed spectrally by, staring steadily at us, as if they would not be unwilling to strike a final blow for the kingdom of Italy.

They disappeared, and we struck a resounding blow upon the door of the Albergo, and another and another. After a while there was a sound of stealthily unbarring window-shutters followed by a voice demanding the reason of the tumult. We explained that we were friends who wanted beds for the night. No, that was impossible, "the voice replied far up the height;" there were no beds, and we had better push on to the next tavern. We expostulated in many tongues with the dimly-visions head that now appeared, pleading that we were strangers from a far country who were very tired and sleepy. The head disappeared for a few moments and we heard a low colloquy. Then the great gate of the Albergo swung sullenly open, and we stepped into a dim court, and the dimly-visions face became a face like a dull razor, it was so thin-featured and stupid. The man asked us to stop, and, stepping aside, he called a woman's name, then stood waiting, his wretched dozing face illuminated by the weak lustre of a long-wicked tallow-candle which he held. Pres-

ently he moved on along the windows of the court converging with an invisible within the house. When those murmuring arrangements were made, he led us up a dirty, stone staircase, trying to open various doors with keys that did not fit the locks; and finally, after a desperate wrestle with one, he swore fiercely in a thin, wiry voice that made the blood run cold, and then smashed the door of the chamber, carrying away wood-work and lock together. It was a vast room of immense discomfort, and after barricading the disabled door with tables and chairs, we lay down and fell asleep upon beds which could furnish no dreams.

In the morning we ate grapes and peaches, and finding a wagon which we could hire, we lobbed our pedestrian consciences and howled over the beautiful road to Milan, reluctantly confessing that the imperial and royal post-roads were the best in the world.

"Yes—but not for the public benefit," said the mild Francis; "they are for the quicker transport of troops and artillery to oppress the people."

Sad, silent, broken-hearted Milan! No, not yet visibly broken-hearted, for the Cathedral sparkled pure and lofty in the rare, blue summer air. It was the morning of the Feast of the Ascension of the Virgin Mary, to whom the Cathedral is dedicated, and was therefore high festival. But the people had little aspect of joy. We stopped at the gate, and sat in the steady glare of the sun while our passports were closely inspected. Outside the city wall lay a wilderness of tree trunks, which had been leveled in expectation of a siege by the Austrians. They were useless now; and groups of soldiers in gray slouched hats and black plumes—a kind of Robin Hood uniform—were clustered lily and curiously about the gate. They looked worn and red and wasted, and I fancied had taken part in the fight of the burning day which had made almost as many idiots as corpses in the Austrian army.

Within the city the streets were broken up, and the paving-stones designed for barricades were merely roughly laid back again in their places. In the long vista of the streets there was no shop open. The only signs of traffic were the stands of the fruit-merchants shaded by gayly-striped awnings, and covered with piles of glowing fruit. Multitudes of brightly-dressed people strolled idly and curiously up and down, and a company of sappers and miners marched by without music, but carrying their implements and their soiled accoutrements. They were dirty and draggled, like a corps marching across a battle-field to dig a hopeless ditch. There were no carriages moving; there was no noise, no hurry, no excitement, only that scuffling murmur which makes the silence of a great city so spectral. The stately Milanese women walked finely by. Their long black hair was drawn away from the forehead and folded in massive plaits; and the black veil that hung from the back of the head was partly gathered over the arm. Queen-like they walked, carrying the bright-colored fan which was raised to shield their eyes from the sun, or languidly waved against their bosoms. Forms of the Orient or of Spain the imagination touched them with pathetic dignity—matrons of a lost country.

—The yellow Diary does not stop here, but we must. The traveler to-day, descending the Alps to Como, will find the same Italy arousing to a greater struggle than that from the blow of whose defeat it was quivering when Radetzky sat down in Milan eighteen years ago.

"A CONFIRMED BACHELOR" submits to the Easy Chair the confession of a married friend, upon which he asks advice. There is such pungency in the statement that it shall be also submitted to the great congregation of Easy Chairs in the country. And of all wives and mothers we ask whether such things can be? If not, why has this complaint such a pathetic air of probability?

"Don't hurry," says our woful wight, "unless you can afford to hire an accomplished housekeeper and cook. As for me—let me undeceive you!—I have no comfort or peace. If I want a decent meal I have to get it at an eating-house. My own house is mismanaged, mis-governed, and disorderly from one year's end to the other. My wife sits up till nearly midnight reading foolish novels. If the children trouble her she whips and sends them off to the servants. When morning comes she is so tired she can not get up until after the breakfast is on the table; and it is a regular Biddyfied breakfast, worse than ever I tasted in a four-dollar a week boarding-house. Half the time I dress both the children in the morning and get them their breakfast. They live mostly on crackers, cheese, and milk, for there is nothing else in the house fit for them to eat. My wife comes down when we are half through, and gets the evening paper, and looks over it to see what fastidions are to take place, and makes her arrangements to leave the children to the care of the servants; and then (while she well knows it takes all that I can do, by the hardest work, to support the family in such a disorderly and mismanaged way) she hounds me to death to run in debt and buy a piano and several expensive dresses for herself. Her mind and thought seem wholly directed to self-gratification.

"My health is feeble, and my doctor insists on particular articles of diet. The only way I can get them is my own house is by appealing to my wife's selfishness. No consideration of my health moves her; but if I say, 'Give me such and such so many times and you shall have a new dress, then I may get it, but even then not always, for if it interferes with the matinees or reading of the last novel I can not have it. All appeals to sense of duty, to the principles of right, all expositions of the duty of unselfishness of purpose, are met with ridicule and laughter, with senseless quibbles, or with smart, impertinent speeches. When I talk of order and system, and lay before her plans of management, I am told that I don't know any thing about housekeeping, which is something different from every thing else. When sickness overtakes me, if it is slight I am ridiculed. My wife is greatly provoked with the bother of it. But if I am violently ill, and the grave opens at my feet, as it has often done, she consoles me by saying, 'Dear me! what will become of me and the children if he dies and leaves me poor?'

"I can't earn any thing ahead. She wants me to get my life insured, but fortunately for me the Companies will not take it. If they would I am afraid that I would get but little attention even in the most dangerous illness. My wife considers children a great nuisance, and if they bother her she whips them, but whips them for nothing else. She can not understand why they cling to their father so. I proposed to join the army, and her objection was only this, that my pay would not be sufficient to support her; but as my services were refused because of my ill health I unfortunately (as Webster said) still live. She makes it a constant practice to oppose me in every thing. If she proposes something and I agree to it, then she changes her mind. I have reasoned with her of duty, of religion, and of justice, and the answer is that domestic duties are a drudgery, and she will make a drudge of herself for no man. She despises household matters as beneath her notice, and looks upon the care of her children as a degrading occupation fit only for servants.

"I have but one hope, and that is to get money enough to hire some thoroughly competent person under the name of a servant to care for my children, and a skilled cook to give them wholesome food. Yet I do not hate my wife. I can not forget that she is all that is left to me of the idol of my youthful heart. God in His all-wise providence has sent this affliction upon me, and I will bear the burden patiently, hoping not only that I may be purified

thereby, but also that the time and years may change her thoughts and feelings.

"I have told you these things that you may rid yourself of the idea that all is bliss in the married state."

The Bachelor says that he is of opinion that his friend John was suffering from an unusually severe indigestion. He declares that the wife in question is one of the most "pleasant, agreeable, and chatty ladies in the whole circle of my acquaintance," and that he never dreamed but that she and her husband lived in the utmost happiness. "For aught I see," says this sententious philosopher, "John must grin and bear it." The Easy Chair, M.D., is, however, of a different opinion. There is a specific for such

cases—he will not say a panacea—which is very simple, and which he herewith prescribes for the present patient:

Take equal parts of *reason, resolution, and patience*; combine them, and take unintermittingly until a cure is effected. In a chronic case, like the one now presented, miraculous results must not be immediately expected. Moreover all the ingredients, and especially, perhaps, the *patience*, must be of the very finest quality, and perfectly able to bear the utmost exposure. Keep up a good heart, never say die, and ply the remedy unweariedly, and it can hardly fail to cure. It may not produce love, but it will restore it.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 2d of July. Of events at home there is little of special interest to record, beyond the passage in both Houses of Congress of a joint resolution recommending to the States the adoption of certain important Amendments to the Constitution, and the President's Message expressing his dissent from the measure.—In Europe the long-impending war has fairly broken out. We give a brief resumé of the leading points of the facts and authenticated reports, coming down to the 18th of June, when war was formally declared by Prussia and Italy against Austria.

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

The joint resolution of the Reconstruction Committee, proposing Amendments to the Constitution, after considerable modifications, passed the Senate, on the 8th of June, by a vote of 33 to 11, and was returned to the House, where it passed, on the 13th, by a strict party vote of 120 to 32. Certified copies of the resolution were, as the law prescribes, sent by the Secretary of State to the Governors of each of the States. The resolution as proposed and originally passed in the House on the 10th of May was given in our Record for June. The following is the form in which it finally passed both Houses:

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled (two-thirds of both Houses concurring), That the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid as part of the Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE —.

Sec. 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and the States wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or happiness, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Sec. 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons, excluding Indians not taxed. But whenever the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President, representatives in Congress, executive and judicial officers, or members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being 21 years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens 21 years of age in such State.

Sec. 3. That no person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid and comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disabilities.

Sec. 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any State shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations, and claims shall be held illegal and void.

Sec. 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article.

The principal changes from the original form are that to Section 1 a provision is added declaring all persons born or naturalized in the United States to be citizens thereof; Section 2 is altered only verbally; Section 3 is entirely different; and to Section 4 is added a provision declaring the inviolability of the public debt of the United States.—On the 24th the President sent a Message to Congress setting forth his objections to this proposed Amendment, although his sanction is not required to give it validity. The President says: "The steps taken by the Secretary of State [in transmitting the resolution to the Governors] are to be considered as purely ministerial, and in no sense whatever committing the Executive to an approval or recommendation of the Amendment to the State Legislatures or to the people." He thinks, on the contrary, that no Amendment should be proposed by Congress until after the admission of loyal Senators and Representatives from the States which are now unrepresented.

THE FENIANS IN CANADA.

Toward the end of May considerable numbers of Fenians made their way in small parties toward the Canadian frontiers. Buffalo and Malone in New York, and St. Albans in Vermont, were the main points of rendezvous. On the 1st of June a considerable body crossed the border at Buffalo, and had one or two slight skirmishes with the Canadian troops and volunteers. They were driven back, and many of them, on recrossing the lines, were made prisoners by the United States authorities. Meanwhile the President issued, on the 6th, a proclamation denouncing the hostile enterprise as a high

misdeemeanor, directing the authorities to arrest all engaged in it, and instructing General Meade to employ the land and naval forces of the United States and the militia to prevent the execution of the invasion. No supplies or arms were allowed to pass to those in Canada, and most of those who had crossed made their way back. Another crossing was made, a few days later, near St. Albans, but it shared the same fate as the former one. The officers of the Fenian army were mainly arrested and held to bail; the privates were released and sent to their homes at the cost of the United States.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Under date of June 4, Mr. Bigelow, our Minister to France, relates an interview between himself and M. Drouyn de Lhuys. The purport is that the French Minister of Foreign Affairs said that it was the purpose of the French Government, "for its own convenience, and for no other reason," to withdraw its troops from Mexico within the time specified (from November, 1866, to November, 1867) "at the very latest, sooner if climate and other controlling considerations permitted; and it was not its intention to replace them by troops from any other quarter." As to the reported shipment of troops from Austria to Mexico, that was a subject with which France had nothing to do.—Mr. Motley, our Minister to Austria, furnishes the correspondence relating to the reported shipment of Austrian troops to Mexico, the upshot of which is contained in a note from the Austrian Minister, dated May 30, declaring that "necessary measures have been taken to suspend the departure of the newly enlisted volunteers for Mexico." So that it seems clear that Maximilian will have to depend upon his own resources to maintain his position in Mexico.—The desultory conflicts in Mexico tend rather against the Imperialists. The most notable incident is the capture, on the 16th of June, by the Liberals, of a large merchandise train, guarded by some 2500 men, proceeding from Matamoras to the interior.

From the River Plata our tidings come down to the middle of May. On the 2d, a sharp action took place at Estara Bellaco between the van-guard of the Allies and a Paraguayan division. The Paraguayans attacked by surprise, captured a battery of four guns, which they retained; but the Allies being reinforced, the Paraguayans were in the end forced from the field. It is said that the losses on both sides amounted to 5000 men, killed and wounded. The Allies, at the latest dates, were advancing by land and river to attack Humaita, the first of the Paraguayan fortresses on the river.

EUROPE.

The proposition for a general European Congress has proved unavailing, Austria refusing to join it except on the condition that none of the Powers should be allowed any accession of territory. The Emperor Napoleon, in a letter to his Minister of Foreign Affairs, June 11, states explicitly the views with which he should have sent a representative to the Congress. "You would," he says, "have declared in my name that I repudiated all idea of territorial aggrandizement so long as the equilibrium of Europe was not disturbed. In effect we could not think of an extension of our frontiers except in case of the map of Europe being remodeled for the exclusive benefit of a great Power, and of the contiguous provinces demanding, by votes freely expressed, their annexation to France." The Emperor says: "The conflict which has arisen has three

causes: the geographical position of Prussia, imperfectly bounded; the wish of Germany, demanding a political reconstitution more conformable to its general wants; and the necessity of Italy to secure her national independence." He would have proposed that Austria should, for an equitable consideration, cede Venetia to Italy; Prussia should have more "homogeneousness in the north," which must be understood to mean the Duchies which she claims; and that Austria, having given up Venetia, should still "maintain her great position in Germany." In the case of war, which he judges imminent, he thinks that France will not be obliged to take up arms; but he adds significantly that he is assured that, "whatever be the results of the war, none of the questions which touch us shall be resolved without the assent of France."

In the mean while events have been marching. We note the principal in chronological order. Prussia, Austria, and Italy have kept increasing and concentrating their armies and armaments; Russia has moved large forces toward her frontiers, as was supposed in consequence of some understanding with Austria; the Prussians advanced into the Duchies, displacing the Austrian troops there; whereupon the Prussian Minister at Vienna received his passports, and the Austrian Minister was recalled from Berlin. Then a dispute arose in the Federal Diet between Austria and Prussia. The former demanded that the Federal army should be "mobilized" and a Commander-in-Chief nominated by the Diet. Prussia protested against this mobilization of the Federal army as a violation of the Federal compact; but the Diet, on the 14th of June, voted for the mobilization. There were, including Austria, 9 votes cast in favor, and 6 against it. The 8 votes cast with Austria represent a population of 14,000,000, and include the second-class States, Bavaria, Saxony, and Hanover; the 5 votes cast with Prussia are all from minor States and represent a population of 3,000,000. The representative from Baden, having received no instructions, did not vote. The Prussian representative thereupon announced that his Government considered the Federal Diet dissolved, that Prussia seceded from the present Confederation, and submitted proposals for a new league. The Austrian Minister insisted upon the indissolubility of the Confederation, declaring that no member had a right to secede. The Diet passed a resolution sanctioning this view. Prussia had before announced that any State voting for the mobilization of the Federal army would be considered to have committed an act of hostility against Prussia, and that, if war ensued, she would be guided solely by her own interests and those of her friends. Among the States which thus voted were the kingdoms of Saxony and Hanover. On the 16th, two days after the vote, Prussian troops entered both these kingdoms, occupying the capitals on the 17th and 18th.

At the hour when our Record closes the steamer brings intelligence up to the 20th of June, of which we condense the principal points. An engagement took place near Frankfort on the Oder between the Prussians and a detachment of the Federal army, in which the latter were defeated. Simultaneously on the 18th Prussia and Italy declared war against Austria, of course by previous concert. The Prussian Government sent to the various foreign courts a dispatch justifying its course. It states that the action of the Diet on the 14th broke up the Confederation, and the law of self-preserva-

tion compelled Prussia to secure herself against the action of neighboring States. A conditional alliance was proposed to Saxony, Hanover, and others, on the basis that they should reduce their war establishments, agree to appoint delegates to a German Parliament; and on those conditions they should be guaranteed all their rights and territories. These propositions were declined; and "as Prussia's geographical position does not allow her to tolerate in those States open or concealed hostilities while she is engaged in war in another direction, the Prussian forces have crossed the frontiers of those countries in order to prevent our being cut off in the rear while defending ourselves against Austria." A royal proclamation was spread among the people of the invaded States, declaring that, in seeking to make Germany a party in her war against a member of the Confederation, the Diet had violated the Federal Constitution, and that this being in effect abrogated, it was the duty of the German nation to form a new Constitution. And the measures which Prussia had taken were necessary for "the defense of her independence, which had been threatened by the recent action of the Diet;" and "Prussia could not now tolerate either enemies or doubtful friends on her borders." Meanwhile the troops which had entered Hanover, Saxony, and Hesse-Cassel, had received strict orders to observe the most friendly attitude toward the people of those States, and in the event of coming into contact with their troops to avoid bloodshed as much as possible by endeavoring to induce them to lay down their arms.

In the Federal Diet a motion presented by Saxony, requesting assistance against the Prussian invasion, was passed by a vote of 10 to 5; Prussia not being present, and the representative of Baden voting with the majority.

The Emperor of Austria issued a long manifesto to his people. "On the northern and southern frontiers of the Empire," says the manifesto, "are arrayed the armies of two allied enemies of Austria, with the intention of shaking the foundations of her position as a European Power. To neither of them has Austria given any cause of offense. But one of the hostile Powers [Italy] deems no protest necessary to justify its lust for the plunder of a portion of the Austrian monarchy. In the eyes of that Power a favorable opportunity is a sufficient cause for war." In respect to the difficulties with Prussia the manifesto says: "Austria sought no conquests, and bears no part of the blame for the sad list of unhappy complications which, had Prussia's intentions been equally disinterested, would never have arisen, and which have been brought about for the accomplishment of selfish objects, and are not therefore susceptible of a peaceful solution by my Government." The Emperor assures his people that "in this conflict we shall not be alone. The princes and people of Germany are aware of the danger which threatens their liberty and independence, and not only ourselves, but also our German brethren of the Confederation, are in arms for the security of those objects which we are bound to defend."

Literary Notices.

The History of Julius Cæsar, Vol. II. By the Emperor NAPOLEON. The greater part of this volume is devoted to the history of the wars in Gaul. Taking Cæsar's Commentaries as the ground-work, but abridging portions where there is a prodigality of details, and amplifying where Cæsar more slightly develops his proceedings, the authors of this work have produced a thorough history of those great campaigns which have gained for Cæsar a place as one of the four great captains of the world. We say the "authors;" for every page bears proofs that many persons have labored long and diligently upon this History. Every passage in contemporary writers which can throw any light upon the subject has been examined; surveys, explorations, and excavations have been made; profound mathematical and astronomical calculations, often to establish a single point, have been performed; every mile of territory traversed by the Roman legions has been gone over in order to fix the localities and elucidate the operations carried on. The lifetime of no one man, to say nothing of one whose occupations are so numerous as that of the Emperor, would suffice to perform this preliminary work. But the whole of this mass of materials has been moulded and compacted into what we must regard as the most perfect military history extant. The volume details the events of ten years, closing with the passage of the Rubicon by Cæsar, and the inauguration of the civil war. The key-note to the whole history is struck near the beginning: "The sequel of this history will prove that all the responsibility of the civil war belongs not to Cæsar but to Pompey; and although the former had his eyes incessantly fixed on his enemies at Rome, none the less for that he

pursued his conquests, without making them subordinate to his own personal interests. If he had sought only his own elevation, in his military successes he would have followed an entirely opposite course. We should not have seen him sustain, during eight years, a desperate struggle, and incur the risks of enterprises such as those of Great Britain and Germany. After his first campaigns he need only have returned to Rome to profit by the advantages he had acquired." All this, changing only the names of persons and places, is the Napoleonic representation of the first Empire. Toward the close of the volume occurs a passage which reads like a vindication of Napoleon's own *coup d'état*: "Cæsar was reduced to the alternative of maintaining himself at the head of his army, in spite of the Senate, or of surrendering himself to his enemies." Ought not, asks Napoleon, Cæsar to have renounced his command? "Yes," he replies, answering his own question, "if by his abnegation he could save Rome from anarchy, corruption, and tyranny. No, if this abnegation would endanger what he had most at heart, the regeneration of the Republic. As chief of the popular party he felt a great cause rise behind him; it urged him forward, and obliged him to conquer, in despite of legality, the imprecations of his adversaries, and the uncertain judgment of posterity. Roman society, in a state of dissolution, asked for a master; oppressed Italy, for a representative; the world, bowed under the yoke, for a saviour. Ought he, by deserting his mission, disappoint so many legitimate hopes, so many noble aspirations?.... There are imperious circumstances which condemn public men either to abnegation or to perseverance.

To cling to power when one is no longer able to do good, and when, as a representative of the past, one has, as it were, no partisans but among those who live upon abuses, is a deplorable obstinacy; to abandon it when one is the representative of a new era, and the hope of a better future, is a cowardly act and a crime." Such, in effect though not in form, is Napoleon's view of his own procedure. It is curious to compare it with the representations of Kinglake; still more curious would it be to compare both with what Carlyle might say, were he to write the history of Napoleon III. Apart from the political motive, which is kept quite out of view during the narration of the campaigns, and only reappears in the closing chapters which treat of the civil affairs of Rome, we repeat that this account of Cæsar's Campaigns is the most perfect military history extant. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Homes without Hands. By Rev. J. G. WOOD. In the present Number of this Magazine, and in several preceding ones, we have given papers drawn in a great measure from this work. Copious as these are they by no means exhaust the instructive and interesting matter embodied in this volume. Its plan is simple yet philosophical, being to describe the habitations of animals according to their principle of construction. It commences with the simplest form of habitation, a burrow in the ground, whether made by mammalia, birds, reptiles, or insects; then proceeds to those homes which are hung in the air; those that are built up upon the ground or other solid foundations; those that are constructed beneath the surface of the water; those which are inhabited by creatures living socially in communities; those which are parasitic upon animals or plants; those that are built upon branches; closing with those miscellaneous habitations which could not be classed in either of the preceding groups. The homes of well-nigh a thousand different species of animals are described, with accounts of the habits of the handless builders. These are illustrated by a profusion of pictures, conveying through the eye a far more correct impression than could be given by words. Taken all in all, this is by far the most charming work on Natural History which has for years come within our notice. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac. By WILLIAM SWINTON. The history of the Army of the Potomac—commencing from the time when, under McClellan, it undertook the disastrous campaign of the Peninsula, running through Pope's unfortunate operations in Virginia, the repulse of the Confederate invasion of Maryland, the slaughters of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the triumph at Gettysburg, the fearful march through the Wilderness, the combats on the Chickahominy, the persistent beleaguering of Richmond and Petersburg, closing with the capture of the Confederate army of Northern Virginia, to which it had so long been opposed—is in effect the history of the war. For the great achievements of the armies of the West were in a measure subordinate to these. The head of the rebellion was always with the army at Richmond. While this remained uncrushed the rebellion could survive the loss of its members. When this was finally crushed all was lost. Mr. Swinton has elaborated this history with great care from the most authentic sources, and with great judgment. Some of his conclusions will long remain matters of question; but as a whole his book will stand the ordeal of discussion and criticism.

Whoever hereafter undertakes to write the history of the war must be under great obligation to this work. We judge it to be by far the best work upon the war which has yet been produced. (Published by C. B. Richardson.)

Pictorial History of the Civil War in America. By BENSON J. LOSSING. The war had scarcely closed when several works, previously commenced, purporting to be "Histories" of the great conflict, were hurried to a conclusion. No one of these has the slightest claim to that character. Each and all of them abound with errors, both of omission and commission, to such an extent as to render them, one and all, absolutely worthless. It could not have been otherwise. The materials from which a history must be framed lay widely scattered. Many were inaccessible, and only came to light gradually one by one. Had they all been in the hands of the writers of these so-called histories it would have been a labor of months to arrange and compare them, so as from the mass of partial and often contradictory statements to arrive at even an approximation to the truth. Mr. Lossing has wisely chosen not to hazard his well-won reputation by rushing hastily into print. His first volume—the only one which has been published—is mainly preliminary, narrating the origin and growth of the great conspiracy, bringing the history down only to the battle of Bull Run. Thus far the facts are so well established, and have already been so often detailed, that we think he has committed an error in dwelling so minutely upon them. We think that his first volume might have brought the history down to the opening of the Peninsular campaign, leaving for the succeeding volumes the great military operations which fairly began with the establishment of the Army of the Potomac upon the line of the Chickahominy before Richmond. Thus far Mr. Lossing's task has been comparatively easy. We trust that the harder part, which is yet to be performed, will be worthily accomplished. He certainly brings to its execution some of the prime requisites of a historian. He is unwearied in his collection of facts and documents, and is little likely to be imposed upon by the loose statements which have misled so many of his predecessors into the commission of the most absurd errors. We confidently anticipate that his work will prove not unworthy of the author and the subject. (Published by George W. Childs.)

A Narrative of Andersonville. By AMBROSE SPENCER. There are some passages of history which we could almost wish should have remained forever unwritten. Such are the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Black Hole of Calcutta, and last, but not least, the horrors of the Southern prison-pens, and notably that of Andersonville. But the world will not suffer the memory of these atrocities to die. It is well, therefore, since they must be held in everlasting remembrance, that they should be truly described. Mr. Spencer, long a resident in the immediate neighborhood of this "hell upon earth," and with the official records of the trial of the chief actor in the atrocities there perpetrated before him, has told the story of Andersonville. It is all the more impressive from the grave and unimpassioned manner in which it is narrated. The naked facts, proved by testimony more conclusive than was ever before brought to bear upon a similar case, show that nowhere before in the world's history has such an accumulation of outrage been perpetrated as in the State of Georgia during the

fourteen months which followed the 15th day of February, 1864, when "the first detachment of Federal prisoners was received at the Confederate States Military Prison at Andersonville." How far the deep damnation of these atrocities rests upon Wirz, the miserable instrument by whom they were in part perpetrated, and in how far they are shared by others to whom he was subordinate, we will not here inquire. It may be as well that Mr. Spencer has not inquired too closely. It is enough that he has told the story of Andersonville as fully as it could be told within the limits of a single small volume. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Four Years in the Saddle, by Colonel HARRY GILMOR. This Gilmor is a native of Maryland, who, with several of his kith and kin, went over to the Confederates soon after the breaking out of the war. Like Semmes, of the *Alabama*, he had not the pretext of going with his State against his Nation. Each was a double traitor, upon either theory—Northern or Southern. Semmes was shielded from punishment by being included as "Brigadier-General" in the surrender by Joe Johnston. Gilmor, a prisoner in our hands, was released after the collapse of the rebellion. We rejoice that this was done; and that it will remain upon record that during the progress of the rebellion, or after its suppression, no man was harmed in life or limb, no man suffered by fine or imprisonment, for any offense which could be styled political or military. Gilmor, by his own story, was a perfect Paladin, killing with his own hands quite as many men as the famous Captain Bobadil proposed to do, and making more hair-breadth escapes than have been claimed for Dick Turpin. Meanwhile it is worth noting that to him was committed the work of setting fire to Chambersburg; and that although as a matter of taste he rather disliked the work, he still thinks it a measure altogether justifiable on the part of what he still styles "our government." (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Lectures on the Study of History. By GOLDWIN SMITH. The Professor of History at Oxford takes ground precisely opposite to the "Positive" theory of History enunciated by Comte and Buckle. According to this, History is governed by universal, invariable, and necessary laws; so that the historian ought to be able to predict the rise, progress, and decay of a nation as surely as the astronomer can foretell the time of an eclipse, or lay down the orbit of a comet. According to Professor Smith, "History is made up of the actions of men, and each man is conscious, in his own case, that the actions of men are free;" and "humanity advances by free effort, and is not developed according to invariable laws, such as, when discovered, would give birth to a new science." In our judgment the true theory is that elaborated by Professor Draper in his two great works: "The life of the individual man is of a mixed nature. In part he submits to the free-will impulses of himself and others, and in part he is under the inexorable dominion of law;" and man proceeds in his social march in obedience to law. Free-will is a part of this law; and "Free-will and Fate, Uncertainty and Destiny, and all other conditions seemingly contradictory, are watched by the sleepless eye of Providence." We believe, therefore, in opposition to Professor Smith, that there is a Science of History. Appended to the Lectures on the Study of History is one on the "Foundation of the American Colonies," and another on "The University of Oxford,"

originally published in this Magazine, which are of very considerable interest. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Coal, Iron, and Oil. By S. H. DADDOW and BENJAMIN BANNAN. One of the joint-authors of this work is a mining engineer, the other the editor of the leading journal of the Coal Regions. We must assume that the statistics which they furnish are reliable. According to these the area of the workable coal-fields of Europe is something less than 10,000 square miles, of which more than 6000 are in Great Britain; Australia has 15,000; British America 2200; the United States 200,000. That is, more than three-quarters of the coal stored up for future generations lies within the limits of the United States. But of the 150,000,000 of tons annually produced, Great Britain furnishes 90,000,000. Some of the ablest British thinkers—notably among them Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—do not hesitate to say that the commercial greatness of Britain depends on her coal-fields. Now these are being so rapidly used up that at the present rate they will be exhausted in from 100 to 200 years, when the supply in the United States will hardly have been touched. The State of Illinois alone, which now produces but 1,000,000 tons a year, has in reserve five times as much as all Great Britain. Such considerations render the facts set forth in this volume of special interest, even though we may not agree with the speculations of the authors as to the origin of coal and oil, which they believe to be strictly mineral, in opposition to the commonly received opinion which ascribes to them a vegetable origin.

Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Fifth Year. This work has become the recognized *vade mecum* of American travelers in Europe. Within the compass of a single volume it comprises nearly every thing which a tourist requires to direct him in almost any part of Europe, Syria, and Egypt. The editor resides abroad, and every year goes over a great portion of the ground in order to be able personally to see to it that the work is kept up to the requirements of the time. Extensive additions and corrections have been introduced throughout into the issue for the present year—the fifth during which the work has appeared. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Of new novels we note: *The Toilers of the Sea*, by VICTOR HUGO, the plot of which is constructed with a skill worthy of Wilkie Collins, while it abounds with those touches of pathos and humor which have placed Victor Hugo at the head of French writers of fiction now living.—*Phemie Keller*, by F. G. TRAFFORD, forming 272 of "The Library of Select Novels," is a story quite worthy of introduction into that Series.—*Armada*, by WILKIE COLLINS, is familiar to the readers of this Magazine, who need not be told that it evinces the marvelous constructive power which is the distinguishing talent of the author.—*Inside: a Chronicle of Secession*, by GEORGE F. HARRINGTON, republished from "Harper's Weekly," is more than a novel. Under the form of fiction it presents a vivid picture of Southern life and society during the time of the great rebellion. The author, Southern born and Southern bred, lived all through those four weary years in the midst of the scenes which he describes, which were noted down day by day as they passed before his eyes. Only the concluding pages were written since the war closed. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Editor's Drawer.

A WISCONSIN friend writes: I dropped into a Justice Court one evening in a village here-about, and found the room crowded with spectators, who had been there all day listening to the arguments of Senator W—— and Judge Q——, as to whether the witness on the stand should be allowed to answer a question put by Q—— and objected to by W——. It seemed that the witness had testified that he saw the defendant one morning splitting rails, and Q—— wished to show what the defendant said he intended to do with them. The answer was supposed to decide the whole case, and the lawyers had spent near ten hours in discussing the question, and had sent several times during the day to a neighboring town for authorities.

At length the Justice decided that the question should be answered. Q—— was elate over his victory, and tauntingly asked W—— if he had any further objections? then, turning to witness, said: "Now, Sir, you answer my question; W—— does not object. What did the defendant tell you he was going to do with those rails?" The audience was profoundly silent; and the witness, giving a very thoughtful look to the floor, calmly answered: "Nothing that I know of!" The court adjourned till the next day.

THE Wisconsin Legislature is noted for its "dog laws" and a habit its members have of voting themselves large quantities of postage-stamps. J—— S——, a not over-intelligent but honest German, represented the Creek district in the Assembly a few years before the rebellion, and voted for and took his quota of postage-stamps with a dignity and promptness worthy of a more experienced legislator. At the close of the session he retired to private life, taking with him over forty dollars' worth of surplus stamps. A few years after J—— S—— took his first letter to the post-office, and was told by the postmaster that the stamp he had put on it was worthless, as it was one of the old kind of stamps, and the time for redeeming them had expired. "Hein!" said John, "I tought dey would haf last me so long vat I lives—and I t'ink dey vill?"

HONEY CREEK, Sauk County, is a settlement of Germans several miles from the Wisconsin River and civilization. But its inhabitants love, marry, quarrel, forgive each other, and are happy again, the same as other people. Some years ago Lawyer G——, who lived on the river, about ten miles from Honey Creek, was called upon by an injured wife, for the purpose of getting divorced from her husband. G—— promised it should be done at the next term of court, which was near at hand, if she would bring him twenty-five dollars the next day. She agreed to the proposition, and G—— set about drawing the papers. The same evening the husband called on G——, and wished a divorce from his wife. G—— told him he would do it for twenty-five dollars down, and the German started home for the money. G—— considered himself in luck—a double fee and no opposition.

Court-time came, but he had seen neither money nor husband nor wife. Inquiry showed that his clients were living together again on the best of terms. G—— had drawn the papers in the case, and how was he to get his pay? He sent the par-

ties word that unless they sent him twenty-five dollars they would be divorced the next day, and punished for living together! The German walked ten miles in the rain that night with the money.

LIEUT. K——, a gallant and dashing officer of the — Indiana Battery, Army of the Cumberland, who prided himself not a little on his fine penmanship, had with him a shining piece of ebony answering to the name of Mose. Mose adored a fair African at Nashville. Lieut. K—— often wrote letters for him to her. On closing one for him, he asked, "Mose, any thing more?" Mose, scratching his head, with a grin, replied, "Yess, Massa; tell Rose howdy, and to excuse bad spelling and bad writing!"

DURING the late war, while the exchange of prisoners had been stopped for an indefinite time, and about twelve hundred Federal officers were stopping as guests of J. D. in the Hotel De Libby, time dragged heavily, and among other resources to amuse ourselves, and drive away the dull monotony of prison life, many resorted to writing letters to their friends at home, which, owing to prison rules, were required to be very brief, consisting of but six lines, on purely domestic matters, leaving the envelope unsealed. In consequence, considerable ingenuity and skill was practiced to extend the limit and evade the eye of the officials. Among other devices a solution of saleratus and water was used as an invisible ink by officers having an understanding with their friends. A Tennessee officer among our number, hearing of the secret, concluded to try its effect, and after writing the usual six lines with ordinary ink, concluded his letter with a P.S. informing his friends (not having a previous understanding with them) that "if they wished to read the whole of his letter, to hold it to the stove!" And then finished the sheet with invisible ink. The use of the article with us was soon after "played out."

A CORRESPONDENT in Boone County, Missouri, writes:

Having never heard any thing in the Drawer from our parts, I contribute the following, which you can take for what it is worth. I think it equal to any "fish story" I ever heard:

A traveler passing through our town asked our livery-stable man how much corn was usually raised in this part of the country. He told him there was generally raised from fifteen to twenty bushels to the acre, and each stalk had nine ears on it, and was twelve or fifteen feet high. "That is nothing to our corn," says the traveler, "up in Illinoy, where I come from; we always had nine ears to each stalk, and a peck of shelled corn hanging to each tassel, and we never could raise any corn-field beans with it." "Why?" "Because the corn grew so fast it always pulled the beans up!"

THIS comes from Ohio:

We have for a townsman one Johnny G——, who a number of years since left the "bogs of Ould Ireland" to seek his fortune in America. He found it in the form of a rich widow; and, as a consequence, he to-day ranks himself among the "silf-made min" of the country.

Johnny, though small in stature, is very aspiring, and when promoted is apt to be somewhat elated. About two years since he was chosen marshal at a military funeral. Every thing passed off satisfactorily until the procession was *en route* for the cemetery, when Johnny, who had been reviewing them as they passed, galloped to the head, and addressed the following *Irish* remark to the escort: "Gintlemen! gintlemen! not quite so fast! The corpse can't keep up wid ye!"

AN officer writes: A short time since while I was passing up the Missouri River, during very high water, the Captain of the steamer espied some wood partially submerged, and thinking to get it very cheap, the boat was landed, and all was in readiness to commence taking it on board. Just at this moment the owner of the "wood yard" made his appearance, mounted on a mule, and announced that the wood could not be bought for less than \$5 per cord. The Captain told him he did not want any wood *at that price*, and the boat was again started. We had not gone more than two hundred yards, however, when we were hailed by a man standing near a cabin, who evidently had heard the conversation at the lower "wood pile." The engines were at once stopped, and the man yelled at the top of his voice: "I say, Cap'en! I've got some good, hard, dry wood you may have for three dollars a cord!" "All right!" says the Captain; "where is it?" The man slowly raised his hand, and, pointing inland, said: "Well, Cap'en, it's jest about four miles right back thar in the woods!"

OLD Eke Jones, formerly a resident of Schuyler County, New York, drank so often to other persons' health that his own became somewhat impaired. He went to Oswego in the summer of 1862, to be examined and mustered into the volunteer service of the United States. The examining surgeon asked him "if he ever had an attack of the headache or tooth-ache? if so, how often he experienced such an attack, and how long it generally lasted?"

His reply was that he "*occasionally* had the headache; it would come on *about once a month*, and *last about six weeks!*"

DEAR DRAWER,—I think it was in the March Number that a "good one" on "old Grove" was related by your Abercrombie correspondent. Here is another, and a "reliable gentleman" can be found who will vouch for it. "Grove" was on his way to St. Cloud with a jolly party of friends, one cold day last winter, and when they arrived at the little village of Clear Water (sixteen miles below St. Cloud) they concluded to "get outside of something warm" as soon as possible; so they hitched their team, proceeded to the hotel, and called for something invigorating. The fluid was set before them, and Grove quietly filled his glass as he inquired: "Is this clear water?" The landlord replied (thinking he alluded to the village) that it was. "Then," said he, pushing his glass from him with an expression of the most supreme disgust, "give me whisky, for my stomach could never stand a dose of clear water on as cold a day as this!" The crowd roared, the landlord caved, and the boys didn't have any thing to pay at that bar.

DURING the campaign in East Tennessee, in the winter of 1863-64, quite a spirited engagement occurred near Bean Station, in the beautiful valley of

the Holston. In this engagement Colonel Wolford of Kentucky commanded a division of Federal cavalry, and was hotly engaged with the enemy, and at nightfall was compelled to retreat. Some time after we visited Bean Station, and passing over the ground held by Wolford's division we came to a log-hut, in the door of which stood a "lone woman" with seven small children and "one at the breast"—one of that class of poor "white trash" who so frequently complained during the war that "we all will *pirish to death* if you-uns don't go to your hums, and let we-uns alone." Approaching the "lone woman," we informed her that we were looking over the ground of the late engagement, and asked her if she would please inform us of the position held by the Federal troops. Her reply was thus laconic: "Wa'al, yer see, Captin Woolfords kum along with two long strings of fight, all mounted on critter backs, and he had two wagon guns, and he stretched his strings of fight right back o' my house thar, and they fit and they fought till clean dark, and they tore down my ash-house, and Captin Woolfords lit out and never has yet paid me a cent for it. Do you-uns know whar Captin Woolfords is now?"

Fully satisfied with her graphic description of the engagement, and informing her that we did not know of "Captin Woolford's" whereabouts, we passed on.

THIS comes from Steuben County, New York:

There is in our employ a devotee of St. Patrick, of the pure, unadulterated stock. His pedigree is without spot or blemish—and so is his character, for the matter of that. Jerry is quite defective in his hearing, a misfortune he sorely hates to own to, and many are the catches and guesses he will make at your meaning where the sound of your voice does not penetrate his ears at all. Often, when speaking to him in a very loud tone, he will caution me not to *spake* so loud, protesting that he could hear me much *betther* if I wouldn't *spake* so loud. One day, in order to try him, I approached him in an excited manner, making gestures as if I was in great earnest, yet whispering so low that a person with ears ever so sharp could not possibly have heard me. Jerry bent his head for a moment, and then exclaimed: "*Indade*, Sur, if you wouldn't *spake* so loud I think I could hear you. It confuses me entirely when you *spake* so loud!"

Jerry had a saying that was suffixed to almost every thing he said, and sometimes it bore a significance truly ludicrous; it was, "By the help of God." One day we had been buying some straw in the bundle, and Jerry was sent to the barn to help put it in and see to the counting of it. While paying for the straw I noticed that Jerry was immensely pleased at something, and when the man had left I asked him if the straw was all right? "Fath, I belave it is, Sur, for I chated him out of ten bundles, *by the help of God!*"

THE smart children shall have a place this month in the Drawer:

Our friend R— has a hopeful son of three summers—a curly-headed, fair-complexioned little fellow, who is not so mischievous as original in his ideas. A few days ago Harry was amusing himself by throwing an elastic ball to the ceiling in the sitting-room, where R— was at the time perusing the "latest news." By some mishap the ball lodged on top of the book-case, out of sight and reach of the young hopeful. He, not knowing what had be-

come of it, began exclaiming, "Come down! throw it down!" when his mother stepped into the room and asked him what had become of his ball. His reply was, "Up! up!" and at the same time reiterating the request to have it thrown down. "Who are you talking to?" asked his mother. Harry looked her in the face, and with the utmost assurance answered, "Why, God!" At this juncture K—— came to the rescue, and restored the ball to the boy.

WHILE at breakfast the other morning a little girl at the table departed from "good manners" so far as to take her meat into her fingers. This brought out a lecture from her father, who concluded by saying, "If we were visiting with you any where we should have to say that we found you in the woods, and that you were brought up by a monkey!" The only response from the little impudent was, "Father, are you a monkey?"

A BRIGHT six-year-old in our house asked her mother one day, "Who made the Sabbath-day?" and when told that it was God, instantly replied, "But does not God tell us that it is wrong to work on the Sabbath-day?" showing that metaphysical fogs are not confined to elder heads. The little noddle had evidently come to the conclusion that if God made the Sabbath he must have worked on the Sabbath in doing it.

Another, somewhat older, was reading a tale aloud, and coming to the sentence, "The sequel of the story will appear in the next chapter," astonished her auditors by the announcement—"The *sequel* of the story will appear," etc.

COMING up the Mississippi we had an original darkey girl on board the steamboat. Hearing some of us say steamboats sometimes exploded their boilers, says she, "If dis here steamboat 'splods her bilers I kin jump into de waters and waddle my legs and git to shore!"

WHILE visiting at my sister's, not long since, her little daughter, four years old, came in one morning, looking very serious, and inquired of her mother why she was not black like Sarah (a colored servant girl in the family); and on being told that God did not intend her to be black, she replied, "I 'spect I knows; I 'spect God run out of black!"

A FRIEND writes:

Looking over the good things of the Drawer for June I saw one among the army stories that recalled to mind a little incident where words were mispronounced, and their meaning misunderstood by those using them. The first was by an estimable old lady, who was a devoted and constant reader of the Bible, and used often to read and expound the same to our diminutive understanding. I was always a ready and willing listener. We were enjoying such an occasion, when all at once she stopped short in her reading, and then slowly and very distinctly pronounced the word Synagogue, dividing it in this wise—Syn-a-go-gue. She pronounced it again in a more emphatic manner Syn-a-go-gue, and then, turning to me with a look of wonderment upon her noble old face, said: "I have read the Bible all my life, and I can't recollect of ever having seen that word before." I could hold in no longer, but let off one of my heartiest laughs at the old lady's expense, and got out and kept out

of the way of her wrath until she had got over her vexation enough to allow me to explain. But she never forgave my laughing at her mistake.

THE following story is related of a Judge who presided over the judicial affairs of the — District, in Alabama:

The Judge has an acquaintance at one of the towns where he held court. The acquaintance was a shiftless fellow, but so good-natured that he was tolerated in good society. He had a practice of borrowing money of the Judge when opportunity offered. The Judge at one time had a \$100 bill of the new issue of the bank at Decatur, of very good design and finish, the back of which was red. Seeing Mr. Shiftless approaching him, and anticipating his intention, the Judge put the bill in an unused portion of his pocket-book, and showed he had but a little money—scarcely enough to bear his expenses home. The ruse was successful, and the Judge thought no more of the matter. A short time afterward he purchased a new pocket-book, and on arriving at home took the notes and papers from the old one and placed them in the new, then threw the old one in the fire. His little son seeing something yet in the old pocket-book snatched it out to find the \$100 bill the Judge had hid on the occasion mentioned before.

Not long afterward the Judge attended a public meeting, and while the crowd was gathering, awaiting the arrival of speakers, etc., the Judge related the incident to a crowd of friends standing around. A short distance from the Judge an old farmer was sitting on a log, marking in the sand with a stick, apparently paying no attention to any thing; but as the Judge finished he raised up, gave vent to a loud, shrill whistle of disbelief, and looking at the Judge, exclaimed: "My gracious, Judge, what a whopper that is for you!"

IN Cincinnati there occurred recently a scene at the door of the — Chapel, in which the prime actor came off considerably the worse for wear. A young man, who believed he knew as much as any other man, had been paying his attentions to a young lady, who, among her other attractions, possessed a very luxuriant growth of red hair. The young man could not induce the young lady to think him better than other men, and she finally gave him the *mitten*. One evening after this, thinking his time to get even had arrived, he stationed himself in the aisle near the chapel door, and seeing the young lady coming, threw up his hands, pretending fright, and exclaimed, "Stand aside, boys, or you will take fire! Here comes —" (naming the lady). She walked very leisurely to where the young man was standing, stopped, and looked him in the face, saying, "You need not be alarmed, Mr. —; you are entirely too green to burn!"

The roar of laughter which greeted the young man's ears was more than he could well relish, and he beat a hasty retreat.

A FRIEND in Kentucky, who is always welcomed to the Drawer, contributes a few fresh anecdotes:

A few years ago I was at Estill Springs "for my health." You know what that means, I suppose? I didn't go to see the elephant; for, situated as the Springs are in the mountains, no elephant could get there—especially if its trunk was the Saratoga kind. Lounging through the drawing-rooms one cool forenoon I overheard as I passed a piquant *bijouterie*

of a belle say to a gentleman, "Oh, Mr. Will, here's Joe has just made me a present of his heart and hand! Of all presents what will be the most suitable in return?"

Will, with a sneering look under the edges of his eyelids at his embarrassed, silly-looking rival, just said, "Presents of Mind is what he wants most!" Then the dropping of the ivory piano-keys came in, and I heard no more.

I VISITED a petite and pretty little feminine once. She happened to be standing under the mantle-piece, which made her diminutiveness very striking. I said, banteringly:

"I declare, Miss —, you *are* a little thing! You seem to get smaller and smaller every day!"

"Yes," came the answer, like a flash; "and if you don't mind I'll be *invisible* to you."

That visit was spoiled.

You have heard of Mark Hardin in the old times. He was soldier, lawyer, politician, and improved Hardin County by making it his home. A proposition arose while he was a candidate for the Legislature to cut off a new county from Hardin, to be called Larue. The county seat was not determined upon, but Hodgenville was the favorite in the race. Mark opposed the division bitterly, but, he soon found, uselessly. Both sections wanted it to go. The candidate, seeing further resistance was useless, made an appointment to speak at Hodgenville—the very hot-bed of county secession—and duly appeared on the stump. He began his speech somehow in this way:

"Fellow-citizens: I hear every where that there is a decided wish to divide our county; and some, I regret to say, oppose it. Why? I ask, why? fellow-citizens. Look at this end of Hardin. It comes out of the way. It is detached naturally from Hardin. It projects like the toe of a boot; and, fellow-citizens, the toe of that boot ought to be applied to the blunt end of any candidate who opposes this just, proper, and natural division. [Cheers.] Having shown you that this end (Larue) is thus by nature, and should be divided by law from the other, my next consideration is the county seat. To gentlemen as intelligent as you, and as familiar with the section to be divided off, I need not point out that Hodgenville will be the centre of the proposed county; and where, but at the centre, should the county seat be? [Cheers.] Gentlemen, you have doubtless heard the removal of our State capital spoken of. As it is, it is tucked up in a north corner of the State, where it is about as convenient a situation for the capital of the whole State as Elizabethtown [the county seat of Hardin] is to be the county seat of Larue. The same reasons that induce us to separate this part of the county from the other should make us move the capital. We must move it, and to the centre of the State. Now take a map. Kentucky is 420 miles long, by about 140, in the centre, wide. Now Larue County is on a perpendicular line just 70 miles from the Ohio River, and 210 from each end of the State, and Hodgenville is the centre of Larue County. I have thus mathematically demonstrated to you that the State Capital should be removed to Hodgenville. [Enthusiastic cheering.] Fellow-citizens: I have been inadvertently led into these questions, but I will proceed further. In the late war [the war of 1812] Washington City was burned by the British; and why? Because it was on

our exposed border. The national capital should be removed from the Atlantic coast, and to the centre of the Union. Kentucky is the great seal set in the centre of our mighty republic, as you will see by enumerating the surrounding States, and as I have already shown you that this is the centre of Kentucky, the national capital should be removed to Hodgenville." As some had begun to smell a large Norway by this time the cheering wasn't quite so loud. "Nay," said the orator, in a burst of enthusiasm, "Hodgenville is the centre of God's glorious and beautiful world!"

"How in the — do you make that out?" said an irritated voice in the crowd.

The speaker, drawing himself up, and sweeping his forefinger in a grand circle about the horizon, said, "*Look how nice the sky fits down all around!*"

Hardin didn't go to the Legislature that time, though he had mathematically demonstrated every point he made.

AT a dinner-party of Americans in one of the European cities, in 1864, among the guests was a dentist of some distinction, who is the Court Dentist for several sovereigns. In speaking of our civil war and the opinions of the sovereigns upon the same, as well as other subjects, the dentist related a great many things which he said had been told him by these dignitaries, which it seems no one had ever seen published or heard of before. As he continued for some time in that style the Hon. W. M. E——, one of the party, who seemed not to credit the revelation of what appeared to be state secrets, replied to our dentist as follows: "Doctor E——, we had always supposed princes were quite reticent, but now we know they have to open their mouths to dentists."

This created quite a laugh, in which the dentist joined, but without seeing the point.

THE following occurred while the gallant Second Wisconsin infantry was encamped on Arlington Heights, Virginia, in the spring of 1861. From the day of its organization the regiment had been followed by a genius that went by the name of "Yank." Now "Yank" was slightly wrong in the "upper story," and withal stammered considerably in his speech, but for all that was exceedingly sharp at a bargain and quick and cutting at repartee. At that time Captain G——, well known throughout the State of Wisconsin before the war as a prominent politician of good legal attainments, eccentricity, a disregard for the laws of fashion, and as an unmerciful practical joker, commanded Company —. Nature had not dealt very liberally with the valiant Captain in the way of personal appearance, his eyes not having been set squarely in his face, and a huge wart adding largely to the dimensions of his nose. Now clothe the Captain in a suit of government military clothes, altered by a bungling army-tailor to conform slightly to regulation requirements, with a white woolen shirt (such as were first issued to the army), with a collar containing material enough to make a reasonable-sized garment of that description, government brogans, and you have the Captain's *personnel*. One morning the Captain, dressed as above described, in his walk around the camp, came across "Yank," busily engaged in rubbing an apparently dead army-horse, and accosted him with, "Well, 'Yank,' what are dead horses selling at this morning?" "Yank" straightened himself up, and turning and looking

the Captain square in the face, replied, "About the s-s-same price as s-s-shirt-collars and w-w-warts."

The shout that greeted this can be better imagined than described.

But "Yank" was not the only "character" of which the Second could boast. Company — had enrolled on its muster-rolls a young man who was nicknamed by his comrades, for some peculiarity, "Puss." Now "Puss" was a tough one. In camp he was a great shirker, and many were the reprimands and punishments he received for neglect of duty; but on the march, the bivouac, or the battlefield "Puss" was a gay and gallant soldier, and many weary miles of marching were made shorter by his lively songs and happy hits at persons and their peculiarities. And better still, "Puss" never shirked a fight. At South Mountain the Second, with the other gallant regiments composing the "Iron Brigade," was assigned the duty of carrying the pass at the point where the main road that passes through Frederick City and Middletown crosses the mountain. Company — was one of the companies selected for the skirmish-line. At first no trouble was experienced in driving back the rebel skirmishers, but finally they came to a halt. Thus matters stood for some five minutes, our boys giving the rebs leaden invitations to *vamosé*, and the rebs giving, in the same style, their objections to any further retrograde movement. "Puss" had been doing his best with his "Springfield," but all at once he stopped firing, slammed the butt of his musket to the ground, and with all the vim his lungs would allow, yelled out to the rebs: "Well, you rascally rebel cut-throats! if you are going to run, why don't you git up and skedaddle? Now git!" Whether the invitation to "git" had any effect or not we can't say; but this is certain, a short time afterward rebs were scarce in that neighborhood.

THE Sixth Wisconsin was in the same brigade. It entered the service with a better class of officers than usually falls to the lot of volunteer organizations. One of the best was Captain —, of Company —, a German, strict in discipline, prompt in the discharge of all his duties, and a splendid drill-master, with the one failing of not having completely mastered the English language. On drill, one day, the Captain was putting his company through company movements at the double quick, and in giving an order for a change of front had failed to give it distinctly, and the result of the attempt to execute the movement, as the men severally understood it, was a mass of men jammed in together without the least evidence of organization. The Captain yelled "Hah-l-lt!" and addressed the men thus: "Now what you look? You look like one herd of goose!" Military discipline was not strong enough to prevent a good, hearty laugh, which the Captain could not understand, until some one explained the difference in the application of the words "flock" and "herd."

MR. N—, a fashionable hat dealer in — Street, one of the most genial and agreeable of men, was conversing one day with some friends on the subject of business-habits and manners. Some one present congratulated Mr. N— on his pleasant way with customers, intimating that business must be promoted by courtesy. Mr. N— said, laughingly, that he remembered an instance in

point. "Before setting up my present business," he said, "I was for a year or two a clerk in Mr. A—'s carpet store. While there I sold a carpet to a lady and gentleman from a suburban town. One day, during my first year here, the same lady and gentleman came in to look at furs. I recognized them immediately by some peculiarity which I had noticed on the former occasion, and having perhaps some feeling that I might help to induce a trade by scraping acquaintance, I remarked, pleasantly, 'I think I sold you a carpet last year in Mr. A—'s store?' 'Oh, yes,' replied the lady; 'I remember. *It faded all out*'"

THE Indians have not figured much in the Drawer, for they are as a race not much given to joking, but this is a pretty fair sample of Indian wit:

A day or two since Colonel Brackett, commanding Fort Churchill, Nevada, was strolling along the banks of Carson River, where there are some Pi-Ute Indian lodges. The men were all playing cards and looting, and the squaws were at work making baskets, grinding grass-seed for bread, etc. Meeting Jim Mott, the chief, Colonel B. said, "Jim, you Indians are of little account; you do no work, and the squaws work all the time." "Dat's true," said Jim. "White man and Indian woman much alike—work all time; Indian man and white woman much alike—no work at all!"

How do the ladies like that?

AN ardent temperance man was talking to a crowd of drinkers once at Sharon Springs, telling them of the awful effects of drinking ardent spirits. A noted toper in the crowd said: "Now, Mister, I just want to tell you why I take a dram occasionally. I knew a man once who believed exactly as you do; never drank any thing but *cold water*. He died suddenly, as the doctor said, of apoplexy; but when they came to open him they found him full of *icicles*!"

THE Drawer thinks the following claim a good one:

Of the contributor to the Drawer from Nevada we claim the bottle of Sonoma wine. In Washington, where the salaries of Government clerks are well known to run up from 1st class; the 1st class being \$1200 per annum, the 2d \$1400, etc., occurred the following:

A young Southern Ohioan, who had "traveled," talked big, thought "he'd try a Government clerkship a while," etc., came on here for the purpose of procuring such a position, and applied to his "member," who immediately set about to obtain the prize for the son of his influential constituent. Meeting him on the street one day, he said:

"Well, Mr. W—, I've been very fortunate; I have procured you a 2d class clerkship in the Treasury Department."

Imagine his astonishment when young Buckeye replied: "I'll be darned if I'll have it! If I can't have a 1st class I won't have any!"

A FORMER chaplain in the army appreciates the debt he owes the Drawer for past favors, and pays in kind:

Some very amusing incidents occurred among the contrabands during the war, of which the delegates of the Christian Commission were the witnesses. The following I have never seen published:

At a meeting of the colored "breddren" for pray-

er, one of their number offered the following petition: "Lord bress dese poor critters and dese yer sinners. Dey's surrounded by a great many blessings. Dey don't know how good you is. Dey's like de hog under de 'simmon-tree, eatin' de 'simmons, and don't know whar dey come from. Hab mercy on all de sinners, and on my Jim, 'cause he's a bad boy, Lord—badder than you knows for! *He swars*. He swars drefful, Lord, when you don't know it. He swars more in de tent than he do outdoors! Now bress us all, and stand by me, and I'll stand by you—*sartain!*"

At a prayer-meeting in Washington, on the morning after the assassination of the President, a colored man, praying for vengeance on the murderers, said: "Now, Lord, gib it to 'em right smart, and don't be so merciful as you generally am!"

At Belle Plain I had been expounding to the negroes the parable of the Prodigal Son. When I concluded, one of them arose, and, in the soberest manner, said: "Now, breddren, we's a great deal better off than the Prodigal Son, 'cause he didn't hab no gemman of a different color to come to him and tell him how glad his Fadder would be to hab him come home!"

HERE is a portion of another prayer offered the same evening: "Lord, as thou didst hear our prayers away down Souf, when we held de hoe and de plow in de hot sun, and answer them, so hear our prayer for de Union army. Guard them on de right hand and on de left, *and in de var!* Don't luff 'em alone, though they's mighty wicked. Be their bulwarks and ditches, and teach 'em how to fight!"

Another prayed: "O Lord, if you please, Sir, come down out of de heavens and take a ride round about here, and *gib it a mighty shake!*"

"PETE" has been in the Drawer before, but we think his last a good one:

S—— has been selling unclaimed packages for the American Express Company. Those of your readers who have ever attended one of these auction sales can testify that, in most cases, *buyers* as well as packages are well *sold*; but I leave you to judge who was worst beaten in the following instance:

A large-sized envelope and contents (unknown, of course) was offered. Scarcely had the "How much for this?" passed the lips of S——, when "Nigger Pete" stepped into the door, and, without looking to see what was up, bid "twenty-five cents," and the package was quickly his. "Pass up your money," cried S——. "Let's see what's in dar fust," says Pete. This, of course, was against the rules, and Pete being fully convinced of this fact, carefully drew forth a bank-bill, and with a "Who cares for a quarter any how?" passed over the money, took the package, and while waiting for change opened the envelope, which contained a prize-concert humbug of some sort. Shouts of laughter greeted our darkey on this exposé, but he kept perfectly cool, for *he* knew where the laugh would come in. At this juncture the cashier handed back Pete's bill, remarking that it was worthless. Now was Pete's time! Seizing the bill, and making for the door, laughing as only he can laugh, he shouted: "Yah! yah! I knowed dat all de time; I knowed dat bill wa'n't worth noffin, nor de package neider!—dey can't fool Pete!" After the explosion which followed had somewhat subsided, S——, greatly

vexed, remarked: "I should like to have some man tell me of *one* good thing that nigger ever did."

Don't you think we have told it?

AN Assistant-Assessor of the Internal Revenue sends to the Drawer this unique return:

"SIR,—I am not a resident of this village, have no worldly goods except a few rags which the tailor said were garments, one worn-out copy of Esop's Fables, Pope's Essay on Man, and a copy, in large print, of the 'Candle Lectures,' a pair of dumb-bells, and set of boxing-gloves, and—I had almost forgotten—a very elaborate treatise on Physic. I make it a rule never to carry any more portable property than I can safely get away from the boarding-house keeper's with at the end of the month. Hoping you will put my name down on your books as a 'dead beat,' I am, yours, etc."

ONE who signs himself a "Long Reader" writes as follows:

Having devoured you for years without a return, I propose giving you one, for the truth of which more than one can testify.

In 1861 the Annual Conference assembled in our place, and, as is usual on such occasions, the houses of the community were thrown open to receive those in attendance. Among those entertaining guests was Mrs. Jones, and supposing her little boy Frankie would be catechised to some extent, she settled in her own mind the leading questions and appropriate answers, as follows:

"Well, Sir, how are you to-day?"

"Pretty well, I thank you."

"What is your name, Sir?"

"Frankie Jones."

"How old are you, Frankie?"

"Three years old in June."

"Who made you, Frankie?"

"God."

"What did God make you of, Frankie?"

"Dirt."

The day for the convening of Conference arrived, and with it the corps of ministers, two of whom were brought to Frankie's home. Frankie was not long in making his appearance and ingratiating himself into the good graces of the guests—when, sure enough, the first question propounded by the good-natured minister, on whose knee Frankie had almost unconsciously seated himself, was—

"Well, Sir, how do you do?"

"*Pretty well, thank you—Frankie Jones—three years old in June—God—dirt!*" responded Frankie, without a moment's hesitation, turning his mother's catechism inside out in an instant, to her utter astonishment and mortification, and the amazement of his questioner.

A YOUNG lady from the country making her first visit to the city was taken by her friend to a day performance of the Opera, which is known as "a Matinée." She was intensely delighted, and thought that nothing could surpass that, until she attended Opera in the evening. The splendor of the building by the dazzling gas-lights, the magnificent toilets of the ladies with diamonds and jewels, the music, and probably the atmosphere, all combined, fairly turned her head. After her return to the country she was full of her visit to the city, and never tired of talking of what she saw, especially of the Opera. If you answered yes to her question whether you had ever attended "a Matinée," she always exclaimed, "Oh, but you should attend a Matinée in the *evening!*"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. CXCVI.—SEPTEMBER, 1866.—VOL. XXXIII.



AMENITIES.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

[Third Paper.]

BALL'S BLUFF.

July 25, 1861.—Clear and hot. Making an early start from Jones's tavern, I rode to Hancock, suffering with the intense heat during the latter part of my journey. Foreseeing also to what degree of insolence the success at Manassas would raise the revolutionary party, I was disturbed with serious apprehensions in regard to the condition of my family, lest my action in the late campaign should be visited upon my father. A Union refugee, however, informed me he had left all well at Berkeley the day before. I dined in Hancock, and crossing the river, reached Berkeley in the afternoon. Our circle there were all well and comparatively cheerful, discussing the battle of Manassas and making light of it.

My father, who had served through the War of 1812, insisted that it would require at least three years to make soldiers of the American Volunteers, and during the process we must expect many defeats and humiliations. The immediate cause of the loss of the battle at Manassas he thought was, that our available

force was not used, one half of it at least taking no part in the fight, according to accounts.

For the rest, the atmosphere at Berkeley was refreshing with courageous and defiant loyalty. The village had not been without its special excitements during my absence. Not to fall behind the times, the citizens had formed a volunteer Home Guard for the purpose of police duty and watching over the general welfare of the community. They kept their headquarters in the Court-house, sat up of nights, arrested each other and every body they found prowling about. It was shrewdly suggested that the peace of the lonely village might have been better preserved if every body went quietly to bed and minded their own business. But in times of revolutionary excitement people can not keep quiet even in view of their own safety, and along the Border every man seemed to suppose he had the right to constitute himself a special constable, to arrest and cross-question every other man he met with whose business he was unacquainted.

One night Dick Ganoe, a harmless and well-

meaning citizen of the Home Guard, arrested a stranger who was riding into town from the direction of Winchester. Dismounting his prisoner, Ganoe led the way to the Court-house, lounging along with his musket under his arm and his hands in his pockets as was his wont. The stranger, who followed in apparent acquiescence, quietly drew a pistol and blew the citizen's brains out, then mounted and continued his journey northward. This shot also terminated the volunteer labors of the Home Guard. It abdicated, and was heard of no more.

I spent four days here with my family in the enjoyment of a social intercourse which was cheerful and engaging, despite our adverse surroundings; yet an ever-present sense of insecurity disturbed my repose, and gloomy forebodings of a troubled future would cast their shadows athwart the sunlight of these genial hours. I slept with an arsenal of loaded arms in my bedroom, and nightly laid my clothes in position to be most conveniently gathered up. Still every thing around us remained quiet. The way to Winchester was open, and we could not hear that any Southern troops had returned to the valley.

A great awe seemed to have quelled the spirits of the people. Those who had deceived themselves or had been deluded by others into the belief that the dismemberment of the nation would be accomplished without bloodshed, now began to realize the true character of the contest which was opening. In the first ebullition of their zeal, the élite of the Virginia youth had rushed to the field, many serving as privates in the ranks. The slaughter at Manassas fell heavier (proportionately) upon this class than any other. There was blood upon the door-posts of many an aristocratic mansion, and, for a season, horror and mourning veiled the joy of victory. Among meaner spirits the effect of this battle had already begun to manifest itself in the usual manner. I was informed by a neighbor that several of those whom I had met on the road to Martinsburg and encouraged to resist the assumptions of State officers had openly denounced me for it.

July 29.—To-day I was again warned by a friend that armed squads had appeared in the vicinity, and that I was menaced with arrest. My leave expires to-morrow, and this news shall not hasten my movements.

July 30.—Clear and warm. Purchased a new saddle and refitted generally for my journey. I took leave of my friends and family, with a sad presentiment that I would never again see that social circle cheerful and unbroken as I left it. No one there except my father knew that I was actually connected with the army. I had concealed it from the people lest it should bring trouble upon those I left behind. I hid it from some who should have known it because I had not the heart to declare it.

As I left the village I perceived the national flag still floating on the staff upon the mount-

ain. The local sympathizers had not had the assurance to touch it. I saluted and took comfort. It was still the emblem of power, civilization, and hope.

Several miles on my way I was joined by my neighbor Aaron Bechtol, who came in from a side-road. He was a determined Union man, had sent his sons to the National army, and now, in view of probable troubles, was going into voluntary exile. He had just had an excited discussion with some Secessionists of the vicinity, who twitted him with the result at Manassas, and threatened him with the vengeance of the Confederate authorities, who now held undisputed sway in Virginia. The United States, they said, was a foreign country, and those that refused to acknowledge the Southern Government must leave it. Bechtol replied that, for the present, he would go, as he did not care to live where he could not express his free opinions. "But mark my words," he continued, pointing to the flag that floated on the hill, "under the protection of that flag I will return one day, free and honored, while you and those who make war upon it will be in your bloody graves, or hunted into exile without pity or shelter." His words have been literally fulfilled.

We rode to Hancock together. By the way I met another old acquaintance. We stopped, shook hands, conversed in a friendly manner for a few minutes, and then parted forever; he wending his way to join the Southern army, I following the route toward the national capital.

At Hancock I met my brother-in-law, J. L. R., recently returned from Florida, and on his way to Berkeley. The picture he gives of the condition of things in Washington is deplorable in the extreme.

The revolution has broken up his business in the South, and the climate has impaired his health. His return to Berkeley at this juncture is most fortunate. Commending my family and interests to his care, I told him I was off for the army. If we had been fortunate at Manassas I might have turned back, but the cloud of gloom and disaster which overshadows the national cause had hardened my purpose to iron.

At Fairview, on the turnpike, I stopped to rest and refresh. From the front porch of this house there is a beautiful and comprehensive view of the Shenandoah Valley, extending as far up as the Massanutten Mountains above Front Royal and Strasburg. The towns of Williamsport, Martinsburg, and Shepherdstown are distinctly visible, while the sites of Harper's Ferry, Charlestown, and Winchester can be distinguished. Upon this azure map the whole circuit of the late campaign could be satisfactorily traced.

This country had been my play-ground in boyhood. Each field, each house, each clump of trees recalled some friendly face, some youthful sport, some genial hour of past delight.

There from childhood to maturity I had lived, opulent in friendships and social sympathy. That fair valley was now the land of mine and my country's enemies: among them I could see whole squadrons of my kindred and former friends—the kindly and generous companions of the olden times. It mattered little to me now how they came to be there, through error, perversity, conscience, weakness, or chance. The Potomac that flowed between us now rolled a fathomless gulf of blood and fire. On this side I was alone. There was neither friend, nor kinsman, nor neighbor to whom I might turn for countenance or counsel in those hours of soul weariness which oppress one whose individuality is too heavily taxed. On this side I found none nearer to me than the acquaintances of yesterday, marching together as champions of a common cause, but strangers to the heart. I felt the weight of my position. I was an exile indeed, poor, weary, and dispirited! Yet I had taken my course after calm and full deliberation. I had asked no man's counsel, and confided my conclusions to one alone.

I had also saved from the wreck of fortune, friendship, and home two jewels of great price—talismanic gems, the possession of which would insure me cheerfulness in the midst of defeat and disaster, and supply the place of fortune hereafter. These were my self-respect and my father's blessing. Courage, O my soul! There is inspiration in the recollection of that venerable face and fearless spirit—enough to brace me for the rugged and eventful journey before me. The sun of my life has already passed the meridian, but there is still time to play an honorable part in the magnificent drama which is developing.

My reflections were disturbed by the approach of a fellow in the uniform of a Federal soldier, who commenced rather unceremoniously plying me with questions. As I perceived he had been drinking and saw no reason why I was bound to gratify his curiosity, I replied civilly but evasively, and in a manner to mystify him. I was presently called to dinner, and when I returned to the bar-room found my late catechiser lecturing a group of a dozen or twenty rough-looking men, and perceived by their looks and gestures that I was the subject of his discourse. My soldier, evidently advanced in drunkenness, ceased speaking as I entered, and, approaching me again, commenced his impertinent queries. He demanded my name, business, and destination, and desired particularly to know why I was traveling with a map of Washington County in my haversack. I replied evasively as before, and told the landlord to have my horse brought out.

The soldier then made open appeals to the bystanders to assist him in arresting me; but finding no one disposed to join him, he turned to me again, and gave me to understand that my talk and appearance were unsatisfactory and suspicious, and he was determined to know what my business was. I asked him sharply

who he was, what he was doing here, and upon what authority he undertook to question travelers. He answered, that he was a soldier of the Potomac Home Brigade, and he considered it his duty to find out whether a man had a right to travel about with a map of Maryland in his pocket. In return, I informed him that I was in the United States service, and attached to the Topographical Corps of Patterson's army.

"To-py—top-py—to-pee—to-hell!" he exclaimed, staggering with the effort to accomplish the knotty polysyllable. "I believe you're a dam'd rebel spy."

I retorted, "And I know you're a drunken blockhead skulking away from your duty, and who will be arrested as a deserter as soon as I can inform the officer of the next military post."

I immediately mounted and rode off, leaving my soldier to the derision of his companions. At sunset I reached Williamsport, and found there numerous Union refugees from Martinsburg and some military acquaintances. I here learned that the Army of the Shenandoah had been withdrawn from Harper's Ferry to Sandy Hook on the Maryland side, and that Banks had superseded Patterson in command.

July 31.—Clear and warm. Rode to Harper's Ferry by way of Sharpsburg and Antietam Iron Works. On entering our lines I was put under guard, and thus transferred from post to post until I arrived at head-quarters, three miles distant. These were established at the house of a Mr. Miller, on the bluff above Sandy Hook. Dismounting, I advanced with my guard to the gate, where we were stopped by a sentinel. I inquired for Captain Simpson, my chief; but no one seemed to know any thing about any body, and I saw none but strangers around me. Under the trees in the yard, about ten paces distant, I saw two officers standing apart and engaged in earnest conversation. One a man apparently of middle age and medium height, dark complexion, and angular face, stern countenance, and dignified manner; the other a much younger person, tall, handsome, and soldierly.

I addressed this pair with, "Colonel, can you tell me where Captain Simpson's quarters are?" The elder officer replied courteously, in a deep-toned voice, "You had better call the sergeant of the guard." The younger called sharply to the sentinel "to see what that man wanted."

I had begun to feel annoyed and irritated when Captain Abert, of the Topographical Corps, happening to pass recognized me, and relieved me from my embarrassment. He then introduced me to the officers, Major-General Banks, commanding the Army of the Shenandoah, and his Adjutant-General, Captain Robert Williams. General Banks received me courteously, and we had some conversation in reference to the war. Captain Williams was an officer of the regular army, and a brother Virginian, which, under present

circumstances, is more than ever an especial claim to friendship.

I found the Topographical camp in a peach orchard adjoining the house, and re-entered my old quarters with those feelings of pleasure which are common to men and animals on revisiting places that have once sheltered them. My pony testified his accordance with this sentiment by repeated friendly whinnies as he rubbed noses with his equine companions of the late campaign.

Except General Patterson's personal aids all the staff had remained, and was busily engaged in organizing a new Army of the Shenandoah on a more enduring basis than that which had recently evaporated. The regular cavalry under Thomas, Doubleday's battery, and the Rhode Island artillery, were still with us, while fresh regiments, enlisted for the war, were industriously drilling on the open fields in sight. The humiliations of the late campaigns had been discussed and accepted as national blessings (in disguise); although it required very strong philosophical magnifiers to enable some of us to see through the disguise.

I had hoped that an early and decisive overthrow of the insurgent forces would have quenched the spirit of sedition, and have saved the South from the terrible calamities and hopeless ruin that a long war must inevitably bring upon her. But with the dawning of a martial era the mind naturally reverts to the dogmas of the sword. "God is great;" "whatever is, is right;" "whatever is to be, will be."

The week following my reinstatement in the Topographical quarters was occupied in projecting an accurate map of the northern districts of Virginia, which were evidently destined to be the most important theatre of war. I was astonished to ascertain how limited and inaccurate was the information at Washington in regard to the topography, geography, and statistics of the interior of Virginia; while the Government had most complete and accurate surveys of all the Southern coasts, and thorough topographical maps of the Southwestern States and Territories, even to Oregon and California. The Ancient Dominion had jealously maintained her constitutional impenetrability. No National scow was ever permitted to rake mud out of her rivers, and no Federal engineer to set up his tripod on her sacred soil. The consequence was that reliable maps of the country could not be procured. We set about remedying this evil by all the means in our power, reducing the various county surveys in our possession to uniformity, examining refugees white and black, and eking out such uncertain information with my personal knowledge of the country, which was considerable.

This occupation was varied by visits to the surrounding camps, locating military roads, and reconnoitring expeditions to the neighboring heights.

On Sunday I attended divine service with the staff. Our canopy was a large mulberry-



THE DRUM ECCLESIASTIC.

tree. The chaplain of the Twelfth Massachusetts officiated from a pulpit which reminded one of Hudibras's

— "drum ecclesiastic,
Beaten with fist instead of a stick."

The regiment unarmed, neatly clad, and devoutly-mannered, formed in hollow square, inclosing the place of worship. After the sermon we called at the quarters of the Colonel commanding, Fletcher Webster, and had some fine music from the band.

A squad of our infantry made a successful raid into Loudon County, killing and wounding five rebels, and capturing nine men and nineteen horses. I went out to see the prisoners, but did not recognize any acquaintances among them. They were a seedy, poorly-equipped company, and did not present a very formidable appearance.

August 8.—My chief, Captain Simpson, having been commissioned Colonel of the Fourth New Jersey Volunteer Infantry, left us to-day, turning over the Topographical Establishment to Captain James Abert. At the same time Colonel Fitz John Porter and Captain Newton were appointed Brigadiers in the Volunteer service, and many other promotions were spoken of, which indicated a speedy breaking up and rearrangement of our staff and social relations.

August 15.—A pressing call from headquarters for route maps indicated that some movement was imminent. It had been reported, it seems, that Beauregard was about crossing at the Point of Rocks with forty thousand men to cut off Banks's force from Washington.

I do not credit these reports, as I believe that policy will restrain the Confederates from making any aggressive movements at this time. They have succeeded, as they suppose, in dismembering the country and establishing a very handsome empire for themselves, and now only wish to be let alone, that they may the more securely organize and consolidate their power. They will not fire another gun if they can help it, nor do aught else to arouse the dormant power of this purblind and amiable giant, the American People. Their astounding luck at

Manassas has soothed the wounded vanity of the Southern rank and file, and the line of the Potomac will satisfy the imperial cupidity of the leaders, for the present at least. The hope of peaceful secession being blighted, they are wary about urging the war to extremities, and hope to accomplish their full purpose yet by negotiation and compromise. For these reasons, I think, they abstained from Washington after the late battle; and for these reasons, I think, a crossing of the Potomac is not in their present programme.

August 17, Saturday.—To-day the army struck tents and moved eastward. It was cloudy and threatening rain, and the staff did not get off until about the middle of the afternoon.

We took the road over the river bluffs, crossing the Catoctin ridge near the Point of Rocks, and halting at night in an apple orchard near an obscure hamlet called Lickville. Our trains had moved by the Jeffersonville road, and in consequence we found ourselves without shelter, beds, or provisions. A crop of oats lately cut stood in shocks in the orchard, and our horses helped themselves without any qualms of conscience. The men followed their example, and ate apples to amuse their hungry stomachs. A chilly rain had set in, and the officers grouped themselves around the fires kindled beneath the sheltering apple-trees. Feeling the need of something more substantial, Captain A—— and myself went foraging, and at a neighboring farm-house got a supper of light rolls, milk, stewed chicken, and ham, served by a sweet-faced girl of some twelve or fourteen years. Restored and humanized by the meal, we thought of the comfort of our commanding officer, and carried a plateful of our forage to the General.

As night advanced the rain became heavier, and no baggage train. The chiefs spread their shawls and blankets beneath the apple-trees, and prepared to pass the night *en bivouac*. My Captain, who was an old Rocky Mountain campaigner, made it a rule "never to go hungry if he could get a meal, and never to sleep in the rain if he could find a dry spot." So we bethought ourselves of a deserted log-house which stood, like an eyeless skull, in an adjoining field. Leaving our horses picketed up to their bellies in oats, we shouldered our saddles and took possession of our discovery. There were neither doors nor windows, but the roof and flooring were sound, and we soon had a fire roaring in the mouldy chimney.

Here we dried our blankets and brought oat straw enough for comfortable beds, and then betook ourselves to sleep. Alarmed at our presence, a pair of owls, who lodged in the attic, commenced scratching and hooting, but we did not disturb each other long.

August 18, Sunday.—It was still raining when we arose. The earth was soaked and the foliage dripping. Our friends who roosted in the orchard had a flaccid, uncomfortable look; but

the staff wagons had arrived, and preparations were made for establishing our camp. There was complaint and confusion on all sides. Every body missed something. Baggage, servants, wagons, and extra horses were strayed and lost; regiments had been separated from their trains; brigades had lost their way; officers had straggled from their regiments, and men from their officers. The heavy artillery had broken down; wagons had stuck in the mud, and others upset; teamsters had thrown out ordnance and commissary stores to lighten their loads, and left them to perish in the rain. Others had got drunk and abandoned their charges altogether. Men were scattered over the country generally, hungering and plundering.

It was the first march of an undisciplined army, aggravated by the additional misfortune of a heavy rain and bad roads. As the details came in during the day it seemed as if a Pandora's box of petty disasters had been opened among us. Yet by the following morning all the mistakes and accidents had been rectified and repaired, and the army moved in fine order through the Carroll Manor to an encampment on the east bank of the Monocacy River, opposite Buckeystown.

Lieutenants S—— and B——, of the Regular service, were appointed aids to the commanding General, and doubtless felt the dignity and responsibility of their new position. As we rode through Buckeystown in state a Volunteer Infantry man, who was seated on a fence, gave Lieutenant S—— a friendly poke in the ribs to attract his attention. The young aid-de-camp turned fiercely to resent the indignity, and met the unconscious face and bland inquiry of the incipient soldier:

"I say, Mister, is that Banks there, that feller with the leather cap?"

Even the educated martinet was mollified by the innocent earnestness of the questioner. He replied, politely and emphatically, "That is General Banks."

A little further on another musket-bearer, more advanced in military etiquette by several degrees, as he sits squatted on the top rail, salutes the passing cortège by presenting arms, barrel to front.

August 20, Tuesday.—Fair and pleasant. Amused myself sketching a most charming view from my tent door. As I had left home totally unprovided with extra clothes, I found my suit too thin for the chilling rains of the season, and bought a horse blanket from Frisby the cook to serve me as a cloak.

August 21.—To-day Captain A—— started with his party to reconnoitre and survey the roads toward the Potomac River. The company consisted of Captain A——, chief, with Mr. Luce and myself as assistants, then came our followers: Benjamin the Swiss valet, Swizert the groom, Henshaw the teamster, and Frisby the big cook, with two of Thomas's dragoons as escort—in all, nine men and twelve



A COMPROMISE BETWEEN DUTY AND LAZINESS.

horses. About one o'clock P.M. we halted and pitched our tents in Howard's meadow, at the foot of Sugar-Loaf Mountain. This is a picturesque little group that rises in the midst of the plain country on the east side of the Monocacy River. It is totally disconnected with any of the regular mountain ranges of this region, and its loftiest summit attains the height of 1300 feet above the sea. This peak we ascended, and from it studied the localities and topography of the country for twenty miles around, and on both sides of the Potomac. We could see the enemy's camps at Leesburg, and our own forces guarding the fords at various points, while Stone's encampments around Poolsville seemed almost beneath our feet.

August 22.—We moved through Barnesville this morning, and found it very difficult to obtain any information from the people about the country or the roads. I think this is more the result of ill-will than of ignorance, as most of the

population are Southern sympathizers. At Poolsville we were hospitably received by General Stone, and pitched our tents on the common beside his headquarters. We then started out to reconnoitre the different roads—I was ordered to view that leading toward Conrad's Ferry. On my way I called at the quarters of Colonel Cogswell, commanding the New York Forty-second, Tammany Regiment. The Colonel, who was a West Point officer, accompanied me to the river banks, and pointed out the enemy's camps and most important localities. From a hill I sketched a topographical view, including the Ferry, Ball's Bluff, and the town of Leesburg,

four miles distant. We had a strong guard at the crossing, and as we rode back to camp a volunteer dragoon passed us, riding at full speed toward Poolsville. Cogswell halted him and demanded his news. In a voice husky with trepidation he said the pickets had been fired on, and the enemy was crossing in great force. He was almost too much blown and hurried to give details, but the Colonel was peremptory with his cross-questions.

"How many shots were fired before you left?"

"One!" said the fellow, catching his breath.

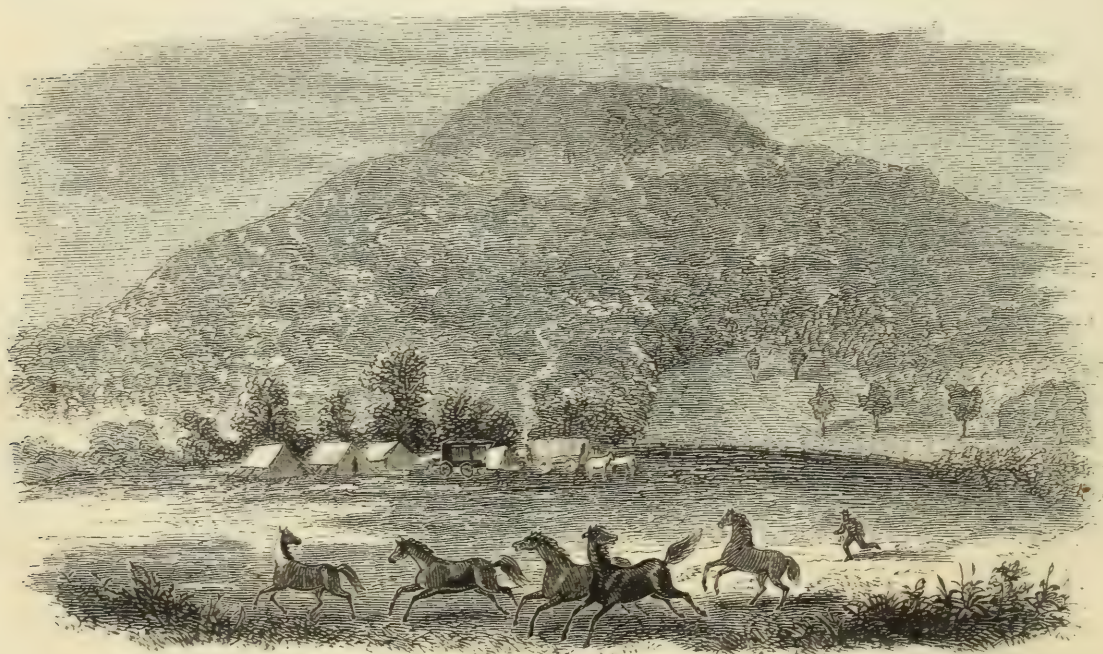
"I heard it myself."

"And how many men did you see coming?"

The messenger reflected a little. "Two," said he.

The Colonel suggested that he was exaggerating.

He declared he was not. He had also heard the drums beating, and saw them coming be-



TOPOGRAPHICAL CAMP AT SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN.

yond a doubt. And with this he sped on to General Stone with the important tidings. Cogswell, who was better mounted than I, rode rapidly back to prevent his regiment being disturbed by the news.

Since the battle of Manassas the troops seem to have been afflicted with a chronic affection of the nerves. The hum of a beetle through the air is sufficient to drive in a picket, and the sight of a negro in a canoe will stampede a whole regiment.

General Stone tells me that a few days ago he received information from a reliable loyal citizen, an eye-witness of the facts, that the enemy occupied a certain island in force, and was engaged in constructing an immense raft to enable them to cross the river. The General immediately visited the island indicated, and found it a desert with no trace of human occupancy upon it, the only foundation for the raft story being a large accumulation of drift-wood.

As I passed Camp Tammany I saw the Colonel sitting in his tent door smoking a quiet cigar. Just then I perceived that I was threatened with a danger more certain and imminent than an attack from the rebels. A dark thunder-cloud, all unperceived, had rolled up from the west, and a low-muttered growl warned me that my time was short. I started for Pools-ville at full speed, and had barely time to unsaddle when the hurricane burst upon us with a sweeping crash. My frail tabernacle flapped and rocked so violently that I was obliged to hold on to the poles to prevent its blowing over. The rain came down by bucketsful, and the level common was presently flooded. The Captain, who had returned from his reconnoissance, took refuge with me, the only dry spot in camp being a hillock in the centre of my tent. On this I collected my baggage, and here the Captain and I sat, enveloped in darkness, mud,

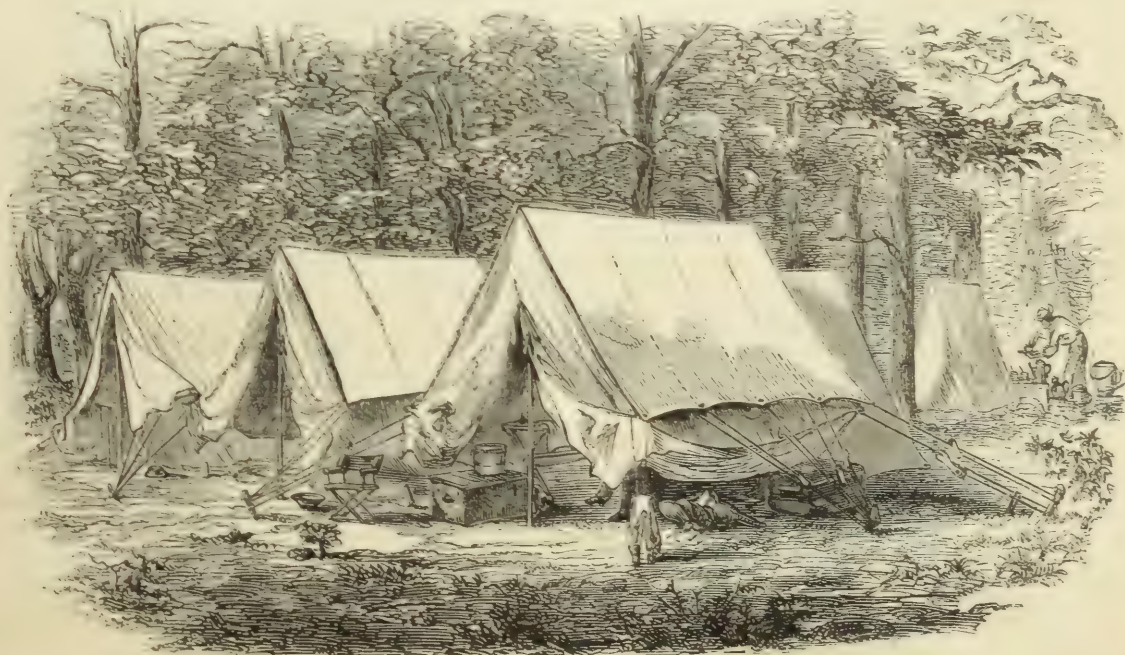
and water, amusing ourselves with philosophical comments on the times, and pleasant stories of former adventures. When the fury of the storm was spent we looked out for supper, but the whole common was afloat, and the cook was in despair. The General's hospitable mess table supplied our wants for the evening. Luce was still missing, and as he was recklessly venturesome we surmised that he had been captured; but he at length returned, his boots full of water, drenched and hungry, with a plentiful supply of topographical notes, however.

August 23.—I slept last night with my oil-cloth sacking spread on a bed of mud, soft at least, if not wholesome. This morning, before rising, I gathered a supply of mushrooms which had sprung up around my couch. The commons were full of them, and we had a mess for breakfast.

But I must not waste too much time on these trivialities. However agreeable it may be personally to recall the minutest incidents of these days of cheerful hope and exciting expectancy, it can not be supposed that the public will patiently tread the slow, meandering path with the hope that it will lead in time to a field of historic incident. We must cut it short.

On Sunday, August 25, our party, after making a circuit through Dawsonville, Darnestown, Rockville, Mechanicsville, Brookville, Unity, and Damascus, rejoined the army, which we found encamped upon the hills about Hyattstown. Here the commanding General reviewed his force, amounting to ten thousand men of all arms.

On the 29th the army took position around Darnestown, extending its lines so as to meet Stone's command on the right, and the National forces under M'Call at Tenallytown on the left. The topographical party established their camp in a pleasant meadow adjoining the village and opposite a grocery store. Here we spread our



TOPOGRAPHICAL HEAD-QUARTERS, NEAR HYATTSTOWN, MARYLAND.

humid establishment to catch the rays of a genial sun, and prepared to luxuriate in unlimited butter and eggs. The untethered horses gambled and whinnied at will through the exuberant pasture. Every thing looked cheerful and jolly. Our gipsy life was eminently healthful; and here, in the midst of rest and plenty, we concluded that campaigning was not so dreadful after all. My friends and family were all well, and the war would presently be over (Mr. Seward had said so), and I would then return to them to tell my adventures and enjoy my laurels.

He who has not learned to dread these moments of self-gratulation, of happy abandonment, has read but superficially in the mystic volume of human life. How strangely is the shadow of coming misfortune ever mingled with the light of present joy. "Soul, take thine ease—thou hast much goods laid up for many years." The man has scarcely uttered the thought when he hears the awful voice: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." To appease this fearful power the Emperor Augustus (one day in every year) descended from his throne, put off his purple robes, and, clothing himself in rags and humility, poured out libations to the dark Fate who lies continually in wait for the lucky. The story of the sword of Damocles suspended over the feast is but another version of the same idea. How often in my life have these presentiments been fatally realized! How often has the boastful word trembling on my lips been suppressed by a vague dread of impending evil! How often, in the privacy of my own soul, have I smothered the glow of self-satisfaction, and poured libations of secret humility to avert the anger of the dark goddess! Is this superstition? Perhaps so; but it is not the less a pervading human instinct, recognized in every age and among all peoples. "Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto."

This afternoon, to complete my contentment, I received a letter from my wife. On opening it the first sentence that struck my eye froze all my blood: "We have heard from our prisoners at Winchester. They are quite well."

This was all she said on the subject. There had evidently been other letters which had miscarried; but these few words, so obscure and unsatisfactory, left me no room to doubt who these "prisoners" were. I was sure my father and my cousin, Edmund Pendleton, had been arrested by the revolutionists and carried to Winchester. The absence of all definite information left me a prey to vague fears, worse than any form of reality. The evil I had most apprehended had fallen upon me. I was haunted by visions of his feeble form and venerable face, bowed with unwonted privations and shameful indignities. Yet I felt strong in the assurance that his stern, defiant soul would not quail under any outrage that the traitors by whom he was surrounded might offer him.

I deeply felt my own helplessness. The

Government was as helpless as I was. But it is not good to dwell upon these subjects. Next day I saw in the papers an account of my father's arrest, confirming my surmises on the subject.

August 31.—The topographical party started to-day on another surveying tour. The people complain terribly of the National soldiers. They are accused of harrying potato-patches, violating hen-roosts, and burning fence rails without remorse or economy. I find these complaints are a very fair test of the political leanings of individuals. Friends of the Government do not regret the little inconveniences incident to the military occupation, and give cheerfully of their stores. Sympathizers with the rebellion screech and cackle louder than their unlucky poultry during a raid.

The country is also filled with refugees from the south side of the Potomac, running away to escape conscription. Some find honorable places in the National army, others seek employment among the neighboring farmers, and endeavor to support themselves; another class sponge on their Maryland acquaintance for a subsistence, talking secession and Southern rights the while, and boasting of their Virginian blood. Our Government should send these worthies back to the sacred soil whence they sprung.

September 6.—Visited Washington on some business with the Topographical Department. The view of the city, with its circumjacent camps, from the heights of Georgetown, was magnificent. On the street I met the District Marshal, Colonel Lamon, who told me the President would be pleased to see me, and we arranged a visit for to-morrow morning at nine.

September 7, Saturday.—According to yesterday's arrangement I called to see the President with Marshal Lamon. We found him in his office, and alone. On our entrance he called a clerk, expedited some business he had on hand, and then turned to converse with us. This he did with an air of honest and unreserved affability, and with one leg over the arm of his chair. His personal appearance was not so awkward or ungainly as I had expected. His face was hard and angular, but lighted with an expression of benevolence and sincerity that warmed the heart; nor was his manner wanting in native dignity. We exchanged a few sentences of commonplace, when Colonel Lamon mentioned to him whose son I was. He said he knew that, and was about to inquire after my father particularly. His visit last spring, he said, had made an agreeable impression on him, and had given him much encouragement. It was at a time when there seemed to be no solid political opinion whereon to base a hope. Colonel Strother had shown himself a strong, brave old man—one after his own heart. At this point our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Secretary Cameron, to whom I was introduced, and then we immediately withdrew.

I had called to see the President more through



MASKED BATTERY, EDWARD'S FERRY.

a spirit of acquiescence than from any feeling of personal regard. I was, on the contrary, through common report, decidedly prejudiced against him as a man. During this short interview the whole current of my feelings was changed. There was something in his appearance and manner which touched me deeply, and warmed my heart toward him. Called from comparative obscurity to take the chief place in a Government which seemed doomed to speedy and hideous destruction, it appeared not so much a position of power and honor that he was called to occupy, but rather the place of chief victim to the fury of a treacherous and bloody revolution. Instead of the support and encouragement which he needed and meekly asked from all true men, the howls and execrations of his open and armed enemies were not so bitter as the sneers and revilings of the factions among those of whose cause he was the chosen head. All unarmed and unprepared, perhaps unfit, for the vast responsibilities thus thrust upon him, he exhibited always so much of honest and earnest simplicity—so anxious and sincere a desire to fulfill properly the duties of his great office—so much meekness under wrong and insult, such readiness to acknowledge error or failure, such total abnegation of self, that it seemed impossible for any true man not to yield him the fullest confidence and sympathy. Although I sometimes differed with the President in his political views and action, I never met Mr. Lincoln personally that these friendly sentiments were not warmly revived.

September 9.—Returned to Darnestown Camp to-day, and spent the afternoon reading and discussing "Napoleon's Military Thoughts and Maxims." Thus far, in the conduct of our war, we have violated every principle he lays down, both positively and negatively. We have done those things we ought not to have done, and have left undone those things we ought to have done.

September 17.—To-day we received informa-

tion from General Stone that he intended trying the range of his guns on the enemy's camps and earth-works near the river. Having prepared a map of Loudon County, with topographical and statistical notes, for his use, I rode up to Poolsville to witness the artillery practice.

Arrived in time to dine with the General. After which a furious rain-storm concluded the day. This is my third visit to these headquarters, and at each visit I have encountered a storm of unusual violence. Among the ancients this would be considered a bad omen.

September 18.—The General went out to Edward's Ferry with two batteries of light artillery—one of them 10-pounder Parrotts. On the southern bluffs we could see the redoubts, above and below the mouth of Goose Creek. The upper work was out of range and appeared to be crowded with men. The lower work was only in process of construction, and being within easy range our guns were directed against it. A section of Parrotts were masked in a hollow road while the other guns were sent around to obtain a cross-fire.

While we were waiting the signal to open, a bevy of country lasses with their beaux approached us. Willing to do the honors I offered my field-glass to the prettiest of our visitors. She asked in a languishing tone: "And can we really see the Southern soldiers?" I assured her she might see the color of their eyes with the glass, and, adjusting it, gave her the opportunity of satisfying herself.

"How charming!" she exclaimed. "How romantic it seems; and are you really going to throw shells at them?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"What! without giving them notice beforehand? Ah, that will be cruel!"

I told her not so cruel as it might appear. The first shell would probably miss them, and then they would have an opportunity of getting out of the way.

"Ah, the gallant fellows! But it would be

a shame if you should happen to hurt any of them."

"From the interest you express, Miss, I suppose you are from the South."

"No," she replied, "I have never been in Virginia;" and then she sighed, as if she deeply felt the lack of that proud experience; but then sparkling up, as if to palliate the confessed opprobrium, "I had a cousin who once lived in Virginia for several years, and I do so love and admire Virginians."

This conversation was brought to a sudden conclusion by the roar of the guns. The shells fell with remarkable accuracy in and about the earth-work, which presently resembled an ant-hill which has received a kick—the working parties scattered at a double-quick and disappeared in the adjacent woods. The guns were then turned on the distant work; but the shells fell short. The men on the parapets replied to our futile efforts with certain gestures disrespectful and contemptuous in the highest degree, and not calculated to impress their fair admirers on the northern bank with very high ideas of their breeding. Indeed the ladies took leave at this stage of the performance.

In estimating the motives which led many persons to take sides against their Government in this great war we are astonished at the immense influence of mere Anglo-Saxon snobbery. The rebellion is supposed to be aristocratic, consequently every body of doubtful social position professes sympathy with the rebellion, and exhibits zeal in proportion to his or her social deficiencies. Every lazy village mechanic ashamed of his trade, every petty farmer's son with the tastes and education of a stable-boy, espouses the cause of the Southern gentleman as his own, and forthwith assumes the mouth-ing tone and arrogant bearing supposed to distinguish that much-admired and envied class. The ladies, God bless them! are the patented and persistent patronesses of all the Ernanis and other romantic rebels, highwaymen, and murderers, etc., etc. Yet, after all, I can not perceive that this perversity of sentiment has divested them of their charms or weakened their influence, so I reiterate God bless them!

September 21.—Bright and warm. This morning I started with Captain A—— in an ambulance to reconnoitre the roads toward the great Falls of the Potomac. Drove to Dufeif's, who gave us some valuable information about the country and a bushel of fine Lapland Mercer potatoes, an invaluable acquisition to our mess. At the Falls we found the Eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Hayes. We met with a hospitable reception at head-quarters, and dined pleasantly with the Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant, and Adjutant Matthews.

After dinner we viewed the opposite shore from an eminence and discovered a cavalry picket of the enemy. I climbed to the top of a high tree to enlarge my horizon, but was driven down by a shower of rain. The pickets

kept up a continual dropping fire at each other across the river, which is not more than forty yards wide here. There was otherwise no lack of excitement at the post, and messengers were continually arriving with open eyes and mouth to report some suspicious or alarming circumstance. During the afternoon two prisoners were brought in who had been taken from a canal-boat, not being provided with proper passes. One of them began to explain his position with much vociferation, and a Yankee twang so unmistakable, that every body laughed, agreeing that if he was found on the other side of the river his tongue would hang him. On this side it procured his immediate liberation.

No sooner was this case disposed of than forgotten in a greater excitement. A soldier entered reporting that the rebels were crossing in great force just above the Falls. There was immediately a girding on of swords and a renewal of pistol-caps, as if preparing for a hand-to-hand fight. The servants were ordered to load the spare muskets and the drums beat the long roll. Captain A—— and myself made some quiet preparation and then seated ourselves upon the porch, not crediting the soldier's report. The regiment moved out in the rain and darkness, but as we waited half an hour and heard no firing we spread our blankets and went to sleep.

Our rest was again disturbed by another messenger with more alarming tidings—a telegram from General Banks, asking if there was an attempt on the part of the enemy to cross, and offering reinforcements. Another telegram from General M'Call, at Tenallytown, stating that an attack was anticipated and warning the commander of the post to be on the alert.

It seemed strange that these intimations of an attack should have come simultaneously from distant points and high quarters, thus appearing to corroborate the vague report of the guard. From the nature of the neighboring country I did not believe it possible that any large force would undertake a crossing here, and concluded the whole matter was one of the usual stampedes. Upon this theory the Captain and myself retired to sleep a second time, and got through the night quite comfortably.

Next morning it was ascertained that one of the sentinels had seen a tow-head (a small rock covered with brush) in the river, and imagined it a boat filled with rebels. The officer of the guard being called actually saw a boat, with men in it, moving stealthily under the shadow of the opposing shore; this his fancy converted into an army, and so the regiment stood under arms all night in the rain, adding a dozen or twenty to the sick list. The boat which furnished the occasion for all this row was one sent out by Colonel Hayes himself, with a scouting party. This party returned to breakfast, bringing with them a ragged and woe-begone captive from the enemy's lines. This fellow informed us that he had been conscripted into the rebel army, and had come home on

sick leave to see his father. He had neither shoes nor hat, and looked as if he had not had a full meal for a month. He knew of no troops nearer than Leesburg and Manassas Junction, except the cavalry picket before observed. He was released and sent home.

September 22, Sunday.—In honor of the day the pickets had agreed to abstain from the frivolous week-day amusement of shooting each other. We accompanied the Colonel and regimental staff through the rocky and tangled ground between the canal and the river bank, where the picket-line was established. From an average width of half a mile above, the river here narrows suddenly, flowing in a deep and rapid current between opposing cliffs, not more than forty yards apart. The summits of these perpendicular walls are fringed with a dense growth of evergreens, and exhibit a natural line, where the advantages of stockade, parapet, and casemate are all combined. Across this narrow and romantic gulf the men had been waging a desultory war for several days, peppering each other from the thickets and crevices of the rocks. One of the sentinels pointed out the tree from behind which he made his observations, and which was skinned in a dozen places by adverse bullets. Another showed his cap, which had been exposed on a stick, and immediately perforated with two balls; a third exhibited a scratch on his cheek, received while he was peeping too eagerly around a rock.

To-day there was peace, and the men sat amicably conversing across the gulf. One of ours had already swum over and was exchanging a friendly drink with his late antagonist at ball-play. On the appearance of our officers upon the scene a fine-looking fellow, with plume and sabre, and wearing a light-blue over-coat, showed himself on the opposite platform, and announced himself as Captain — (I missed the name), of Albemarle County, of Third Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, and commanding the Confederate picket. In his gallant bearing and broad accent I readily recognized a lower country Virginian. The cessation of picket-shooting was agreed upon authoritatively, the Confederate Captain engaging himself that it should not be renewed as long as he remained at the post. The intercourse was otherwise limited to courteous speeches, vague expressions of regret at our unfortunate differences, and hopes of a speedy peace. I recognized in a Lieutenant Wever, who appeared beside the Captain, a former acquaintance from the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. The private soldiers were freer in their communications as they warmed with their whisky. They hoped there would not be another general battle, and mutually damned their political leaders for having got them into a quarrel so needless and ruinous to all parties. I did not join in the conversation, but sat apart musing on the dramatic significance of the scene.

On one side, the tall, soldier-like figure of the Virginian stood out from the dark background of pines; while grouped around, beneath their shadows, appeared his ragged, rugged, sun-burnt followers, like brigands around their chief. His forehead was high and his bearing proud; his speech was friendly, but measured; his courtesy was frank, but not familiar. His men kept in the shade and did not interrupt him. There stood Chivalry and Serfdom, side by side—the types of ancient Feudalism, lingering in the lap of American Republicanism. The historic past, with its prejudices and generousities, its poetry and its poverty, its meanness and its grandeur, its weakness and its power, clearly defined—an anomaly in the light of modern civilization, a stumbling-block in the path of the nineteenth century.

On the northern parapet crowded the stout, well-clad, red-cheeked, and good-natured Pennsylvanians, nudging their officers and interrupting their talk, guileless of any suspicion of superiority of one man over another, except such as he might win by his personal abilities, or hold temporarily by right of office; guileless, too, of anger or hatred against their perverse neighbors; wondering what demon had possessed them to raise this row, to make themselves and others so uncomfortable, wasting money and spoiling trade. They laughed and jested as frankly as they would have done six months ago, when they mixed freely as people of one nation and one Government, buying, selling, and giving in marriage, reciprocally rejoicing in the glory of their common history, boasting of the promised grandeur of their common future. Here stood the American people; the other party in the irrepressible conflict of the present with the past—of the living age with the opinions of decadent centuries.

The friendly tone and familiar accents of the lowland tongue revived many memories of the olden times of peace and good-fellowship, of home and friends, that I had worn in my heart of hearts. The war seemed a cruel absurdity, a something still impossible to realize. The natural and sentimental features of the scene impressively illustrated the beautiful verses of Coleridge:

"They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that have been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither time, nor rain, nor thunder
Shall fully do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

The sadness of regret had touched more hearts than mine. As we left the ground I observed the good old Colonel hastily dash his hand across his eyes. "It seems hard," he said, "that we who were so lately one and inseparable should be fighting in this way. We must have no more scenes of this sort, or I can not do my duty. Boys," he said, addressing the guard, "if you shoot one of those fellow-citi-

zens of ours over there unnecessarily, I'll hang you as high as Haman!"

I believe that all these stampedes along the river originate from an apprehension which prevailed at Washington that the enemy was prepared to force our lines, and effect a crossing somewhere, for the purpose of co-operating with the late Maryland Legislature in its attempts to drag the unwilling people of the State into the rebellion. The first act of high and virile statesmanship that has come from Washington has been the squelching of that dangerous assembly, and the arrest of conspirators at Frederick City and in Baltimore.

The weakness of our Government, thus far, has not been exhibited in the assumption of extraordinary and illegal powers, but in the miserable negation of all power and shirking of all responsibility. It is refreshing to perceive that in its despair it is capable of a necessary act, looking to its own protection and preservation. Oh for one hour of old Andrew Jackson!

September 24.—Started on a reconnoissance toward Washington, and stopping at Tenallytown called on Colonel Hayes, of the Pennsylvania Eighth, who had returned with his regiment from picket duty at the Great Falls. We were hospitably welcomed, entertained, and lodged. Called on Brigadier-General Reynolds, of the Pennsylvania Reserves.

September 25.—This morning visited the head-quarters of Major-General M'Call. One of his aids, Captain M'Conkey, reminded me of a former meeting which had entirely escaped my memory. In the month of November, 1853, in passing through Charlottesville, Virginia, I walked out to see the University, and, pleased with the view, undertook to make a sketch of the buildings. Seeking shelter from a sharp wind I had seated myself beside a brick house, but found presently the cold was so severe that my crayon dropped from my benumbed fingers. I was about abandoning my work when a youth, calling from the door, politely invited me to come into his room, which was warm, and his window looked out upon the view I was attempting. I accepted his courtesy, and completed my sketch. To-day we met for the first time since, and both under the same flag.

We went on to Washington, when I visited Colonel Randolph, and there learned that my father had been released from prison, and had returned to Berkeley Springs in good health.

Met Lieutenants Hall and Elder, old acquaintances of the Patterson campaign, formerly of Doubleday's Battery. Captain A—and myself were invited to visit their quarters, with the Reserve Artillery on Capitol Hill. At half past 6 P.M. an orderly brought horses to Willard's for our accommodation, and we rode to camp. My heart was light with the tidings I had received from home, so the evening passed merrily, and terminated in an old-fashioned shindy. "The Derby Ram," and other facetious and time-honored ditties were sung by

the company with great unction. We encamped for the night on the field of battle.

September 26.—After a hearty breakfast with the artillerists we drove up to the Chain Bridge, and, crossing the river, visited the line of earthworks then in course of construction. Called at General Smith's quarters, when we had an account of his successful forage and skirmish yesterday in the vicinity of Lewisville. We inspected the works as far down as Arlington, taking dinner at General Fitz John Porter's quarters, and returning to the city by the scow ferry at Mason's Island.

September 27.—To-day I met my interesting and accomplished young friend and late chum, Lieutenant Kirby Smith. He was in high spirits, and about to take command of a regiment of Ohio Volunteers, to serve in the Western Department. He rallied me on the private's military coat which I wore, and asked, jestingly, if I was aware I was enlisted in a grand abolition crusade? I replied that I never had doubted but that abolition would follow in due time, as an incident of war. So much the better; yet with me it was but a trivial question compared with the great one of Nationality.

In answer to my felicitations on his promotion, he replied: "Yes, I am in for it, and shall one day have my head knocked off, I do not doubt; but it belongs to my profession thus to die." I had several times before heard him say the same thing in a careless, jesting manner; yet I always thought I could detect in his manner an underlying shadow of presentiment. I called to see him at his boarding-house the same evening, where he presented me to his mother, who had come on from Detroit to visit him ere he departed to join his command. I passed a charming evening, and heard from her the same presentiment more seriously and touchingly expressed. As I never saw him afterward I may be allowed to anticipate. He was killed not long after while gallantly leading his regiment at the battle of Corinth, where Rosecrans annihilated Lovell.

September 29, Sunday.—To-day we returned to camp at Darnestown. Found several letters from home, all out of date, and containing no news; yet it was pleasant to read them. I talked with a refugee from Jefferson County—a negro—who gave me much detailed and recent information of men and things there. I have for the last week or more suffered awfully from anger and vindictive feeling. The accounts of ruin, remorse, and suffering which I get from Virginia have turned all that to pity, which is a far more comfortable condition of mind.

October 1.—I arose this morning feeling better than I have done for several days past, from which I infer that lodging on the ground and in tents is more healthy than sleeping in houses. Doctors Douglas of New York, and Steiner of Frederick City, both of the Sanitary Commission, called and tented with us. My theory



TOPOGRAPHICAL CAMP, DARNESTOWN.

was satisfactorily discussed. If I had arisen with a headache or a chill I should have dogmatized in a different direction until some accident had given a new direction to my thoughts. How vexatious are facts to theorists and ideologists! What a stern exponent is war! What a remorseless demolisher of theories and fancies! How damnably practical!

October 8.—Accompanied the Captain to Poolsville, where we dined with General Stone. After dinner we went down to Edward's Ferry to experiment with a mountain howitzer and spherical case shot. The rebel pickets on the point at the mouth of Goose Creek came out from behind their old chimney shelter to witness our practice, which was highly satisfactory. This should be a formidable weapon in mountain warfare. Stone showed us some scows that he was preparing in the canal basin here, indicating a descent on Leesburg shortly.

Oct. 10.—I got leave of absence for a week, and started for Hancock to visit my family.

It was dark when I reached Urbanna, and I stopped with a worthy farmer named Thomas Dixon, who professed to be a true Union man, and with his family seemed to be in great dread lest Jeff Davis should cross the river and devour them. I assured them that Jeff was more likely to cross the Styx than the Potomac under present circumstances.

October 11, Friday.—Finding the saddle wearisome and slow I concluded to leave my horse in Frederick, and pursue my journey in the public coaches. Took the omnibus line for Hagerstown, and *en route* passed through Middletown, Boonesborough, and Funkstown—all thriving little Dutch villages, filled with stupid Secessionists.

October 11, Saturday.—Arrived at Hancock early in the afternoon, and immediately dispatched a messenger over to Berkeley Springs to inform my family of my arrival.

About four o'clock in the afternoon I walked down to the landing, and, seeing a group on the Virginia side, thought I recognized my wife and daughter. I immediately called the ferry-men, and we started over in the large boat. As we approached the shore my daughter ran down the bank to meet me. This was an only child by a former wife, and now in her eleventh year. They reported that Berkeley was free from Confederate soldiers, and that my father would be over in the morning.

October 12.—On entering the sitting-room of Barton's Hotel this morning I found my father and Dr. Pendleton. The old gentleman seemed fuller of life and spirit than he had been for many a day. Pendleton says the Union mountaineers of the Alleghanies have harried the fat Secessionists of the South Branch lowlands of half their wealth of corn and beeves. This of course. We are fast approaching the state of those who live by

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can."

I wonder if it ever occurred to one of those jolly farmers of Hampshire and Hardy, as he gave his vote to destroy the Government which had heretofore assured him peace, prosperity, and plenty, that he was by so doing offering a full and free invitation to the gaunt and hungry hill folks to come down and devour him.

I found my father but little disposed to talk on the subject of his arrest and imprisonment. He treated the whole matter with contemptuous levity, and professed to have been rather entertained with the adventure, as relieving the monotony of his life at Berkeley, and affording him an opportunity of expressing his opinions in quarters where they might be useful. He was, however, of too frank and unreserved a nature to conceal effectually from me the bitter indignation which allusion to some circum-

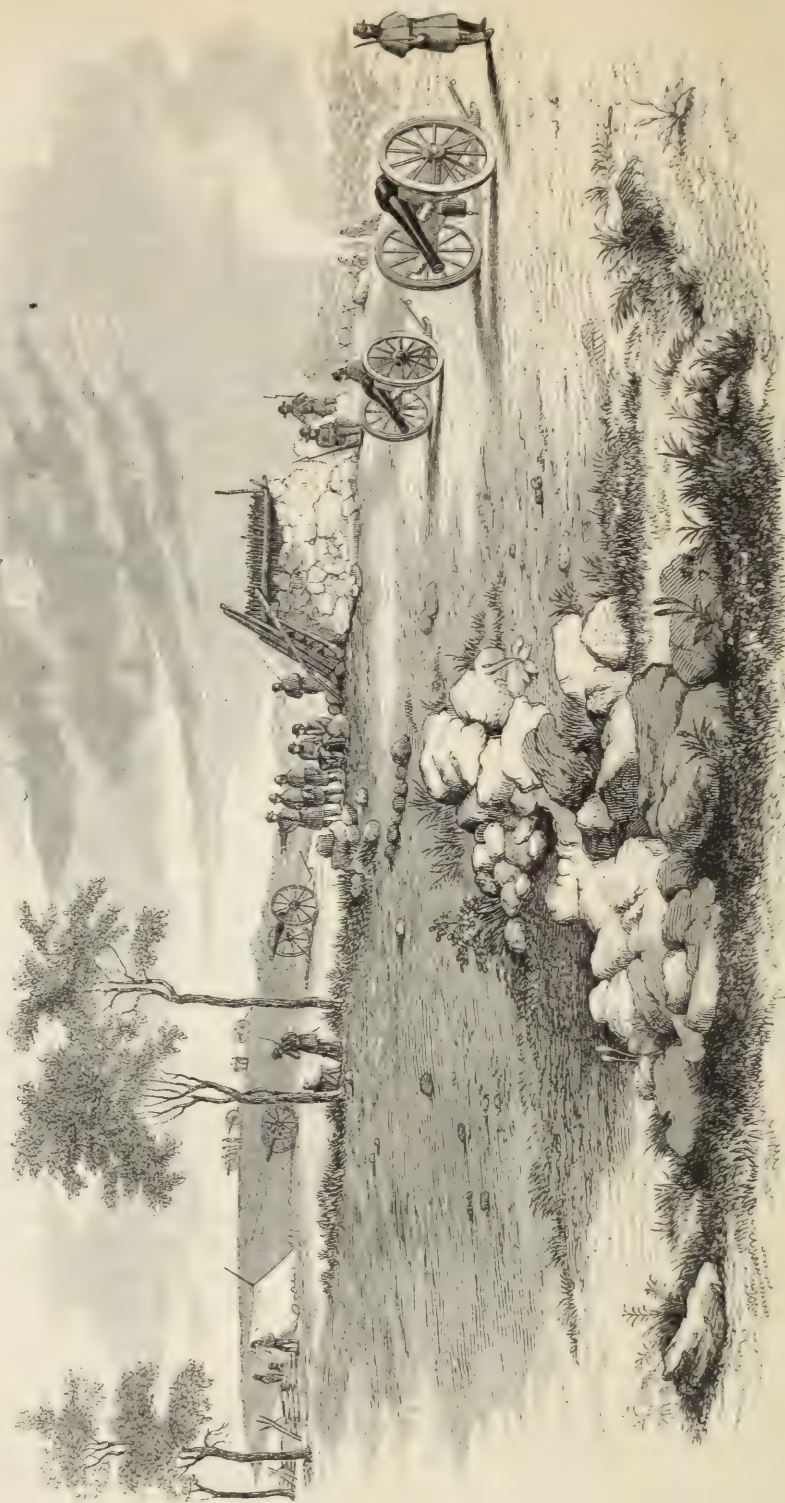
stances of his captivity excited in him.

It seems that on Saturday night, the 24th of October, about ten o'clock P.M., a company of Ashby's cavalry, numbering between thirty and forty men, and commanded by a Captain Thrasher, entered the village of Bath or Berkeley Springs, and surrounding the house of Philip C. Pendleton, demanded the surrender of his son, Edmund Pendleton, a gentleman whose high-toned loyalty had made him especially obnoxious to the revolutionary party. On being asked by whose authority the demand was made, the Captain replied, by authority of Colonel M'Donald, of Winchester, commanding this district. At the same time a detachment surrounded my cottage, and, knocking at the door, demanded admittance. A neighbor informed them that the house was unoccupied. I had been with the army for two months, and my family had taken quarters at the hotel with my father and sister's family. It thus appeared that Captain Thrasher had been sent for the purpose of arresting Edmund Pendleton and myself.

On the following morning—Sunday, 25th—upon the denunciation and urgency of some treacherous rogues in the village, the Captain took it upon himself to arrest my father, although he had had no orders to do so, and the prisoner's age and character might have secured for him exemption from so unnecessary an indignity. At the same time Thrasher entered the house, and, addressing himself to my wife, demanded my fire-arms. She resolutely declined surrendering them, and then retired to her room. The Captain followed her, and, entering her

chamber unbidden, took my two hunting pieces—a valuable German rifle and an English double-barreled shot-gun. They then took the road to Winchester with their spoils and their prisoners, the latter traveling in Mr. Pendleton's private carriage, strictly guarded.

Thus they arrived at Winchester, and halted at the house of the rebel commandant. Mr. Pendleton was requested to enter, and after a brief interview was allowed to go at large on parole. My father was not invited to an interview, but after remaining for some time under surveillance at the door, was ordered to the common guard-tent in the militia camp. In



BATTERY AT EDWARD'S FERRY.

his seventieth year, in feeble health, accustomed to all the appliances of domestic comfort and the delicate attentions of an affectionate family, he now found himself confined in a foul, unwholesome tent, without provision for lodging or food except such as might be furnished him by his destitute fellow-prisoners or equally destitute guards. To none of these was his name and character unknown, and every thing that their humble means afforded was cheerfully put at his disposal. A militia-man procured a bundle of straw as clean as could be found, which answered for a bed; another presented the ragged remnant of what had once been an over-coat, which served as covering. His portion of the prisoners' coarse, unsavory ration of corn-bread and bacon was deferentially served to him on a battered pewter plate, the only piece of table-ware belonging to the mess. The unaccustomed hardship to which he was thus subjected very soon told upon Colonel Strother's feeble constitution. On the fifth day, upon the recommendation of a surgeon, as he was informed, he was removed to more comfortable quarters in a private house, but still under guard.

The charges brought against him before the military court which examined his case were substantially as follows: (1.) He had, on the occasion of a recent election held in Bath, Morgan County, Virginia, in flagrant contempt of an edict of the rebel junta at Richmond or Montgomery (it makes little matter which), opened poll-books to record votes for a representative in the United States Congress; and as no one, even in this loyal county, was found bold enough to act upon his advice and suggestion, he took charge of the books himself and duly recorded the votes cast. (2.) He had advised and encouraged his fellow-citizens to resist the assumptions of traitors in authority, and had fed and otherwise assisted recruits for the United States army. (3.) He advised the militia of the county not to obey the summons of officers who had violated their solemn oaths to their government, and would lead them into open rebellion against its laws. (4.) He was zealously and persistently loyal to his country and her government, and refused to recognize the supreme authority of any State, corporation, municipality, or insurrectionary committee whatsoever.

This was probably not the precise wording, but contains the substance of the accusations. They were all proved, I believe, while some palliating circumstances were urged by friends and admitted. The prisoner denied nothing, and his admissions went further to complete the proof than any outside evidence that could be adduced. His defense was open defiance. It is quite likely the Winchester authorities were anxious to get rid of so unmanageable a case. At the end of two weeks Colonel Strother was released upon going through the formality of giving bond to appear at court when notified. The subject was never again

called up. My sister, who had followed him to Winchester and remained there during his captivity, accompanied him back to Berkeley, where, on his arrival, his friends and neighbors gave him a triumphant reception. This brief narrative contains about the substance of what I heard on the subject while at Hancock. For the rest during my brief visit, which lasted but two days, we were all too much excited and absorbed with our national troubles to dwell long upon our personal griefs or vexations.

The news from the inside is important and interesting. The army is represented to be ill-supplied, undisciplined, diseased, and disaffected, deserting in large numbers whenever the opportunity offers. The country is left uncultivated, and the wastage of the armies unrepaired. Labor is falling into disorganization as well as law, society, and religion. The people, both in their public and private rights, are subjected to a despotism more remorseless and irresponsible than can be believed by those living in more fortunate communities.

The common soldiers, who are driven, half-starved, and shot—the common people, who are conscripted, plundered, threatened, and despised, are sick of the war, and will quit it when they dare. While, on the contrary, those living in comfortable localities remote from danger—exempts, speculators, blockade-runners, bomb-proofs, politicians, preachers, and women, are becoming more thoroughly convinced every day of the grandeur and stability of the Confederacy. The few who still are known to indulge in hopes of the restoration of Federal supremacy are objects of mingled pity and derision. The clergy, in the midst of all this anarchy, degradation, and suffering, promulgate the doctrine, which is greedily swallowed, that the Confederates are the chosen and peculiar people of God. In Greenbrier County immense armies have been seen in the clouds, of a pea-green color, and moving northward, which signifies that the war will come to a glorious conclusion next season. In Georgia certain springs, which dried up at the conclusion of the Revolution of 1776, have burst forth again, which means that the independence of the South will be shortly established.

My father describes a scene he witnessed while in the prison camp at Winchester. One Sunday morning a tall, bearded figure approached the centre of the encampment. He wore a black slouched hat, a blue tunic girt about with a belt holding two revolvers and a huge bowie-knife. His costume was completed by postillion-boots reaching above the knee, and heeled by a formidable pair of long-shanked spurs. On nearing a group of soldiers this extraordinary figure waved his hand and courteously, but with a tone of authority, demanded attention. A sermon followed, a melange of the camp-meeting and the hustings. The service concluded with a hymn and a blessing, and the heavy armed man of God departed.

It seems to be a very common opinion that,



ADAM THE MINSTREL.

if amnesty were offered to all who would lay down their arms and return to their allegiance, it would detach large numbers from their armies. Yet it appears to me that the Government must first exhibit its power and its capacity to defend and protect its citizens by accomplishing some decided military success.

October 13, Monday.—This morning I saw my folks over the river on their way back to Berkeley. At the Virginia landing I met Adam with his banjo and my buffalo robe. Adam is a mulatto servant, a native Virginian, and is about expatriating himself for fear of the rebs. He desires to enter my service; and as he is a townsman and old acquaintance, an accomplished cook as well as a minstrel, I have agreed to take him with me.

With my recruit I took the coach for Hagerstown, arriving there about nightfall. I met Kneister and Wilen, Union men from Martinsburg, and through them received some information which induced me to believe that the force of the rebels at Manassas Junction is little more than a sham. Always overrated, it has been depleted from day to day by sickness and desertion until there remains little more than the skeleton of the grand army. This comes from a sympathizer too, lately returned from Richmond *via* Manassas.

October 14.—I left early in the omnibus line for Frederick City. The vehicle was abominably overloaded, so that I lost my temper; but as no one took the trouble to quarrel with me I presently righted.

There was an old lady of our company who was excessively querulous and troublesome about her three handboxes. I was filled with contempt at the narrowness of that soul which could concentrate its interest on handboxes in these tremendous times. And why contemptuous? was my business of more importance than her handboxes? Does not woman with her soothing arts and dressy blandishments play as useful and important a part in the drama of life as man with his wars and statesmanship?

Why should drums and political orators be esteemed of more account than handboxes? After these reflections I took some pains to assist my fair and fat neighbor in adjusting her precious charges, and received her acknowledgments with a glow of self-satisfaction. I had gained a victory, I had conquered a prejudice.

Oct. 15.—Arrived at Darnestown about three P.M., and found Adam in before me with the pony. Reported to head-quarters, and gave my news and observations to the commanding General. At night Adam entertained head-quarters with his banjo.

October 21, Monday.—It was quite frosty last night. About noon Adjutant Copeland informed us that General Stone was in Leesburg. This news from head-quarters produced a most agreeable sensation, as it promised movement, an idea always acceptable to a soldier, and especially so after a long term of inaction. About sunset it was rumored that the whole command was ordered to move immediately. I hastily completed a view of our encampment, which had amused my leisure during the day, and repaired to the general head-quarters to receive orders, Captain A—— being absent in Washington. Here I found every thing alert. Stone was not in Leesburg yet, but across the river, and his advance sharply engaged with the enemy. A brigade of ours under General Hamilton was *en route* for Conrad's Ferry. The rest of the command would move presently to a position at the mouth of Seneca Creek, opposite Drainsville, in Virginia. I immediately ordered the Topographical tents to be struck and the wagons loaded; but as it was presently suggested that the movement was only precautionary, it was probable we would soon return, the order was suspended.

Leaving our attendants in charge, I rode with the column to Seneca Mills, the site of Colonel Le Dew's late encampment. We arrived here about nine o'clock and found every thing quiet and deserted. The moon shone through a canopy of mackerel clouds presaging rain, and we felt the damp and chilly air from the river penetrating to our bones; no blankets, no fires, and altogether a cheerless prospect for a night's bivouac. After galloping about for an hour, endeavoring to find a convenient location for the different regiments, Captain Beckwith, our Chief Commissary, Captain Bingham, Quarter-master, and myself, agreed to ride back to our Darnestown quarters and get a comfortable night's rest. The distance, four miles, was rapidly accomplished by our overwilling horses, and we rolled into our camp beds about eleven.

October 22, Tuesday.—I was awakened about

VIEW FROM HEAD-QUARTERS, DAINESTOWN.



the time we reached Poolsville the evil pre-
 sage of the clouds had
 been fulfilled, and the
 moonshine had been
 quenched by a leaden
 drizzle.

Stone's encampments
 lay around as when I
 had last seen them, but
 ominously silent and
 deserted. At length
 perceiving a solitary
 light at the school-
 house which contained
 the head-quarter of-
 fices, we approached
 and hailed the officer
 on duty, asking news
 of the fight.

"Bad enough," he
 replied; "the brigade
 which crossed at Con-
 rad's Ferry is defeated
 and cut to pieces; half
 the force killed, wound-
 ed, and drowned; Col-
 onel Baker is dead,
 Cogswell is dead, Bax-
 ter is dead, and those
 that have got back are
 entirely used up and
 demoralized. In short,
 another Bull's Run af-
 fair."

This was stunning,
 and next thing to in-
 credible. Banks and
 Stone were both at Ed-
 ward's Ferry, six miles
 distant. So we gloom-
 ily turned our horses'
 heads in that direction.
 We had scarcely left
 the Poolsville common
 before we met a long
 train of slow-moving
 ambulances, bringing
 sad confirmation of the
 disastrous tidings.

Accompanying the
 ambulances were nu-

an hour after midnight by Captain Beckwith,
 who told me we had orders to report immedi-
 ately to General Banks at Poolsville or Ed-
 ward's Ferry. This order was bewildering,
 and induced the surmise that some grave dis-
 aster had befallen Stone's command. We were
 quickly mounted and on the road, speculating
 curiously on the probable events which occa-
 sioned these midnight manœuvres. By the way
 we passed four or five of our regiments, trail-
 ing wearily along their midnight march. We
 were passed also by some one in an open ba-
 rouche from the direction of Washington, driv-
 ing furiously toward the scene of action. By

merous straggling soldiers on foot, wounded and
 unwounded, all unarmed, and looking cowed
 and jaded. The only human being we met
 who seemed to have a particle of pluck left was
 a ragged negro boy about twelve years old, a
 camp-follower, who marched to a martial quick-
 step of his own whistling, carrying a musket on
 his shoulder, twice as long as himself.

The wounded, brought across at Harrison's
 Island, had been transported to Edward's Ferry
 below by the canal, and were now on their way
 to the Poolsville hospitals.

In melancholy silence, rain, and darkness we
 reached the rendezvous at Edward's Ferry.

There, in an open field, beside a bivouac fire, we found General Stone and his staff. General Banks, with his military family, was hard by, enjoying similar accommodations. Officers and men, wrapped in their blankets, lay around on the wet ground, sleeping off the fatigues and excitement of the day. Stone received us with his accustomed urbanity, but the misfortunes of the day had told sharply upon him. He smoked incessantly, and had a haggard look and restless manner. I advanced to pay my respects, when he gave me a clear and rapid view of the position.

He had received orders from the Commander-in-Chief to feel the enemy at Leesburg, and observe what effect the advance of M'Call's force, from the direction of Drainsville, would have upon Evans. The General was in daily communication with the other side of the river, and was well posted in regard to the enemy's force and position. The enemy's force consisted of but four regiments of infantry, some squadrons of cavalry, and a light six-gun battery, in all between three and four thousand men. Stone had altogether nearly twelve thousand men, including cavalry and artillery. He had several fine batteries, and his troops were well disciplined and well in hand. Simultaneously with the Drainsville movement he placed five thousand men and a battery, under Colonel Baker, at Harrison's Island, just below Conrad's Ferry and opposite Ball's Bluff. Baker commenced crossing his troops on Monday morning in three scows prepared for the purpose.

Stone took personal command of the main body, seven thousand strong, and taking position on the Maryland Bluffs at Edward's Ferry commenced crossing just above the mouth of Goose Creek, in scows similar to those used by Colonel Baker. His batteries crowned the bluffs to protect the crossing, but the enemy made no opposition at either point. The river was swollen, however, and the crossing heavy work. Colonel Baker's advance reconnoitred the road to Leesburg, and approached very near the town without encountering an enemy. The Confederate commander, it seemed, had fallen back to a position on Goose Creek, apparently intending to abandon Leesburg without a contest. A prisoner informed me such were his orders from Beauregard. Changing his intention, however, he suddenly turned and attacked Baker in the woods between Leesburg and the bluff. The Mississippi and Virginia regiments, which composed Evans's command, were accomplished bushwhackers, and used their rifles with deadly effect upon the Federal lines, exposed in the open field and considerably inferior in numbers. But a small portion of Baker's command had crossed over when they were first attacked. These stood their ground manfully, sustaining the fight while reinforcements crossed in the three scows, a means of transportation entirely inadequate to the emergency. The rebels used small-arms only. The Federal artillery in the woods, with no range, was rather

a source of weakness. So rapid and deadly was the enemy's musketry that the artillerists abandoned their guns, and I was told that one of the wheels was entirely cut down by the bullets. Meanwhile as the men fell they were carried to the rear, as usual, by an unlimited number of assistants, who readily volunteer in this service to get out of range of fire. The three boats, instead of being exclusively used in crossing fresh troops to sustain the battle, were crammed and impeded in their movements with the wounded and their skulking attendants. One of them, overloaded, sunk on the passage, and several were drowned. Finally, the troops remaining on the island declined to cross, and less than two thousand men, all told, got over to the fight. Baker was killed in a gallant but unavailing effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day. The depleted ranks of the Federals broke, and the men escaped as best they could, having lost four hundred killed and wounded, and leaving five hundred prisoners and several guns in the hands of the enemy.

Stone, meanwhile, was crossing at Edward's Ferry, four miles distant, in full view of the battle, the smoke of which could be seen rising above the woods and the muttering of the musketry distinctly heard. He had hourly communication with Baker, continually inquiring after his welfare, and offering assistance, and continually receiving for reply that all was going well, and that no reinforcement was needed. The first acknowledgment of disaster received by him was after Colonel Baker's death and the irretrievable defeat of his command. Stone had twenty-five hundred men now over the river; their blazing camp-fires illuminated the murky sky and flashed over the swollen stream. Captain Stewart, his Adjutant-General, a gallant English gentleman, who had volunteered in our cause, had made a plucky reconnoissance during the day, and had otherwise rendered valuable assistance.

Thus matters stood between Monday and Tuesday, the 21st and 22d of October. Stone seemed apprehensive that the rebels had been heavily reinforced from Manassas. The river was swelling rapidly, and the difficulty of crossing increased from hour to hour. He has serious fears lest the force he has crossed will be caught on the point between Goose Creek and the Potomac and destroyed or captured. He has ordered them to make the greatest show possible with their camp-fires.

The Jehu who passed us on the road was General Lander, who, "smelling the battle afar off," had volunteered to "go up to Ramoth Gilead" with characteristic alacrity. A cup of coffee from Captain Stewart comforted and sustained me until dawn. The troops of Banks's command are arriving in better condition than could have been hoped after a long night march through mud and rain. The force which reached Seneca Mills came up by the tow-path of the canal. At daylight several canal boats were drawn from the canal into the river through

the lift-lock, and the business of crossing the troops renewed with vigor.

In the course of this driving, drizzling day our force on the Virginia side was increased to about six thousand infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and a battery of artillery.

It can hardly be thought presumptuous to claim that a calm observer of events may often arrive at clearer conclusions than persons better instructed and better informed, whose judgments may be disturbed by a sense of terrible responsibility. I saw at a glance that this miserable affair could be of no great importance in a military point of view. We had made a blunder, and lost nine hundred men and three guns—that was all. But that was not all. There were views of the subject that mere military technicality did not embrace nor military reasonings satisfy.

I instinctively comprehended to the fullest extent the pain and mortification which this disaster would inflict on the heart of the nation if it were left unretrieved. The people had shrugged their shoulders and laughed at the defeat at Manassas. They had expected a frolic rather than a battle, and were caught. Let that pass. We had now gone to work seriously, and half a million of men were mustered and organized. The resources of a great nation were lavished upon the furnishing and equipment of this army; upon it were concentrated their pride and hopes. The first column that attempts an advance is caught, massacred, and hurled back in bloody humiliation, and that, too, by an enemy ill supplied, poorly equipped, and contemptible in point of numbers. It will be futile to explain to the people or the world at large that the enemy always outnumbered us on the field, that our gallant troops were dribbled into action by regiments and companies, and that, with twelve thousand effective men available, we only managed to get eighteen hundred into action, to have them defeated and massacred.

Let this pass for one of the misfortunes incident to war. It is one which can be and should be immediately retrieved. The political and moral condition of the country demands it. We have now twenty thousand men on the ground; with the Drainsville column, thirty thousand. We should advance on Leesburg at once, wipe out Evans's miserable brigade, rescue our prisoners and captive wounded: this we should do at all hazards, if we do no more besides than play Yankee Doodle in the streets of Leesburg and retire to our old positions to-morrow.

These views, based more upon moral than military reasons, nevertheless met the approval of several clear-headed soldiers. They were suggested to General Stone, who replied that he was now ranked by General Banks and otherwise hampered by orders from Washington. What General Banks thought I did not know; but as he continued to push his men across the river during the day, and finally crossed him-

self with a portion of his staff, I conclude that he did not intend to yield the point tamely. His comprehensive mind and former political experiences must have suggested to him the impolicy of allowing the bloody game to terminate as it stood, so greatly to our disadvantage, when we had such ample means to turn the scale.

During the day, as the Generals stood together in council, I had an opportunity of observing Lander. He was furious at the slaughter of the Massachusetts troops. His glaring eye and firm jaw expressed determination in the highest degree. There appeared in his bearing more of fighting pluck than cool discretion; but I liked his temper. As he started over the river I remarked to a friend, "There goes a man who seems to be spoiling for a bullet!"

About four o'clock in the afternoon we heard a sharp crackling of musketry over the river, and hurrying to the summit of the bluff we saw our picket-guards scampering like sheep from a wooded hill where they had been posted, the enemy appearing in the edge of the wood, from whence ours had been driven, firing after them as they ran. The mass of our infantry lay concealed behind the bank next to the water. At the flight of the pickets two regiments immediately showed themselves, and formed in line of battle to the right and left of a section of artillery. The fugitives rallied and commenced skirmishing with the enemy, who showed themselves in some force at the summit of the hill. Presently our line and the two guns opened fire, which was briskly kept up for twenty minutes. We had a fine birds-eye view of the affair, undisturbed except by the occasional song of a rebel ball ranging far beyond its mark. Owing to the dampness of the atmosphere the whole scene was presently veiled with clouds of white smoke, so that we could see nothing of what was going on. General Stone exhibited intense anxiety during this action, apprehending that the enemy might have received overwhelming reinforcements and was advancing to a real attack. The enemy presently retired, without having developed more than a third of our force over the river. The attack was simply a reconnoissance made by Evans with a single regiment. About a dozen men were killed and wounded on each side. General Lander was brought back with a ball through his leg—a grave but not dangerous wound.

Just as this fight commenced Luce joined me and reported that the Topographical wagons were up. After the affair subsided we established our camp, got up a hot supper, invited some friends to join us, and had a comfortable night.

October 23.—General M'Clellan arrived last night. While at breakfast I observed a train of wagons moving eastward on the Drainsville road. I immediately reported the circumstances to General Banks, who took me to a neighboring bivouac and presented me to the Commander-in-Chief of the army.

This was my first interview, and as I conversed with the man in whom so much interest and responsibility were centred I instinctively noted the impressions made by his appearance and manner. He is not like his portraits that are in general circulation. His head is large and rather square; his complexion florid, with light red beard, and black hair close cut. In person he is rather below the medium height, square built, and heavy limbed. His general appearance reminds one quite frequently of the pictures and statuettes of the Emperor Napoleon; which I don't like, as I never heard of a great man that resembled any body else, or any other great man. The General's face is pleasing without being striking; his manner simple, unpretending, and rather engaging, without being impressive. He will control men rather through their personal attachment than by his superiority or force of character.

He seems a cool and clever soldier, but if he shows capacity as a statesman I shall be much mistaken. These observations were written after ten minutes' conversation and a few hours' study on the field.

The river was so much swollen and the wind blew so violently that no troops were crossed to-day, nothing except some engineers and intrenching tools. I fear that it is the Generalissimo and not the weather that has stopped the crossing. The Drainsville column retired day before yesterday, I believe. Can it be that all this drumming, marching, and manœuvring is to conclude in this lame and impotent manner?

Is the game-cock Evans, with his brigade of ragamuffins, to be permitted to remain in Leesburg, to carry off his prisoners and trophies, and crow insulting defiance in the face of three divisions of the Grand National Army?

God help us! it is even so. Captain A——, who returned from Washington to-day, tells

me that our troops are to be withdrawn to-night.

October 24.—A clear, cold morning. Looking over the river, I perceive by the lines of deserted bivouacs that our retreat has been accomplished. So noiselessly withal that, although I slept within forty yards of the road, I was not awakened by the movement.

Shortly after breakfast a group of rebel officers, with a small cavalry escort, rode over the ground lately vacated by our troops, and spent half an hour in making a thorough and undisturbed reconnaissance of our position on this side. As they turned to leave they fired several pistol-shots across the river—a bit of bravado from some of the juniors, I suppose.

General M'Clellan returned to Washington during the night.

Well, it is all over, and what right have I—an assistant Topographer, without a commission even—to criticise and carp at the conclusions of those whose superior position and opportunities for complete and comprehensive information makes them so much more competent to judge? The right of free thought and free speech, so much prized and perverted by the American people, is not especially recognized in the military service, and even in civil life engenders much impertinence. Let us return to our maps and surveys.

When Galileo promulgated the theory that the earth revolved around the sun he was arrested, brought before a tribunal of the Holy Fathers, and ordered to recant his damnable heresies. He recanted, and admitted that his theory was contrary to the received faith, and all nonsense. Yet, after he made his bow and was about retiring, he inadvertently muttered, "E gira pure"—"It goes round nevertheless." I still think that the withdrawal of our troops on that occasion was a serious error.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

A NEW VERSION.

"A MAN'S a man," says Robert Burns,
 "For a' that and a' that;"
 But though the song be clear and strong,
 It lacks a note for a' that.
 The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
 Yet claim his wage and a' that,
 Or beg, when he might earn, his bread,
 Is *not* a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare
 Were true and brave, and a' that,
 And none whose garb is "hoddin gray"
 Was fool or knave, and a' that,
 The vice and crime that shame our time
 Would fade and fail and a' that,
 And plowmen be as good as kings,
 And churls as earls for a' that.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
 Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
 And thinks, because his strong right arm
 Might fell an ox and a' that,
 That he's as noble, man for man,
 As duke or lord, and a' that:
 He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
 And *not* a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
 Have palace, park, and a' that,
 And not for birth, but honest worth,
 Be thrice a man for a' that;
 And Donald herding on the muir,
 Who beats his wife and a' that,
 Be nothing but a rascal boor,
 Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
 The truth is old, and a' that—
 "The rank *is* but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gold, for a' that."
 And though you'd put the minted mark
 On copper, brass, and a' that,
 The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
 And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 'Tis soul and heart and a' that,
 That makes the king a gentleman,
 And not his crown and a' that.
 And man with man, if rich or poor,
 The best is he, for a' that,
 Who stands erect, in self-respect,
 And acts the man for a' that.

CHARLES MACKAY.



KEEP AWAY!

ARMY LIFE ON THE BORDER.*

ONE-THIRD of a century ago, that is in the spring of 1833, Randolph Marcy, a tall young man, just graduated from West Point, was assigned to duty with Company D, Fifth U. S. Infantry, stationed at Fort Howard, Green Bay, in the then frontier Territory, now almost central State, of Wisconsin. The captain of this company was Martin Scott, famous as the hero of the "coon" story, certainly one of the best marksmen, perhaps the very best marksman, that ever lived. More than thirty years of active service, mostly upon the frontiers, have made Colonel Marcy familiar with the life and character of the peoples residing there. We doubt if there is another living man who has had so much intercourse with the Indian tribes of the great Western Plains.

The tribes of the Far West have scarcely a trait in common with those who once peopled the Eastern slope of the American Continent. The latter lived in permanent villages, subsisting more by agriculture than by hunting, and made their war excursions wholly on foot. The former are nomades in the strictest sense of the word. They have neither houses nor fields. Their dwellings are lodges, which they carry with them wherever they wander. Their food is wholly of flesh, saving a few herbs and roots which they find growing wild. With the Eastern tribes war was but an episode in their lives. With those of the West warlike and plundering expeditions are the business of their lives; peace is the exception. When first discovered

by the Spaniards, three centuries and a quarter ago, the dog was the only animal of burden, as it now is of the Esquimaux. How they lived then we can only conjecture. Horses were first introduced upon the Plains somewhat less than three centuries ago. They rapidly multiplied; but can hardly have become common until within six generations. Now the Indians of the Plains are probably the most expert horsemen in the world. Horses and mules are their wealth; to steal horses is their occupation. The cleverest horse-thief is the model young man. Is-sa-keep, an old Comanche chief, once boasted to Colonel Marcy of his four sons; they were the finest young men to be found, and a great comfort to him in his old age; they could steal more horses than any other young men in his band.

The Comanches, or "Snakes," may be taken as the model and type of the tribes of the Plains. With the exception of the Dacotahs or "Cut-throats," and possibly the Pawnees or "Wolves," they are the most numerous and warlike. Yet, all told, the three bands into which they are divided number barely 15,000 souls. Still this band has for years harried all the northern States of Mexico, carrying their war expeditions often a thousand miles away from their homes on the Plains. When a chief wants to get up a large war-party he provides himself with a long pole trimmed with a red flag and eagle feathers, and rides through the camp, singing the war-song. Those disposed to join him mount their horses and follow. This is repeated from day to day until the war-party—or, as we phrase it, the "regiment"—is made up, when they set off.

But these great expeditions are rather exceptional, occurring only now and then; whereas it is quite necessary for a Comanche who

* *Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border*; comprising Descriptions of the Indian Nomades of the Plains; Explorations of new Territory; a Trip across the Rocky Mountains in the Winter; Descriptions of the Habits of different Animals found in the West, and the Methods of Hunting them; with Incidents in the Life of different Frontier Men. By Colonel R. B. MARCY, U.S.A. Harper and Brothers.

wishes to be any body to have taken a turn into Mexico, and have come back with a few horses. So the usual way is for half a dozen young fellows to set out on their own hook. Each needs only a horse, a bow and arrows, a lance and shield. These every one is supposed to have. Now and then one has a gun; but the bow and arrow is the main reliance. The Comanche bow is less than a yard in length, scarcely half that of the old English long bow; but it is made of a very elastic wood, and at short range is a very effective weapon. It will send an arrow clear through the huge body of a buffalo. The shield is circular, made of two thicknesses of hide, an inch apart, the interval closely packed with hair; it is proof against any thing short of a rifle-ball, and even this will not go through unless it strikes fairly perpendicular. Thus provided they set out on a journey of a thousand miles or more, through a perfectly wild and desolate country, depending for subsistence wholly upon the game which they kill. They make their way to the northern provinces of Mexico, where they lie in wait near some hacienda until an opportunity occurs of swooping down upon a solitary herdsman. If he is wise he decamps at once, for the savages invariably kill all men who offer the slightest impediment to their operations, and carry off all the women and children as prisoners. They are sometimes absent from their tribes for two years before they have secured sufficient plunder to enable them to return with credit. A horse-stealing expedition to Mexico is to a young Comanche very much what a whaling voyage or a journey to the mines is to a young American.

Some eight years ago Von Tempsky, a German traveler, gave a vivid description of the condition to which the provinces of Durango, Chihuahua, and Zacatecas had been reduced by

the inroads of these marauders. The open country, he says, is rendered almost uninhabitable. The towns and larger ranches are the only secure places; the silver mines can be worked only when protected by troops; merchandise can not be transported except under a strong convoy. During the government of Santa Anna a wealthy gentleman proposed to free these States from the Comanches. Upon his own estates he organized a band of *rancheros*, who manifested their superiority over the savages, who soon learned to give him a wide berth. He then offered to raise at his own expense a company of guerrillas, and agreed that after two years he would pay for all damages inflicted by the Comanches. As payment he asked only the taxes formerly levied upon silver mines, the working of which had been abandoned in consequence of the Comanche incursions. This offer was declined. Von Tempsky relates an exploit of one of these *rancheros*, which reminds one of the Conquistadores who followed Cortéz. He was a powerful man, and always rode a well-trained horse. In riding over his estate he wore a stout leather cuirass, but his only offensive weapon was a long, straight, double-edged sword. One day riding out alone, he saw a dozen Indians driving off some of his cattle, and dashed straight upon them. They thought a single man not worth noticing. A few bounds of his horse brought him upon one of these "man-spitters," and the first thing which the Indian felt was the guard of the long sword striking against his breast-bone; the blade had passed sheer through his body, and was sticking out from his back. The Indians now rushed upon him with their long lances. Some thrusts he parried, others struck harmless upon his leather cuirass. In a few minutes three more of these savages went down before the blows and thrusts of the good Toledo blade.



COMANCHE LODGES.



THE RANCHERO AND THE COMANCHES.

The others took to flight, pursued by the single conqueror, whom, however, they succeeded in distancing.

With the exception of some of the African tribes, whose business is slave-hunting, the Comanches are the most absolute race of freebooters on the face of the globe. Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against them.

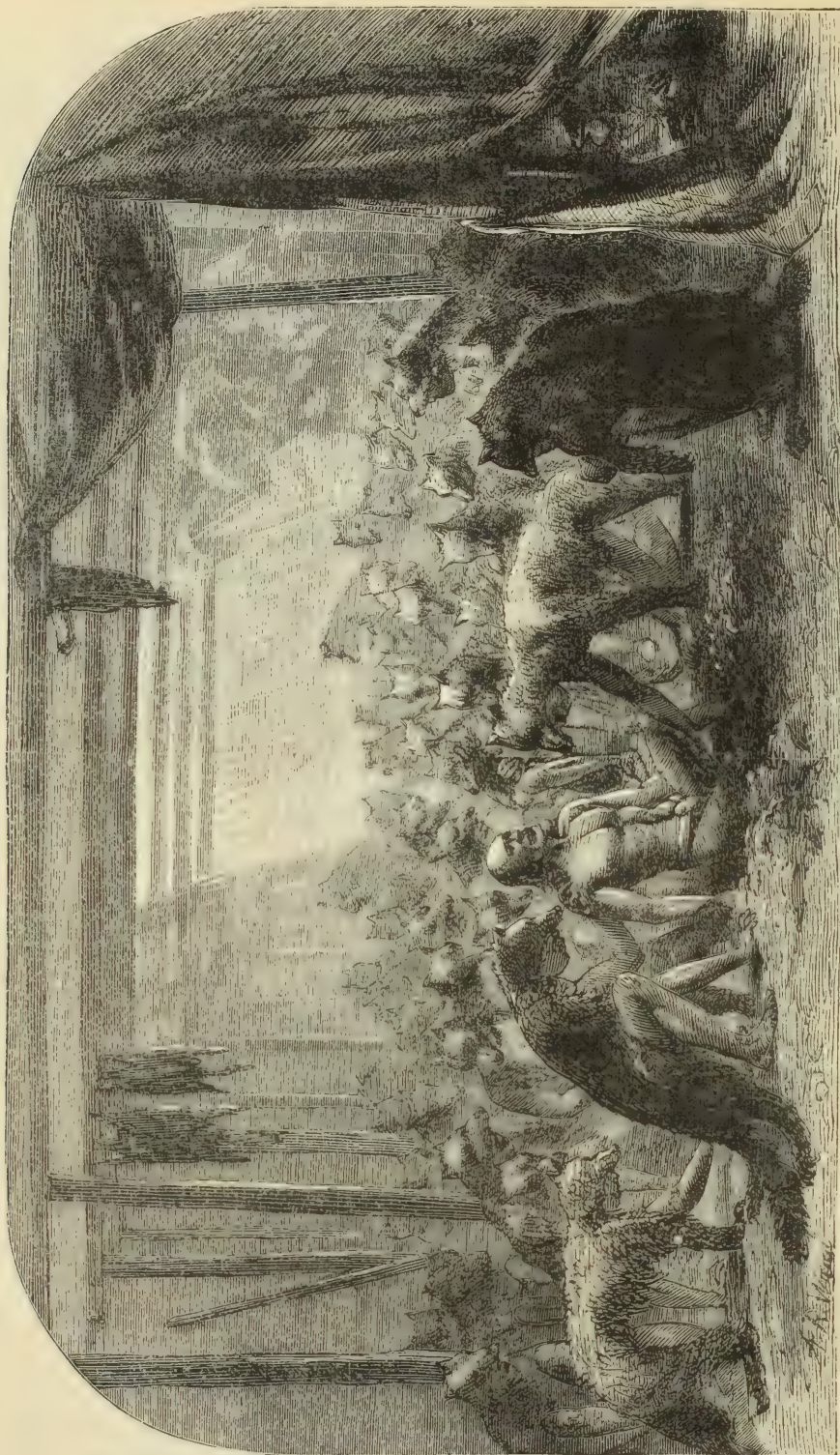
"The mode of life of the prairie tribes," says Colonel Marcy, "owing to their unsettled and wandering habits, is such as to render their condition one of constant danger and apprehension. The security of their numerous animals from the encroachments of their enemies, and their constant liability to attacks, make it imperatively necessary for them to be at all times upon the alert. Their details for herdsmen are made with as much regularity as the guard details at a military post; and even in times of the most profound peace they guard their animals both night and day, while scouts are often patrolling upon the adjoining heights to give notice of the approach of strangers, when their animals are hurried to a place of security, and every thing made ready for defense.

"No people, probably, on the face of the earth are more ambitious of martial fame, or entertain a higher appreciation for the deeds of a daring and successful warrior than the North American savages of the Plains. The attainment of such reputation is the paramount and absorbing object of their lives; all their aspirations for distinction invariably take this channel of expression. A young man is never considered worthy to occupy a seat in council until he has encountered an enemy in battle, and he who can count the greatest number of scalps is the most high-

ly honored by his tribe. This idea is inculcated from their earliest infancy. It is not surprising, therefore, that with such weighty inducements before him, the young man who, as yet, has gained no renown as a brave or warrior, should be less discriminate in his attacks than older men who have already acquired a name. The young braves should, therefore, be closely watched when encountered on the Plains.

"The prairie tribes are seldom at peace with all their neighbors, and some of the young braves of a tribe are almost always absent upon a war excursion. These forays sometimes extend into the heart of the northern States of Mexico, where the Indians have carried on successful invasions for many years. They have devastated and depopulated a great part of Sonora and Chihuahua. The objects of these forays are to steal horses and mules, and to take prisoners; and if it so happens that a war-party has been unsuccessful in the accomplishment of these ends, or has had the misfortune to lose some of its number in battle, they become reckless, and will often attack a small party with whom they are not at war, provided they hope to escape detection. The disgrace attendant upon a return to their friends without some trophies as an offset to the loss of their comrades is a powerful incentive to action, and they extend but little mercy to defenseless travelers who have the misfortune to encounter them at such a conjuncture."

On approaching strangers the Prairie Indians put their horses at full speed, no matter whether their designs are friendly or hostile. When a party is discovered approaching all that is necessary to ascertain their disposition is to raise the right hand with the palm in front, and



ORIGIN OF THE TONKAWAS.

gradually push it forward and back several times. This is the recognized signal for them to halt, and if they are not hostile they will obey at once; if hostile they disregard the signal.

"It is a safe rule," says Colonel Marcy, "when a man finds himself alone on the prairies, and sees a party of Indians approaching, not to allow them to come near him, and if they persist in doing so to signal them to keep away. If they do not obey, and he be mounted upon a fleet horse, he should make for the nearest timber. If the Indians follow and press him too closely, he should halt, turn around, and point his gun at the foremost, which will often have the effect of turning them back, but

he should never draw trigger unless he finds that his life depends upon the shot; for, as soon as his gun is discharged, his sole dependence, unless he have time to reload, must be upon the speed of his horse."

Taken all in all, the wolf appears of all animals to furnish the most perfect type of the Indian tribes of the Plains. The Tonkawas, one of these tribes, appear not only to recognize the resemblance, but also to accept these animals as in some sense their far-away progenitors. One of their ceremonies, the "Wolf Dance," reminds us, in a way, of the "mysterics" of the Greeks and Romans. Major Neighbors, an old friend of Colonel Marcy, is,

perhaps, the only white man who has ever been present at one of these dances, which are always conducted with the utmost solemnity and secrecy, and with as much pomp as their limited means permit. The Major, as Indian Agent, had acquired the favor of the Chief of the Tribe, who introduced him secretly into the lodge where the ceremony was to be carried on, and placed him in a position where he could see without being seen.

"Soon after this, about fifty warriors, all dressed in wolf skins from head to feet, so as to represent the animal very perfectly, made their entrance upon all-fours in single file, and passed around the lodge, howling, growling, and making other demonstrations peculiar to that carnivorous quadruped. After this had continued for some time, they began to put down their noses and sniff the earth in every direction, until at length one of them suddenly stopped, uttered a shrill cry, and commenced scratching the ground at a particular spot. The others immediately gathered around, and all set to work scratching up the earth with their hands, imitating the motions of the wolf in so doing; and, in a few minutes, greatly to the astonishment of the Major, they exhumed from the spot a genuine live Tonkawa, who had previously been interred for the performance.

"As soon as they had unearthed this strange biped, they ran around, scenting his person and examining him throughout with the greatest apparent delight and curiosity. The advent of this curious and novel creature was an occasion of no ordinary moment to them, and a council of venerable and sage old wolves was at once assembled to determine what disposition should be made of him.

"The Tonkawa addressed them as follows: 'You have taken me from the spirit land where I was contented and happy, and brought me into this world where I am a stranger, and I know not what I shall do for subsistence and clothing. It is better you should place me back where you found me, otherwise I shall freeze or starve.'

"After mature deliberation the council declined returning him to the earth, and advised him to gain a livelihood as the wolves did, to go out into the wilderness, and rob, kill, and steal wherever opportunity presented. They then placed a bow and arrows in his hands, and told him with these he must furnish himself with food and clothing; that he could wander about from place to place like the wolves, but that he must never build a house or cultivate the soil; that if he did he would surely die. This injunction, the chief informed the Major, had always been strictly adhered to by the Tonkawas."

What shall be done with such a people? Colonel Marcy says: "The only way to make these merciless freebooters fear or respect the authority of our Government is, when they misbehave, first of all to chastise them well by striking such a blow as will be felt for a long time, and thus show them that we are superior to them in war. They will then respect us much more than when their good-will is purchased by presents." We imagine that if the opinion of frontiersmen were asked it would be expressed in the following words of Jim Baker, a friend of Marcy, who has spent a quarter of a

century among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains. He says:

"They are the most onsartineest varmints in all creation, and I reckon tha'r not mor'n half human; for you never seed a human, arter you'd fed and treated him to the best fixins in your lodge, jist turn round and steal all your horses, or ary other thing he could lay his hands on. No, not adzackly. He would feel kinder grateful, and ask you to spread a blanket in his lodge ef you ever passed that a-way. But the Injun he don't care shucks for you, and is ready to do you a heap of mischief as soon as he quits your feed. No, Cap., it's not the right way to give um presents to buy peace; but ef I war governor of these yeer United States, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd invite um all to a big feast, and make b'lieve I wanted to have a big talk; and as soon as I got um all together, I'd pitch in and sculp about half of um, and then t'other half would be mighty glad to make a peace that would stick. That's the way I'd make a treaty with the dog'ond, red-bellied varmints; and as sure as you're born, Cap., that's the only way."

Colonel Marcy suggested to him the idea that there would be a lack of good faith and honor in such a proceeding, and that it would be much more in accordance with his notions of fair dealing to meet them openly in the field, and there endeavor to punish them if they deserve it. To this Baker replied:

"Tain't no use to talk about honor with them, Cap.; they hain't got no such thing in um; and they won't show fair fight, any way you can fix it. Don't they kill and sculp a white man when-ar they get the better on him? The mean varmints, they'll never behave themselves until you give um a clean out-and-out licking. They can't understand white folks' ways, and they won't learn um; and ef you treat um decently, they think you are afeared. You may depend on't, Cap., the only way to treat Injuns is to thrash them well at first, then the balance will sorter take to you and behave themselves."

During his thirty years' service on the borders Captain Marcy conducted several important exploring and other expeditions. On the 5th of March, 1852, he received the following order from the War Department:

"Captain R. B. Marcy, Fifth Infantry, with his company as an escort, will proceed, without unnecessary delay, to make an examination of the Red River and the country bordering upon it, from the mouth of Caché Creek to its source, according to special instructions which he will receive. Brevet Captain G. B. McClellan, Corps of Engineers, is assigned duty with this expedition."

Just ten years from that time Brevet-Captain G. B. McClellan, as Commander of the Army of the Potomac, was just entering upon his campaign on the Peninsula, and Colonel Marcy was his Chief of Staff. This expedition threw much light upon the physical geography of a region hitherto wholly unknown, and as yet known only by this. Perhaps the most notable single feature is the discovery of an immense bed of gypsum 350 miles long, and from 50 to 100 broad. Hitherto the largest bed of this mineral known within the United States was a deposit in Iowa, covering an area of two or three square miles—not one-ten-thousandth



HEAD OF KE-CHE-A-QUI-HO-NO.

part as large as this on the Red River. This gypsum affects all the streams running through it to such an extent as to render the waters drinkable only under the pressure of extreme thirst, and its unavoidable use occasions constant burning pains in the stomach, attended by loss of appetite, and the most vehement and feverish thirst. A very good imitation of its taste may be made by dissolving a tea-spoonful of Epsom salts in a tumbler of water.

"We endeavored," says Colonel Marcy, "to disguise the taste of the water by making coffee with it; but it retained the same disagreeable properties

in that form that it had in its natural state. Although we were suffering most acutely from the effects of the nauseating and repulsive water in the river, we were still under the necessity of using it. Several of the men were taken with violent cramps in the stomach and vomiting, yet they did not murmur. On the contrary they were cheerful, and indulged in frequent jokes at the expense of those who were sick. The principal topic of conversation with them seemed to be a discussion of the relative merits of the different kinds of fancy iced drinks which could be procured in the cities, and the prices that could be obtained for some of them if they were within reach of our party. Indeed, it seems to me that we were not entirely exempt from the agitation

of a similar subject; and, from the drift of the argument, I have no doubt that a moderate quantity of Croton water, cooled with Boston ice, would have met with a very ready market in our little mess. Indeed, if I mistake not, one of the gentlemen offered as high as two thousand dollars for a single bucket of the pure element; but, unfortunately for him, this was one of those rare occasions in which money was not sufficiently potent to obtain the object desired. We spread our blankets, and endeavored to obliterate the sensation of thirst in sleep; but, so far as I was concerned, my slumbers were continually disturbed by dreams, in which I fancied myself swallowing huge draughts of ice-water."

Passing the gypsum region, the expedition came, in their homeward way, by a different route, upon a country of great beauty and fertility. On the 1st day of July they reached the extreme head waters of the Ke-che-a-qui-ho-no ("Prairie Dog Town") River, the main branch of the Red River. It flows through a gigantic gorge, with huge escarpments of sandstone, rising on each side to the height of 800 feet; this gradually closes until the sides, only a few yards apart at the bottom, unite overhead, leaving a long narrow corridor beneath, at the base of which the head spring of the main branch takes its rise. This spring, bursting from its cavernous reservoir, leaps down over huge masses of rock, and begins its long journey to the Mississippi, of which it is one of the chief tributaries. Ten years from that day was fought the great battle of Malvern Hill.

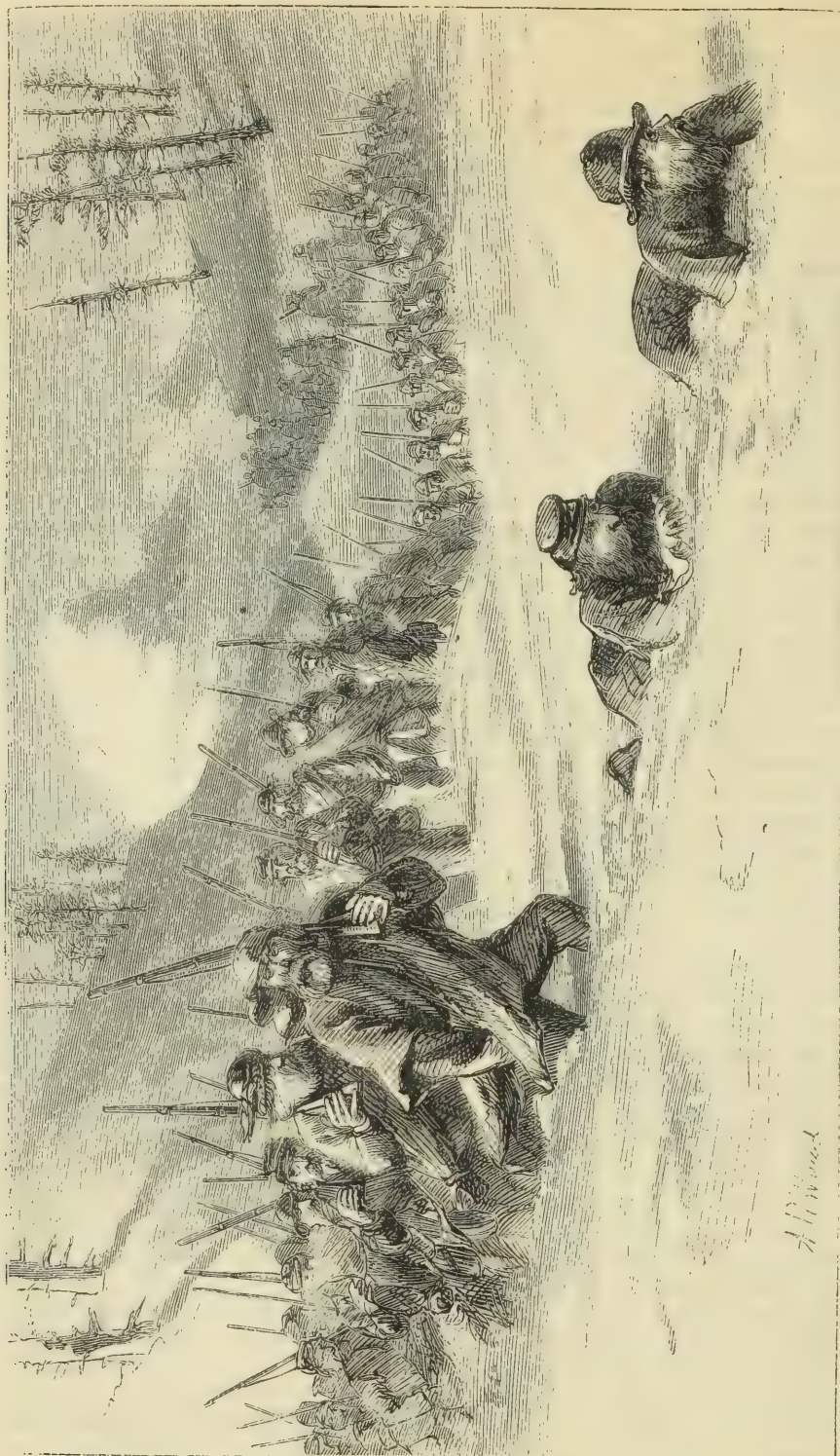
The cañon of the upper Red River is certainly one of the most remarkable of any of which we have certain accounts; and it is only one of the many to be found in the Rocky Mountain range and its collateral chains. If we can place any reliance upon bare report, the great cañon of the Colorado—that "Colorado" which enters the head of the Gulf of California—presents a cañon more wonderful than any other on the globe. From vague reports this chasm is well-nigh two hundred miles long, and of fabulous depth. More than three hundred years ago Coronado, in the course of his adventurous expedition, came upon it. He declares that for several days he traveled along the crest of a lofty bluff bordering the cañon, which he estimated to be nine miles high. That is, pile Mont Blanc upon the top of the highest peak of the Himalayas, and then cut a gorge down from the top to the level of the ocean, and it will not be within a mile as deep as this chasm. He adds, that the river flowing at the bottom appeared to be about a fathom wide; but the Indians assured him it was half a league. Some of his men once attempted to clamber down the steep sides. They were gone nearly a day, and on their return had been able only to reach a rock, visible from the top, which seemed about six feet high; they declared that, upon reaching it, they found it to be as high as the spire of the cathedral at Seville, which rises 350 feet. These reports are, of course, simply absurd, for the ridge from which the adventurers looked down would then have been well-

nigh three times as high above the ocean as the loftiest spot which the foot of man has ever trod, or to which he has ascended in a balloon. As late as 1858 Colonel Marcy was told by Antony Lereux, for whom he vouches as "one of the most reliable and best-informed guides in New Mexico," that he had once been at a point of this cañon where he estimated the walls to be three miles high—that is, equal to a gorge cut from the summit of Mont Blanc down to the level of the Mediterranean. Mr. Kern, whom Colonel Marcy quotes as "a very intelligent and reliable gentleman," declares that he had a view of the cañon from a neighboring mountain, and had "no doubt that the walls were at least 5000 feet in height." From this we are prepared to make large deductions; but after these are made we imagine that nothing at all approaching it is elsewhere to be found. It is certainly well worth the cost of thorough exploration. In 1853 Colonel Marcy proposed to the Government to perform this work; but there was then no appropriation which could be applied to this object, and his suggestion was not acted upon.

"Imagine," he says, "then, what must be the effect of a large stream like the Colorado traversing for two hundred miles a defile with the perpendicular walls towering five thousand feet above the bed of the river. It is impossible that it should not contribute largely toward the formation of scenery surpassing in sublimity and picturesque character any other in the world. Our landscape painters would here find rare subjects for their study, and I venture to hope that the day is not far distant when some of the most enterprising of them may be induced to penetrate this new field of art in our only remaining unexplored territory.

"A consideration, however, of vastly greater financial and national importance than those alluded to above, which might, and probably would result from a thorough exploration of this part of the river, is the development of its mineral wealth. That gold and silver abound in that region is fully established, as those metals have been found in many localities both east and west of the Colorado. Is it not, therefore, probable that the walls of this gigantic crevice will exhibit many rich deposits? Companies are formed almost daily, and large amounts of money and labor expended in sinking shafts of one, two, and three hundred feet, with the confident expectation of finding mineral deposits; but here Nature has opened and exposed to view a continuous shaft two hundred miles in length and five thousand feet in depth. In the one case we have a small shaft blasted out at great expense by manual labor, showing a surface of about thirty-six hundred feet, while here Nature gratuitously exhibits ten thousand millions of feet extending into the very bowels of the earth.

"Is it, then, at all without the scope of rational conjecture to predict that such an immense development of the interior strata of the earth—such a huge gulch, if I may be allowed the expression, extending so great a distance through the heart of a country as rich as this in the precious metals, may yet prove to be the *El Dorado* which the early Spanish explorers so long and so fruitlessly sought for; and who knows but that the Government might



CROSSING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN WINTER.

here find a source of revenue sufficient to liquidate our national debt?"

But passing from such speculations we must advert briefly to a most perilous expedition which was actually performed by Colonel—then Captain—Marcy. In 1857 he was attached to the expedition sent into Utah under the command of General Albert Sidney Johnston. The Mormons destroyed the army trains, devastated the country in front, and as winter opened it was found necessary to send a detachment over the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains into New Mexico to find supplies for the troops. The story of the expedition is

briefly told in the Report of the Secretary of War for 1858:

"This expedition was intrusted to Captain R. B. Marcy, of the Fifth Infantry; and, without intending to make an invidious comparison between the services of officers where all are meritorious, it is but just to bring the conduct of this officer and his command to your especial notice. It may be safely affirmed that, in the whole catalogue of hazardous expeditions scattered so thickly through the history of our border warfare, filled as many of them are with appalling tales of privation, hardship, and suffering, not one surpasses this, and in some particulars it has been hardly equaled by any.

"Captain Marcy left Fort Bridger on the 24th

day of November, 1857, with a command of forty enlisted men, and twenty-five mountain men, besides packers and guides. Their course lay through an almost trackless wilderness, over lofty and rugged mountains, without a pathway or human habitation to guide or direct, in the very depth of winter, through snows, for many miles together, reaching to the depth of five feet. Their beasts of burden very rapidly perished until very few were left; their supplies gave out; their luggage was abandoned; they were driven to subsist upon the carcasses of their dead horses and mules; all the men became greatly emaciated; some were frost-bitten; yet not one murmur of discontent escaped the lips of a single man. Their mission was one of extreme importance to the movements of the army, and great disaster might befall the command if these devoted men failed to bring succor to the camp. They had one and all volunteered for this service, and, although they might freeze or die, yet they would not complain.

"After a march of fifty-one days they emerged from the forests, and found themselves at Fort Massachusetts, in New Mexico. During their whole march Captain Marcy shared all the privations of the common soldier, marching, sleeping, and eating as they did."

From Colonel Marcy's Narrative we shall make a few extracts describing some of the perils of the expedition. On the 11th of December they packed their mules and began the ascent of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. They had proceeded but a few miles when the snow began to impede their progress. It soon became so deep that the mules could no longer force their way through. Up to this time they had marched with an advanced-guard, immediately followed by the pack-mules, the main party bringing up the rear. Colonel Marcy proceeds:

"I now placed the greater part of the command in front, in single rank, so as to break a track for the animals. This was, of course, very hard work upon a few of the leading men; and, in order to equalize the labor as much as possible, I directed that every man, as he came in front, should retain that position a certain length of time, after which he was permitted to turn out of the track and allow all the others to pass him, taking his place in rear. By these alternations the work was very much lightened, and after all the party had passed a good track was left for the animals. And they really required all our care, as, from the time we entered the mountains, they received no other sustenance than what they derived from the bitter pine-leaves. The effects of this novel and unwholesome forage soon began to manifest itself upon them. They became weak and exhausted, and at length began to give out and die. I was then obliged to *caché*, or hide, all our surplus luggage, which reduced the weight of the packs very considerably. Notwithstanding this, they continued to perish. One day we lost five, and another day as many as eight died out of our little stock. This gave me very serious uneasiness, as our supply of provisions was becoming very small, and I knew, after these were gone, our only dependence for subsistence must be upon our famished animals. Our beef cattle had nearly all been consumed, and our stock of bread was very limited. I felt the necessity of husbanding the

strength of my men and animals as much as possible. I therefore ordered the command to throw away every article of baggage they had remaining, excepting one blanket each and their arms and ammunition. They cheerfully complied with the order, and we thus made another very material reduction in the weight of our packs, which enabled our enfeebled animals to proceed with more ease.

"The snow increased day after day as we ascended, until it was four feet deep, and was so dry and light that the men, walking in an upright position, would sink to their waists, and could not move. One of the guides made a pair of snowshoes, and attempted to walk upon them, but they sank so deep in the soft snow that it was impossible to use them.

"Our only alternative now, in the deepest snow, was for the three or four leading men of the party to lie down and crawl upon their hands and feet, each man following in the tracks of the leader, and all placing their hands and feet in the same holes. This method packed the snow so that, after a few men had passed, it bore up the others, and was sufficiently firm to sustain the mules after all the men had traversed it.

"The leading man was generally able to go about fifty yards before he became exhausted. Notwithstanding I reduced the rations one-half, our provisions were all exhausted long before we reached the top of the mountains, and we were then entirely dependent upon our famished animals for food.

"After this our only diet for twelve days consisted of starved mules as they became exhausted and could go no farther. Twelve of my men had frozen their feet so badly as to be unable to walk, and we were obliged to appropriate all our serviceable animals to carry them. I had given up my own horse to one of these men, and took his place in the snow with the others. We had not a single morsel of any thing left to eat except these animals. If we had had some salt we would have done better, but that was all gone. I was in the habit of sprinkling a little gunpowder upon my mule-steaks, and it did not then require a very extensive stretch of the imagination to fancy the presence of both pepper and salt. This lean meat did not, however, by any means satisfy the cravings of the appetite, and we were continually longing for fat meat. Although we consumed large quantities of the mule meat, yet within half an hour from the time we had finished our meals we would feel as hungry as before we had eaten."

They had got within about a hundred miles of Fort Massachusetts, and had but three good mules left, and were in a state bordering upon starvation. Two guides, Mariano and Miguel, were dispatched in advance to request that supplies should be sent back to meet the party. They managed to reach the fort, after killing and eating one of the mules. It was eleven days before the supplies reached them; their way had lain through a region so utterly desolate that for thirty-one days they had not seen a human being outside of their own party. At last two men were seen coming up on horseback, and soon Miguel and Mariano rode up, firing their revolvers and making other demonstrations of joy. "We knew," says Marcy, "from their fresh horses that they had reached

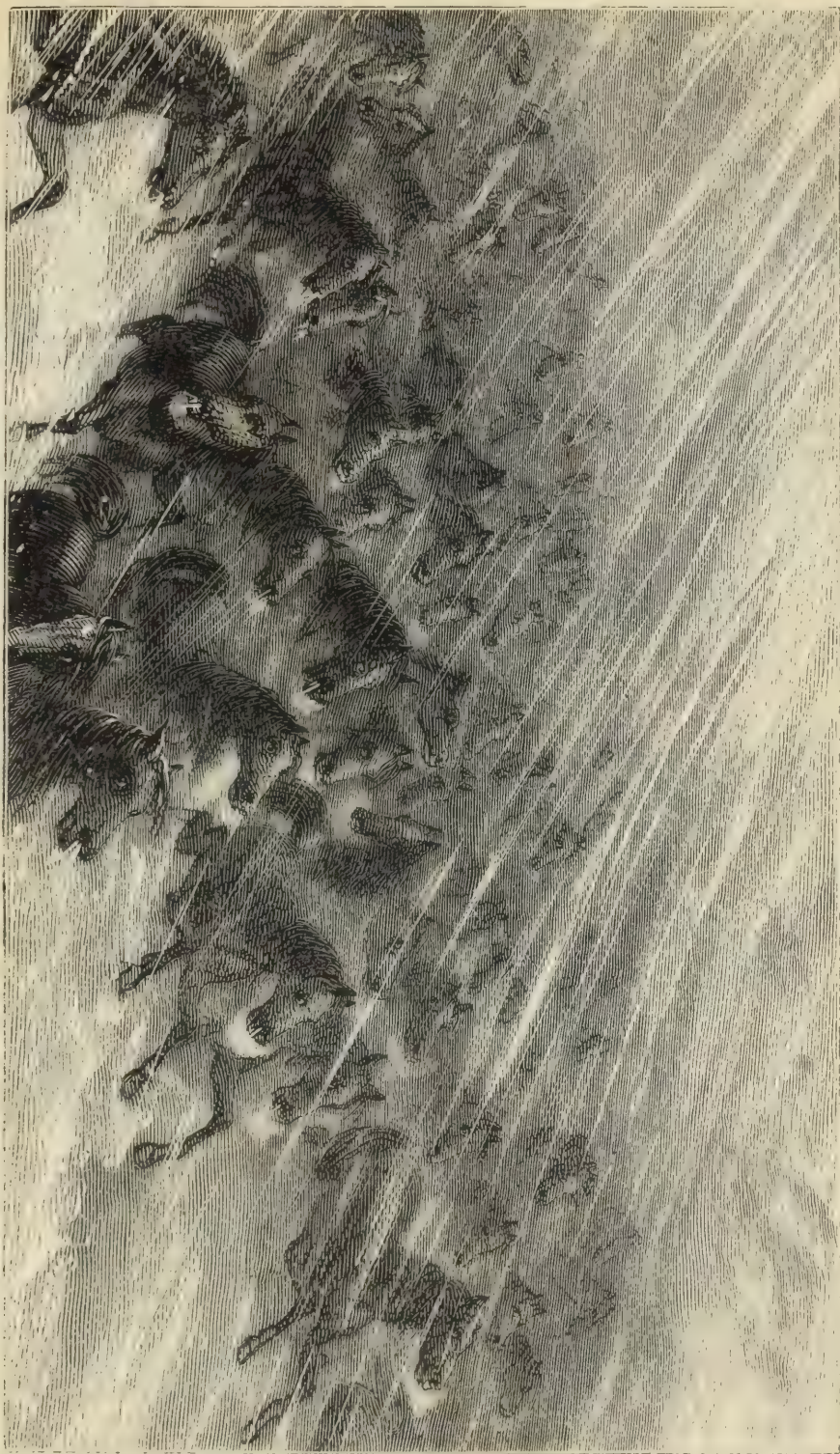


ARRIVAL NEAR FORT MASSACHUSETTS.

the fort and that we were now saved; and the exhibition of joy manifest among the command exceeded any thing of the kind ever beheld. Some of the men laughed, danced, and screamed with delight; while others (and I must confess I was not among the former) cried like children. I had not slept half an hour at a time for twenty days and nights, and was reduced from 170 to 131 pounds in weight, and of course my nervous system was not under very good control." When, four days after, the expedition reached Fort Massachusetts the members appeared in sorry plight. "Not more than one half of the men," writes the com-

mander, "had any caps, and but few had any remains of trowsers below the knees. Their feet were tied up with mule-hides, pieces of blankets, coat-tails, and the like. I had set out from Fort Bridger with a wardrobe of stout material; but I had divided this among my destitute men until I was myself reduced to a scanty allowance. Among other garments I had remaining was a soldier's over-coat, from the skirts of which I was in the habit of cutting off pieces to patch my pants and stockings; and as rents in these were of everyday occurrence, by the time I reached the fort there was but very little left of my original coat-tails."

STAMPEDE OF HORSES AND MULES.



In spite of the utmost exertions of the Commander many of the half-starved men managed to get at more food than they should have had, and woke up next morning in excruciating torture; and one of them died next day. But the savage system seems somehow to be capable of adapting itself to the extremes of starvation and repletion. When Mariano reached the fort he took lodgings with a Mexican and at once called for a bountiful supper, and asked for more. Then he sat down, smoked his pipe for a couple of hours, and beginning to feel hungry again, paid two dollars for a third supper, which he thought would last him till

morning. But during the night he woke up as hungry as ever, and called up his hostess and offered her five dollars if she would cook him a fourth supper. This dispatched, he found himself able to worry through the remainder of the night. This gastronomic feat, adds Colonel Marcy, "will not appear at all surprising to those who are familiar with Indian life." Mariano, upon coming to Taos, received five hundred dollars for his services, which the Colonel thought would supply him with all he wanted for a long time. But the very next morning he came in saying that his money was all gone, and he wanted to borrow five dollars.



THE GRIZZLY.

He had lost every cent at *Monté*. The desired loan was granted, with an injunction to keep away from the *monté-bank*. The half-breed was duly grateful for the good advice, which we imagine was wasted upon him; for he closed his thanks by a lift of the eyebrows, a shrug of the shoulders, and the hint, "Maybe some time me win, Monsieur!"

The return journey to Utah was commenced at the middle of March, and abounded in adventures. Of these we have only space to speak of one of those sudden storms characteristic of the country. On the 30th of April the party was encamped upon the high ridge which divides the Arkansas River from the Platte. The day was bright and balmy, the trees had put forth their new leaves, and the fresh grass stood six inches high. At sunset the wind changed to the north; the weather grew suddenly cold. Soon it began to snow, and the storm increased to a tempest, against which it was impossible to ride or walk. The storm had hardly set in when one of the herds of three hundred horses and mules broke furiously away from the men who were guarding them, and ran straight before the wind for fifty miles before they were stopped. Three of the herdsmen attempted to follow the frightened animals. One made his way back to camp in a state of great prostration and suffering; another was found frozen to death in the snow; the third was discovered, after the tempest subsided, crawling about on his hands and knees in a temporary delirium. The tempest lasted with uninterrupted fury for sixty consecutive hours, during which it was impossible to move for any distance facing the wind and snow. One of the employés, who had gone two hundred yards from the camp, set out to return, but was unable to do so, and perished in the attempt.

Like most great hunters, Colonel Marcy seems inclined to undervalue the prowess of the animals which he conquers. Thus, of the Grizzly Bear, the monarch of the American forests, and certainly one of the strongest of beasts, he tells a number of stories from his own personal experience, which he sums up by saying:

"I believe that if a man came suddenly upon the beast in a thicket, where it could have no previous warning, he might be attacked; and it is possible that a large grizzly bear might attack a man on foot in the open prairie, and in some instances they have been known to make war upon men on horseback; but I have always observed that an acquaintance with the larger wild animals of our country makes them much less formidable than they are represented to us when in the distance."

Still, on the strength of an adventure of Jim Baker, the Colonel's old mountain friend, we feel warranted in the belief that a "grizzly," though only half grown, may be an ugly customer. Baker and Bridger, a comrade of his, one day while setting traps came upon a couple of young bears, not larger than well-grown dogs. It struck them that if they waived the advantage of fire-arms, and should "pitch in and sculp the varmints with their knives," it would be something to brag of. So they threw down their rifles and "went in," each selecting one of the cubs. The young brutes reared up on their haunches and showed fight. Rather a scientific display took place between Baker and Bear, Bruin warding off every knife-thrust with a skill which would have done honor to the Prize Ring. At length the bear rushed in, "meaning mischief." But the knife was too much for him, and he received a death wound under the ribs. The other bear was meanwhile having the best of it with Bridger,

JIM BAKER'S FIGHT.



who cried out for assistance. But no sooner had Baker come up than Bridger ran off. Baker, however, went in again and killed Bear Number Two. But he said, in recounting the fight, "I'll never fight nary a nother grizzly without a good shooting-iron in my paws."

As for wolves, the Colonel thinks them hardly worth notice. He even pooh-poohs at Putnam's famous exploit of entering a cave and shooting a wolf. "Those who understand the cowardly nature of the wolf," he says, "and are familiar with its habits, are perfectly aware that such an undertaking is not attended with the slightest danger. I knew a woman who,

in the night time, hearing a disturbance in her poultry yard, went out and met a large wolf carrying off one of her turkeys, of which she thought much, being the only ones within a hundred miles, and pursued the wolf, made him drop the turkeys, and run away. If any one should have any doubt regarding this statement," continues the Colonel, "I beg to refer him to my wife, who was the owner of the turkeys."

Colonel Marcy's long service on the border has brought him into constant contact with that peculiar class who form the extreme frontier population of the Southwest. "They seem," he says, "to constitute an anomalous and de-

tached element in our social structure. Their sparsely scattered forest habitations being far removed from towns or villages, and seldom visited by travelers, exclude them almost entirely from intercourse with the civilized world, and they are nearly as ignorant of what is transpiring outside of their own immediate sphere as the savages themselves. They seldom or never see a newspaper, and could not read it if they did; and I honestly believe that many of them could not tell whether General Jackson, Mr. Lincoln, or Mr. Johnson is President of the United States at the present time." Of the many anecdotes which he gives of these people, we must find space, with considerable abridgment, for one:

"While marching a battalion of my regiment from Little Rock to Fort Towson during a very warm day in the autumn of 1848, I made a halt at a respectable-looking farm-house near the Choctaw line in Arkansas, and, seeing a woman sitting out upon the portico, I rode up for the purpose of making some inquiries regarding the roads. She returned my salutation, and very politely invited me to 'light and have a char.' I dismounted, took the chair, and complimented the good woman upon the neat and comfortable appearance of her surroundings. She said 'it was tollible far, considerin they had com'd thar and commenced deadn in the trees and mauling the rails only five years afore.' I should have imagined, however, from the very limited extent of her knowledge of the surrounding country, that she had but just arrived, or that she had been hibernating during the five years mentioned. As our road forked near the house, I asked her which of the two would lead us to a small town on our route about ten miles distant. She replied that 'she didn't adzactly mind, but she sort'r reckon'd her nigger gal mought tell me.'"

The "nigger gal," after one or two summons, appeared in the person of Jerusha, a venerable negress quite seventy years old, whose functions, as was soon manifested, comprised that of sense-bearer to her mistress. The "gal" on making her appearance was accosted with—

"'You lazy no 'count nigger, you jess tell this yere stranger whar these two roads goes to, right quick, do you hear.' Jerusha very promptly replied, 'Wa'al, Mass'r, I 'spects I'ze gwine to tell you all about it. Mass'r Jeems he 'lowed this yere left hand one he gwine down to Wash-un-tum, and that thar t'other one he gwine to the Choctaw nashum.' I then asked the woman of the house the distance to the nearest post-office; but of this she had not the remotest idea, and at once referred me to the servant, who at once gave me the information."

Soon the master of the house came in. He had been out hunting, and had brought home a couple of deer; the Colonel thought game must be very plenty in the neighborhood. Not so thought the settler. When he first came there "thar war right smart chance o' deer;" but now, though he had been out all the morning, he had only killed three, and had "busted" two caps at one which he did not get. After some conversation it appeared that the settler had been out, when a young man, with General

Jackson, and had been present at the battle of the Horseshoe, of which he said:

"I calkerlate, Mr. Hossifer, that war the most *de-cisivest* and the most *san-guin-ariest* fight you ever seen in all yer born days. We boys, we up and pitched in thar, and we gin the yaller-bellies the most *parr-tielar* hail Columby. We chawed um all up; we laid um out cold'r nur a wedge; we *saved* every mother's son of um—we did that thar little thing, boss."

The special meaning attached to the word "saved" is worthy of notice. The whisky-bottle was of course produced, the host remarking that he "war not too proud to take a horn with a fellow-soger, if he war a regular." The social "drink" having been duly gone through, the settler wished to learn the latest news from the outside world. "There's narry paper," he said, "tuck in this yere settlement; but I hearn tell that Gin-ral Jackson are dead; maybe you mought heer'd some talk 'bout it as you com'd 'long the road, stranger." The military guest was quite able to assure the borderman that the rumor which had just reached the settlement was *unhappily* too true. Andrew Jackson had died three years before.

But these rude specimens of humanity are by no means destitute of faculties; and not unfrequently, under favorable circumstances, they are developed. Thus, so long ago as when Marcy was at West Point, a strapping youth from the remote borders, near the Cherokee nation, made his appearance provided with a proper certificate of appointment as cadet. How he reached New York on horseback; how he ordered half a peck of oysters for himself in the city, and how he labored up the hill at West Point, panting under the burden of his trunk, we have not space to tell. Enough that he made his appearance before Colonel Thayer, a rigid old martinet, who was then commandant at the institution, with the inquiry,

"Ole man, are you Colonel or Captain, or whatever you-call-um, Thayer?"

The officer replied that he was Colonel Thayer.

"Wa'al, now, look-ayere, Kurn," was the cool reply; "this yere hill o' yourn am a breather."

Four years after this uncouth young fellow graduated from West Point an accomplished gentleman and scholar, reflecting credit upon the institution, "and was afterward favorably known as the author of a History of Texas."

We can not close this paper without making some mention of Martin Scott, who was Captain of the Company to which Lieutenant Marcy was assigned upon leaving West Point. He was a native of Bennington in Vermont, and seems quite early to have become locally famous for marksmanship and pluck, the qualities just then most in request in our army. In 1814, when he was plowing in the field, a letter was brought to him, upon opening which he found it contained a commission as ensign in the

Army of the United States. Why this appointment was conferred upon him, or by whose influence, he never knew. He had never made application for it. However, he did not look a gift-horse in the mouth; and being sent to the Western frontier soon found means to make his mark as the best shot of his day. The coon story may not be literally true; and Colonel Marcy can not vouch from personal knowledge, though he has often heard it vouched for, of the absolute truth of the story that he would take a couple of potatoes, fling them successively into the air, and put a pistol ball through both as they crossed each other, one going up and the other coming down. But here is one, for which we have Colonel Marcy's authority:

"He proposed to me, upon one occasion, that we should take an old-fashioned United States yager that he had, and determine which could load and fire three shots in the shortest space of time, and make the best target. Accordingly, a playing-card, with a spot or bull's-eye in the centre about the size of a dime, was attached to a log of wood, and placed at seventy-five yards from where we proposed to stand. Captain Scott then took the rifle uncharged, with the powder-flask at hand, and the balls and patches in his mouth, and he made the three shots 'off-hand' in one minute and twenty seconds. I then myself went to the target, and found one round hole directly through the centre of the bull's-eye. I was surprised at the precision of the shot, but observed to the Captain that the other two had entirely missed the target. He shook his head and called for an axe, when we split the log, and found the three balls in one mass, all having passed through the same round aperture directly in the centre of the card."

Captain Scott had the reputation of being rather "close;" that is, of taking very good care of his money. In fact at one time his fellow-officers attempted "to put him into Coventry" on that account; but as none of them felt that they were equal to him as a shot, they sent for a noted "fire-eater" to act as their champion. The bully insulted Scott; and a challenge was the inevitable consequence. Scott

was thoroughly opposed to dueling, and had resolved to throw away his fire; but happening to hear his antagonist remark that he had a very disagreeable job on hand, to shoot a d——d Yankee, concluded that his forbearance would be thrown away. The consequence was that when the duel came off the bully got a ball through his lungs; which luckily did not kill him; but rather the contrary, for he was thought to have had the consumption before, but somehow the wound effected a cure, and he lived many years after the time when, according to all computation, he should have been dead.

Scott, if "close," was far enough from "mean," and did much for his family, many of whom were in poor circumstances. Once he came back to Bennington in great state, and took up his quarters at the hotel, where nobody saw in him the poor lad who years ago had gone from that quiet town. Looking from the window he saw a man driving a yoke of oxen. "A fine pair of oxen," said the Captain; "are they yours?" "No, they belong to a neighbor, I am not able to buy them." "How much will they cost?" The price being named, he took out the money, paid for them, and told the astonished driver that he liked his looks so much that he would make him a present of the cattle. The Captain then invited himself to visit the new owner of the oxen. The man said that he rented a little farm, and had hard work to get along, but would of course be glad to have the gentleman who had been so kind to him come to his poor house. The guest inquired the price of the farm, and said that he would like to buy that, and make a present of it to the friend to whom he had taken such a liking. Then, and not before, did the farmer discover that the generous stranger was his own brother.

Captain Martin Scott fell at Molino del Rey in 1847, gallantly leading forward his command into that fearful fight, thirty-three years after the time when he received the letter appointing him as ensign in the army.

MIDSUMMER.

Upon the heated walls the sun shines down
Fiercely and blankly, with unsoftened rays,
Sword-like above the noisy, dusty town,
Through the long summer days.

Only this glare and bustle meet mine eye,
Till o'er the glowing west the shadows creep,
And Night leads out her silent train on high,
Soothing the world to sleep.

All day my heart has been so full of dreams—
A stir of winds comes through the sultry air—
Far off my fancy hears a voice of streams,
And I again am *there*.

Ah me! the coolness of those mountain woods!
The beauty of the water's crystal sheen!
The long-arched aisles—cathedral solitudes—
With mossy carpets green.

The noise of running waters every where;
The sound of winds among the pine-tree tops;
The waterfalls that shower upon the air
A rain of silver drops.

The majesty of those eternal hills—
Deep glens beneath, and sunshine on their cope—
And the bright river lying calm and still
Beyond the farthest slopes.

All these have risen up before mine eyes,
And my heart stood before them tranced and dumb;
As one sweet voice of many melodies
Called from the mountains, Come!

Oh, for a bird's swift wings! My own, my own,
My priestess Nature, at thy inmost shrine
Methinks I should be nearer to the Throne
Than in this lot of mine.

HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

XIII.—TEXAS LOST AND WON.

Magnitude of Texas.—Its Secession.—Treason of General Twiggs.—The Capture at Leon.—Bombardment at Galveston.—The Royal Yacht.—The Massacre at Johnston's Creek.—Testimony of Dr. Douai.—Capture of Corpus Christi.—Sabine Pass.—Expeditions up the Calcasieu and the Mermentau.—The Surrender of Galveston.—Recovery by the Rebels.—Slaughter upon the Wharf.—Fate of the Westfield.—The Alabama.—The Conscription.—Disaster at Sabine Pass.—Aransas Pass.—Evacuation of Brownsville.—Surrender of Kirby Smith.

THE State of Texas is larger than the whole Empire of France. The greatest length of France is 664 miles; its greatest breadth 620 miles. Its total area, according to official tables published by the French Government, is 199,946 square miles. Texas, in extreme length, is 800 miles; its extreme breadth is 750 miles. Its area is 237,504 square miles. It has been said that the whole island of Great Britain could be laid down upon the State of Texas, leaving a border all around sixty miles broad.

This majestic domain was received into the American Union on the 27th of December, 1845. Its admission involved the United States in a costly and bloody war with Mexico, and the payment of ten millions of dollars in five per cent. bonds. Its population in 1860 amounted to 601,039, of whom 180,682 were slaves. Of this white population we may suppose that one in five were adult males, making 84,069. Of these probably one-half, including their patriotic Governor, Samuel Houston, were friendly to the Union. Thus less than fifty thousand settlers in Texas—the majority of them men of no property, no intelligence, and no consideration—had the effrontery to attempt to wrest from a nation of thirty millions of people territory equal to the whole Empire of France, and for which territory the Government had paid ten millions of dollars, and had conducted a sanguinary war at an expense which can not well be estimated.

On the 1st of February, 1861, a packed convention, which represented scarcely one-half of the counties in the State, assembled at Austin, and passed an ordinance, with seven dissenting votes, declaring

"That Texas is a separate sovereign State, and that her citizens and people are absolved from all allegiance to the United States or the Government thereof."

Immediately upon this General David E. Twiggs, an officer in the United States army, who was in military command in Texas, joined the Secessionists, and voluntarily surrendered to them all the United States property which had been intrusted to his care. This consisted of thirteen forts, fifteen thousand stand of arms, eighty pieces of ordnance, fifty-five thousand dollars in specie, about twelve hundred horses, with mules, wagons, tents, provisions, ammunitions of war, to the estimated value of

nearly two million of dollars. All the United States soldiers, 2500 in number, were taken prisoners, stripped of their arms, and only released on parole not to serve against the Confederate States until exchanged.

In response to this action of General Twiggs the Secretary of War, J. Holt, on the 1st of March, issued the following order, which was countersigned by Samuel Cooper, Adjutant-General of the United States. This was the last order issued by Cooper, who directly after entered the Confederate service as Adjutant-General:

"By the direction of the President of the United States* it is ordered that Brigadier-General David E. Twiggs be and is hereby dismissed from the army of the United States for his treachery to the flag of his country, in having surrendered, on the 18th of February, 1861, on the demand of the authorities of Texas, the military posts and other property of the United States in his Department and under his charge."

In reply to this a letter appeared in the *Charleston Courier* of May 18, over the signature of General Twiggs, addressed to James Buchanan, then ex-President, in which the writer says:

"Your usurped right to dismiss me from the army might be acquiesced in, but you had no right to brand me as a traitor. This was personal, and I shall treat it as such—not through the papers, but *in person*. I shall most assuredly pay a visit to Lancaster for the sole purpose of a *personal interview* with you. So, Sir, prepare yourself. I am well assured that public opinion will sanction *any course* I may take with you."

The rebel convention in Charleston, a few weeks after, passed a formal vote approving the conduct of General Twiggs in resigning his commission and turning over the public property under his control to the enemies of the flag he had sworn to defend.

The traitor General was, in May, by the rebel authorities, placed in command of the Military Department of Louisiana, and also received the reward of the appointment of Major-General in the Confederate army.

There was in Texas, at the time of General Twiggs's treason, a force of United States troops consisting of about 2500 men. They were organized in thirty-seven companies. Of these twenty-two were infantry, five artillery, and ten cavalry. These troops were mainly employed to protect the country from the invasion of savages. They were consequently very considerably dispersed over the wide territory. Twenty of these companies were on the Rio Grande. The remainder were stationed at various forts quite widely scattered.

As these patriot troops could neither be persuaded nor compelled to follow their General into the camp of the enemy many of them were permitted to return to the North. Some detachments were taken prisoners and released upon parole. They were, however, allowed to

* James Buchanan.

TEXAS RANGERS.



leave the State only from the port of Galveston and by the Mississippi River. Four hundred and fifty of these troops, under Major Sibley, had embarked on board some schooners at Saluria. A Texan force in some armed steamers came down upon them from Indianola and took the whole body prisoners of war. They were not released until they had taken an oath not to take up arms against the Southern Confederacy. This was on the 24th of April.

Soon after, on the 9th of May, eight companies of infantry, consisting of three hundred and sixty-six men, rank and file, were on the

road, preparing to leave the State, about twenty-two miles west of San Antonio. They were under the command of Colonel Reeve. The rebel Colonel Van Dorn collected a force of fifteen hundred men, a portion of them cavalry, with a battery of flying artillery consisting of six 12-pounders, and took a strong position to intercept them.

It was in the beautiful month of May, when the whole of that sunny region bloomed with verdure and flowers. Though it may be too much to say that Texas had been mainly settled by vagabonds and escaped felons of the United States, it is certainly true that that

wide and lovely realm, with its exuberant soil and genial clime, and which civilization and law had scarcely yet penetrated, had become the favorite resort of all the ruffians of this and of other lands. This was so eminently the case that Texas had long been popularly called "The Paradise of Rascals."

From such a community it was not difficult to collect a numerous band eager for any reckless adventure. Horses abounded, for the almost limitless prairies were covered with wild herds luxuriating in the fattest pastures. A large portion of the rebel band was mounted. The spectacle they presented is described by those who witnessed it as picturesque in the extreme. From the savages around these semi-savage men had acquired a taste for barbaric splendor. Many of the horses were festooned with gay trappings. There was every variety of dress and arms. Banners fluttered in the breeze. Music was loud and exultant; for these men knew full well that they were not marching to stern battle and wounds and death, but to the easy capture of a small band of gallant men whom they five times outnumbered. The horses pawed and neighed. Polished armor gleamed in the rays of the cloudless sun. And young rebel officers proudly sped over the field on their mettled chargers. The poor fools thought that it was merely boys' play to wage war against the Government of the United States. A few months awoke them terribly to the consciousness of their error. Ere the war terminated nearly every one of those deluded men bit the dust.

In that hot climate at that season of the year it was necessary, on the march, to avoid as much as possible the full blaze of the sun. On Thursday morning, May the 8th, at two o'clock, Colonel Reeve broke camp, and having reached a ridge of land near St. Lucas Springs, halted his command, barricaded the road with his wagons, and taking possession of a stone-house and some fences, posted his troops to await the expected assault. He did not then know how overpowering the force he was to encounter.

Soon two rebel officers appeared with a flag of truce, demanding an unconditional surrender of the United States troops as prisoners of war. Five minutes were allowed to give answer to the demand. Colonel Reeve must have been greatly perplexed. He might, after the surrender, find that he had yielded to a force which he was capable of resisting. By refusing to surrender he might expose his men to indiscriminate massacre from an infuriated force of relentless marauders. He, however, gallantly declined acceding to the terms unless he were permitted to send an officer to see whether the number of troops opposed to him was so large as to render it his duty to throw down his arms rather than expose his men to slaughter. Van Dorn consented, saying:

"You shall have an opportunity to see my troops. And the more you see of them the less you will like it."

Lieutenant Bliss, a young officer of the United States Army, distinguished for his bravery, mounted his horse and rode along the line of the rebel troops. As his eye glanced over their serried ranks the exultation of the foe burst forth in repeated cheers. He returned to his commander with the sad announcement that resistance would be utterly unavailing. Colonel Reeve was thus compelled to surrender his whole command unconditionally as prisoners of war, and to give his word of honor that he would report himself, with his men, at the rebel camp at Leon that evening at six o'clock.

The victorious rebels, greatly elated with their achievement, marched back to their camp, which they reached about three o'clock in the afternoon. At five o'clock Colonel Reeve arrived with his command. They pitched their tents on the spot designated for them, and stacked their arms. The next morning they were marched though San Antonio to a camp at San Pedro Springs, about two miles beyond.

As Governor Houston had refused to give his support to the traitorous measures which the rebels had so fiercely commenced, a popular Convention had voted him expelled from the gubernatorial chair, and had placed the Executive power in the hands of a more pliant man, Lieutenant-Governor Clark. On the 18th of June Clark issued a proclamation declaring it to be treason for any inhabitant of Texas to hold any communication with the people of the North, and announcing:

"That it will also be treasonable for any citizen of Texas to pay any debts now owing by him to a citizen or citizens of either of said States or Territories, or to contract with them any new debts or obligations during the continuance of said war."

All Northern citizens were ordered to leave Texas within ten days. Thus easily was this majestic realm apparently wrested from the United States, and passed over to a band of rebels who insanely engaged in the endeavor to subvert all free institutions upon the continent of North America.

The early exigencies of the war were such that but little attention could be devoted to the remote State of Texas. As soon as possible, however, a small naval force was sent to blockade the harbor of Galveston, her principal port of entry. Galveston was the most populous and commercial city of Texas. It is situated on a small island, at the mouth of Galveston Bay, about 450 miles southwest from New Orleans. This island, about thirty miles long, and half a mile wide, separates the bay from the often tumultuous waves of the Gulf of Mexico. A railroad bridge, three-fourths of a mile in length, runs across the shallow water of a portion of the bay to the main land. The population of the city was about 7000. It was composed mainly of adventurers who were seeking their fortunes in those remote realms. The great majority of them eagerly espoused the cause of the rebellion. At the eastern end of the island, at a spot called Bolivar Point,

they erected batteries sufficiently powerful to command the bay against the entrance of any naval force we could then send there.

Our vessels, however, so effectually blockaded the port that the commerce of the little, bustling, traitorous city was utterly destroyed. Our British cousins could not creep in with their supplies of arms and powder; and no cotton could leave to add to the resources of rebellion in foreign lands. For a few weeks no occurrence of importance took place. The frowning batteries rendered it impossible for the vessels to enter the bay. And the vessels, keeping watch and ward outside of the bar, rendered ingress or egress alike impossible. There had been a tacit understanding that there should be no wanton firing which would merely endanger individuals.

Early in the morning of the 3d of August, 1861, the gun-boat Dart, in its cautious cruises, came within range of one of the shore-batteries. The rebel commander took deliberate sight of her with one of his heaviest guns. A slight puff of smoke rose above the breast-work; there was a thundering report, which swept over the ocean, and a shot came booming along which, though aimed directly at the steamer, fortunately did not strike her. The challenge thus given was promptly accepted. In an instant a puff of smoke was seen issuing from the bows of the steamer as she moved slowly onward, and a shell, with return compliments, was hurtled screaming through the air. For some time this interchange of shots was continued, though with great deliberation.

As the rebel batteries were in the rear of the town and close to it, our gun-boats could not open fire upon those batteries without endangering the inhabitants by every shot they should throw. Captain James Alden had on this account humanely abstained from provoking a contest. He was therefore much surprised at the temerity of the rebel commander, Colonel Moore, in commencing an attack, when he could not but know that the return fire would inevitably reach the women and children in the streets of Galveston. After this exchange of shots for some time, the Dart withdrew and reported facts to Captain Alden in the South Carolina.

Curious to know whether the rebels, under these circumstances, were insane enough to provoke a fight, a larger force was got under way about 5 o'clock in the evening, and stood in for the batteries. As soon as the steamers were within range of the shore-guns the rebels again opened fire. Captain Alden sent back a few return shots, and then with extraordinary humanity withdrew, as he knew that both shot and shell would endanger the helpless people in the town. But twelve or fourteen shots were exchanged. Fragments of shells and one 32-pound ball entered the city. One shell fell among a group of men who were on an eminence watching the conflict. It cut one man in two, and slightly wounded two or three others.

It does not appear that the inhabitants of Galveston deserved any special consideration. The *Galveston News* says:

"During the firing the city rang with the shouts of the people from the roofs and balconies at every discharge from the batteries, and even the ladies participated in the enthusiasm of the excitement, manifesting the utmost anxiety to see our shot strike the steamer and sink her."

The British and Hanoverian Consuls, residing in the city, had the effrontery to remonstrate against our ships returning the fire of the batteries, assuming that it was the *bombardment of the city* without giving the customary notice. To this Captain Alden indignantly replied:

"We were no sooner within range of their guns than they opened their fire, when we, after exchanging a few shots, retired, preferring that it should appear that we were beaten off rather than continue a contest where, as the result shows, so many unoffending citizens must necessarily suffer. In conclusion, let me add, that no one can regret the injury done to unoffending citizens more than I do. Still I find no complaints of my acts of the 3d instant coming from the military or civil authorities of Galveston. And, with due deference to your consideration and humanity, I must respectfully remark that it is the first time I have ever heard that the women and children and unarmed citizens of an American town were under the protection of foreign Consuls."

On the night of the 7th of November of this year there took place in these waters one of the most daring adventures of the war. The rebels had an armed schooner in the bay, the *Royal Yacht*, which was acting as a guard at the entrance of the harbor. She was armed with a 32-pounder, and had a crew of about twenty-five men. Some distance farther up the bay, moored to a wharf, under the guns of Pelican Island Fort, there was a rebel man-of-war steamer, the *General Rusk*, which carried four guns and a large crew.

On the 7th, Lieutenant James E. Jouett went aloft, and, after a careful survey of the harbor, proposed to Captain Eagle, of the United States frigate *Santee*, that he should take two launches and a volunteer crew, and in the night, with muffled oars, row by the guard-schooner and cut out the *General Rusk*.

"I will not," said he, "attempt the *General Rusk* unless I can surprise her. If I am discovered by the schooner I will abandon my design upon the steamer and fall back and take the schooner. It would be madness to attempt the steamer if discovered."

Volunteer crews, of twenty men for each launch, were soon found. Lieutenant Jouett was in command. Lieutenant John G. Mitchell took charge of the second launch. The crews were dressed in blue frocks with white cap-covers, that they might recognize each other in the dark. Each man had his specific duty assigned him. Loaded shells, port fires, fire-balls, and slow matches, were all got ready. Immediately after dark the launches were hoisted out, and the guns placed in them with ten charges of shrapnell and ten of canister. Every man was armed with a cutlass and a Colt's revolver. At just half past eleven the crew



CAPTURE OF THE ROYAL YACHT.

started on their perilous enterprise. The wind and the tide were both against them. They, however, pulled lustily for two hours and a half, steering widely to the northward, to avoid the guard-schooner, hoping to get ahead of the Rusk, and then to drop down upon her. They had passed the schooner, and were prosperously approaching the steamer, which was all unconscious of its danger, when both boats suddenly grounded heavily upon a shoal, which was not laid down in the charts. In their endeavors to get off they were discovered. Signal-lights were exchanged from fort to fort, lanterns were run up, and the steamer was all

alive with excitement like that in a nest of wasps suddenly disturbed. The adventurers in the two frail launches were now exposed to the fire of the Rusk and of all the four forts. As it would be madness under these circumstances to attempt to take the steamer, Lieutenant Jouett gave the order, "Pull for the schooner. Second launch will board her on starboard bow, first on starboard beam."

As they turned the wind and tide which had before opposed was now with them. In five minutes they made the schooner now directly before them. The men pulled silently, though vigorously, at their muffled oars. Not a word

was spoken save the low and almost whispered orders of their commander, "Give away, men. Ready with the gun, Mr. Carter."

The watchful sentinel on board the schooner caught sight of them, but knowing not whether they were friends or foes, in a stentorian voice shouted three times, "Boat ahoy!" The eventful crisis had come in which minutes are as hours. "Fire, Mr. Carter," exclaimed Mr. Jouett. The primer was damp and the gun missed. Then came the rapid, excited order, "Give away, quick; trail oars; stand by to board!" At that moment Mr. Carter had again primed; the gun was fired, and a shell pierced the Royal Yacht at the water-line. But by the recoil of the gun the boat was driven back several feet, thus frustrating their boarding. Also, at the same instant the crew of the schooner poured into the boats a volley of bullets, which fire our men returned with their revolvers with such effect as to drive many of the rebels below. All this occurred in less time than it takes to read it. Both launches were now alongside of the schooner, and the men sprang on board. The desperate, bloody, hand-to-hand conflict was soon over.

As Lieutenant Jouett was rushing forward upon the crew a rebel thrust a sword-bayonet fastened to a pole through his right arm into his side, pinning his arm to his side, nearly knocking him from his feet, and having him at that advantage endeavored to thrust him overboard. But Lieutenant Jouett seized the pike with his left hand, broke it, without pulling it from his arm, and struck at the man's head as he dodged below. The deck was soon cleared, and the whole crew driven down the hatch. It is to be borne in mind that this scene of tumult and death occurred in the midst of midnight darkness. In the confusion of boarding the lanterns had gone out. There was now no time to be lost, since the whole harbor was aroused.

Lieutenant Jouett, as he pulled the pike from his side, nearly fainted from loss of blood. Finding his sight growing dim he summoned all his mental energies to triumph over physical disablement, and sprang vigorously forward to finish his work. The prisoners were all below, and refused to come up to take their places in the boats. There was no time for parleying. A military persuasive was sent down to them in the shape of a shell, loaded with eighty balls. The appeal was irresistible. They came tumbling up "like mad." In the conflict one of our men had been killed and seven wounded. The wounded were taken in one of the boats and the prisoners in the other. The gun was spiked, the small-arms and flag taken, and the vessel set on fire fore and aft. She was in a sinking condition from the effect of the shell which had penetrated her, and therefore could not be brought out.

The night was very dark, the sea rough, and they were six miles from the Santee. There were more prisoners in the boat than well men. Lieutenant Jouett had heroically concealed his

wound, lest the prisoners should be emboldened to rise and take the boat. His voice was failing him, and he could feel the hot blood gushing from his side. He thrust two of his fingers, with his flannel shirt covering them, into his wound, and thus he sat for three weary hours cheering his exhausted men at the oars. The day was just dawning as they reached the ship.

It was indeed a brave undertaking—we can not say *chivabrie*, for the rebels have spoiled the word—to undertake to cut out a ship under four forts, and in the vicinity of a large town. The adventure proved a great success, though all was not accomplished which was hoped for. Thirteen were taken prisoners. How many were killed is not known, as it is said that many leaped overboard and swam for the shore.

Slowly yet surely the National Government was gathering its strength to avenge its outraged authority, and to reclaim that vast realm over which rebellion had ventured to unfurl its flag. The citizens of Galveston trembled in view of the doom which was certainly impending. The largest guns they had on the island were 32-pounders, whose range did not exceed two miles. Nothing in the way of reinforcements could reach them by sea; and it seemed next to impossible to transport over weary leagues of hill and vale, river and morass, guns of a larger calibre. But the United States Government would soon have a fleet at the mouth of their harbor with guns afloat of the largest bore, and which would throw shot and shell three or four miles. Thus at our leisure we could lay the city in ashes, and blow their batteries into the air without receiving a harmful shot in return.

Appalled by this prospect the rebels concluded to evacuate the city. They consequently commenced removing their hospital stores and all public and private property of a movable kind to Houston, about forty miles in the interior. These measures were adopted with the utmost precautions to avoid surprise. At the same time the desperate attempt was undertaken to transport a battery of four Columbiads and several rifled cannon from Alexandria, on the Red River, to which place the ordnance had been conveyed from New Orleans, across Northern Louisiana to the Sabine, a distance of about eighty miles, and thence a couple of hundred miles through Texas to Galveston. A force of between two and three hundred oxen were employed, and for a time they accomplished about ten miles a day. They, however, encountered such obstacles that the enterprise was abandoned.

In the mean time Texas was contributing very efficiently to the support of the rebellion. Her exuberant fields had produced crops in such fabulous abundance that it was said that Western Texas alone was capable, at the lowest rates, of feeding and foraging the whole army of the Confederacy could means of transportation be furnished. Thousands of cattle

were sent across the Mississippi, and immense supplies of grain. And by the middle of July, 1862, out of a voting population of but sixty-four thousand men forty-five thousand rushed or were driven into the rebel ranks. The conscription was so merciless that this number was soon increased to sixty-four regiments.

Some faint idea may be formed of the terrible relentlessness of this conscription from the following facts, taken from the *Galveston Union*, a German paper published in Galveston after its occupation by the Union troops.

On a small stream called Johnston's Creek, near the origin of the Grand Cape and the Piedrualles, there was a very industrious and thriving little settlement of American and German families. There was no village, but their farms were scattered along the banks of the stream and over the prairie. In their sublime solitude, all equally rich and equally poor, and dwelling in humble cabins, they were banded together for protection against marauding Indians. The future was bright before them, with promise of ever-increasing comforts and opulence. So far as there can be Arcadian simplicity and peace in this lost world of ours, these settlers, "from strife and tumult far," on their fertile acres and beneath the most genial sky enjoyed that blessing.

Faint rumors had reached them of the war, when one morning some officers of the Confederacy appeared among them to collect war taxes, and to organize them into military companies for drill. Money was an article unknown among them. They lived so far from each other on their large farms that to meet to drill would leave their families without protection to the vagabond Indians prowling around. Moreover, they took no interest in the rebel cause, for all their sympathies were with the National Government, from which they had received only benefactions.

But treason had no heart of mercy for those who would not espouse its cause. A notorious ruffian, by the name of Duff, with a company of ferocious vagabonds, was sent to drag these men from their homes into the rebel ranks. Mr. Oldham, Senator from Texas, made a speech in the rebel Congress, remonstrating against the recklessness with which the Texans were torn from their homes.

"The best troops of Texas," he said, "you have transported east of the Mississippi, brought to Virginia, put into the hottest part of the contest, where they have been decimated; and now three-fourths of each regiment from Texas sleep in their graves, or have been discharged on account of sickness. Let this Government continue to draw on the fighting population of Texas to keep up these regiments, and Texas will be ruined, irretrievably ruined."

The doomed men fled for refuge to the mountains. One man alone, Frederic Degener, was left behind. The watchful eye of his wife descried the approach of the foe. With a loud cry she gave the alarm. With the fleetness of a

deer he commenced his flight. The rebel gang pursued and discharged fourteen shots after him. Fortunately he escaped. The marauders plundered his house, but condescended not to burn it down over the heads of his distracted wife and children. From house to house these miscreants roved with savage ferocity, plundering and burning, and cursing those who had escaped as *abolitionists*—the most terrible term of reproach which the lips of rebeldom could coin.

The wives and children of many of these ruined families joined their husbands and fathers in the attempt to escape to Mexico, hoping in that land of anarchy and violence to find refuge from the misery with which the Confederacy was overwhelming them. This sorrowing band of fugitives soon numbered sixty-eight men. They necessarily traveled slowly. The implacable foe pursued. They were overtaken one morning before daybreak by a gang of two hundred mounted rebels. The fugitives fought with the energies of despair. They were overpowered, and every man was slain excepting twelve who made good their escape. Several of these were afterward captured and immediately hung. A few escaped across the Rio Grande, after spending weary days of exposure and hunger among the mountains. Of these sixty-eight victims of rebel atrocity but five were Americans. All the rest were Germans.

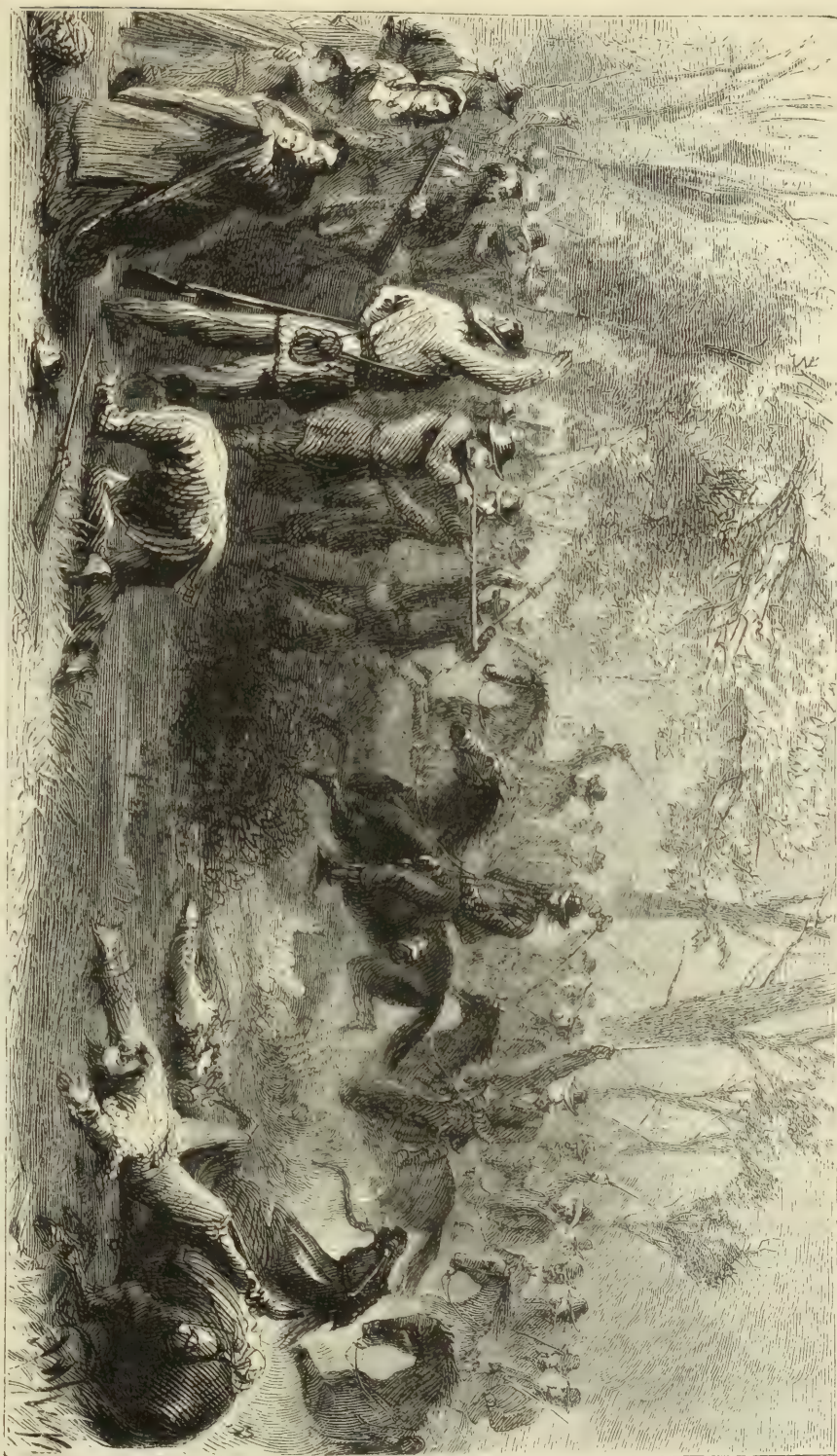
Dr. Adolph Douai, a distinguished German traveler then residing in Texas, writes of this massacre of Union men, which was continued throughout Texas:

"We know personally of most of these unfortunate victims who have been murdered so mercilessly, not because they rebelled against the Government, but because they would not act against the Union, and would rather fly to Mexico. These murdered Union men were some of the greatest benefactors of the State. They had done the hardest pioneer work in it, clearing it from wild beasts and Indians. They had saved it to civilization through more than one period of pestilence and famine. They furnished the proof that they could cultivate sugar and cotton without the least danger to health, and had increased the riches of the country millions of dollars. Hundreds who succeeded in making their escape rove about the woods, having lost every thing. Hundreds are now chased like wild beasts through the wilderness of Northwestern Texas, and succumb because of the most horrid tortures, their fate being never known to their fellow-men."

On the 17th of May, 1862, Captain Henry Eagle, then in command of the squadron off Galveston, sent in a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the town. He stated that a large naval and land force would soon arrive amply sufficient to compel the surrender, and that he wished to save the effusion of blood and the destruction of property. The rebel General Herbert returned the very appropriate reply, that when the land and naval force made their appearance the demand would be answered.

Previous to the movement upon Galveston it was deemed expedient to close some adjacent ports and destroy some batteries which were affording protection to blockade-runners.

MASSACRE OF FUGITIVES.



About three hundred miles southwest of Galveston, at the mouth of the Nueces River, was the little hamlet of Corpus Christi. From its harbor many small craft were running over to Havana and bringing back such stores as the rebels needed. On the 12th of August the United States yacht *Corypheus* caught sight of one of the rebel armed vessels. Chase was immediately given, and from a Parrott gun shot were thrown, booming over the waves, with such accurate aim that the rebels ran their vessel ashore and set her on fire. The crew of the *Corypheus* landed, extinguished the fire, and hove the vessel off. Two other vessels

they drove ashore, to which the rebels successfully applied the torch.

The next day a flag of truce was sent to the rebels, demanding the evacuation of the place by the military, but consenting that the inhabitants should remain, and that their private property should be respected. The rebel commander refused these terms, and asked for forty-eight hours that he might remove the women and children. This was generously granted him. On Saturday morning, August 16, the bombardment was commenced by the rebels opening fire at the early dawn from a battery which they had planted behind the

levee. At intervals throughout the day the conflict was continued, the gun-boat *Sachem* and the yacht *Corypheus* keeping up a vigorous fire. The rebel batteries were frequently silenced, the gunners retreating and hiding behind the levee. As soon as our fire ceased, there being nothing to fire at, the gunners would return and again open upon the ships. Both vessels were repeatedly struck.

On Monday morning the very bold deed was performed of landing a 12-pound gun with thirty men, under Alfred H. Reynolds, to take a position from which they could rake the rebel battery. At the same time the schooner *Reindeer*, William Baker in command, steamed to a point from which they could mow down, with a storm of grape and canister from a 24-pound howitzer, any force which might be sent to charge the heroic little band which had landed.

Mr. Reynolds, with his gun, advanced to within musket-range of the enemy and opened a rapid raking fire with shell. At the same time the steam gun-boat *Sachem* poured in upon the foe a terrible fire of shells from her 32-pounders, while the yacht was no less efficient with her Parrott gun. The conflict had now risen almost to the dimensions of a battle, when a body of one hundred and sixty infantry were seen deploying to charge our heroic little band. But the eye of the *Reindeer* was upon them, and they were greeted with such a discharge of shrapnell and canister that they were scattered like withered leaves by the gale.

The enemy's battery was now silenced, and his only hope was in the capture of Reynolds's gun. Suddenly a squadron of cavalry, about three hundred in number, appeared, charging at full speed down upon the little band of thirty men. But the patriots had a powerful ally in the *Reindeer*. The schooner poured such a scathing storm of canister into their ranks, peal following peal in swift succession, that neither man nor horse could stand it. The column, staggered by the smothering assailing, reeled and fled mangled and bleeding.

As our whole force did not exceed one hundred men we could not hold the town. Lieutenant J. W. Kittridge, however, who was in command, observing that the cavalry had emerged from the streets of the town and had retreated back again to the shelter of their streets, shelled them out, driving them back into the plains. Our triumphant little fleet of five vessels, having inflicted this severe punishment upon the rebels, now anchored in the bay. While all the officers and men behaved heroically, exposed to the fire of a battery completely sheltered behind earth-works, Amos Johnson, commanding the *Sachem*, William Barker of the *Reindeer*, and Mr. Bellows of the *Corypheus*, received special commendation. Though the vessels were often struck it is remarkable that but one man was wounded, and that slightly.

About one hundred miles east of Galveston, at the mouth of the Sabine River, was the port

called Sabine Pass, where the enemy had a small battery of four guns to protect their blockade-runners. On the morning of the 23d of September the steamer *Kensington* and the schooner *Rachel Seaman*, under command of Frederick Crocker, arrived at the mouth of the river, where they found at anchor the mortar schooner *Henry Janes*, Pennington commander. The two vessels crossed the bar, and, notwithstanding a vigorous fire from a rebel battery of four pieces, speedily silenced their guns. A boat expedition was then sent up the Pass to attack the battery in the rear. But the enemy got scent of the danger and fled. The schooners then took a position from which they utterly destroyed the battery, and received the surrender of the town. Then came a series of romantic adventures, each of which accomplished some important object, and convinced the rebels that they had roused the energies of a foe whose chastening hand was terrible.

The *Kensington* started for the River *Mermonteau*, fifty miles east of Sabine, to destroy an unfinished battery and capture some blockade-runners there. They pursued in the launch a rebel steamer and two schooners, which were lying up Lake *Calcasieu*, watching an opportunity to run the blockade. The party which remained at Sabine destroyed a large railroad bridge, thus securing themselves against any land attack. They captured two British blockade-runners, the *Velocity* and the *Adventure*. The character of this unrecorded service may be inferred from the following extract from the report of Commander Crocker:

"I shall start up the Lake *Calcasieu* for the steamer, and hope to take her. In which event I propose to arm her, and go up the *Mermonteau* River until I take the steamer there. Upon these two, if I get them safely to Sabine, I propose to place our Parrott guns and howitzers, and make a dash up the Sabine River, where there are several steamers and schooners and no batteries. If I am successful there, I shall return and go up the *Nechez* River, where there are still more steamers and vessels, and where, at the town of *Beaumont*, there is a large railroad bridge, on the main line of Texas, which, destroyed, will stop all communication between Eastern and Western Texas. All this is defended by only two 24-pounders in battery, and those I hope to overpower with the Parrotts. In which event I shall take or destroy all above, and thus completely use up one of the most vicious and active of the secession ports."

The expedition up the *Calcasieu* River and Lake was eminently successful. The launch was accompanied by twelve men and two officers. They proceeded up the river eighty miles, and were absent four days. Having captured the steamer *Dan*, of which they were in search, they returned in the steamer with the launch in tow. Stopping at the town of *Charleston*, on the lake, they burned a large steamer lying there, and also levied upon the town a contribution of sweet-potatoes and beef. Many strong Union men were found. They informed Commander Crocker that a large party of rebels had collected in ambush to attack them with rifles and sharpshooters as they should pass below. The very simple and effective precaution against this danger was adopted

of seizing ten or twelve of the inhabitants of the place, who were posted around the man at the wheel. Thus they passed unmolested down the river. As soon as they had reached a place of safety the prisoners were released.

The closing of Sabine Pass proved to be a very important event. All kinds of munitions of war in large quantities had been run in here, and an immense amount of cotton had been exported.

And now the hour had come for the capture of Galveston. On the morning of the 8th of October Commander Renshaw approached with four steamers so as to command the city with his guns. The Harriet Lane was then sent over the bar, with a flag of truce, to demand the surrender of the place, allowing them one hour to decide. After standing in some distance a rebel shot was fired to bring the steamer to. She immediately anchored to wait for a boat from the shore. There was so long a delay, indicating that the rebels were merely trying to gain time, that Captain Wainwright sent an executive officer to inquire into the cause of the tardiness and to explain the object of his visit.

After much parleying the officer was permitted to land. He informed Colonel Cook, the rebel commander, that Captain Wainwright had a message to deliver from the officer in command of the naval squadron in the offing. The Colonel promised to send a proper officer to receive it. Thus the interview ended, and the messenger returned to the ship. Still there was delay, the reason for which it was not difficult to understand. At length a sail-boat was seen pushing out very leisurely from the city with a white flag flying, beating against the wind. Captain Wainwright, indignant at such trifling, weighed anchor and steamed outside of the bar to communicate the result of his mission to Commander Renshaw. The sail-boat, with the white flag, was still to be seen in the distance. As it was deemed important to make the attack upon the forts that day, to save time the whole force was got under way with the view of meeting the boat. But as soon as the vessels had got within range of the hostile batteries the foe opened fire. It was returned with such vigor that in a few minutes every gun was silenced, and the gunners were seen scattering in all directions.

The sail-boat, with the white flag, had now put back. Commander Renshaw was not a little embarrassed how to act in the emergency. The whole city lay within easy range of his guns. Just then he was met by half a dozen discharges from two short 24-pounders immediately between him and the city. Commander Renshaw, in his report to Admiral Farragut, says:

"Here was a dilemma. A white flag, sent by my own request, was within half a mile of me. To have silenced this insignificant battery would have necessitated firing through the most thickly populated part of the town, where all the consular flags were flying, and with the almost certainty of killing some woman, child, or alien, which catas-

trophe all these consuls would make a handle of to try and impress their Governments with the idea that we were carrying on this war like barbarians, and possibly cause some embarrassment to our Government.

"True, it may be said, in a strictly military point of view, their having first fired upon me from the town gave an undoubted right to return that fire. And I have not a doubt that I disappointed the rebels very much by not having done so; their object being to provoke such a result. But, on the other hand, let it be taken into consideration the many motives that governed me in taking the course that I did; not the least of which was, that no advantage would be gained by destroying the city at that time, when I knew that should negotiations for its safety fail I would be in no worse position than I then occupied, while by granting a truce of four days I would deprive the foreign consuls of all cause of complaint and stop the mouths of humanitarians."

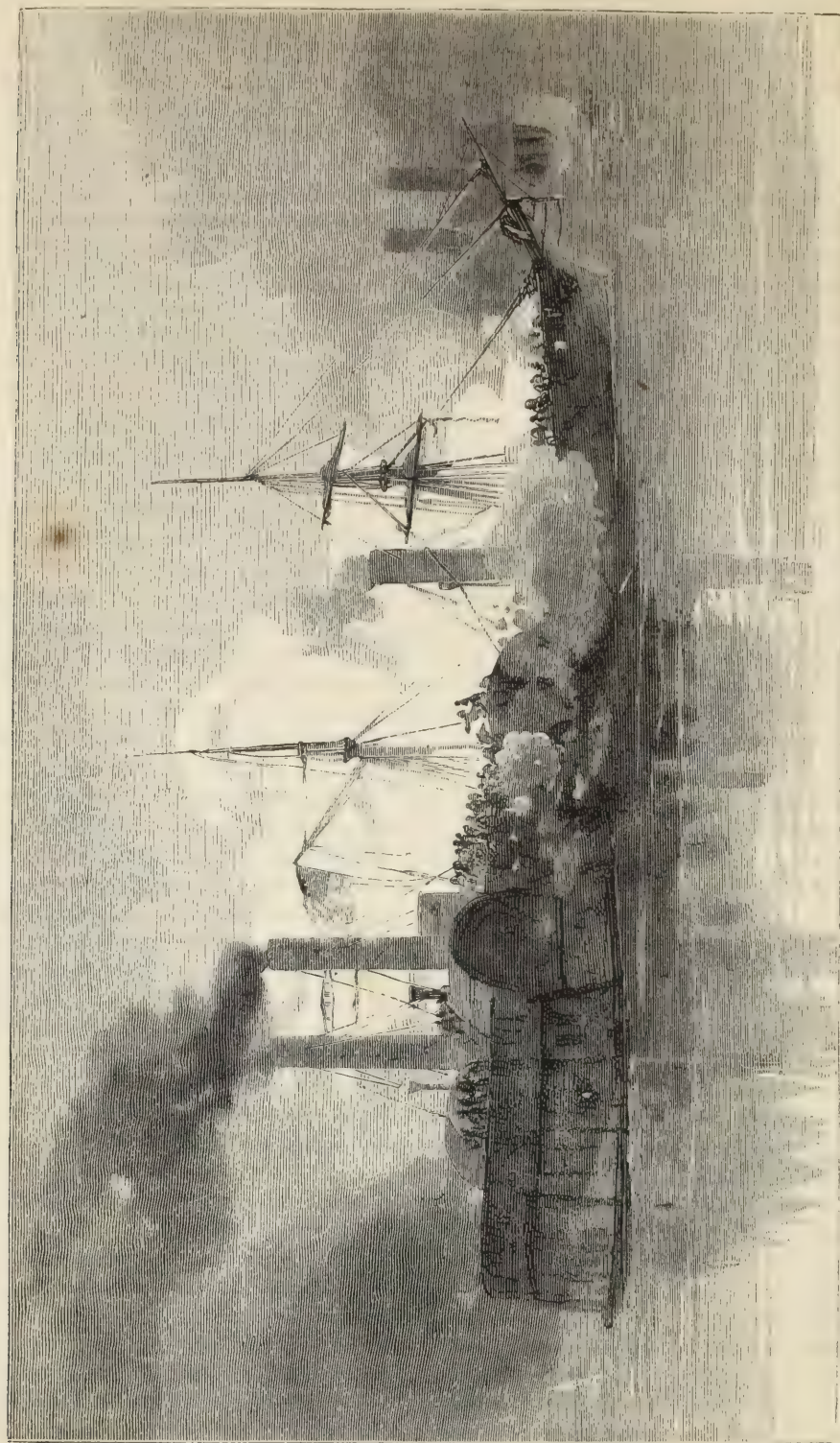
Influenced by such considerations, Commander Renshaw made the signal to his fleet, "Cease firing," and hoisting a flag of truce, cast anchor. The sail-boat, perceiving this, turned and soon came alongside. It contained a major and captain of the rebel army. They were informed that the unconditional surrender of the city was demanded. The summons was carried on shore. Soon a messenger returned with a positive refusal, adding that the responsibility of destroying the town, which was entirely at the mercy of our fleet, and of endangering the lives of women, children, and aliens, rested entirely upon the commander of the National squadron. The rebel messengers also stated that the yellow-fever was prevailing in the city.

After a long colloquy Commander Renshaw consented to a truce of four days, that the women, children, and aliens might be removed. He stated, however, that there was to be an explicit understanding that they were not to increase the defenses of the city, and that *every thing was to remain as it was at that time*. "Certainly," was the reply, "that is nothing more than you have a right to demand." Unfortunately these terms were not reduced to writing.

Soon a deserter brought to the fleet the intelligence that the rebels were removing, by night, the guns from one of the batteries. Two patriot officers were accordingly sent on shore to charge the rebel officers with a breach of faith. They replied that they understood the terms to be that they should not *increase their defense*, not that they should not *weaken it* by removing their guns. In view of the misunderstanding it was deemed best to allow the truce to continue and to permit them to take the guns, which were but four in number and were not of much value.

The people who escaped to our ships from the terrors of rebel conscription indicated that the middle and lower classes cherished strong Union sentiments. They gave a fearful account of the reign of terror to which all had been subjected. Press-gangs were ranging the country, driving every man between the ages of eighteen and fifty into the ranks.

As we had not then and there a sufficient force to send a body of men on shore to occupy the city, Commander Renshaw simply sent a



CAPTURE OF THE HARRIET LANE.

few men with a flag to be raised for half an hour, to show our absolute possession of the place. He also brought his ships before the town with all his guns double shotted, prepared signally to avenge any insult. The city was thus held until the 1st of January, 1863.

The naval force at this time holding Galveston consisted of the Westfield, Clifton, Harriet Lane, Owasco, Sachem, and Corypheus. A small force of National troops, consisting of but two hundred and sixty, rank and file, commanded by Colonel Burrill of the Forty-second Massachusetts volunteers, occupied a wharf in the town. It seems that notice had been given

by some friendly lips to the commanding officers of both land and naval forces that an attack was about to be made upon them, and it is not easy to account for the want of preparation in which we were found.

About 3 o'clock in the morning of the 1st of January, it being bright moonlight, several rebel steamers were seen descending the bay. The Harriet Lane advanced to meet them, and encountered two at the same time. One of these, the Bayou City, was armed with a 68-pounder rifled gun, was barricaded with cotton bales for a height of twenty feet from the water-line, and was manned by two hundred troops.

The other, the Neptune, was similarly barricaded, carried one hundred and sixty men, and was armed with two small brass field-pieces. The conflict on both sides was conducted with the utmost bravery and desperation.

The Neptune was soon sunk by her powerful antagonist in about eight feet of water, she having backed, while in a sinking condition, upon the flats. But the Bayou City ran into the Harriet Lane, grappled her by catching under her guard, and poured in terrible volleys of musketry from her numerous and well-protected crew. At the same time the crew of the Neptune, which had grounded near by in shallow water, also delivered a rapid and deadly fire. This storm of bullets from three hundred and sixty muskets, rapidly fired, at the shortest possible range, by men entirely protected by cotton bales, soon drove the crew of the Harriet Lane, but about one hundred in number, from their guns. The rebels from the Bayou City, with yells and like swarming wolves, bounded on board the patriot steamer.

Her commander, Captain Wainwright, though wounded, refused to surrender, and died manfully defending himself with his revolver. The assailing force was too strong to be resisted. All opposition was speedily quelled, and the noble steamer, unharmed, and with all its armament in perfect order for immediate action, fell into the hands of the rebels. It was, as it were, but the work of a moment. Such is war, such its vicissitudes. The rebels were now in power upon those waters, and our whole little squadron seemed to be at their mercy.

While this catastrophe was occurring upon the water a still more awful scene of disaster was taking place upon the land. As we have mentioned, two hundred and fifty men of the Forty-second regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers were on the wharf. But three companies of the regiment had as yet arrived. They were at the end, near the water, with no possible means of retreat or escape from an overpowering force. In the bright moonlight the rebels came rushing upon them in bands of strength which could not be resisted. With howls of exultation they swept down upon the doomed patriots. They were shot, sabred, stabbed, driven into the sea. They fought, as Massachusetts men ever do fight, with bravery which could not be surpassed. It was all in vain. How many were slain in that dreadful midnight hour is not known. The few survivors were taken prisoners, and hurried back forty miles in the country to Houston.

The moon had now gone down, and it was very dark. It was not safe to attempt to retake the Harriet Lane, as our own troops, unarmed and helpless, were crowded upon her decks. The Owasco moved cautiously up and exchanged a few shots with the enemy's artillery upon the shore. The channel was narrow, and she frequently grounded. She could only bring one 11-inch gun to bear upon the foe.

In the mean time the deadly howitzers of the Harriet Lane were turned upon her, and the guns of the other rebel steamers, and she was also assailed by such a merciless peppering of musketry from the swarming rebel troops on the boats and on the shore, that she was driven back with every one of her rifle-gun crew wounded and one killed. The Sachem also took energetic part in the contest.

The account we receive of these scenes is confused, for the event itself was full of confusion, darkness, and bewilderment. From the various and contradictory account of the details I have thought it safest to follow the official report of the Court of Inquiry ordered by Admiral Farragut to investigate the disaster, though some who profess to have been eye-witnesses give very different statements. For instance, Magruder, the rebel commander, and the official report of the Court of Inquiry states that the conflict commenced about three o'clock in the morning. But the correspondent of the *Houston Telegraph*, who professes to have been present, says that he timed it, and it was exactly eight minutes before five. The official report says that the Neptune was sunk, and that the Bayou City alone boarded the Harriet Lane. But the *New York Tribune* correspondent, giving the narrative as he received it from the lips of one of General Hamilton's staff, says that both the Bayou City and the Neptune boarded the Harriet Lane. The description he gives of the capture is truly eloquent, though it will be seen that it is slightly different from our narrative:

"The doomed vessel, her steam not up, unable to escape, was the centre of a perfectly infernal fire dance. Seen from the Mary A. Boardman the spectacle assumed an aspect at once grand and terrific. Overhead and around night was slowly retiring before day; the dim light prevalent being rent by the frequent flashes of cannon, the soaring aloft of shell, and the omnipresent short-lived blaze of musketry, while the hellish discord beggars all description. Prominent amidst it, one heard the sonorous boom of the 11-inch gun of the Owasco, the bellowing of the batteries, and the volleys, shrieks, and detonations pervading the town.

"But our struggle is nearing its end. The rebel steamer and ram have closed at length, on either side of the Harriet Lane, boarded her, and a bloody struggle is raging on her deck. Her invaders, maddened, it is said, with whisky, fight like infuriate devils, precipitating themselves headlong on the guards, swarming fore and aft, and pouring an incessant hail of small-arms from above and below upon the devoted crew. They contend with an enemy apparently unwilling either to give or take quarter. Sternly they are met, sternly resisted. Gallant Captain Wainwright is killed, and of his one hundred and thirty men all but ten or twenty share his fate, and the Harriet Lane is captured by the enemy."

Commodore Renshaw's flag-ship, the Westfield, was armed with two 9-inch guns, four 68-pounders, and two rifled guns. The moment the Harriet Lane, from her post farther up the bay, signaled danger, the Westfield got under way to run up abreast of the town. Swept by the current she ran upon a shoal at high tide and there remained immovable. It was a thousand-ton boat, one of the best of the squadron, with a rudder at each end and double boil-

ers. There she lay, at this critical hour, helplessly imbedded in the sand.

The Clifton, a New York boat of the same general character, came to her rescue, and tugged and tugged in vain. Abandoning the effort as hopeless, the Clifton steamed toward the Harriet Lane, which was about three miles distant. The rebels opened upon her with two heavy guns which they had suddenly, during the night, mounted on an old abandoned battery. The Clifton, which had two 9-inch guns, four 32-pounders, and one pivot rifled gun, vigorously replied with her whole armament. The Mary Boardman made an attempt to release the Westfield. But after snapping a hawser asunder, and the tide rapidly falling, she relinquished the endeavor.

It was now half past seven o'clock. The rebels hoisted a white flag on the Harriet Lane. This steamer was so fastened to the Bayou City that it could not immediately be released. The rebel account in the *Houston Telegraph* says :

"It became plainly evident that unless the Bayou City and Harriet Lane could be separated the enemy could escape if they wished. To gain time, therefore, a flag of truce was taken to the Owasco and Clifton, now lying close together, and a demand for a surrender."

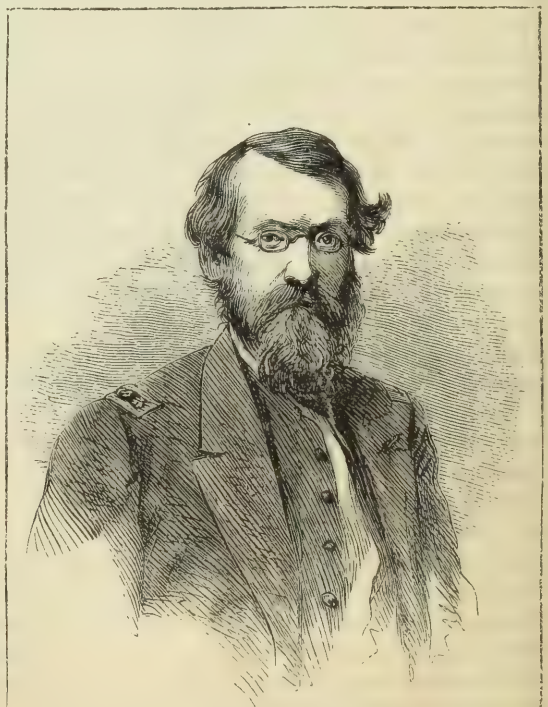
The flag of truce came on board the Clifton, informed her chief officer of the capture of the Harriet Lane, the death of her commander and first-lieutenant, and the killing and wounding of two-thirds of her crew. The rebel officer, Major Smith, demanded the surrender of all the patriot vessels, consenting, however, that one should be permitted to leave the harbor with the crews of all the rest; and threatening, in case these terms were not accepted, to steam down the harbor with the Harriet Lane and capture them all.

Lieutenant Law, of the Clifton, replied that he was not the commanding officer, and that he could not imagine that such terms would be accepted. He, however, offered to take Major Smith in his gig over to the Westfield, that he might tender his proposal to Commodore Renshaw. Flags of truce were now flying from our vessels and from the parties on shore. The rebels, in the mean time, were getting their artillery in position and preparing the Harriet Lane for action. Commodore Renshaw refused the proffered terms, and ordered all the vessels to get out of port as soon as possible. As the Westfield could not be floated he prepared to blow her up.

It was then about a quarter past nine o'clock. Fifteen minutes were allowed for the crew to leave the ship, with such articles of baggage as they could at the moment seize upon. The Mary A. Boardman was about 500 feet off, ready to receive the crew as they were rapidly transferred in three boats. In about twenty minutes one hundred and fifty men were conveyed from the one vessel to the other. To the admirable energy, prudence, and presence of mind of Captain Wier and Major Burt, the rescue of the crew is greatly attributed.

One cutter, containing the last of the crew, now only remained alongside of the Westfield. At the distance of but a few yards there was another boat, laden almost to the water's edge, proceeding to the Mary A. Boardman. The Commodore and two others remained last on board the ship to apply the torch to the slow-match. The ship had two magazines, and was crowded with a supply of powder, shells, and ammunition. Commodore Renshaw stood quietly on the fore-deck, just over one of these open magazines. The cutter, with but two oarsmen and eight or ten passengers, was alongside, waiting for him to apply the match and leap on board. His two companions, Engineer W. K. Green, and Lieutenant Charles W. Zimmerman, had taken their seat in the boat. He applied the match, and stepped down the stairway to enter the boat, when, by some casualty which can now never be explained, a white puff of smoke burst through the hatchway, followed by an explosion so tremendous as to shake both air and ocean like the upheaval of an earthquake. A volcanic flame ascended to the clouds in the form of an inverted cone, filled with shot and shells, and every conceivable form of fragments of wood and iron. In this awful billow of ruin both boats with their contents instantly disappeared. Innumerable shells exploded in the air, adding to the sublimity and horror of the scene. The crowd on board the Mary Boardman gazed with awe upon the appalling spectacle. As the fiery missiles fell "in hideous ruin and combustion down," the ocean, throughout a circle 500 feet in diameter, was agitated as if these were raining down upon it a storm of the fabled bolts of Jove.

One only of the powder magazines had exploded, utterly demolishing the forward half of the Westfield, and leaving the remainder of



HOMER C. BLAKE.

the boat a shattered wreck. But a few minutes elapsed ere the whole ship seemed to burst into flame—shells were exploding, and shotted cannon going off. The Mary Boardman put on all steam and hastened away from the presence of so dangerous a neighbor. At the same time the rebel gun-boats were seen coming down the bay. Nothing remained for our discomfited squadron but precipitate flight.

Lieutenant Law was now commanding officer. The Owaseo was his only efficient vessel. As he did not consider this as by any means a match for the Harriet Lane, it was decided best to abandon the blockade. Though this disaster could exert but a trifling influence upon the general conduct of the war, it was an achievement of which the rebels could be justly proud, and which a patriot can not reflect upon but with chagrin.

A rebel prisoner narrates the following incident as occurring on board the Harriet Lane. We presume it to be true, though of course we can not vouch for it:

"Almost the first men struck down were Captain Wainwright and Lieutenant Lee, who both fought with a desperation and valor that no mortal could surpass. When bleeding and prostrate upon the deck they were still dealing death among their enemies. One young son of Captain Wainwright, only ten years of age, stood at the cabin-door, a revolver in each hand, and never ceased firing until he had expended every shot. One of his poor little hands was disabled by a ball shattering his four fingers. Then his infantile soul gave way; and he burst into tears, saying: 'Do you want to kill me?'" The little hero was taken prisoner.

Immediately after the disaster at Galveston a conflict took place in those waters which, though apparently a deplorable defeat, proved in its results one of the most signal achievements of the war, and developed that marvelous heroism which has ever characterized the American navy. As soon as the tidings reached New Orleans of the great reverse which our arms had encountered in Galveston bay, the Hatteras, under Commander Homer C. Blake, was sent with a few other vessels to attempt to retake the place. The Hatteras arrived off Galveston on Saturday, January 10, 1863. At half past three o'clock Sunday afternoon, while at anchor with the fleet, under Commander Bell, a strange sail was seen far away in the southeast which was supposed to be a blockade-runner, making the land in preparation for running in during the night. The Hatteras was signaled to give chase.

Commander Blake immediately got under way, and soon ascertained that the strange sail was a steamer, which fact he signaled to the flag-ship. The strange steamer was then under canvas, and floated from her peak apparently the English red ensign. Lieutenant Blake pressed the chase until sunset, when the stranger furled her sails and came to, taking such a position as to give a full view of her spars and of a small portion of her hull. It was now nearly seven o'clock, and quite dark. It had, however, become evident to nearly all on board the Hatteras that the fancied blockade-

runner was nothing less than the redoubtable rebel pirate Alabama, of English build, with English armament, and English gunners. Should this prove true there was no alternative before Lieutenant Blake but to fight her at the most desperate odds, or to make an inglorious surrender. Commander Blake was equal to the hour and instantly adopted the *heroic* resolve.

The ship was cleared for action and every man was at his post. As the Alabama was vastly superior to the Hatteras in structure and in armament, Lieutenant Blake was fully aware that the only chance for him was to bring the vessels into the closest quarters, and with desperation of courage to endeavor to carry the foe by boarding. The unknown vessel was now lying to, broadside on, waiting for the Hatteras to come up. When the Hatteras had got within about 75 yards the stranger was hailed, and asked what vessel it was. The reply was returned, "Her Britannic Majesty's ship Vixen." And to the return question "What ship is that?" the answer was given, "The Hatteras."

The propeller of the suspicious stranger was now turning, and it was observed that she was apparently endeavoring to gain a position for a raking fire. The Commander instantly frustrated that movement and said that he would send a boat on board. In a moment after this the stranger shouted out, through the darkness, "This is the Confederate steamer Alabama," and instantly poured in a broadside from her starboard battery. The fire was as promptly returned. The frenzy of battle was instantly at its height, every nerve on both vessels being strained to its utmost tension. The Alabama had six long 32-pounders, one 105-pounder rifle on a pivot, one 68-pounder with double fortified pivot, one 24-pounder rifle. The Hatteras had four 32-pounders, two 30-pounder rifles, one 20-pounder rifle, and one 12-pound howitzer.

Commander Blake, as the battle was fiercely raging, endeavored to close with the Alabama to board her. But the superior speed of the rebel craft enabled Semmes to thwart all such designs. The vessels were, however, within thirty yards of each other. Thus for twenty minutes did the frail Hatteras lie exposed to the tremendous pounding of the formidable buccaneer. Soon after the commencement of the action the Hatteras was set on fire by exploding shells. The fire rapidly worked aft to the magazine, which was composed of light pine planks above the water-line. The men at the magazine remained at their post as long as powder could be passed up without exploding.

Every broadside from the Alabama hurled upon the Hatteras four hundred and eighty pounds of iron, while at the same time one hundred and thirty-six riflemen were sweeping its decks with unerring bullets. Still not a man flinched. The flames were now rushing up the hatchways; there were but two inches of pine between the fire and the magazine.

During these terrible moments when the ship was on fire, and shells were tearing through her sides and exploding with awful destruction, when the engine was destroyed, and the engine-room and deck enveloped with scalding steam, the steward of the ship, a colored man, performed an act of calm and deliberate heroism which should place his name very high upon the roll of honor. Under the passage-way there was stored a large quantity of small-arms and ammunition. As shell after shell exploded, setting the light material on fire, the room became very hot and filled with smoke. The order had been given to "drown the magazine."

The steward remained unflinchingly at his post, dashing water upon the ammunition, until the close of the action. When asked if he did not find his position rather warm and dangerous, he replied:

"Yes; but I knew that if the fire got to the powder them gentlemen on deck would get a grand hoist."

Another negro, the Captain states, got a musket, and through the entire action there could be heard its regular discharge. Every broadside the Hatteras received was returned with a cheer, and with an immediate response with our own feeble guns. Every man seemed inspired with the same firm resolve which animated the soul of Commander Blake.

So many shot and shells had entered the Hatteras at the water-line, peeling off the thin plating of iron, that the vessel was now rapidly sinking. The forward part was under water; the fire raging below; flames bursting up through the hatches, and every moment it was expected that the fire would reach the magazine; still not a man left his gun. All were willing to go *down* or *up* rather than strike our flag or allow it to fall into rebel hands. It was only at this time, when not a gun could be brought to bear, that Commander Blake, feeling that he had no right to sacrifice uselessly the lives of all under his command, reluctantly gave the order to fire a lee-gun in token of surrender. As the ship was rapidly sinking the port-guns were thrown overboard.

With the aid of the boats of the two vessels the surviving crew were all safely conveyed on board the Alabama, and in ten minutes the Hatteras went down, bow first, with her pennant still flying at the mast-head. All her armament and stores sank into the ocean's depths with her, and the rebels gained but a fruitless victory. In the rebel account of this conflict we find the following description of the injuries inflicted upon the Alabama:

"We had one shot through the stern, passing through the lamp-room, smashing every thing to pieces; one shell a few feet abaft the foremast, passing through the bulwarks, ripping up the deck, and lodging in the port without exploding. In truth, had it exploded I would hardly have written you this. A second shell struck a few feet forward of the bridge, and tore up the deck. A third and fourth in the main rigging, one striking a chain-plate and doubling it; both entered the coal-bunkers, but only one

exploded. A fifth shot passed through our midship boat, and, striking the smoke-stack, passed through and through, scattering iron splinters around like hail. A sixth and last struck the muzzle of the after broadside gun."

Strange as it may seem none were killed on the Alabama, and but one wounded. On board the Hatteras two were killed and five wounded. The men, as they were taken on board the Alabama, were put in irons; the officers paroled. The rebel steamer, which, as we have before said, was English in build, armament, and crew, now made for an English port. The vessel had been so roughly handled that it was nine days before she reached Kingston, in Jamaica. Never before did men look so earnestly for the appearance of one of our vessels of war. At Kingston the Alabama remained thirteen days for repairs. Those repairs cost in gold eighty-five thousand dollars, signal proof of the heroism with which the Hatteras had fought. Captain Blake writes indignantly, "During this time John Bull's minions had the pleasure of insulting men who, if they ever have the pleasure of meeting them on the ocean, will remind them that the insults are remembered."

The following correspondence, which is highly honorable to both parties, explains itself:

"January 24, 1863.

"To the Commander of H. B. M. ship *Greyhound* :

"Lieutenant-Commander H. C. Blake, of the United States Navy, presents his compliments to the Commander of H. B. M. ship *Greyhound*, and desires to learn whether or not he may consider the playing of 'Dixie's Land' by the band of the *Greyhound*, upon the arrival of the Confederate steamer *Alabama*, on the evening of the 21st instant, as a mark of disrespect to the United States Government, or its officers who were prisoners on board the *Alabama* at the period indicated. Lieutenant-Commander H. C. Blake respectfully requests an early response.

"United States Consulate, Jamaica."

To this note an answer was returned which greatly honors the commander of the *Greyhound*. Had all the English officials manifested the same spirit, friendship instead of the bitter animosity would now have existed between these two great nations:

"Commander Hickley, R.N., presents his compliments to Lieutenant-Commander Blake, U.S.N., and has to acquaint him that on the evening in question he was on board the A—, dining with Captain Crocroft. Shortly after the time of the officer of the guard reporting the *Alabama's* arrival he heard the drums and fife of H. M. S. *Greyhound* playing, among other tunes, the tune of 'Dixie's Land'; that he immediately repaired on board, causing other national tunes to be played, among which was the United States national air; and severely reprimanded the inconsiderate young officer who had ordered 'Dixie's Land' to be played, calling for his reasons, and writing and forwarding them forthwith, with his report to Commodore Hugh Dunlop, C.B., who severely reprimanded the officer.

"As the officer in question had no idea that any U.S. officer or man was on board the *Alabama*, it must be evident to Lieutenant-Commander Blake that no insult was intended.

"H. M. S. *Greyhound*, Port Royal, Jamaica, January 24, 1863."

After much delay a vessel was chartered, which transported the officers and men of the Hatteras to Key West. Thence by steamer they were conveyed to New York. We have

spoken of this apparent disaster as truly a victory. The Alabama had been for weeks cruising on the south side of Cuba for the purpose of intercepting and capturing our California steamers. She had nearly exhausted her provisions and coal. A fresh supply must be had and another cruise projected. She had captured the Ariel, on which she found a paper giving the details of the sailing of Banks's expedition conveyed by a single gun-boat.

It was dangerous for the pirate to enter the ports on the Gulf, where coal and provisions could be procured, so he conceived and adopted the plan to run down to Galveston, where he knew we had a number of merchant steamers blockading. These he was confident of capturing without any resistance. From them he would supply himself; then run up the coast into the mouth of the Mississippi, destroying our light blockading vessels up to that point, where he expected to fall in with and capture and parole the Banks expedition. He designed, then, to run up along our coast, destroying transports and other vessels that he might fall in with. With these plans in view he appeared off Galveston; and but for the heroic fight which Lieutenant Blake gave him he might have accomplished all.

Semmes told Lieutenant Blake that he had not the slightest idea that he would venture with the Hatteras to fight the Alabama; and he said to another officer that "Commander Blake had more d—d assurance than any man he ever saw." The Alabama received such rough treatment that, instead of storing away coals and provisions at her leisure, she had to put all her pumps in motion to keep the ship afloat. She was compelled to go to Kingston for repairs, and then to steal away from there in the presence of a large squadron sent to intercept her. The plan of campaign which we have given was detailed by Semmes himself to Lieutenant Blake.

Blockade-running was now pushed with great vigor. It was principally done by schooners to and from the Brazos River, taking out cotton and bringing back materials of war. In February of this year Lubbock, the rebel Governor of Texas, stated, in his message to the Legislature, that the State had contributed 68,500 men to the Confederate armies, and that there remained in the State only 27,000 men between the ages of sixteen and sixty. In November he stated that the number furnished amounted to 90,000 men, and consequently there were only 5500 left between the ages of sixteen and sixty. He urged that there should be no exemptions whatever, and that every man, including aliens, should be forced into the army. So terribly in earnest were these bold, bad men to sustain the institution of slavery, by which they could compel poor men to work for them without wages.

We have before spoken of Sabine Pass. The Sabine River, which is about five hundred miles in length, is the dividing line between Louisi-

ana and Texas. The stream, about five miles before its entrance into the Gulf, expands into a lake about eighteen miles long and nine wide. The outlet from this lake into the Gulf is called Sabine Pass. The city was situated on the right bank of the river, near the mouth. The Pass was considered as a point of great strategic importance as a base of operations either against Western Louisiana or Eastern Texas. It was about two hundred and eighty miles west of the Mississippi, fifty miles east of Galveston, and sixty miles from Houston, the capital of Texas.

Early in September an expedition was fitted out, under General Franklin, to occupy this Pass, which was then in possession of the rebels. It was understood to be defended by a battery of field-pieces with two 32-pounders, *en barbette*, and two gun-boats which were also rams. The attacking force consisted of four thousand men, under General Franklin, who were conveyed in transports, and four steamers, the Clifton, Sachem, Arizona, and Granite City, under Lieutenant Crocker. The fleet moved from the rendezvous, off Berwick Bay, piloted by the gun-boat Arizona, Captain Tibbetts. General Godfrey Weitzel, who had already won renown, commanded the first division of the corps.

There was a blockading vessel stationed off the Pass. As the fleet steamed rapidly on all eyes kept a bright look-out to discover the vessel. But no vessel could be found; and at three o'clock on the morning of the 8th they hove to and ascertained that the fleet had run quite a distance beyond the Pass. The blockader happened to be absent on a cruise, and by this mishap a day was lost. The fleet could, of course, be seen by the rebels steaming along the coast, and thus the foe was apprised of the danger.

It was arranged, as the plan of attack, that the four gun-boats should advance upon the batteries into close range, so that, while their heavy guns were pouring in their fire of shot and shell, one hundred and fifty sharpshooters, occupying selected positions on the vessels, should pick off the rebel gunners. As soon as the batteries were silenced and the rams driven off the transports were to come up and land their troops to secure the conquest. There were some large vessels there which had been on the blockade, but which could take no part in the engagement, as their extensive draught of water would not permit them to approach within gunshot of the batteries.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 8th of September, before the plan of attack was finally settled, the Clifton entered the bay and opened fire upon the fort. The object was to draw the fire of the rebel batteries so as to uncover their position, and ascertain the weight of the opposing force. In the mean time Generals Franklin and Weitzel carefully examined the shore of the Pass, to select the most eligible point for disembarking the land-force. As the Clifton steamed up the Pass, carefully reconnoitring

the region, she occasionally threw a shot from her huge rifled guns at the only earth-work which was visible. There was no response. The Clifton steamed up within easy range of the guns of the fort, examined the face of the work, which was from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards in length, and returned to her consorts without eliciting a shot.

The order of battle was now arranged. The Clifton, Arizona, and Sachem were to engage the rebel works. The Granite City, whose armament consisted of a broadside of small brass guns, was detached to cover the landing of General Weitzel's division of five hundred men. They were New York troops, crowned with the victory of Port Hudson.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when the gun-boats steamed forward on their arduous mission. The Clifton led. The Granite City followed as convoy to the transport, General Banks, which was to land the advance of the land-force. The Sachem and the Arizona steamed off to the right, to take positions nearly opposite the battery. The conflict was opened by a shell from one of the 9-inch pivot guns of the Clifton, which exploded inside the rebel works, creating a volcanic eruption which proved the terrific power of the missile. Another shot instantly followed with the same effect.

The Sachem now opened her broadside of 32-pounders. The Arizona also came vigorously forward, with volley after volley. Between thirty and forty shot and shell were thrown into the fort before the foe responded with a single gun. Some even thought that they had evacuated the works, while others regarded the silence as ominous of the storm which was soon to burst forth. No sign of a foe could be seen; no indication of life on the shore, save the movements of a little steamer which had two or three times, during the morning, run up and down from the city to the fort.

The silence of the foe proved but the calm before the storm. A puff of smoke rose above the parapet, a heavy boom rolled over the waves, and a solid shot whizzed directly over the Arizona, striking the water just beyond. This was instantly followed by another shot aimed at the Sachem, and another at the Clifton. The battle tempest was now fairly ushered in, and it raged and roared with fearful fury. The Clifton and Arizona, to bewilder the aim of the foe, kept in constant motion, steaming slowly forward and backward, yet pouring in upon the hostile works an incessant fire. The Sachem pressed steadily forward, hoping to pass the battery and to assail it in the rear, which was supposed to be unprotected.

To thwart this manifest design the rebels redoubled their fire against the dauntless little steamer, thus exposing her wooden walls, at short range, to heavy batteries behind earth-works. The huge shells of the Sachem fell with bewildering rapidity and marvelous accuracy of fire upon the foe, bursting in the midst

of them, and often tearing great holes through the parapet, apparently sufficient to admit the passage of a stage-coach. But the rebels fought with the fearlessness and desperation which characterized them in almost every conflict during the war. "If their fire slackened," writes an eye-witness, "an instant after one of those terrific explosions, which seemed to shake the very earth around them, it was instantly resumed with increased rather than diminished determination."

The Sachem had thus far escaped the destruction with which she was so imminently menaced, and was moving with unfaltering and apparently sure steps to the position she was seeking to gain. A few minutes more would place her beyond the range of the rebel guns—the battery would be exposed to a fire which it could neither answer nor withstand, and the day would be ours. Just then, when all eyes were riveted upon the noble little craft, and victory was upon the point of lighting upon our banners, a solid shot struck the steamer amidships, crashed through her sides, and caused her to tremble from stem to stern. It was a fatal wound. The ball had penetrated the boiler. Instantly the steamer was enveloped in a cloud of scalding vapor, and the Sachem floated a helpless wreck upon the wave. Such are the fortunes of war. So closely do victory and defeat tread upon the heels of each other. The crew, thus disabled and smothered by the steam, could take no farther part in the fight, and the flag was lowered.

The enemy were probably aware that the Arizona drew too much water to get to close quarters, and they therefore now concentrated their fire upon the Clifton. It was a kind of challenge to which the heroic little steamer gallantly responded. With three rousing cheers a full head of steam was put on, and the Clifton ran swiftly down toward the battery, sweeping the parapet with double discharges of grape from her pivot guns. The heavy shot and shrieking shell aimed at the Clifton ricocheted across the water, almost reaching the transport, General Banks, which was following in her wake—convoyed, as we have said, by the Granite City. The transport was seeking the assigned point for the disembarkation of her troops.

The Clifton was now within five hundred yards of the battery. As she attempted to throw her bow around and take a broadside position she struck the bottom, and with such force as to drive her far into the thin and yielding mud. At this moment an undiscovered battery, within easy range, opened fire upon the doomed craft, the broadside of the steamer presenting a target which even bungling gunners could scarcely fail to hit. The steamer commenced backing, still keeping up an incessant and very effective fire from her bow and port broadside guns. The boat was in a terrible position, and the battle raged with the utmost fury. The rifled guns of the steamer

were very rapidly loaded and fired with double discharges of grape. There was still a good prospect that the Clifton and Arizona might silence the battery and enable the troops to land, when an unfortunate shot struck the boat near the centre, passed directly through the boiler, and left her also a stranded wreck. In the scene of confusion which ensued the flag was lowered, while for a short time the firing continued. A fearful shower of grape now swept through and over the steamer from the hostile batteries, and the white flag of surrender was run up, upon which the firing ceased. One account of the conflict says:

"The battle was now to all intents and purposes ended. Further resistance seemed utterly hopeless. But still the brave Croker could not endure the idea of giving up his vessel, and ordered his men to fight on. Without his knowledge, however, some one of the party struck the white flag, and the enemy instantly ceased firing. When informed of this the Captain ordered the deck to be cleared, and loading the after pivot gun with a 9-inch solid shot, he fired it through the centre of the ship, from stem to stern, tearing the machinery to pieces and rendering it utterly worthless to the enemy. After doing this and spiking all the guns the Clifton surrendered."

The regular crew of the Clifton consisted of one hundred and ten men. She had on board besides seventy-five sharp-shooters. All were captured but seven men who swam ashore, ran down the beach, and were taken off by a boat from the fleet. About thirty were killed or wounded. The loss of the enemy can probably never be known. It must, however, have been large, as our heavy guns poured in upon them a terrible fire, often sweeping the parapet from end to end.

There was now but one available gun-boat left, the Arizona. The expedition had failed beyond redemption. The Arizona backed down through the narrow channel while the transports moved rapidly out of the bay. The Arizona ran aground, and with difficulty was kedged off but not until midnight. The loss of the armament of the Clifton was deemed a serious calamity, as she was armed with one of the most powerful batteries of rifled guns in the service. The transport fleet with its convoy returned to Brashear City.

Wherever there is disaster we naturally look to find blame somewhere. But the result of a battle often depends upon apparent accidents, and none are more conscious of this than the most successful generals. So far as we can judge the enterprise was well planned and heroically conducted. There is scarcely a battle in the whole war which has been more stubbornly contested than that of Sabine Pass. Heroic action is not always rewarded with victory. The fate of armies and of nations is often beyond all human control, and dependent upon contingencies over which man can exert but a trifling influence.

Thus matters remained in Texas for some time. We had no force which could then be spared to garrison any positions on the land, but our fleet kept up a vigorous blockade of the Texan ports. There were many exciting ad-

ventures in chasing blockade-runners, capturing them, driving them under the guns of the forts, cutting them out, or when they had been run ashore blowing them up with shells or applying the torch.

Early in November, 1863, an expedition was sent out which took possession of Brazos Island without opposition. From that, as a base, a fleet of transports conveyed nineteen hundred troops to Mustang Island. On the evening of the 16th twelve hundred of these men, with two howitzers, were landed upon the island about twenty miles from Aransas Pass, where the rebels had a fort. The remainder of the expedition then, under cover of the night, rapidly steamed up to the fort at the Pass. While the land-force, having made a very rapid march, drawing their guns by hand, moved upon the fort in two columns on the right and left, the Monongahela, under J. H. Strong, threw in fifteen shells. The enemy, with such a premonition of the storm which awaited them, without attempting any resistance ran up the white flag and surrendered. The garrison consisted of one hundred men. Their battery of three large guns and a howitzer, the small-arms of the prisoners, a quantity of military stores, one hundred and forty horses and mules, one hundred and twenty-five head of cattle, and one schooner and ten small boats, fell into the hands of the victors.

The toil and heroism and endurance of war are often more signally manifested in the weary march than in the frenzied hour of battle. This adventure was admirably conducted. By landing the troops at a distance in the surf, and pressing them forward rapidly in that midnight march, the rebels were taken by surprise and had no opportunity to reinforce the garrison. The land and naval force co-operated with great harmony. General T. G. Ransom in his official report says:

"The co-operation of the naval forces under Commander James H. Strong in the Monongahela, merits and receives my entire approbation. He advanced, soon after daylight, and searched for the enemy's works, making excellent practice with his guns, bursting 11-inch shells in the enemy's camp. The conduct of the naval party under Acting-Ensign H. W. Grinnell and ten seamen from the Monongahela in charge of the two howitzers, was of the most satisfactory character. Captain L. P. Griffin, naval aid to General Banks, afforded me much valuable assistance and advice. The sailing of the fleet was under his direction, and the plan of landing through the surf was adopted through his advice."

The Rio Grande is the dividing line between the United States and Mexico. On the left or Texan side of the stream, near its mouth, lies the little city of Brownsville. On the opposite or Mexican banks is Matamoras. The rebels had made Brownsville a very important dépôt for supplies and munitions of war by the way of Mexico. On the 2d of November, 1863, they very suddenly evacuated the place on learning that a powerful expedition was approaching to give them the chastisement they merited. In the hottest haste they ran every thing they could across the river. The garri-

son buildings and all the stores which could not be removed were committed to the flames. The New Orleans papers state that a general sacking of the town took place. With a few exceptions every store, private and public, was gutted. During this scene of drunken riot a fight took place among themselves. Several of the wounded were left behind, and were found by our troops when they entered. A few days after the evacuation the National fleet arrived, and the Stars and Stripes were unfurled over the place, protected by three thousand men and sixteen pieces of artillery.

Our troops, however, were so greatly needed elsewhere that it was not deemed expedient to leave them to garrison these distant posts. After a few months' occupation they were withdrawn, and the duty of guarding the extensive coast again devolved entirely upon the navy. But Texas was finally won by the world-renowned campaigns of Sherman and of Grant. When the tidings reached Texas of the surrender of Lee's great army to Grant and of Johnston's to Sherman, it was manifest to every mind that the conflict could not be prolonged in Texas. The rebel general, E. Kirby Smith, who was in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, in the following terms, on the 21st of April, 1865, announced to his army the surrender of General Lee:

"The crisis of our revolution is at hand. Great disasters have overtaken us. The Army of Northern Virginia and our Commander-in-Chief are prisoners of war. With you rests the hopes of our nation, and upon your action depends the fate of our people."

He then urged them by every consideration he could invent to persevere in the struggle which he, of course, knew to be utterly hopeless. He had but few troops, and our whole majestic force could be concentrated to overwhelm him. Every private in his army understood this. Soon each man began to consult for his own safety by throwing down his arms and making a bee-line for his home. The brave words which Smith uttered did not deceive them.

Three days after this General J. B. Magruder made a fiery speech at a great war meeting in Houston, in which he vociferated, in strains characteristic of rebel oratory, the following bravado:

"Come what may, I shall stand by my country, and I will never be a slave to Yankee power. I had rather be a Comanche Indian chief than bow the knee to Yankeedom. I do not feel at all discouraged at the present position of affairs."

About the 1st of May some rebels of Washington County, Texas, called upon General Magruder with a plan for military organization, of which the following are some of the sapient measures:

"*First.* That all exempt males capable of bearing arms, from about thirteen years old and upward, shall organize immediately for the purpose of serving during the emergency of an invasion.

"*Second.* That they include all the male slaves of military age that each owner may be able to bring or send to the field. Each owner to have the control of his own

slaves, to organize and drill them, and to remain with and fight by them when required.

"That it be the duty of each citizen to supply for every adult female, now of his family, suitable weapons for personal defense and for the protection of the children."

At a meeting of the citizens of Fayette County and of Fort Bend County, it was unanimously resolved, "that under no circumstances will we ever submit to reconstruction or reunion with the Yankee nation." But in spite of all this bravado the rebel officers were soon making arrangements for a surrender. On the 23d of May the rebel General Brent, with several staff officers, reached Baton Rouge to consult with the patriot General Canby upon the terms of surrender for Kirby Smith's army. On the 26th the arrangements were concluded for the surrender of all the Confederate forces in the Trans-Mississippi Department, including the men and material of the army and navy. Three weeks after General Magruder's brave resolve to become a Comanche Indian rather than yield, he issued an order imploring his troops to remain

"steadfast in their duties, by which they will probably make a very advantageous settlement with the enemy. When that settlement shall have been made they will be marched by regiments, battalions, and unattached companies, with all the facilities which the present organization affords, to the neighborhood of their homes, and then be honorably discharged or indefinitely furloughed."

But the lawless Texan rangers, deeming that the rebellion was played out, and knowing full well that not one single dollar of pay could be expected from the beggarly treasury of the defunct Confederacy, decided it to be not worth while to remain in camp any longer. General Smith returned to his head-quarters at Houston only to find that his troops were disbanding and dispersing to their homes. They had individually adopted the doctrines of secession, and cast themselves upon their own reserved rights. Their discomfited leader exclaimed pathetically, "*I am left a commander without an army—a General without troops!*" He, however, as he mounted his horse and left for Mexico, uttered the following words of good advice to his troops:

"Your present duty is plain. Return to your families. Resume the occupations of peace. Yield obedience to the laws. Labor to restore order. Strive both by counsel and example to give security to life and property. And may God in his mercy direct you aright, and heal the wounds of our distracted country!"

The peace-loving people of Texas were now exceedingly anxious for the arrival of the National troops. A large portion of the Texan army was composed of a wild and reckless race of men, who recognized scarcely any of the restraints of religion or of law. Their dispersion was the signal for a carnival of robbery. They broke up into hundreds of gangs, and wandered in all directions pilfering and plundering. Officers and soldiers were alike engaged in this game of grab. There was surely some excuse for the common soldiers. By the most merciless conscription they had been driven into

army. For months they had received no pay, and now they were dismissed hungry, ragged, and in beggary. In Houston the troops made a regular raid upon all the army stores. Guns, blankets, clothing, equipments, every thing was seized. The *Houston Telegraph* says.

"They made a clean sweep, taking every item of Government property worth carrying away. The estate of the Confederacy seemed to be administered on without regard to law. The only recognized claim was that of those who presented their own claim."

An ample military force was sent by the National Government to Texas, to secure order and to protect the well-disposed in their endeavors to reconstruct the State. All the important posts were garrisoned, and again there was peace from St. Croix to the Rio Grande. Texas was redeemed. The storm of war had passed away. Its desolations were awful. But in the fury of the tempest the blighting institution of slavery was swept from the land. The State of Texas, with its fertile fields and sunny skies and vast expanse, has now a career of prosperity opening before it which no imagination can picture.

ABSALOM MATHER.

I.

"Jesus lo'es me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

SO sang a little blue-eyed maiden who calls me father, in the twilight of a winter evening not very long ago, while I accompanied her sweet voice with the old-fashioned melodeon in the sitting-room at my father's house in the village of Keyes, where I was born. That day I had heard the later part of the story of Absalom Mather from the young man's own lips. The story of his earlier life I was already familiar with, for I was residing in Keyes at the time he ran away from his home, and I had known him from his little childhood, and his parents for many years. When I went to bed that night, and the little maiden nestled asleep on my arm, I was thinking over that story of Absalom's, and the sweet cadences of my little Clara's song still echoed in my brain:

"Yes, Jesus lo'es me; yes, Jesus lo'es me;
Yes, Jesus lo'es me; yes, the Bible tells me so."

Ah! if little Absalom had been reared under an influence so gentle as that breathed in this child-song, his might have been a different story; nay, it *would* have been.

Undoubtedly Mr. Hosea Mather was a most upright, honorable, well-intentioned man; but the humanities were buried in him beneath a load of inherited prejudices of the harshest sort. He believed himself a model man in every respect. Could any man point to a stain upon his integrity—to a flaw in his religious armor? No. And his parents were like him, he could tell you. When was a Mather known to shirk any stern religious duty? Through what great sin of his own or his ancestors God's wrath was moved, that he sent his servant a son so wild, so

wicked, so intractable as this Absalom, Hosea Mather could not tell you. It is true that Absalom was a very bad boy in contradistinction from the good boy of the Sabbath-school book. The child felt goaded toward wickedness as toward a refuge, by the cold, prim formalities of his home and the absence of love in his father, the presence of bitter severity.

Absalom's mother died in giving him birth. A step-mother succeeded her at the end of a strictly proper period. No doubt she also meant to do by her husband's son her whole duty; what that was in her eyes may be inferred from the fact that she was bred in the same formal, frigid school of piety with the boy's father. She shared her husband's sense of the wickedness of Absalom. He remembers still the words and the dismal tune with which she sung him to sleep in his youngest days:

"To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill,
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!
Conceived in sin, O wretched state!
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death."

Absalom was popular among his mates. Every body liked him, the boy thought, except these two stern rulers of his home. He was precocious beyond his years, and held in his nature a most deplorable love of rollicking mischief for its own sweet sake. His father whipped him without mercy on all occasions of dereliction from strict duty, even of demeanor; and as, with a lad like this, such occasions were very frequent, you may understand that his floggings were frequent too. Those who forget the sorrows of their childhood—and I think most people do—never realize the capacity for suffering that children have. There were whole months together in the life of this little boy when the days were so utterly miserable and unhappy that he looked forward eagerly to the night—the merciful, healing night, when he could lay his poor little curly head on his pillow and wander unharmed in dreamland. He had no joy but in dreams; it was with him just as it may be with a felon in prison, or with a slave who *has known* freedom and happiness. For when he could break away from his master and get out among his mates the boy was invariably happy.

There came a time, when Absalom was ten years old, that his father took him from his school, and declared that he would "take him in hand" himself, and "break his wild spirits, with God's help, or know the reason why." What new horrors these stern words implied Absalom shuddered to think. They struck like ice to his heart, and he turned his eyes imploringly up to his father, only to read relentless determination on the stony face.

What grave offense had the boy committed to awaken this bitter resolution? One of appalling enormity, I assure you. He had run away from home one night, and accompanied some

bigger boys to a theatrical performance given at the Euterpe Hall by a company of strolling players. Crawling in at a back window, near midnight, he was stealing up to his bed in his stocking-feet, when a strong hand grasped his arm in the darkness, and the voice of his father said, addressing his wife:

"Hannah, bring a light."

There was the scratching of a match on the wall, and the dim flame of a tallow-candle displayed the trembling culprit in his captor's hands. A fearful flogging with a rawhide followed; and then Absalom was sent whimpering to his bed, with the awful assurance that if this course of evil-doing were continued its consequences would be specific—floggings here below, and everlasting fire in the world to come.

A ball-room, and equally a private party where there was dancing, were no less criminal than the theatre itself in Mr. Mather's eyes. As for the circus, Absalom was plainly given to understand that it was the earthly representative of that hell to which he was speeding. It was fortunate that the boy did not believe his father to be telling the truth; if he had, it is probable he would have had little fear of the hell which was pictured in colors of such dazzling beauty; and little love for that heaven which was exemplified on earth by dreary, dreary sermons, which no bad boy could understand, whatever the good boys might—by Sunday cold dinners, and a death-like hush all over the house, with a Testament or a Sabbath-school book as an enforced companion in a dismal corner, and the hateful hours of that hated day drag, drag, dragging their slow length along.

But there was one lower depth of sin for this wretched boy to sink within. His father taught him with special emphasis the solemn fact that "girls"—a generic term—were, in their relations to him, Absalom, incarnations of evil. To desire their companionship was to be given over into the hands of Satan at once. To fall in love was the cardinal sin. His father gave love the title of idolatrous worship, when its manifestation was girl-ward. Mr. Mather had married without it. In Absalom's mother he had married a fortune; in his second wife he had married a housekeeper and a sister in the Lord; in neither case had he been influenced by the carnal idolatries of love.

Now it must be said of this atrocious boy that he liked the girls very much; and while his father's instructions gave him the most dreadful sensations of guilt, they were nevertheless wasted on him. He had a gnawing suspicion at his heart that he was in love with a certain young lady of twelve summers, named Emmy Paddock, whose life he had on one occasion saved. Since he could not have feminine society openly and honorably, he had it in stealth. As every body liked him, he was persistently invited to winter-evening parties by his companions, but he was never, of course, allowed to go; and as his "Sunday clothes" were kept under lock and key, there was no going surreptitiously. But for out-

door parties in the moonlight, sliding down hill in winter, or boating on the river in summer, the aforesaid Sunday clothes were not necessary; and Absalom often played truant. It was at one of these boating parties that he immortalized himself by saving Emmy Paddock. Emmy's big brother was with her, but he was rowing, and Absalom being deemed too small a boy to handle the oars (an assumption indignantly disputed on his part), was seated in the stern with Emmy. She, leaning over at an inopportune moment, fell into the water; and Absalom, catching two handfuls of her dress, roared out "Woman overboard! stop her!" and valorously dragged the frightened miss into the boat again, safe and wet.

This gave the capsheaf to Absalom's stack of popularity, and he was more emphatically than ever voted a glorious good-fellow, and afraid of no one. Nevertheless, he was very much afraid of his stern father.

There came a glorious winter night when half the girls and boys in that school district were gathered on Hibbard's Hill for a grand coasting frolic. In the afternoon of that day, as Absalom was looking out of a window of his prison, he saw Emmy Paddock across the street beckoning to him. The occasion was opportune; his jailers were both out of sight for the moment—the father down in the village and the step-mother in an upper chamber. Absalom seized his cap and ran out.

"Coming out on the hill to-night, Absa?" said the girl.

"Slidin'?" queried Absalom, eagerly.

"Yes, *all* the boys an' girls are going to be out. You don't come out any lately, Absa. What keeps you?"

"Oh, I don't know," fibbed the bad boy, confusedly; for he knew too well what kept him—or rather who kept him.

"Well, you better come," said the temptress, moving away. "I'm going to be there; and George Atwell, and *all* the boys an' girls."

"By thunder!" cried Absalom, "I *will* go. I'll be there, Emmy, sure."

Mrs. Mather, from the chamber window, saw this paralyzing spectacle, and reported it to her husband when he came home. At the tea-table Mr. Mather said:

"I want to know, Sir, what you meant by going into the street and conversing with that girl this afternoon."

"What girl, Sir?" said Absalom, biting his bread-and-butter and dropping his eyes upon the morsel.

"No prevarication, boy!" exclaimed the father, sternly. "Answer my question. What were you saying to her?"

Aware of the futility of efforts to avoid this formidable catechist, Absalom answered that the girl said there was famous sliding on Hibbard's Hill, and there was going to be a lot of girls and boys out to-night, that's all.

"You will take your book and sit with me this evening," said the father.

"I—I promised I'd go out, Sir," said Absalom, with distress in his face.

"Did you hear what I said?" in a loud voice.

"Yes, Sir," timidly.

"Then make no remarks. Take your Bible, after tea, and read it till your bedtime."

Absalom knew there was no appeal; but he was determined he would go. There would only be a flogging, any how. He stuffed his cap and tippet under his jacket and sat down to read as directed. A half hour passed in silence, broken only by the occasional hemming of the father. Absalom arose quietly and laid his book on the table, open, as if he was just going into the next room a minute for a drink of water or what-not. Mr. Mather looked up over his spectacles, glanced at the open book, and pursued his reading. The boy slipped out the back-door, climbed the fence, and sped away as fast as his legs would carry him to the Hill, where his comrades hailed him with shouts of welcome. Fred Paddock, Emmy's big brother, had got out an old cutter belonging to his father, and had dragged it to the top of the hill; but they would not run it down till Absa Mather came. To him was accorded the place of honor as chief steerer on the right, Fred Paddock taking the front place on the left; and behind our hero, George Atwell was lieutenant. The cutter was filled with girls, while boys clung on the sides and back wherever they could. The word was given, and away she went, the girls screaming with laughter and the boys shouting. The snow was one hard, glary crust of ice, over which the heavy cutter shot rapidly, while the boys struggled in vain to steer it.

"Can't git no purchase at all on this crust!" sang out Absalom.

The cutter took a wrong course and ran side-long with a heavy crash against the stone-wall at the right. Several of the children were hurt, but only two seriously. George Atwell broke an arm, and Absalom Mather a leg. With the assistance of his comrades, Absalom made his way home. His father greeted him with a terrible countenance.

"Where have you been, Sir?"

"My leg's broken, father!" pleaded the boy, in great pain.

"Served you right," said Mr. Mather, sternly. "Boys, you go home! You deserve a severe flogging, Sir; and you shall have it so soon as your leg is well. For the present, God has punished you for your disobedience and wickedness."

"Did God break my leg, Sir, because I disobeyed?" asked Absalom, wonderingly, as if he feared God were another master suddenly developed as an aid to his cruel father.

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Mather. "He saw your disobedience, and directed this accident as a striking illustration of his anger."

"I wonder," said the wicked boy, in the simplicity of his soul, "what God was mad at Georgey Atwell for then, for He broke his arm, and I know his father let him go out on the

hill. He lets his boy play whenever he likes, after school-hours."

This was only a specimen of the hardihood with which Absalom Mather sometimes met his father's religious teachings.

Doctor. — (my father) was sent for, the broken leg was dressed, and Absalom was confined closely to the house till the warm weather of spring. No prison convict could have been rendered more miserable during this time than this boy was. I am far from being sure that Mr. Mather regretted the accident. It is more probable that he thought it an interposition of Divine Providence to enable him to get absolute and unlimited control over his son. The boy was helpless. Ah, if there had been a little gentleness, a little, a very little *love*, to do its work on him now, his story would not have been so sad a story! But Mr. Mather was all iron. How far he succeeded in establishing his rule through the aid of this accident you will see.

Absalom was well at last; and his father announced to him that the time had come for the infliction of the long-delayed flogging for that act of disobedience last winter. This man always kept his word, you understand. He bade the boy go to that garret-room which had been the scene of so many castigations, and wait his coming. Absalom looked up in a momentary wonder, remembered the promised punishment, and did as he was bidden.

In the garret he sat down upon a box of old papers, and meditated. At his foot lay a card, and he picked it up idly. There was some writing on it—these words: "Marshall Manville, Nashville, Tenn." All that Absalom knew concerning his dead mother, was that her maiden name was Manville; this he had learned from the record in the family Bible. As he looked at this card the thought flashed across him that Marshall Manville might be his mother's father or brother. While he sat there, Mr. Mather came into the room, and saw the card in his boy's hand. He took it and read it; an angry light glittered in his eyes, and he tore the card in pieces.

"Strip!"

The boy took off his jacket, and the rawhide fell across his shrinking shoulders, which were protected only by a thin cotton shirt.

"This is the last time you whip me," said Absalom.

"What do you mean by that, Sir?" said the father, with another cut of the cruel whip.

"I mean that I'll run away," said the boy, firmly. "You're worse than a slaveholder. You make a slave of your own boy. You whip me just like they whip their slaves. I'll go where the slaves live; see if I don't! I'll sell myself for a slave before I'll live with you. They won't whip me worse than you do."

Mr. Mather seemed almost paralyzed with horror for a moment; then he burst out with a torrent of invective.

"Leave me if you dare!" said he. "Run

your wicked race to the end. Nothing will conquer your ugly spirit, it seems. Go out into the world; I wash my hands of you! Disgrace me by that step, and from that moment you are no longer my son. Never show your face in my house again."

Mr. Mather was very angry. He went down into the sitting-room where his wife was, leaving Absalom alone. The boy put on his jacket, went to his own room, made a little bundle of things, and descended to the sitting-room.

"I'll say good-by to you, Sir, if you like," said he. "I'm going now."

"Oh, dreadful, dreadful!" cried Mrs. Mather, holding up her hands in dismay. She had been informed of the scene in the garret.

"Go back to your room, Sir!" shouted Mr. Mather.

"No, Sir, I'm going away, as you told me to;" and the boy started for the door. His father sprang forward, seized the young rebel by the collar, dragged him to a dark closet, and shut him in there, fastening the door with its button.

"Oh dear, dear, dear!" cried Mrs. Mather, "what a dreadful boy! What *will* you do with him, Mr. Mather?"

"Do?" said the enraged parent; "I'll conquer him at any cost—at *any* cost. Yes, if I have to chain him to his bedpost like a wild beast, I am determined to do my duty, although it is a bitter trial."

They listened a moment to hear if the rebel was crying; but all was still as death in the closet. After a few minutes Mr. Mather left the house. He had not gone far when there came three or four solid and well-directed flat-foot kicks upon the closet door; the button burst off, and Absalom came out. Mrs. Mather ran shrieking out of the room. The boy left the house quickly, and in half an hour was out in the country, walking rapidly along the railroad track, bundle in hand. Before sundown he was ten miles away from home.

II.

Two years later, on a pleasant spring day, a couple of gentlemen sat in a lawyer's office in Wall Street, conversing. The office-boy was cleaning out the grate at the moment, and as he arose to leave the room with a scuttleful of coals and cold ashes the lawyer chanced to remark:

"When do you return to Nashville, Mr. Manville?"

The boy started, and dropped the scuttle with a crash upon the floor, scattering its contents. The two gentlemen turned to look at him.

"Marshall Manville, Nashville," he blurted out, staring at the stranger.

"Well, my lad?" said he, good-naturedly.

"Are you Marshall Manville, Nashville?" said the boy.

"I suppose so," said the stranger, smiling. "And what of that?"

"Then you knew my mother."

"Did I?"

"Yes, Sir; and perhaps you are my uncle. My name is Absalom Mather, and my mother's name was Charlotte Manville."

"How do you happen to be here?"

Absalom told his story in a few words, and the Southerner asked him if he would like to go to Nashville. The boy was only too glad. They left the city together in a few days.

Mr. Marshall Manville proved to be Absalom's mother's cousin, a lawyer of high standing in Nashville. He had once offended Hosea Mather by expressing views on the slavery question from a Southern stand-point, and all communication between them had ceased years ago. But the Southerner took a strong liking to Absalom—said he greatly resembled his mother in the face. He had no children of his own; and from that time forward Absalom became as a son to him.

It was natural that the boy's love should go out so strongly as it did toward his new father, who was so kind, so indulgent; and Mr. Manville found it an easy task to shape all Absalom's views in his own mould. The lad was already prejudiced against the lovers of reform—Abolitionists, temperance men, religionists—for he had learned to look with a distrustful eye on every good thing that met his father's approval. Boys reason only *a posteriori*. Absalom knew his father to be a firm anti-slavery man, himself a brutal task-master. Here in his new father's house he saw slave servants, who gave no signs of suffering under the galling chain. Mr. Manville treated his slaves well. They were never flogged, as the boy remembered *he* had been. They had more liberty, apparently, than *he* had had. They always spoke well of their master. Excepting old Tenah, the cook, who had a husband in Kentucky somewhere, all Mr. Manville's slaves gave token of perfect content.

Old Tenah, by-the-way, was something of a character. She was a strong, square-built negress, as black as coal, and with tight-curling wool on her head, in which there was no speck of gray. Her face was seamed and wrinkled with old age; but hers were all *kindly* wrinkles. No one could look into old Tenah's face without warming toward her, with her sad, sweet eyes—those wells of beauty which so often dwell in the face of the pure-blooded Guinea negro, and give a touch of the poetic to the blackest countenance. In this woman Absalom Mather, reared in the strictest of religious families, *first* beheld illustrated the beauty of the Christian religion. Tenah loved her Bible and her God, and tried to shed that love on all who would permit her to. From the first, Absalom became a great pet with this pious old creature, and he learned to love her in his turn; wrinkled old negress that she was, she was "irresistible." Great was her grief over Absalom's story when he one day related it to her.

"Why, why, why!" ejaculated Tenah, in alternating gusts of emotion, first at the cruelty of the father and then at the restiveness of the son; "dat wuz *too* bad, honey, dat wuz! But

yer mus'n't blame de good Lord 'case yer fader wuz too ha'sh wid yer. De Lord lubs all his chil'en; He does so."

Thus it chanced that the severity which drove Absalom from his father's home was not allowed to harden his heart, through the softening influences brought to act upon it by an ignorant slave whose whole creed was love.

Six years passed, and Absalom was a tall and handsome youth of eighteen. During all this time he had held no communication with his father, nor with any one in his Northern home. He no longer looked upon it as his home; he never expected to see it again. He had entered upon a new and beautiful life, and was a favorite in the highest social circles of Nashville. His comrades were the flower of young manhood in that city. At this time the rebellion broke out.

Of course Absalom sympathized with his friends and fellows. The city blazed with excitement. There were enthusiastic meetings, at which orators glorified their cause with eloquent and soul-stirring language. Their fevered denunciations of Northern sentiment, its bigoted reformers, its tyranny of prejudice, found quick response in the boy's heart. His father stood before him, an incarnation of that oppression which the South charged upon the North. No statement was too extravagant for him to believe.

"Let Abraham Lincoln assume the Presidential Chair," shouted an Alabama Congressman at one of these night assemblages, "and five hundred thousand Wide-awakes, drilled in secret in the use of arms, will march over the border, lay waste the plantations, set the negroes free, and amalgamate the fair daughters of the South with the buck-niggers from off the plantations, before your very eyes! Southerners, are you ready to submit to your fate like cowards?"

"No! never! never!" rose a thrilling cry in answer to the orator, and in that shout no voice was louder than Absalom Mather's, horrified by this dreadful picture—whose untruthfulness he could not know—in which he saw the doom of many a beautiful maiden of his acquaintance; and Absalom's old love for "the girls" had not yet forsaken him. It scarcely needed the voice of beauty to induce him to enter the ranks of the chivalry, and go out to battle for Southern rights.

What the Seventh Regiment was to New York before the War the Rock City Guards were to Nashville—the pet and the pride of the city. Absalom was a member of this organization, and marched away with the regiment of which it formed a part—the First Tennessee, commanded by Colonel, afterward General, Maney, of the "Confederate Army." Scarce any man of that regiment believed that this was to be more than a holiday march; and before young Mather's eyes there glowed an inspiring picture of the day when, with his gallant comrades, he should return in honor to Nashville, to be welcomed by enthusiastic crowds; to be

greeted by the same sweet smiles, the same fluttering of perfumed handkerchiefs, that cheered their departure; luxurious banquets would be spread, and garlands of flowers would strew their path; their glories would be blazoned in the newspapers and rehearsed in song; with banners flying and music pealing they would return to the homes they had marched forth to defend, and among the fair faces lining the streets he would look for the *one* he held dearest, and note the glad pride in her eyes.

Ah, how different from this boyish dream was the bitter, bitter truth! And with what a different heart Absalom Mather returned to Nashville at last!

The First Tennessee fought bravely in a wicked cause at Perryville, Kentucky, on the 8th of October, 1862. They contested the field for hours with the gallant First Wisconsin, and were defeated, after suffering almost annihilation under a terrible cross-fire. Young Mather was shot in the face, and frightfully mutilated; but he survived, and was one of the thirty men who constituted all that remained of the First Tennessee regiment when Johnston surrendered his ragged army to Sherman in April, 1865.

Absalom Mather returned to Nashville with his health shattered, his clothing rags, his pockets empty, his heart unutterably sad. No banners, no music, no welcoming huzzas, no fair ladies, no banqueting, no glory—only shame, despair, desolation!

But Absalom was changed, almost beyond recognition. It was a high-spirited, proud-stepping, healthy, handsome youth who marched out of Nashville four years ago. It was a humble, broken invalid, with a scarred and distorted face, who returned to-day. It was a narrowed, North-hating, South-loving, and yet inexperienced heart that he had borne away. It was a softened and enlightened heart—a freedom-loving, slavery-hating heart—that he brought back. Why he returned to Nashville at all he could scarcely tell; he had a faint idea of finding friends, perhaps. He looked only for some member of Mr. Marshall Manville's household, however; and he found Tenah. The rest were gone or dead.

There were those who would have helped young Mather, no doubt; but to these he spoke so bitterly that they turned their backs upon him.

"Don't talk those old lies to me!" he would cry, with husky, vehement voice. "Lies! I tell you, lies! See what they have brought us to!"

"A Yankee born—what could you expect?" they would sneer, and leave him.

I said Absalom found old Tenah. The loving negress greeted him as one raised from the dead, and tears of joy chased over her ebony face while she kissed the poor bony hands again and again. Tenah had become the possessor of a snug little house, and her "ole man" had joined her, and they were living together for the first time in thirty years. She offered Absalom a home with her; and he accepted it.

"Mas' Abs'lom," she would say to him, sometimes, "wha' fer makes yer set dat way, sough-in' like yer heart was done broke, honey? Yer make d' ole woman feel mighty bad, yer does. It ain't 'case yer fought agin de good Uncle Abe, I hopes, honey? Yer didn't ought to feel dat yare way now. De good Lord forgibs dem dat 'pent ob dar sins, an' I knows yer 'pents—I knows yer does."

"It isn't that, Tenah," said Absalom, shaking his head sadly. "It's worse than that."

"Sakes now, chile; what kin it be, den? Woan't yer tell ole Tenah what's a troublin' yer? Do, now, Mas' Abs'lom; p'raps I mought comfort yer, now; who knows? Woan't yer tell me, chile?"

"Bless your kind old heart, Tenah, it's past your comfort, I think," said Absalom, looking down on the old negress as she knelt on the floor at his feet. "It's my father I'm thinking about. Oh, for one touch of my wronged father's hands before I die! The end of my life seems near, Tenah, and I long to throw myself at his feet and be forgiven. My heart yearns toward him strangely now."

"Den why don't yer gwo, chile?" quavered Tenah, the tears rolling down her cheeks. "Lord bless yer, I knows yer fader 'ud jump out his skin, he'd be so glad yer'd come back, an' he'd cry out, 'Dis my son wuz dead, an' is 'live ag'in—he wuz loss, an' he is foun' ag'in.' I'd gwo to-morrer ef I wuz you, chile."

"Look at me, Tenah!" said the young man, drawing his lean length up; "can I walk a thousand miles without food or shelter? Who would shelter *me*?"

That night, as he lay in his humble bed in old Tenah's house, he heard the aged negroes engaged in a long and subdued consultation. The next morning the result of the conversation was made apparent.

"Mas' Abs'lom," said old Tenah, with the air of one about to make a long speech, "dis yare war's made some mighty cur'us turnin's an' oberturnin's, a fact, sure! Now, dar wuz you, comf'ble an' happy, an' free an' 'trong; an' dar wuz me an' my ole man, in de chains ob slavery. Now hyar is we, free an' happy, tanks to de good Lord an' de ole Abe; an' hyar is you, pore an' 'sconsolate. Now afore de war, dar wuz my ole man a savin' up his money fer to buy his free wid, an' along come de war an' he got his free fer not'in, an' I got mine too, hallelujah! an' so he burrid de money in de groun', an' I's got um in dis yare ole stock'n, an' we's boddered mos' to deff w'at ter do wid um. An'—an'—lors, lors, ole man, stop yer snivelin'!" burst out old Tenah, her eyes swimming in tears; "an' w'at we wants fer to do, honey, is jist dis yare—we—oh, lors!—dare, gwo 'long—take de money, Mas' Abs'lom, an' gwo an' see yer fader, an' tole 'im ole Tenah sent yer, honey!"

Absalom said nothing—for he was nearly choked with emotion, poor lad!—but he shook his head.

"W'at!" cried Tenah, drying her eyes on her apron, "yer *woan't*, chile? Wha' fer? Now, dat's yer pride, honey! Dat's jist yer ole pride, dat I tort wuz all gone wid your 'pentance. Yer is too proud ter take de niggers' money; de Lord forgib yer!"

Why prolong the scene? I protest my own eyes are so weak I can hardly see the paper on which I am writing. In a word, Absalom yielded; took the money with humble, hearty thanks, and went his way.

III.

A tall, gaunt youth got off the cars at Keyes station at sundown of a pleasant summer day, and looked about with a strange interest on the old scenes that he had left a dozen years ago. He walked slowly up the street, carrying a ragged gray blanket on his arm. His clothing was sadly dilapidated, and his pantaloons were the same worn pair of Union blue that he had on when he came back to Nashville,—for this article of dress was a not uncommon thing among the rebel soldiery in the latter part of the war.

He hardly recognized the changed aspect of the streets. Here was a hill in times ago; whither had it vanished? Where were those other hills that used to lie off yonder to the left? The whole scene seemed to have been leveled and smoothed, somehow. Keyes was plentiful with hills when he was a boy; what had become of them? New buildings greeted him on every hand. What wondrous changes had taken place in Keyes! Here was where Hibbard's Hill used to be; covered with houses now. The old lane had risen to the dignity of a street. His cheek flushed at sight of his father's old brick mansion—once the pride of the street on which it stood—now overshadowed by many finer residences.

How fast his heart beat as he laid his lean hand on the familiar gate of his father's grounds! It was still light out-of-doors, but the curtains of his father's house were drawn, and the lamp-light shone through—just as it used to do when he was little. As he stood there a moment, looking about him, a young woman came by, pushing a little carriage before her in which a baby lay sleeping. She looked hard at the gaunt young man—hesitated, stopped—pronounced his name in a wondering tone.

"You know me?" said Absalom, gazing eagerly in her face.

"Are you truly Absalom Mather?" said she.

"What is left of him," he answered.

"Have you forgotten Emmy Paddock?" she said, extending her hand.

He grasped it with eager gladness. He remembered what came of speaking to little Emmy Paddock on this spot, years ago.

"Come and see me," said she. "I live in Berkeley Street, opposite the school-house. My name is Mrs. Belton now."

Absalom watched her out of sight. This cheered him. He went around to the wing door of his father's house, and rapped. The door

opened. They were at tea—the picture as unchanged as if he had left it last night.

"We have nothing for you," said Mrs. Mather, holding by the latch of the door, and about to close it.

"Stop!" said Mr. Mather. "It is a soldier, I think. Come in. Hannah, give the soldier a chair. What can I do for you, my friend?"

"Father!" said the poor boy, in a half moan, "don't you know me?"

"Who calls me father?" said Mr. Mather, turning pale.

"Your own son," said Absalom. "I have come back, father, to pray for your forgiveness."

There was a moment of painful silence, in which the father glared upon his son. Then he spoke:

"What have you been doing in the past four years?"

"Fighting against my country, father," said Absalom, pleadingly. "I have done great wrong, and I am bitterly repentant."

Mr. Mather arose from his seat.

"And you dare to come to me in your day of degradation, after your years of wickedness—to me, whom you have wronged so basely! I have no words to waste on you. You are no son of mine. Take yourself and your rags into the streets: you have earned your punishment; I care little what it is. Go!"

"Father!"

"Call me that name again, and I'll throw you out of my house. You lead a life of crime till you are covered with filth and rags, and then you come to me to hide you and nurse you. Viper! Begone, I say!"

With trembling hands poor Absalom gathered up his ragged blanket, and went slowly out—crushed, overwhelmed. He showed no proper spirit, this young man. I confess that he was a most degraded specimen of humanity in that hour. The best we could say for such a wretch would be this, "*Go, and sin no more.*"

To you, my respectable reader, these words would come like a slap in the face, no doubt. But they were all this young man wanted—all! Ah, he was sunk very low; he *craved* these words—with what a gnawing hunger!

Wearily he walked down the street, with its long avenue of shade trees. Whither should he go?

He had money enough. He had saved Tenah's store with jealous care. He would not use a cent, save as he must. He had now fasted since morning, and felt hungry and tired. There were three handsome hotels in the flourishing village. "Too fine for me!" he sighed. He remembered that in old times there used to be, across the river, a low, cheap hotel, that he would have been ashamed to enter when a boy. Now, it was his refuge—provided it were still there; and if it were not—

What a vivid picture was that which crowded upon his brain, of the deep, still waters of the river, rolling in darkness under the long bridge he must cross! He could sleep *there*, perhaps.

The old bakery under the paint-shop had its door invitingly open, and he saw the long rows of white, soft bread on the shelves. He went in and bought a loaf. The baker (not the *old* baker, Uncle Greenleaf, Absalom thought—a new-comer) stared hard at him. Such a looking creature was seldom seen in that neat and prosperous village.

"War's used you rough, comrade," said the baker.

Absalom looked up, cheered by the kind tone; but at the instant he thought, "the tone is not for *me*; if he knew I was a rebel he would spurn me." He moved away in silence.

"Hold on!" cried the baker. "Don't go off that way! That's a queer wound you've got in your cheek. Look 'ere!" and the baker, turning his right cheek to the light, pointed to a similar wound in his own face. "Might be the brother of mine, eh, comrade? Where'd you git yours?"

"Perryville," said Absalom, munching a piece of his bread; and his mind ran back with a flash to that day of battle.

"*What!* Perryville!" cried the baker, coming out from behind his counter and extending his hand. "Why, shake hands, old chap, there's where I got mine. What regiment was you in?" pumping Absalom's lean hand cordially.

"First Tennessee," said Absalom.

The baker stared, and cried, "What! a Johnny?" stopped pumping, and held the rebel's hand but loosely.

"Yes, drop it!" cried Absalom, bitterly; "fling it off, and kick me into the street. I deserve it."

However, the baker did not do any thing so rash. He released the hand very gently, and said,

"Sit down. Sit down, Johnny, and tell us who you are, and what you're doing here?"

Absalom complied, and related his history in full, something as I have told it—with many a bitter self-reproach, and even with sobs—unmanly sobs. Oh, he was very degraded! Strangely enough, the baker's eyes moistened too, and he had use for a large red silk pocket-handkerchief, which he had to go behind the counter after, having left it lying on a barrel of crackers.

"Johnny, do you see that flag?" The baker pointed to the stars and stripes hanging in his window. "Now, here's all I want *you* to do. Go round there and kiss the old flag. Do it?"

Absalom's answer was to obey, with impressive solemnity.

"That's enough, old fellow! Your own flesh-an'-blood may go back on you, if they like. I won't! Here's my hand; and when I shake yours as I do now, I shake the hand of a repentant sinner and a loyal man. That's enough for Jo Belton. You've told me your story, and I'll tell you mine in two words. I was in the First Wisconsin in that battle of Perryville, when I got this in my cheek that's the twin of yours. You was on the wrong side, and I was

on the right side. Perhaps it was you shot me, and perhaps it was me shot you. Who knows? I am a Wisconsin man born, but when the war broke out I was living here in Keyes, a journeyman in this shop. I went back to my own State to enlist. After I got my discharge I came back to Keyes, bought this bakery, and married the nicest girl in the village. My wife was right here in this shop an hour ago, with the little feller. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take you up to my house to-night, any how. You say you want to go to work. You don't look very strong, but I guess you can knead dough; and here's a place for you in my shop, if you want to be a baker."

Absalom's heart was too full for words. He pressed Jo Belton's hand with a warmth that spoke volumes, while again tears crept down his worn cheeks.

A happy home was that to which the baker took our friend—a cozy, white-painted cottage, into whose front-door Jo Belton walked with the air of a proprietor, and not of a mere tenant. He left Absalom in the parlor, and went out to tell his wife they had got a visitor.

"Who is it, Joey?"

"Oh, a brother soldier from the West," said Belton. "Is the front chamber all ship-shape?"

"Yes," said the wife.

"Then I'll show him up. He'll want to comb his hair. Set out a lunch, Em. He hain't been to supper yet."

He took Absalom up into the chamber.

"There, Johnny," said he; "but no—I won't call you Johnny any more; you're a Union man now—come down stairs as soon as you wash off the travel dust."

Left alone, what does Absalom do but fall on his knees and thank his God for this good friend, thus wonderfully sent him in his weariest hour of pain? And then, after doing what he could to make himself presentable—which was not much, it must be admitted—he descended.

"My wife, Mr. Mather," said Belton, proudly, as Absalom entered the room. "Hallo, Em! What's that mean? Why, you know each other, do you? Well, well—wonders never will cease. First, he's got the twin-brother of my game cheek, and then he got it at Perryville, and now he knows my wife! Well, well."

"We were children together," says the little woman; and then she gives her husband a look that says she don't understand at all what Absalom is doing here when his own father lives just around in Broad Street. So the story has to be told again. Emma sheds a tear or two on her own private account, and relieves herself by kissing the baby, who lies asleep in his cradle. And the friends hold pleasant chat till bedtime.

I wish I could say now that Hosea Mather, seeing his son laboring humbly and with a contrite spirit, seeing also the magnanimity of that noble Union veteran, Jo Belton, went one day to the shop where his son worked, held out the hand of forgiveness to Absalom, and felt it

grasped by his boy's hand, floury from the dough. But Mr. Mather avoids his son, and has never entered the bakery. This in spite of the visit Jo Belton made him one night, and the long and earnest talk they had together; in spite also of the arguments of his pastor in Absalom's behalf. What the father did do was to send a chilling letter to his son, extending his forgiveness formally, and concluding thus:

"Any pecuniary necessities will be relieved on application by letter to
Yours, &c., H. MATHER."

Absalom returned his thanks to his father, told him the story of old Tenah, and solicited a contribution of five hundred dollars for her benefit. The money was furnished, and Absalom sent it to the good old negress, with a most affectionate letter, which I trust some good Christian reads to her every month or so, to her ceaseless delight.

TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME.

I.

THREE figures on a shady piazza, two women and one man (the true American proportion), an opening in the vines through which appears a distant blue mountain, an intervening stretch of garden, meadow, and stream—such is the picture. I might fill up the fore-ground by telling you that one of the women is beautiful; that the man is a pale clergyman, with a brown-covered novel in his hand; that the other woman is scarce a woman, a girl of fifteen,

"Standing still with waiting feet,
Where womanhood and childhood meet."

It is a warm morning, and the ladies are in the gossamer white negligees so becoming to women of every age; that "sweet neglect" of the poet, which is, after all, attained unto only by the most exquisite of all arts, neatness and luxury combined. The clergyman himself in this sweet seclusion has broken his shell of black, and come out in the delicious impropriety of a cool white linen coat; but so deep is the shadow of the vines that these high lights are not displeasing.

"Read aloud, Mr. Herries," said the beauty; "give us a good thought this warm morning!"

Mr. Herries read: "Youth is a mistake, Middle Life a struggle, Old Age a regret."

The beauty laughed. "I thought you were reading a novel, not a homily."

"So I am; but novels are the vehicles by which homilies travel nowadays."

"If youth is a mistake, let us keep making it," said the girl.

"Oh, Grace," said Mr. Herries, "don't be so clever!"

The beauty sighed. Middle Life was not far off, yet still her peerless beauty remained untouched; she was smooth, radiant, calm, her cheek had still the softest bloom, her eyes held in their clear blue the love light of seventeen. Her figure, tall, swaying, delicate, was yet rounded to the perfect line of grace; her teeth, the signet of female beauty, were like pearls—

"like a slice of fresh cocoa-nut"—"like unto a flock of sheep on Mount Gideon in which there is not one wanting." Such was Constance Howard, a widow, the step-mother of the girl Grace, the lady of Estcourt Manor-House, to which, and to its inmates, we respectfully invite your attention for an hour.

"Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Stoddart, Mr. Greyson, and Mr. Fellowes, come to-night," said Mr. Herries, "and my happiness goes. I am in one of those most fortuitous conditions of human life when man is blest, and I don't want to be disturbed. However, I promise to be amiable if you will describe to me every one of these people, and allow me to go away in three days if I do not like them, to come back when you and Grace, having felt the insufficiency of society, return to your muttons and to me."

"Do not speak of muttons, Mr. Herries, in the same breath with Mrs. Macdonald. She is a genius, an enthusiast, a reader, a thinker, a spoiled pet of society—amusement for the moment, a study for a lifetime! You are the most fortunate of men to have brought to you one of the nonpareils of the nineteenth century; a woman whom men cross the ocean to see; whom to see is to adore; who, like Récamier, though always loved, has never loved; who drinks in admiration as the rest of us drink black tea; a woman of too much brain and too much heart; and, greatest wonder of all, though such a pet of your sex, admired always by her own."

"Goodness gracious me!" said Mr. Herries, as Mrs. Howard stopped for want of breath. "what time does the first train leave? But tell me, is this paragon happy?"

"Alas! no. And Miss Stoddart is a clever girl of six-and-twenty, fond of literature and spiritualism, very pretty, feminine, and attractive, but also with too much brain."

"Now, my dear Mrs. Howard, you are getting oppressive. I must really ask you to throw in a little stupidity. I can not stand so much 'brain.'"

"Well, Mr. Fellowes, then, is one of those pleasant people without any too much brain, with accomplishments and good manners; one of the caryatides of society, who silently hold up the structure—"

"Thank Fate for Mr. Fellowes, then."

"Mr. Greyson I do not know. I invite him as a friend of Mrs. Macdonald. I hear he is very clever, a man of forty, a widower, and 'very delightful,' whatever that means."

"Clever again!" groaned Mr. Herries.

"Are you afraid we are going to be too frivolous, Mr. Herries?" said Grace.

"No, my child; I only fear we shall be too profound."

"Mr. Greyson forty!" said Grace, with disdain.

"Tread lightly, Grace," said Mr. Herries. "My withers are not unwrung when you say *forty!*"

"How does Mrs. Macdonald spend her time, mamma?" said Grace.

"In excessive dancing, flirting, in charities, in reading, in spasmodic religious fervors, in charming society, in every way which an excessively pretty, well-dressed, and well-appointed woman of the world can do, with dignity. She entertains with perfect grace and hospitality; is always ready to sympathize with you in joy and sorrow; the dearest friend in affliction, the truest defender of an absent friend, the best talker, and the best thinker in the world."

"A woman worth saving," said Mr. Herries.

Grace sighed heavily over her drawing.

"Come here, mamma, and help me. A horse's head—a horrible horse's head! a nightmare! Oh dear! I shall not drive Rosa Bonheur out of the field this year."

"There is a shadow in the sky," said Mrs. Howard.

"And one on my spirits," said Mr. Herries. "Here I am resting from my labors under your most agreeable roof, and in your refreshing society, and only afraid of Grace's preternatural smartness, which is excusable on account of youth, and which, please Heaven, she will recover from; and you threaten to let loose on my uncovered head the arrows of Diana and Minerva also."

"See the rain come down!" shouted Grace. "How beautiful!"

And soon the mountain-side began to bend and wave its mighty green arms under the summer shower. The rain-drops came heavily and fast, as if wept from a great broken heart. The air grew chill, and the bright sunshine disappeared behind the gray curtain of clouds.

"I feel a presentiment of evil," said Mrs. Howard.

"Manuel, with letters, mamma."

An immense negro with white hair stood in the doorway with a salver of letters.

"That periodicity of time we call post-time" was indeed most interesting at the remote Manor-House of Estcourt, and soon the three were silently engaged in deciphering plaid and striped letters, surrounded by monograms and borders, and were watching with grave countenances the kaleidoscopic changes of correspondence.

The clouds grew darker. The rain poured down an unrelenting stream. Suddenly, as the darkness seemed visibly to enwrap them, came a scream, so loud, mournful, and discordant, that some soul seemed rent from its garment and flung forever on the shores of Hades. The three started from their seats pale, trembling, terrified. The servants started from their various retreats. Manuel reappeared at the door.

"Guess him screech-owl," suggested Manuel.

"It is crazy Miss Bowen over the river," suggested the cook.

"Go, Manuel; go, Monica; look every where; find if some one is hurt. Mr. Herries, I know I may ask you to search the shrubberies."

Every one started at this request of Mrs. Howard. Grace staid by her mother, and throwing her arms around her said, softly,

"Once again, dear mamma."

II.

Estcourt Hall looked very calm, stately, and hospitable to Mr. Greyson as he walked out the next morning before breakfast to take a survey of the premises. It had belonged to Mrs. Howard's father, who after a youth of toil in the West Indies came home to enjoy his money, his country, and his only daughter, Constance. Why he had chosen to bring her up in great seclusion and then to marry her to Mr. Howard, a man as old as himself, a widower with one daughter, he never explained, nor can he. The marriage was not happy, but it had been honorable, peaceful, and "eminently respectable." Mrs. Howard found herself at twenty-five possessed of all her own and Mr. Howard's fortune, with the single encumbrance of Grace, who loved her step-mother with almost passionate affection. Children always love the beautiful and the genuine, and Mrs. Howard was both.

It is not improbable that Mr. Greyson reviewed all these facts as he walked over the well-kept gravel walks of Estcourt; admired its long, low outline, its generous extent, its romantic, old-fashioned porch hung with vines, the stately trees, the air of intense quiet and seclusion imparted by an overhanging hill behind the house wooded to the top. Turning from the house he saw across the high-road, which skirted the park, the bright, noisy river, rushing, like all mountain streams, impetuously on over its rocky foundations. On every side of him was high cultivation, bordered by nature in her mildest mood. At this moment a window opened and a fair head put itself forth to give greeting to Mr. Greyson.

"A lovely morning!" said the lady.

"An enchanting spot!" said Mr. Greyson. "Pray tell me, Mrs. Howard, how such a house came to be built."

"So far off?" laughed Mrs. Howard. "I can tell you. My father had passed his life either in crowded cities or the extreme solitude of a West Indian plantation. He preferred the latter life, and when he came home to remain he built this place, partly an English country house, partly a West India planter's home."

"A delightful cross in architecture," said Mr. Greyson.

Soon the whole party were assembled in the breakfast-room, which commanded from its bow-window the view up the valley with the blue mountain in the distance. As all breakfast rooms should, it opened to the east, for the sun is necessary to charm away the vapors of the night. The conversation was of course of yesterday's journey, of the country about them, of each other's adventures since they parted in town, and of the coming watering-place season; for the summer was yet young.

Mr. Greyson had Mrs. Howard's right, Mr. Fellowes her left hand; while Mr. Herries was exposed from his end of the table to Mrs. Macdonald's brilliancy on the one side, and to Miss Stoddart's softness on the other. As for poor Grace, she breakfasted early with her governess,

and was probably by this time deep in the nouns which have their termination in *-um*. Manuel brought in golden honey and hot rolls, strawberries and cream, and every body who chose went to the side-board for chicken and all the luxuries of a country breakfast.

"Mrs. Howard," said Fellowes, "how soon have I to go away?"

"What a dreadful question?" said Mr. Greyson. "I was just determining to stay forever."

"I have not slept before last night for a month," said Mrs. Macdonald.

"And I fear," said Mrs. Howard, "you will do little else but *sleep* here."

"Mrs. Macdonald has already murdered sleep," said Mr. Herries, "for me; I have not slept a wink since I saw her."

"Ah! you say that to *me*, but you *look* at Miss Stoddart," said Mrs. Macdonald.

While the gentlemen departed for their cigars, Mrs. Howard sat chatting with her lady guests—then took Helen Stoddart with her the rounds of the garden, the croquet ground, the pigeon-house, and the stables, into which they peeped to see if little White-Stocking, Mrs. Howard's mare, would do for Miss Stoddart's riding.

"I am a coward—a dreadful coward," lisped pretty Helen, just a little affectedly.

"Then Mr. Greyson, who says he likes riding, shall accompany you."

So they walked round to the quarters of Manuel and Monica, built away from the main building after the sensible Southern fashion, where Monica, in a towering yellow turban, received a few hints from Mrs. Howard as to the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker.

Meantime Mrs. Macdonald sat in the hall, in the most superlatively lovely costume of white and lilac ribbons, looking over the new books; and to her presently came in the still aromatic Greyson from his cigar.

"The scent of the roses," said she, laughing.

"Am I offensive?" said he, still carelessly advancing.

"By no means, although I like honey-suckle better."

Mr. Greyson atoned for his Havana by breaking her a spray of honey-suckle, and sitting down beside her, said,

"You did not tell me how beautiful she was."

"How could I, since she is so much more beautiful than any body?" said Rosa Macdonald, laughing.

"But I suspect these smooth, velvet women. They have no hearts, have they?"

"I shall not generalize. I have found very good kernels in all sorts of nuts."

"What is that but generalizing?"

"Here comes Grace. Good-morning, dear. What! Drawing-board in hand?"

"Yes, Mrs. Macdonald. Mamma likes to sit on the west piazza, and I bring my drawing there that she may see to me."

So the young girl proceeded to arrange her easel and pinned up the unfortunate horse's head. Mr. Greyson stepped behind her.

"You know the old Romans put a horse's head on their tombstones, don't you?" said he.

"Hence the term 'old horse?'" said naughty, slangy Grace.

"They started on a journey of which they did not know the end," said a voice, softly, behind the vines. Mr. Herries joined the group. Presently Mrs. Howard and Miss Stoddart came up the garden walk, and Mr. Fellowes opened the piano in the adjoining parlor. The ladies soon dropped into their seats, took out their crochet, descanted on the great social problem why *crochet* and *croquet* should sound so much alike, and why they and Bézique all jumped out of the ground together.

"Gunpowder and the Art of Printing, you know," said Mr. Greyson; "all great movements for the benefit of the human race are either *dual* or *triune*."

"Now what the mischief does *that* mean?" said Mr. Herries, softly, to Grace.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Howard, "listen to the music."

Mr. Fellowes was playing the "Spirito Gentil."

Miss Stoddart looked abstracted and romantic. Mrs. Macdonald slightly bored, Mrs. Howard perfectly tranquil, when Grace burst out with,

"Oh, my horse's head! Come here, mamma. It will be on *my* tombstone before long."

Mr. Herries crossed over to Mrs. Macdonald and engaged her in an animated talk over Maurice and Kingsley. Mr. Greyson talked in a low tone to Miss Stoddart, and looked at Mrs. Howard. Mr. Fellowes stopped playing and came out on the piazza.

Mr. Herries proposed reading a funny paper from a magazine, and at two o'clock when they separated to dress—a very little—for an early dinner, Mr. Greyson observed to his hostess that, if he who had said "Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest" had ever spent a morning on her piazza, he would have altered that immortal epigram, or have contradicted it forever.

The after-dinner drive at Estcourt Hall was as much of an institution as it is at Newport. Mrs. Howard, without fussiness and with every appearance of letting every body alone, always contrived that every body should be well paired and well accommodated for this, the great dissipation of the day. So Mr. Greyson found himself, he hardly knew why, booted and spurred to ride with Miss Stoddart. The rest of the party just filled the barouche.

"Did you ever see such a weird old negro as Manuel?" said Miss Stoddart.

"An African, I believe, brought from Cuba by Mr. Estcourt."

"Every thing is unusual here, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Greyson, "especially the Sleeping Beauty who presides."

"Do you call Mrs. Howard a sleepy beauty?" said Helen, mischievously.

"No. I called her a Sleeping Beauty."

"And you think she could be wakened?"

"I did not say so, Miss Stoddart."

Now White-Stocking was a gentle-going an-

imal, and the afternoon was very lovely; Mr. Greyson was an attractive man, and Helen, Heaven forgive her! meant to do a little flirting on her own account. So, as men are but as wax in a woman's hands, Mr. Greyson found himself becoming tender and communicative, and Helen promised him in her turn a most interesting, overwhelming communication on Spiritualism.

The two parties stopped to look at a beautiful waterfall (Mrs. Howard had just twelve lions around Estcourt, and this was one; so she invited her guests for fourteen days, and letting Sundays take care of themselves, she showed a lion a day); and Mrs. Macdonald won Mr. Herries's heart by her ardent, appreciative love of nature and a happy quotation from Robert Browning.

At a late tea Mr. Greyson reminded Miss Stoddart of her spiritualistic communication, and she promised to tell the story in the parlor, "by the light of one candle."

"Then it is frightful, is it?" said Grace, with an agreeable shiver.

"No, not very; but a dim light becomes its complexion," said Helen.

Mr. Herries looked troubled; he did not like to have Grace's very precocious mind disturbed by any morbid experiences, and he hoped her mamma would send her to bed. Mrs. Howard seemed not to have heard a word of this conversation. She was talking across Mr. Fellowes to Mrs. Macdonald, of a certain Mrs. Appleby, who was making a great stir at Newport.

"They say," said Fellowes, "that she beats her husband, paints her cheeks, and drinks brandy and water."

"Oh, shocking!" said Mrs. Macdonald; "she is simply fast and foolish."

"I am avenged!" said Fellowes.

"I long," said Mrs. Howard, "to go once again to a watering-place to see these monsters, who are so courted to their faces and so abused behind their backs."

"You have promised to come, you know, to Cape Bender in August," said Mr. Fellowes.

After music and Bézique, Mr. Greyson solemnly blew out all the candles but one, and turned down the lamp to its lowest ebb.

"Now, Miss Stoddart," said he, looking around the miserably dismal parlor, "do your worst."

Mrs. Howard turned a little pale. "Not a ghost story, I hope?"

"No, a very curious fact in Spiritualism," said Miss Stoddart, gravely.

"About two years ago," she continued, "I was in very delicate health—"

"I do not doubt *that*," groaned Mr. Herries.

"And fell in with a medium, who promised to cure me. She was a young girl of my own age and full of intelligence. She could throw me into a trance, or go in one herself, with perfect ease. She could invoke the spirits of Byron, of Shelley, of Keats, and, indeed, one evening we felt sure we had a visit from Dante."

"Didn't he leave his card?" said Mr. Fellowes.

"Or at least turn down a leaf of the Inferno?" said Mr. Greyson.

"That is exactly what he did," said Miss Stoddart, solemnly.

"At last, however, getting tired of the poets, I said to my friend, 'Now I am going to my room and to my port-folio; I shall bring down a letter in my hand, and you shall tell me who it is from.' As I went up stairs I determined to get the letter of a young cousin of mine who was foully murdered by robbers in Texas, and as we never knew exactly how he fell, I hoped that my friend would be able to tell me.

"I came down stairs to find my friend in a trance. The intense sympathy of our two minds had already informed her of what I was thinking, and she was already following the track of my murdered cousin. She talked of vast arid plains which he had ridden across, and of the fertile beauty which now surrounded him. All at once she grew pale, and trembled violently.

"'They are after him,' she said, 'those gamblers from the hotel at San Antonio. They saw him put money in his belt; he is lost, he is lost!' Then again her speech disappeared in inarticulate murmurings. 'Ride faster,' said she, 'ride faster, ride faster!' At this moment she gave a loud scream and sunk on the floor."

As Miss Stoddart said these words a shriek, wilder and more wonderful than that which she described, sounded in their ears. Again it came, as yesterday at noon, so now at night. The effect was horrible. Miss Stoddart was the most composed of the party, for she fed on shrieks; but Mrs. Macdonald was pale and trembling, and Mrs. Howard was found in a dead faint in her chair, with poor little Grace in tears kneeling before her.

As soon as the waiting-maids and flacons arrived the gentlemen departed to search again the grounds and shrubberies. Mr. Herries and Mr. Greyson took their good-night pipe together after the decks were cleared, and talked it over.

"It is an owl, a maniac, or a rogue," said Mr. Herries.

"But our hostess does not believe in the supernatural, does she?" said Mr. Greyson.

"Every woman does," answered Herries.

III.

The next morning every one had recovered from the fright but Mrs. Howard. She and Grace had heard these shrieks before, and they had presaged death.

The tact of Mr. Greyson was never more amiably displayed than on this morning as he tried to chase the shadows from the beautiful brow of Constance. He engaged Mrs. Macdonald in a brilliant wordy fight over social ethics, and quoted gay little paragraphs from his letters. Every body wrote to Mr. Greyson (and he to every body, on the most fastidious paper, all monogram and heraldic device), and he knew all that was going in the fashionable world.

"They say Mrs. Appleby and Finny the gam-

bler are having a great flirtation at Cape Bender," said Mr. Greyson.

"Dreadful!" said Rosa Macdonald.

"And yet you women take up with these men whom we would not speak to, and expect us to enter the lists and contaminate ourselves by worshiping at the same altar!" said Greyson.

"Physician, heal thyself," said Mrs. Macdonald. "When I see you men pay us women the compliment of keeping yourselves free and clear, even in public, from entangling alliances with women whom you abuse most plentifully to us in private, I will forgive Mrs. Appleby if she draws even the admirable William Greyson into the net where she keeps all her queer fish."

Miss Stoddart began to consider her visit to Estcourt as a failure. It was very evident that Mr. Greyson was deeply in love with Mrs. Howard. A moonlight night and a late drive in the basket-wagon had brought them to a very confidential pass. Certainly, Rosa Macdonald was enchanted. Mr. Greyson was a fascinating man, a very commanding man in many ways. He had excellent blood in his veins, and had felt the fine spur of necessity for exertion in his youth, had conquered fortune, and now stood on the heights of intellectual and professional eminence, a man any woman might be proud to win. He had, too, a deference for the sex, which is almost a lost art now, like that of "Majolica." Even the *place* where respect for women is taught is almost swept from the earth.

Mr. Greyson had some weaknesses, too. He was very easily imposed on by women. A bad nature in woman was a thing which he believed in only in theory. So the worldly, the venal, the insincere, and false, had him much in their power, as they have every generous and superior man. He had another weakness not quite so noble as this. He was proud of that shadow of a shade, a reputation for success with women.

So between his generosity and his weakness Rosa Macdonald, who had a most sincere friendship for him without love, had a very hard time, and determined to marry him off without delay to a woman who was in every way his equal, and perhaps in some things his superior.

"You will write me," he said to Constance; "I do not need to be told that you write beautiful letters."

"Yes, I shall perhaps write you. Yet we meet so soon at Cape Bender."

"But the charm of a letter! You would not deprive me of the delight of seeing in black and white that you do not exactly hold me in disdain?"

"I shall write you," said Constance, raising a pair of beautifully brilliant gray eyes, and turning their splendor full upon him.

Thus they parted. There was no engagement; yet Constance had given her heart fully to this earnest, passionate, pleading man, who had told her often enough that he loved her. Not alone by words, but by that more subtle language of lovers, which has never been written down.

A few days after leaving Estecourt Mr. Greyson wrote Constance the following letter:

"MY DEAR CONSTANCE,—It seems a great leap for me to make, to address you by your Christian name! You, so beautiful, so distinguished, so far from me. You, whom men dare not approach; so coldly fair, so proudly fair. What does the poet say? You know, for you know all the poets, and are one yourself (though you never will make me a Browningite, so don't try). And yet can I call you any thing else? Can I begin stupidly, 'My dear Mrs. Howard, we had a delightful visit at your house, and I thank you for your hospitality.' No, I can not; for I am going to demand a still more generous hospitality; I want you to take me into your heart, as you did into your house. I want to be your friend, your treasured and important friend—never to be turned out, winter or summer; never to be regarded as a nuisance rainy days; never to be refused because the house is too full for me. And, oh! never to be frozen because it is cold!

"I feel that it would be an impertinence to say more now. You know me so little; I am so unworthy of a woman like you, the like of whom I never saw. I will not praise your beauty, that is patent to all men's eyes; but where did you get your knowledge, your elegant conversation, and your manners of entire and perfect polish? Let me tell you this last is a very rare gift for our countrywomen. And, above all, I have read the verses and the sketches you lent me, by which I see you are an authoress of no common power; my dear friend, you are a '*lusus naturæ*.' Clever without pretense, beautiful without vanity. Learned and yet no pedant! Was ever woman like to this? Yes, she is young, and her name is Constance! She has been married; yet I believe her heart has yet to awaken to its truest and its first love.

"I was very 'distracted' all the way down, as you may imagine. Miss Stoddard said I was sleepy, Mrs. Macdonald said I was stupid. In fact I was sad and jealous. Do you know I hate that parson fellow, that hanger-on of yours, a very sly Cream Cheese that. Do you know I think he is too authoritative and dictatorial in your house? Unless, indeed, its fair mistress has given him a hope, which he evidently wishes to believe she has, that he may sometime be its master.

"I beg of you, Constance, not to be so kind to him if you do not love him. Your manners are singularly flattering, make them cold to all the world but me.

"Here I am lecturing you as if we had been married a year! Gracious Powers! How dare I say that!

"Write me, I beg of you, Fair Lady! at Effingham, whither I go for a week before we meet (I think you said the 12th of August) at Cape Bender.

"I am—I know not what—your slave, your friend, your—at any rate—*Yours*,

"WILLIAM GREYSON."

As Constance Howard finished this letter she dropped it into her lap, as many a woman has done before her, and felt an aching void at her heart. It had said a great deal, but it had not said what she *wanted* said. It was unsatisfactory in the *depth* of feeling. As she read it again (for the fiftieth time) under her favorite tree, down by the river, she felt that she was a most unreasonable woman not to have liked it wholly.

The next day she got a little book from Mr. Greyson. The next day two or three lines in pencil written in a railroad dépôt.

Strange to say these pleased her more than the letter. The third day nothing; and that day seemed six weeks long. So she determined to answer the letter:

"DEAR MR. GREYSON,—Many thanks for the long letter, the book, the few penciled words from Bentley Station; you know Estecourt Manor, and can well imagine the stillness (that could be felt or cut with a knife) which settled down on us after you left. Even Mr. Herries (whom you abuse most unwarrantably, and who had hated to have you come) was very hard to rouse after you left. I took a long walk with Gracey and him through the Silent Way (that walk you so much admired), and I assure you we said little to deprive it of its title.

"How very nicely that man writes (of course I am thinking of Arthur Helps, not of you) whose book you have sent me! yet there are but three writers who really move me much in the present day, and one of them writes only letters.

"It would be absurd of me to pass over all your gorgeous description of me. All the more pleasing to me that I know it is not true, but only the glamour you throw over every thing that is called woman! You see Rosa has betrayed you! I do not so willingly forget the long talks we had together; the confidences you saw fit to make me, and those you drew from me, are a bond of future friendship. We seem to have been friends for years, yet what do we know of each other in such little matters as—say temper—principles—in fact every thing?

"My friend Browning says—but you don't like him, so I will not quote him. I am sorry to see by your note in pencil that you are not well. Do take care of your cough. These summer influenzas are no trifles.

"Adieu! we shall soon meet.

"Your friend, CONSTANCE HOWARD."

Mr. Greyson to Mrs. Howard:

"What a cold and almost contemptuous note you wrote me! Yet how charmingly you write! Dreadful woman, where do you keep the fire which sometimes plays in your eyes! In one week now we shall meet. 'Come to these yellow sands.' In the mean time others talk of you, but I think a great deal. Yours, W. G."

Mrs. Howard to Mr. Greyson:

"I shall arrive with Gracey, Manuel, horses, carriages, lady's maid, and considerably more dust than any thing else, to-morrow at Cape Bender. Please notify my host, as we call the landlords in this country, or more properly the inn-keeper, of my arrival, and please be invisible yourself until the dust has been brushed off.

"So my letter was cold! You can not make any such complaint against the weather, and do remember (since you do not like Browning) the lines of a great poet:

"'There's both passion and pride
In our sex, she replied,
And this (could I gratify both) would I do,
An angel appear to all others beside,
But still be a woman to you.'

"Truly yours, in a desperate hurry,

"CONSTANCE HOWARD."

When Mrs. Howard's carriage drove up to the long, low, rambling piazza at Cape Bender, the usual group of idlers came forward to inspect the newly arrived. She was greeted soon by Mr. Fellowes and other acquaintances, but no Mr. Greyson appeared. She had not intended to be obeyed on this point, and was disappointed and a little angry, when he was seen slowly approaching the group where she stood. As soon as he could, without attracting attention, he drew near and took her hand in both of his. It was a way he had when fond of a person, and it spoke volumes. As he did so, so quietly and unostentatiously that it would not have been observed by any but the persons engaged in the act, Mrs. Howard became aware of a pair of basilisk black eyes, a pair of heavily rouged cheeks, and a scent of patchouli very near her. She looked up to catch an expression on a woman's face which seemed like a curse. A tall, well-dressed woman was watching Mr. Greyson and herself with the mingled ferocity and cunning of a tigress.

At dinner Mrs. Howard appeared in soft white robes, fresh and lovely and simple as ever; and perhaps she was not quite unmoved by the murmur of admiration which went through the dining-hall as Manuel, with some ostentation, preceded Gracey and herself to their places at the long table-d'hôte. In two days Mrs. Howard was unanimously voted at Cape Bender as the most attractive woman of the season.

IV.

Now there are two ways of being the "most attractive woman" at a watering-place. The ladies and gentlemen are one thing, and the fast men and dubious ladies are another. Mrs. Howard had the first on her side. Mrs. Appleby had the second on hers. Mrs. Appleby was the rouged basilisk, Mrs. Howard was the gentle dove. Yet the gentle dove had the wisdom of the serpent; she also had beauty and youth, which are good weapons for gentle doves, and help them along amazingly. So there was the spectacle offered of a very pretty "fight"—a "fight," mind you, in which one party played only the defensive.

Mrs. Appleby sought an introduction to Mrs. Howard, and covered her with endearments. She praised her beauty, her wit, her cleverness, but she abused her maid. Such hair-dressing, such dreadful gowns, such shocking taste!" Finny, the gambler, agreed with Mrs. Appleby that Mrs. Howard had "no style."

Then came in another *casus belli*. Mr. Tom Truefit, the great millionaire from Boston, who had been having a great flirtation with Mrs. Appleby, incontinently deserted her and went over to Mrs. Howard; left off his flashy waistcoat, and begged Mrs. Howard to make a party for his yacht: in fact behaved very badly to Mrs. Appleby.

So Mrs. Appleby let loose the dogs of war and attacked Mr. Greyson.

For the first few days Mr. Greyson had been

devotedly at Mrs. Howard's side. They had driven together, walked, talked, and, in the language of watering-places, had "flirted." Tom Truefit was in despair, and declared that Greyson was a little, undersized, beggarly lawyer, who could not pay his boot-bill.

But those days to Constance! How sweet, how memorable they were! How fondly did Greyson unfold his future plans to her, as he had unfolded his past experience! How deeply he seemed to love her, how proudly approach the admired and distinguished woman as if she were his own! As they drove through the fresh sea-breeze how admiringly he marked her deepening color; how he never tired of praising that complexion which he said she had obtained in some fraudulent manner from a sea-shell!

Nor will he ever forget the eloquent face that looked fondly into his. It was a virgin heart, in spite of her experience. It was a fresh mind though richly stored. She was in love for the first time. He had found the key to unlock this treasure-house, and she gave him the precious jewel of a pure and good woman's love.

She was so good, so true, and so unworldly that she did not hear the serpents hissing about her, she did not know the clouds which encompassed her.

The first—"no bigger than a man's hand"—was the disappearance of Mr. Greyson with Mrs. Appleby one fine evening when he had asked Mrs. Howard to meet him on the piazza for a talk. It went on. Mr. Greyson began to explain, to say, "I can say no more as a gentleman;" giving the idea that Mrs. Appleby made such violent love that he could not quite put her off.

Constance gave him a look as if he had struck her. He had, in a most vital part.

It is not in woman to show defeat. She was never more beautiful nor more brilliant than the last evening of her stay at Cape Bender. The guests of the house gave a fancy ball. Mrs. Howard for once forsook the plain and simple dress which most became her, and unlocking her stores of rich jewelry came out as a marquise. Mrs. Appleby came as a Circassian, with short dress and Turkish trowsers; Mr. Greyson as a monk, and Mr. Fellowes as a dervish. Tom Truefit assumed the character of a Mephistopheles, instead of coming as he should as Cæsus.

Tom followed Mrs. Howard like her shadow as she came in, radiant, on the arm of Mr. Greyson. She dropped his arm as he led her to her place. Then said Greyson:

"You will grace my supper to-night, Constance?"

"No," she answered.

"How, then, have I offended you?"

V.

Reader, I once saw a beautiful child, a boy of five years, standing in a doorway in crowded Broadway. He was so pretty, with his golden curls, that I stopped to admire him. As I did so I saw a virago come down stairs quickly and

strike him a heavy blow! He turned and looked at her (I am afraid she was his mother) with such an expression of grieved surprise (for he had done nothing wrong) that I felt the indignant blood rush to my cheeks, and hot tears filled my eyes. And yet what could I do? What can any of us do against this world-wide, this undying injustice?

And just such a look of "grieved surprise" did Constance Howard give to the man who, stealing into her heart—that noble, true, and loving heart—had used the position to break it.

The beautiful Mrs. Howard went next morning in a blaze of glory. All the beaux "saw her off," and she departed smiling and gayly.

It was attributed to that certain miasma which does arise at Cape Bender occasionally, the long and fearful illness which Mrs. Howard suffered after leaving there. She recovered without loss of beauty, but there is a veil of sorrowful reserve about her still.

As for Mrs. Appleby, she has gone to her own place. Found out and disgraced, there are "none so poor to do reverence." Even the butterflies of fashion have deserted her, and she begins to fight with feeble arm the one losing battle, when reputation has fled, of watering-place "belleship."

When Rosa Macdonald met Mr. Greyson again she said, grimly:

"Oh, fool! and for Mrs. Appleby!"

"Do not say so," said Greyson. "You can not know how much I loved Constance, how I valued her friendship, her love! I have lost it: it is enough!"

The "shrieks" were Manuel's. As a West Indian negro he had a right to "second-sight," and had frequently "bayed the moon" when he deemed any misfortune approaching. He confessed, while Mrs. Howard was very ill, to Gracey his share in the "warnings," and had fully repented of his sins, when he fell in an epileptic fit, and died before he could be scolded.

Miss Stoddard, however, has never adopted *this* story. She still adds the "shriek" to her other narrations, as a brilliant and telling point.

A RESULT OF "THE LAMBETH CASUAL."

I.

THIS day fortnight Phibbs invited to dine with him at Delmonico's Badger, Foxglove, and myself. I am Simeon Storker. It was the upper Delmonico's—the Fifth Avenue Mansion—where Phibbs appointed rendezvous, and the hour was 6 P.M. I have known Phibbs for a number of years, slightly. I now know him better than ever; but I shall continue to know him slightlier hereafter. Phibbs has a very taking way with him. He would sell his grandmother, if he had one; or play practical jokes on President Buchanan. Yet his manners are so bland, his conversation so alluring, that you can't keep out of the fellow's society, though

you're provoked with him half the time. Not that this dinner was any joke. No—far from it. A reality, vividly enjoyed, but momentous in its consequences!

We sat down, at a handsome table in a private room, to Mill-ponds on the half-shell, turtle-soup, Spanish mackerel, *ortolanes en écaille*, lamb and pease, game-pie, and a dessert of the finest pastry, fruit, confections, and preserves. Our wines all the way through, and our coffee and *chasse-café*, were beyond praise. Phibbs has many talents as a host; among the rest—money.

Taking our cigars (the wine and brandy, by accident, being left on the table) we played a few games of whist, and may have drank a little. Whist tiring we renewed our cigars, and sat talking together upon various congenial subjects—eventually upon literature. We have none of us ever been in the literary way—this way, you know—until I this day put pen to paper, that I might record grievances indeed worthy of a voice. Still we have always been devoted to literature *en amateur*. As we conversed we may have drank a little again. Presently said Phibbs, between puffs:

"I see the Harpers have a book out by Greenough."

"An autobiography of Greenough the sculptor?" asked Badger.

"No; another man entirely. A book by James Greenough—no, by-the-way, his name is Greenwood—one of the best boys' books of adventure since Robinson Crusoe—Reuben Davidge by name."

"Well, who's James Greenwood?" asked Foxglove.

"Why, don't you know the man that wrote 'The Lambeth Casual'?"

"Oh!" "Ah!" "Aw!" said we, severally, for all had read "The Lambeth Casual," and knew him as well as Dick Turpin, Benjamin Franklin, or the Town Pump. Knew how he went in a "cabrioly," and jumped out on the wrong side, and was discovered with as little thatch as complies with the statutes regulating decency outside the Lambeth Palace of the poor. How he was taken in—or rather, taken up, for the welcome of the poor looks much like an arrest. How he went into the greasy puddle, to see what foulness human nature can contract in a great town. How he pigged in with the poorest, accepting the loaf and making it over to a chum. How he came home and wrote about it. If he did it because he wanted to study the poor for their own sake, he was a philanthropist; if from motives of curiosity, an experimentalist; but, from any point of view, a clever writer. Yes, of course, we had all read "The Lambeth Casual."

"Let us drink to him," said Phibbs.

So we drank to him—confound him!

Then followed considerable enthusiasm—a finding of hats—a lighting of fresh cigars—a last drink of the evening—and our exit from Delmonico's, two by two.

It was, I thought, a balmy night—though I have since heard that it rained all the time—and the moon was shedding her radiance on tower and tree, unless I labor under a misapprehension. I know that I called Badger's attention to the effect of some moonlight on the New York Club steps. Foxglove, who always insists on being ridiculous, would explain it by gas and a wet scraper; but Badger said it was beautiful. I did not call Phibbs's attention to it, because I was convinced he was intoxicated, and wouldn't appreciate the subject. I know, for my part, that a walk never began more pleasantly. We were going up Fifth Avenue, and had not finally decided whether to stop at the Forty-second Street Reservoir and ask the man in the wall for lodgings, on the ground that we were members of the Croton Board, or continue on to the Central Park, and see the sun rise over Williamsburg. "Weehawken, you mean!" said Foxglove. "Oh! of course—I beg your pardon. I was thinking of where it set!" Then I began to think that Foxglove had taken too much. But every thing was orderly, and no one would have noticed any thing if it hadn't been for that Phibbs. Just as he got in front of Saint Shanghai Phibbs stopped, with the reflected gleam of gas and wet marble irradiating an already cheerful face, and said:

"I'll tell you what let's do. Let's be philanthropists! You have thought me morose, perhaps—perhaps overcome of wine; 'twas not so. I spoke not during our walk thus far, because I was thinking that the work of other Lambeth Casuals is needed. The field is not all reaped yet. Let us begin to reap the rest. Let us examine all the different institutions by personal inspection."

"The institutions of our beloved land!" said Foxglove.

"Just so. Who's an orphan here?"

Badger, who was thirty years old and bereft of rich parents in infancy, in a voice of deep emotion said *he* was.

"Then you go up to the Orphan Asylum, and demand admission on that distinct ground."

"I will," said Badger, feelingly. "I'm one of the people, taxed for the institution, and an orphan—threefold claim. An orphan—a melancholy orphan! I will go directly!"

"Hold on, Badger!" said Phibbs; "let's all start even. See what to do with the rest of us. Is there any body here who possesses marked dramatic talent?"

"I have," says Foxglove, stepping forward with alacrity (just his cheek!). "When I was a little boy I once thought of running away with a circus!"

"Why, you precocious villain! How did you hope to succeed in such a grand larceny?"

"I mean in letting a circus run away with me. Avoiding that error, I grew up with a fancy for amateur theatricals, and in my life I have played many parts—hm!"

"Were you ever the manager of an Amateur Theatrical Company?"

"I was, Sir; and played Faulkner in the Rivals."

"Then you're the very man I want! Go to Dr. Dinkie's Asylum in —th Street, feign madness, be admitted, and see how the insane fare. Then return and write about it. You can unite your report with Badger's 'Interior of an Orphan Asylum.'"

"No, I think I shall publish it as a separate pamphlet—if I go—"

"Besides, think how it will cultivate your dramatic nature! What fire, ease, and grace will hereafter characterize your stage insanity (take your Lear, to wit) after you have studied the genuine variety on the spot. Why, you don't fear that you can't counterfeit madness, do you?"

"Oh no! no! nothing of the kind! I've played Meg Merrilies, and I read Ophelia so as to bring tears. What are *you* going to be?"

"I'll choose pretty soon. I'm trying to decide between several fields of usefulness. Now that you're going to Dr. Dinkie's, and Badger to the Orphan Asylum, I think, on the whole, Storker had better try the Station-House. That's an institution which decidedly needs looking after, for it possesses a power capable of great evil if wrongly managed. Go you, Storker, and see if there are not some miserable captives lodged in the secret dungeons of the Precinct, and if there be, lead them forth and show their wrongs the light of public opinion! Why, your book (or your pamphlet, if you wish to be more terse) will be the most interesting one of the four."

"Do you think so?" said I, in a bewildered manner.

"Yes, indeed! and I'll tell you how we'll manage it. We'll wait till we get in sight of a policeman, then you shall knock off my hat; he will arrest you; you'll be taken to the Station-House; you'll pass the night there; you'll be brought up in the morning, and when you're discharged you've seen more of life at a less expense than you could in any other way on the continent. But first let us walk up and leave Badger at the Orphan Asylum."

I don't remember what Asylum it was; somewhere near Central Park, but in a locality which seldom echoes to human footfall night or day, and peels its flags with astonishment at the boot of a stranger. It was in a respectable but semipastoral outskirts where orphans would be likely to grow up with a theory that the cruel world mainly consisted of goats. I remember there was some discussion as to whether this was a whole or a half orphan asylum; Foxglove, absurdly as usual, declaring, in his theatrical way, that if the latter were the case Badger could not hope to gain admittance, while Badger as stoutly urged, Phibbs supporting him, that if it was a half-orphan Asylum he, on the strength of double bereavement, should demand a large room to himself without any other orphan in it, and two beds. To end the discussion he scrambled up the steps and rang the bell till a venerable-look-

ing priest came to the door with slippered feet and in uncanonical muslin. He evidently regarded Badger with surprise—to which the hour might be conducive, St. Shanghai having just gone 12. But seeing a person of gentlemanly bearing who desired an interview with him at once upon matters of paramount importance, he admitted Badger; and on our saying we wouldn't come in, having merely stopped to drop our friend, he bade us good-night and shut the door.

We then went across town for the purpose of conducting Foxglove to *his* Asylum. At a restaurant, before reaching the place, we took a dozen Shrewsbury's apiece on the half-shell—to correct their over-refrigerant effect, joining each other in a light punch afterward. Fifteen minutes afterward we left Foxglove in the keeper's hands as we had Badger in the priest's; Phibbs remarking that we lived in the immediate vicinity—giving a number unknown to the Directory—would be over in the morning to see the Doctor; wouldn't trouble him to-night; but a paroxysm had come on, we had lost control, and were afraid the lunatic wouldn't keep till to-morrow morning—the effect of which was greatly increased by Foxglove's saying, in the most patronizing manner, to the man,

"Oh, it's all a joke you know, my fine fellow—I'm doing it on purpose—I'm no more crazy than you are! Come to-morrow sure, Phibbs?"

"Oh yes! we know! we know! Now I'm sure you'll come along like a good little gentleman." And so saying the keeper took Foxglove over to the ward under his arm like a deranged parcel, he meanwhile laughing at us, beckoning to us, and particularly dwelling on the fact that we were to call for him in the morning and make it all right.

It was nearly one o'clock when we crossed Fourteenth Street on our way down the Avenue; and the morning air ought to have brought enough coolness with it to keep me from doing the dreadfully rash thing that Phibbs had proposed. But the fact was, we'd been talking about that confounded "Lambeth Casual" all the way from the last asylum; and to the enthusiasm of his example alone do I ascribe an imprudence which could not have originated from exhilaration, as I had drunk very little all the evening. I, a family man, too, who ought to have known better at my time of life! But—Well, the first policeman we saw after getting off the cars stood on the Brevoort House corner. He was looking straight at us, the way those fellows always do at that time of night, as if you were the very figure for an arrest, and he possessed private information of a complete set of housebreaker's tools in your coat-tails, besides matches for arson in your vest-pocket.

"Now!" said Phibbs, "could any thing be more fortunate? It will be instantaneous! Now, a good one at the hat, and then I'll run!"

It was an evil moment—I consented, and

smote. Phibbs ran, the policeman came over and took charge of me. I felt myself led along by a silent power in blue, whose tactile sense of the distinction between coat-sleeve and skin was so undeveloped that when a Cuvier arises for policemen this animal will occupy a place among the zoophytes. He went on a few steps, and seeing that Phibbs did not follow, halted and called,

"Comerlong!"

"I haven't time to-night—just as much obliged," answered Phibbs, politely, from a distant, but not inaudible, sidewalk. "My friend will see you home."

"If I had another man here I'd fetch ye!" returned the blue power. "Whoser goin' to complain against this here case of assault? What's yer name, and where do ye live?"

"I'm afraid to mention my name aloud in the street—just in by steamer—citizens don't know I've arrived—'fraid they'd get up and give me a torch-light procession—never like to give trouble."

"Where d'ye live, I say?"

"On the Hook, near Walker—business office at the corner of Root-Hog and Dey—see my name on the scuttle. Good-night, my boy! Glorious career before you—all right in the morning!"

"What institution are *you* going to investigate?" cried I to Phibbs, feeling the first vacillation in my purpose, as he walked away and left me alone with the power in blue.

"Oh!" cried Phibbs, "I've decided to devote myself to Home Missions. Weep not for me. I always was self-denying. Stick it out, old boy! We'll make it all right in the morning. Good-night!"

And the echo of Phibbs's boot-heels grew fainter and fainter till they were lost in the low hum of the more eastern avenues.

I will now succinctly narrate what befell Badger, Foxglove, and Myself. And first, Myself.

II.

Before I could say Jack Robinson, whose name was a synonym for curtness utterly incommensurate with my policeman, I found myself in the presence of a disagreeably large man, also in blue, and was dazzled as well as pervaded by an atmosphere seemingly compounded in equal portions of gilt buttons, cold soup, and gas. The disagreeably large man stood inside a low cage of oak slats which looked terribly insecure, and as if at any time, thinking of his native jungle, he might break forth and arrest a small boy before help could arrive. He looked at me with the same satisfaction that one of the tawny Numidians, lashing his tail behind the den-bars of the Colosseum, looked on a fat Christian led past by the jailers of Imperial Rome. There was a pleasant hope that it was Burglary expressed in his eye; and in his pen, taken with alacrity, I could already perceive a nervous twitching to write the initial *B* of that crime in the charge-book.

"Assault—knocked gentleman's hat off—refused to complain—ran away—prisoner been drinking."

"Assault aggravated?" asked the tall man, snatching at a last straw to make a hardened case of me.

"Well—skasely," replied the silent power in blue.

The tall man looked at me with such disgust as the Numidian lion would have bestowed had he discovered, on overhauling the Christian, that he padded, and was but poor picking after all.

"In liquor and fighting," said the tall man, blotting that charge on the book with a dejected air. "Take him down!"

He waved his hand. The silent power in blue, remorseless as a Remora, once more established connections with me, and I perceived myself approaching a grated door. The door opened with a very unpleasant lock-ey sound—the atmosphere began losing in buttons and gas, but gained decidedly in cold soup. We descended a pair of cellar stairs, to a white-washed hall of contracted dimensions, like a Greenwood vault, fitted up with state-rooms, and into one of the state-rooms I was conducted, with instructions "if I wanted to sleep to lie down *there*!"

I looked to see where "*there*" was, and beheld a shelf rather smaller than my coffin will be, for I weigh 205, and a man doesn't usually turn round and run to lean after he's forty. Still, reasoning that it was high time to go to bed, and knowing that *en philosophe* was the only way to treat the matter, I lay down sideways, and thought of General Grant and Robert Bruce's spider, to keep my mind steady and the part of me that still projected from toppling over.

I soon discovered that I was not alone. An insolent person in the state-room on the right, whom I afterward confidentially learned from himself to be the celebrated Cow-heeled Thompson, and in quod for "pushing queer" on a "yokel"—whatever those may be—asked me if I had a piano in my room, and would I sing "Jolly Red Nose" in that same sweet voice which used to warble at Sing Sing? On the other side of me was a young man who amused himself during the entire night in framing such elaborate and curiously polished imprecations upon the entire police force, with all their uncles, aunts, and second cousins, that I had to allow the accuracy of the comment made by a Western man in the third cell, under a charge similar to my own. After listening to the youthful Demosthenes for ten minutes, he said, through his bars:

"Wa'al, stranger, if them rams'-horns had failed, I'd hev advised them to get you to go an' give one good cuss at Jericho!"

During the night other occupants were gradually added to our cemetery, and before the glow-worm of the gas-jet in the hall had paled its ineffectual ray we were entirely full.

I had slept in the Tyrol and at Moosehead on ground as hard as my present floor, but that

piece of deal whereon I now lay was the hardest thing I ever slept on. The ground has little indentations and protuberances; if you can manage to fit your own hard places into the one, and your soft places into the other, after a day's hunting, you never miss a mattress. But oh, that plank!—merciless to a Nonconformist as Laud himself! Compromising nothing with your most cherished elbow-joint—making no allowance for shoulder-blades—and so harshly abrading the side of your hip-bone, that in the morning you can only say, "*Ilum fuit!*" It is a black and blue jelly now!

After an hour of torture on my part, during which I acquired experience which to this day makes me pity cold chickens in a safe and plates on a dresser, some keeper, moved by an impulse conclusive to my mind of secret membership in the Humane Society unrevealed to his superiors, lest he should be expelled from the force, came down to my door and pushed a horse-rug through the bars, saying, "We don't give that to every body!" It looked as if they did, but I refrained from saying so, because I was gratified at the man's prompt recognition of the fact, known by all my intimate friends, that I'm scarcely what you'd call an ordinary person. I thanked the man, and only refrained from giving him twenty-five cents because it might have hurt his feelings and made him think I wanted to bribe him.

I padded all my most aggravating projections with the horse-blanket as well as I could, and with my rolled-up coat for a pillow again addressed myself to sleep. Enough light came from the gas-jet into my niche to show the spots on the wall—so I counted them. Then I thought of Pestal, but being unfortunately ignorant of musical notation, had to abandon the idea of a Lay on the wall. I traveled from Pestal to Baron Trenck, and wondered what he would have done in a room like mine, without mouse or mouse-hole. I compared myself to Richard Cœur de Lion—but instead of Blondel there was a dripping Croton pipe outside my door to make music for me. I thought of Louis Napoleon in Ham, and compared him to that other *trichina* in ham—the German nation swallows the one, the French nation the other; in both cases the effect on muscularity is the same, and unless the parasite gets Père-la-Chaîné in a stout capsule, the patient dies in great agony. I thought of Ethan Allen in his cage, and, with a look at my bars, envied the teeth that bit nails in two. I could have pitied Jeff Davis—if I hadn't read his bill of fare in the *Times*.

Then passed through my mind thoughts of captives groaning out their souls in the Hunger-Hole of Hans Von Stein, but for me no Othmill came; I saw the Vizier in his lofty tower, but at my base knelt no loving wife with the friendly beetle, the rope, the twine, the silken thread, and the nose-anointing *ghee*. Ah, Mrs. Storker! Estimable woman, partner of my bosom, could you but see your unhappy husband now! Of little avail, in case like mine, were pack-thread

and buttered beetles! Who can assist a man to descend safely from a cellar window? and on those bars of what use were any beetles without a wedge? Alas! my Susan, was it for this that your own fair hands ironed my shirt-frill? Could you have seen the bland starch with which I started forth wilting under the dungeon damp where I brought up—could you have beheld this board mussing the back-hair over whose parting you watched solicitously, as the benign gods over that of Hector and Andromache, what adequate expression could you have found, even with your usual excellent command of English, O most endeared and accomplished female!

Happily she had no idea where I was. A cold chill came over me! Would she not know to-morrow? Would there be any reporters in court? Would it be in the papers? Ha! I might give an assumed name!—I would—I must! But what if any one should recognize me? It is this which constitutes the Terrible! Oh, that Lambeth Casual! Oh, that Phibbs!

Sleep and sweet dreams come to the relief of my exhausted frame. When I wake it is six o'clock—simultaneously a gray light breaks through the barred window and a blue policeman through the barred door.

I am ushered up stairs again. I wash my face in a basin which, under inspection of at least two senses, favors a conviction that it is interchangeably used for this purpose and as a tureen for the cold soup before referred to. I mention soap, but the idea seems so ridiculous to the Metropolitan mind that I feel mortified, and withdraw the expression. Happily I carry a pocket-comb, but, as I use it, can not avoid seeing discontent on the Metropolitan face at the weakness of a city government which permits a person under arrest to use such a luxury, the majesty of the law jeopardizing its vindication by allowing a prisoner the advantage which lies in smooth hair, and never being safe unless a well-developed black-eye exists to divert the current of popular sympathy, while nothing but a red nose and two teeth knocked out can be said wholly to satisfy the stern ends of justice. Lacking these corroborations of my hardened condition, I felt myself the object of severe Metropolitan displeasure.

Brushing from my black dress-suit with my handkerchief such dungeon-dust as I could reach I sallied forth in a policeman's company, congratulating myself with all my heart that I had never made the acquaintance of more than half a dozen early risers. Though I trembled at every corner lest I should be surprised by somebody I knew, I got to Jefferson Market unrecognized, and drew a long sigh of relief as I went up stairs, and through a very sparsely-occupied court-room, past the Justice's seat, and by a green door into the room where the recent arrests sit till called for.

I must not omit to say that upon being asked for my name I had given that of John Smith. This, to be sure, was not a very original proceeding. But how absurd it looks to see on

the police reports (if it came to that) Mortimer Herbert or Sidney Clarendon brought up for appropriation of tea-spoons! You'd have known they were prigs from their sensation-novel names if you hadn't heard a word about the spoons. So it seemed to me that the wisest course was to call myself just what I did. It was non-committal. No one could pretend to swear it was assumed, and yet there was a chance in my favor which, combined with my well-known impressive carriage, could not fail to have its weight with the Judge. I might be some eminent man hiding a lark of genius beneath the mantle of John Smith. All this flashed through my mind in an instant when the demand was made for my name, and instantaneous as was the process it still further included a recollection how a certain John Smith, whom boys love next to Robinson Crusoe among the heroes of adventure, was also the most fortunate of captives, getting out of scrapes with an ease, if possible, more marvelous than that with which he got into them, and never making a serious miss but once in his life—when he let Rolfe get Pocahontas instead of taking her himself.

The room which I entered through the green door had an aisle running down its middle, with pews on each side of it capable of accommodating three people apiece, if the attraction had been of the nature to draw a large house. The room was about thirty feet long by twelve broad, was lighted on one side by barred windows, and looked altogether like some poor relation of a Quaker meeting-house which had married out of the Society, and, falling upon evil times or bad habits, was finally driven to consort with Cow-heeled Thompson or other hardened persons like John Smith. I can make that last remark in a tone of cool irony now, but thinking what Susan would say at the time I ground my teeth after a manner which, had Phibbs been present, would have chilled him to the bone.

As the door closed behind me I was welcomed by an audience large but discriminating. Their sense of the ludicrous was keen—a talent which I was happy to observe among the lower classes. It especially struck them that I should have put on my best clothes to be arrested in, and numerous offers were made to me for the usufruct of the suit during the period that, as I was congratulated, nothing but striped breeches would be the fashion with me. I was also invited to leave my watch until I returned, on the ground that them keepers steal so dreadful at Sing Sing. Moreover, the fact that I was evidently a man of position, family, and mature years, so far from inspiring a feeling of reverence with these people, rather added to their merriment. A high hat which I wore, being of white felt, led me at first to be mistaken for Mr. Greeley; but a gentleman who was in for stealing cabbages, and afterward acquitted on the ground of having a mania for vegetables, corrected the mistake of the audience, saying that he knew the philosopher well, and had often sat in convention with him.

The shouts of welcome ceased as I selected my seat, and in a dignified but not haughty manner sat down in it. I rested my elbow on the pew-back, and, head on hand, began making a study of my neighbors.

All colors were represented there, from the freshest Saxon pink and white to the sootiest Nigritian, and about a dozen distinct nationalities. There sat the poor wretch just crawling into the grave, and only stealing bread, as it were, to help him to one day's further pull across the edge; while by his side laughed riotous health, with years to give the grim jailer and win his game yet. The faces were, some of them, utterly repulsive with every kind of ugliness, but there were others as prepossessing as you find in any average community. Perhaps what surprised me most was not the extremes of age or temperament appearing, but the vast social arc described there. I might almost call it an entire circle. There was the dainty boot from Hunt's; here a bare black foot; yonder the heel-trodden slipper, pasty with mud, which had come to its present Baxter Street owner from a Fifth Avenue ash-barrel and the sack of a *chiffonnier*. The most elegant broadcloth contrasted with the last remains of a fashionable London outfit from "'Igh 'Olborn;" while men with massive gold chains and diamond studs lounged just across the aisle from others without a pocket for the watch or a shirt for the buttons. I reached the acme of astonishment when I found among the little coterie of upper-crusters, who were huddling together, dormouse-fashion, on the front benches, to keep each other's respectability warm, at least three people whom I knew by sight and name perfectly well in the best society, and who as evidently recognized me.

Let B——, the banker, have no fear that I intend to peach on him. No, dear B——! not even does my own discreet Susan wit of your presence in that unusual place of business; and may I always have my corns stepped on if, meeting thee in church, on 'Change, or at the festive board, I tread on thine even under the table. I am very sure, B——, that thou wilt never care to say where thou metst me; and, having this confidence in human magnanimity, feel quite indisposed to harass thee with recollections of our interview. So, likewise, whenever I meet thee, ——, the counselor—*Melius Dii concedant omen!*—I will not refer to the opportunity once enjoyed by thee of studying the virtues of that bulwark of liberty, the *habeas corpus*, from the outer, as thou wast already one of its most discriminating defenders on the inner side!

It would fill Charles Kingsley and Tom Brown Hughes with confidence in the masculine vitality of America to learn that of all the gentlemen caught in this piebald crowd every one was charged with fighting; though the value of that fact to Dio Lewis and physical statistics may be lessened by the fact that they were all alleged to have been also under the spell of Bacchus.

That is the modern expression for what the Police Reports, with the charming simplicity of a pre-Augustan age, call "Drunk and Fighting." This may indicate any degree of elation which a policeman's early education leads him to think improper. I understood from persons present that a County Down policeman would arrest you for sniffing as you passed the Louvre after 12 o'clock at night, while a "Metropolitan" from Galway or Connaught would recognize in the worst case only "a touch of the wakeness," and send the beguiled banqueter home in a carriage to his own bed. * So one can see that an intimate acquaintance with the family antecedents of the policemen of the precinct is necessary to any gentleman who wishes to become intoxicated on a given beat. All the gentlemen I met on this melancholy occasion had been arrested upon this charge; yet I know, for they told me themselves, that they had scarcely taken any thing.

Finding that the process of justice was somewhat slow in the Court outside—not more than one every ten minutes being called through the green door to plead to his charge—we endeavored to treat the matter with proper philosophy, and began whiling away the time in conversation and anecdote.

I got so much interested in a story one of my fellow-sufferers was telling that I did not hear the name "John Smith" until the door-keeper had called it twice. As I started up to answer the summons I saw that I had a namesake—the ugliest negro I ever saw, club-footed, lame in one hip, with a face an elephant seemed to have stepped on—an ebony Quasimodo—a Manfred from the Mountains of the Moon.

"What art thou up for, my mysterious Döpel-ganger?"

"Shovin' the queer, boss! Dey say I'se a pal o' Cow-heels; yuh, huh!"

Oh, Smith! *John* Smith! that you should have come to this! I knew that there were a great many of you; but this is too, too much! I now wished I had called myself Algernon Sidney, Mortimer Fitz-Clarence—any thing out of a book—any thing but Smith. Why, when I answered to that name I should go out in a roar!

"I see there's another of you," said the door-keeper, with an affable nod at me.

"Yes;" said I, with a ghastly smile, "if it's all you want of the family, I'll go."

"Is that your brother?" shouted a distant butcher-boy, who, to my dismay, had caught the conversation.

"Bedad, Billy," replied another, "will you stop botherin' the man? His brother is it, and him bears the same name as himself!"

"It's his youngest, it is; but shtayin' out late over night has blached the ould gintleman, and the bye got black in the face a-crying for his father. Plase, Sir, if you lose the child, would ye mind adoptin' an orphan?"

With this modest request, there presented himself by my pew as rich a specimen of red-headed impudence as ever had a twinkle in one

eye, wore half a hat, and was fourteen years old. I was attracted to him to the extent of a ten cent stamp; but declined to adopt him, less from any intrinsic objection than as a precedent.

The next time the door-keeper appeared he called for "John Quincy Adams." J. Q. A. still kept up the Revolutionary reputation of his forefathers, having on the previous night so smitten an adversary that he turned a complete cart-wheel with acrobatic facility. I regretted only to see that Adams was not quite up to the family traditions in respect of personal beauty and neatness of attire.

Just after he had gone my attention was drawn to a man in a dark green alpaca frock and somewhat shabby pepper-and-salt pantaloons. He seemed about thirty years of age, and had an excellent face, although it bore on it marks of last night's dissipation. Though joining occasionally in the talk of our group, close notice of him showed me that he felt deeply dejected, and as he walked away after laughing with apparent heartiness at a joke from one of the party, I unostentatiously followed him. He turned, and, as I suppose, seeing my sympathy in my face, said softly:

"I laugh, but I tell you I feel awfully sore."

"What are you up for?"

"Same as all of you. I am a stranger from Iowa; went out with some friends last night; missed 'em somewhere; got into the street alone; didn't have any idea that I'd indulged too much; found myself here. There's the long and the short of it!"

"Oh well, they say it may be very likely only a fine!"

"Yes, but that's another thing—till I find my friends I haven't the money to pay my fine!"

I led away the conversation from this topic to general ones. I always like to trot a man off his engrossing theme and see how he goes across country; I couldn't tell whether this one was a swindler or an honest man in trouble till I saw his swing and style of action on the rough but solid ground of our average experience. I talked with him for fifteen minutes—found him a man of education as well as a college graduate; a person of refined tastes and tender conscience; and was just hesitating whether to believe that Jeremy Diddlerism *could* possibly act a part with skill so marvelous, when his suddenly moist eyes showed that he had reverted to the original subject, and he said, like one musing:

"I would not care if it weren't for—for *her*. If I'm imprisoned and my wife knows it—it will—it will break her heart!"

Then I couldn't stand it any longer.

"I've got the best of wives myself, stranger (I say 'stranger' because I believe that's considered the proper thing to say in your part of the country), and I wouldn't have Susan know where I am for all the postage stamps you could paste on the pavement between here and home. Let me shake hands with you, Sir. Your sentiment does you honor, Sir. I trust I take no liberty in saying that if you are fined I shall

give you my direction and pay the amount, leaving you to return it at your convenience."

I will not dwell on the astonished gratitude with which he received my offer. It was more convincing for his sincerity than any seeming delicacy which might first have coquetted with the favor and then accepted it.

I felt so happy to think I had been able to lift off one load even in such a place as this that I waited my turn with great composure. I was not even startled when I discovered that "Zenobia" was a mulatto woman, who, since the fall of Palmyra, had got reduced to going out to do washing, had a baby, and was up for stealing from one of her employers starch to thicken the pap for it. An Aurelian in blue came to the green door, poor Zenobia went out carrying the baby, and what became of either hardened offender, the thief or the equally guilty receiver, I have never since discovered. While meditating on Human Fate and the doctrine of Compensation, I heard "Thomas Jefferson" called, and saw an evil-eyed sneak thief slouch to the door with a brass skin over every feature of his coarsely subtle face. Evidently that case was soon disposed of, for the green mouth of Draconian Justice gave another gape five minutes later, and uttered the words "Daniel Webster." Oh, shade of the Immortal! An omnibus pick-pocket! I could not refrain from rising and addressing the audience:

"Gentlemen," was my remark, "if I had earlier known that I was in the Senate of the United States and the companion of so many dear to the Muse of History, I should have enjoyed your company better."

Cries of "Hi! hi!" and "We'd rather have yer room, ole hoss!" drowned any thing else I may have intended to say. Just at this moment the green door opened again and I heard a call for "John Smith." No one else moved amidst the laughter raised by recollections of the last spirit which that name's spell evoked, and seeing, like Mr. Blair on a certain occasion and many other great men on divers occasions, that my time had come, I wrung the Iowa man by the hand and told him that if I got off I'd wait for him.

"Oh, thank you! do—do! Thank you—I know you will."

The green door shut on his pleading face, and with a very few morning loungers, none of whom, thank Heaven, I knew—sitting on the audience benches behind me—I presently stood face to face with Justice. I mean Mr. Justice L——, not the female member of the family who has something the matter with her eyes. *He* keeps his open wide enough, you may wager!

I attempted to look as if I were calling at the bar merely to inquire if the Judge could vouch for the character of the respectable policeman at my side, but broke down in the attempt to realize the conception of wanting to take such a domestic into my family. I do not, however, mean to convey an idea that my carriage lacked a certain impressiveness. No, quite the contrary.

The clerk repeated the charge, the policeman who had arrested me told his story as correctly in respect to facts as could be expected from one ignorant of the arrangement with that Phibbs, and the Judge said:

"Well, Smith, let's hear from you."

Before this I had thought, "Oh, if I only had the eloquence of Badger! the dramatic force and fire of Foxglove! Then would I plead with Justice like Sheridan, with the voice of Gough and the cothurnus of Talma!"

But the instant I heard that simple invitation, "Smith, let's hear from *you*," I realized that "straightforward does it" nine times out of ten, and determined that without note or comment I would my plain, unvarnished tale deliver. I tersely stated the dinner, the subsequent enthusiasm, and (had the Judge read "The Lambeth Casual?"—he smiled and nodded) the subsequent ridiculous proposition of Phibbs, and my performance of it with full approbation of the man assaulted, as still further evidence of which I cited the manner in which he chaffed the policeman and refused to complain.

The policeman was obliged to corroborate my testimony on the last point. Judge L—— looked at me carefully, but seemed at last to be satisfied with the truth of my statement—his appreciation of its reality causing a perceptible twinkle in his eye—and then whispered to the policeman. I thought I caught the words, "*Trifling offense—no complaint;*" and just as I was hoping to get off with a ten-dollar fine the Judge said:

"Well, Smith, try and do better the next time; you can go—understand Latin? *Noll. Pros.*"

I was free! Not only American free but scot-free. I had gained my experience of the Metropolitan Police Force at the cheapest rate at which it is possible to become acquainted with that glorious public institution—an indignant soul and one night in infernally unfurnished lodgings. Talk not to me of that Judge's laxity who draws it mild with unintentionally-betrayed middle-aged gentlemen like myself! Why, the misery that poor young fellow still in there has endured, during the stony long night, thinking of his wife, is more punishment for him than a year at Blackwell's Island would be for a coarser-hearted man! I can't answer for the rest of you gentlemen behind the green door; but I'll go bail for myself and the mar from Iowa that neither philosophic nor convivial experiment will hereafter have strong enough attraction to show us the wrong side of that portal.

Pursuant to promise I returned from the bar to a seat in the audience and waited for my friend.

He came out looking ghastly pale, and almost reeled against the policeman in charge; but I felt hopeful, for I saw that the Judge interpreted it correctly, not as drink, but grief, mortification, and anxiety; and when the poor fellow's eye, searching eagerly through the

crowd, finally caught mine, his color came again, and his reassured smile thanked me more than bushels of compliment. There was no complaint against him—it was plain from his face that any more penalty than last night in the cell would be Draconian measure to mete an unintentional offender—so to his utter bewilderment he was let off on the same terms as "John Smith"—*videlicet Ego*.

I stepped out into the aisle and congratulated him as he came down with more than my usual warmth to a stranger. We walked out together into the open and comparatively un-policemanned air of Sixth Avenue. I couldn't get my companion to take even an oyster-stew with me. He seemed to feel a pride in not using for his physical needs a man who had volunteered himself to save his honor. I respected the feeling, but ached to give the poor fellow some breakfast. I don't see why he should look at that matter in such a strict light. Breakfast isn't a generosity! Why, it somehow seems to strike you like a common human duty, you know. But no breakfast would Iowa touch. He'd hunt up the friends he was with last night—they might like to breakfast with him, he remarked, cheerily. There was much of the in-born gentleman in him, and I hope his friends kept a good hot omelette for him. We walked together as far as Clinton Place; I turned there to Broadway and found his road took him down Sixth Avenue.

"So we part here?" said Iowa.

"Yes, for the present. I have a happy knack of meeting people who interest me again."

"Well, you've done me such a service."

"Happily it was not needed."

"No matter; you stood ready to do it all the same. I shouldn't wonder if you had saved my wife's life and mine to-day. I feel as if you were one of the few friends I have ever had in this world. I feel as if a promise to you would be particularly sacred. Here, I give you my hand that I have put into my mouth for the last time that which steals away the brains. Will you accept my promise, Sir?"

"I will."

"It's all I have to give, and I'll make it worth something. I won't ask your real name, but I'll give you mine" (here Iowa confided one which I have good reason to trust will not always lie in obscurity). "May you never want help; but if you do, may it be where I'm not distant. Good-by."

He wrung my hand; and though my own poetic tastes and prepossessions in Iowa's favor would lead me to give this episode a more satisfactory dramatic ending, the fact is, we have not met since and had any startling recognitions; but he has probably gone home to his wife to be a good man, which I take it is just as well in the long-run as having a romantic termination.

I now bent my steps toward Phibbs's with a settled determination if possible to avoid violence. I think giving him a piece of my mind

is the clearest statement of what I intended to do when I got there.

Reaching the house, I was informed that he had gone up to Jefferson Market ten minutes before. I trembled like a guilty thing, and was on the brink of a terrible indiscretion, just catching myself before I said to the servant, "Oh! your master must have passed me on the way." The fact was, I hadn't yet got rid of the feeling that every thing about me had been read in the morning papers.

Glad that I had been able to scorn Phibbs's assistance, and reserving the inverted patriarchal benediction prepared for him till another occasion, I repaired to my beloved, yet now, alas! reproachful home, resolved to confess that Phibbs and the rest of us had made a night of it, but not to say—and O, benignant Heaven! not to be asked—*where!*

My prayer was wonderfully granted. My married daughter had come in from Yonkers just after I left; and there was a note on my study-table, saying, please might she keep dear mamma overnight, and wouldn't I come up for her the next afternoon? So my charming Susan, being all the while out of town, will never be the sadder for my experience on that confounded deal-board in Greenwood.

III.

It was my next duty to go in search of Phibbs's two other miserable victims. Foxglove in an Insane Asylum, Badger in an Orphan's Home—I wondered why it hadn't seemed so ridiculous to me last night!

On arriving at the Asylum where we had left Badger I had the door opened for me by a domestic, who I think could only have answered the bell in the absence of the regular maid, it being evident that they kept her especially to frighten bad orphans who neglected combs and soap. This Dreadful Warning drew her hand across her face and mopped it with her apron, counted all the buttons on my waistcoat, and settled a doubt in her mind as to the result of a fight between two billy-goats in the field across the way, before condescending to answer the question whether a Mr. Badger chanced to be there, with a concise and staggering

"No, he ain't!"

"Was the Reverend Father Superior in?" was my next attempt.

"He ain't nuther," said the Dreadful Warning.

I was about to turn away with the impression that Badger had seen his ridiculous error on the preceding evening and returned to his chambers shortly after we left him, when a door opened at the further end of the hall, and one of the prettiest young faces I had ever seen—and I've known fine women in my day—peeped out, with a pleasant glimpse of cozy *boudoir* for a back-ground, saying:

"Mary Ann, ask is it a friend of the gentleman who came late last night?"

"D'ye hear what she says?" said the Warning, in an austere, drill-sergeantly voice.

"Madam!" said I, advancing toward the charming creature, "you speak of Mr. Badger. Were it not frivolous on such occasion to quote poetry I might say, 'Myself and misery know that man.' I am now anxiously in search of Mr. Badger. Surely you will assist me if possible—I know I could not seek kinder aid—good-heartedness sparkles in your every feature."

She looked at me half-mockingly, half-wonderingly, with a pair of big blue eyes. She *was* very pretty! I half began to think that this explained it—yes! Badger lay concealed in the house, and had given up all intention of leaving it—showed his taste. Presently she laughed a glorious little laugh, as if she only wished she could tell me something so very funny—then said,

"You're a good physiognomist. I *am* well disposed. In proof, see that I have not gone out since breakfast lest I might miss somebody who called, to whom *this* would be of importance."

At the word "this" she put in my hand a card of Badger's, with the following penciled on its back:

"They allow me but an instant to write unobserved. Meet me at the Tombs, the U. S. Comm's'rs, or Ludlow Street Jail.
BADGER."

Gracious Heavens! this was folly! Jail? What for? Could he be crazy? I looked about to assure myself that we had not confounded the two asylums, and left Badger to become insane instead of Foxglove.

Then, too, the dreadful mystery might be solved by supposing that Badger was a bold big-amist or a haughty highwayman, who had been all these years concealing the nefarious secret from his bosom friends. But no! I could not think thus of Badger, who plays on an accordeon, and is all gentleness.

"May I ask—if—may I ask a question?" said I.

"If it be one which I have a right to answer."

"I desire no fairer judge than yourself. Reply or not as you please: is my friend, indeed, out of the house?"

"Your friend tells the truth," replied the young lady, with dignity. "The most likely place to find him, I have no doubt, to be one of those addresses which he gives."

"Is he in danger? May I ask this further?"

"I no more know than you, Sir, where he is."

"But I don't ask *where*—I ask is he in danger—is he in *immediate danger*?"

She laughed again with such bewitching roguishness as she answered, "No—she fancied not," that I could not refrain from saying, as I bowed myself out of the hall-door,

"Yes, he is! he has seen *you*!"

The upshot of the matter was, that I finally got signs of Badger at the U. S. Commissioner's. My worst fears for him were realized. He was on trial for a capital charge—a criminal charge

—a charge involving property and life. When I saw Badger in that pen I congratulated his parents on Badger's being an orphan. They were better off. Oh, Badger! how could you?

In this virtuous frame of mind I obtained admission to the bar by a request to speak with Badger's lawyer, and presently obtained the following history of that eminent criminal's movements since we left him at the Orphan Asylum:

As soon as the priest had closed the door he eyed Badger closely but kindly, and said,

"A case of conscience, I suppose?"

"Exactly so," said Badger, not yet having made up his mind how to apply as an Orphan, and snatching at an opportunity to put it on the highest moral ground.

"Walk into my parlor, Sir, if you please; my sister and her daughter are sitting up late to finish things for our fair; they will entertain you a few moments while I walk up to my dormitory and robe. I will come down to the parlor, and you may rise whenever you wish to see me in private."

A moment more and Badger found himself in a brightly-lighted room, where a matronly lady and a young girl sat at work on pin-cushions, kettle-holders, dolls, afghans, and other articles which go to make up the paraphernalia of a charitable festival. They bowed and smiled as the priest spoke his name from behind the door, and the priest went up stairs to exchange his *deshabille* for some more sacerdotal garments.

Whatever Badger may have been when he came in to the Asylum, the sight of that girl completely sobered him. He thought she was the loveliest little creature he had ever seen. He felt as if he wouldn't make a fool of himself before her for any sum you could mention. The longer he conversed the more he was charmed with her, and when the Reverend Superior presented himself, Badger had resolved to act after a fashion which would enable him to see her again.

"You are very happy in your family, Father," said he, as they went up stairs.

"Yes; I hope I shall be able to keep my sister and her daughter with me, though they sometimes pine to return to County Galway, where my brother-in-law died. Walk in here;" said the priest, as he reached the landing and showed Badger into his bedroom.

When the door was shut Badger made a clean breast of the entire lark, and told the Superior that when he saw the refinement of that parlor and those ladies, as well as the kindness and frank hospitality he had received at that unusual hour, he had been recalled to a sense of honor, and could only take the course of a true gentleman, namely, to apologize for the trouble he had given. "This," said Badger, "is the case of conscience on which it relieves me to communicate with you."

At this Badger rose to go; but the priest, who seemed to be much taken with his frankness, and, as he said, saw him to be by nature a

perfect gentleman, insisted that he should test the hospitality of the Orphans still further by considering the lateness of the hour and accepting a bed with him instead of going all the way back to his lodgings. Badger could not long resist such an invitation—giving him, as it did, the hope of meeting the pretty girl at the breakfast-table. On consulting the ladies of the household it was found that the only change necessary to be made for the accommodation of Badger consisted in the young lady giving her room up for the night and occupying that of her mother. This arrangement being presently completed, Badger said good-night, and being shown to his couch, was presently wandering through delightful dreams of the young face that suddenly had dawned on him like a destiny.

He did not know exactly how long he had been asleep, but subsequent circumstances led him to think it was about three, when he dreamed that he was Macbeth, attending a spiritual circle and getting knocks from Duncan's spirit on the door; then thought somebody was amusing himself with throwing coal-scuttles down stairs; and finally woke to the conviction which two fists and a club had been trying to substantiate on the hall-door for the last two minutes. While lying still to debate whether he, a guest, ought to go to the door or not, he heard the venerable Father descend the stair and slide the bolt. Thinking the house might have been discovered to be on fire, Badger arose, came to his own door and listened.

There was a low conversation between the priest and a burly fellow who carried a heavy cane in his hand. Seeing that there was no immediate cause for alarm, Badger lay down again, leaving his door ajar. The voice of the burly man grew louder, and presently the door of the ladies' room opened and a voice came from the upper hall:

"Brother, what's the matter?"

"Nothing serious, my child," answered the priest, looking up over the balusters. "Only a gentleman from the Government, who has come to arrest Fenian leaders whom he has been informed lie secreted in our house. I think he must have mistaken the house."

"Hisn't this 'ere the Horphan's 'Ome?"

"It is."

"Then there *hain't* no mistake. Hive ad hinformation that Ed Centre Toole and General O'Googhan—both on 'em 'aving participated in the hinvation of Er Majesty's Provinces—are now concealed 'ereabouts. They're not naturalized citizens, but traitors to their hown horiginal government. They may come hunder the Hextradition Treaty—then they'll be 'ung; hany way 'ere's a warrant for 'em, and they've got to go afore the Commissioner."

"But, my dear Sir, I assure you there's no such person in this house!"

"Seein's believin'—I'll take a look."

Accompanied by his posse, the naturalized citizen who was not a traitor to his horiginal government, but managed to do a good little

turn for Britain while he discharged his duties to America as an under-sheriff, followed the worthy father all over the house; opening bureau drawers which could only have contained the object of his search upon the assumption that a Fenian was something which folded up like a napkin or slid together like a spy-glass, and filling the house with a wail of closet hinges that had not been oiled or opened for a month. He even insisted on visiting the children's dormitory, where he poked a lantern under each separate cot, causing in some highly imagnate orphans who woke up an impression that their cruel step-mother, the world, had got tired of supporting them and had sent a man to burn them up in their nests like field-mice.

The dormitory gave on the same landing as Badger's room. The priest, head catch-poll, and party came out from searching it close by Badger's door. As they passed it the fellow said he thought he'd look in there.

"That's a lady's room—my niece's room! Respect common decency!" said the Father Superior, quite oblivious for the moment of the change which had installed Badger there.

"Poh! Let the lady get in bed and cover 'erself hup! Can I come in, mum?"

He knocked and waited a minute—then, getting no answer, pushed through the door and approached the bed. What answer could Badger give? The unhappy man cowered under the bed-clothes, but enough of him stuck out to warrant the deep sigh of satisfaction with which the officer said:

"Well, boys, we've got 'im. Father Docherty, you come of an 'airy family. Your niece 'as a pair o' whiskers I wouldn't mind wearin' myself."

"Saints preserve us!" exclaimed the Superior, stepping forward, "Mr. Badger! I had forgotten about him entirely. Why, my man, that's only a gentleman who stopped in to pass the night with me—he's an American—born in this country—does business down town—"

"Then it's the most convenient thing in the world, for I'm on my way down town myself, and he can go along and sleep close to his business. Jump up, Toole!"

"But I tell you his name is *Badger*!"

"That's entirely true," said Badger.

"Well, d'ye want to know my name? I'm Dog. So now, Badger, come out of your 'ole, if you don't want to see these 'ere teeth, which I don't like to use 'em unnecessary."

Seeing the minion of despotism implacable, Badger arose and in a semi-somnambulistic state dressed himself. He had only time to write the words he left for me and wring his hospitable entertainer's hand when he was hurried from the house. After passing the rest of the night in Ludlow Street he turned up where I found him.

When I arrived his lawyer had just started the question of his identity, and the prosecution not anticipating such an issue, had been compelled to send out for witnesses upon that point.

After conversation with me, Badger's lawyer called me upon the stand, and I had the pleasure of swearing that Mr. Badger was not the great Toole. I was then asked did I know Toole, and upon my replying that I did not, I was further asked how I could have the effrontery to say this was not Toole. This view of the case seemed so bewildering that I hesitated for a moment whether it might be Toole, but casting my eyes toward the prisoner, to refresh my mind on his identity, as it were, I was distinctly and sternly informed by the prosecution that I needn't look there, as they were perfectly aware of my secret understanding with the prisoner. I replied with warmth that both the prisoner and myself were gentlemen, which naturally led to a greater familiarity than the cross-examining lawyer could ever hope for with that class.

"I appeal to the Court," said the Counsel, "for protection against this most violent and perjured witness, and suggest to his Honor the Commissioner, whether, as we know nothing of his antecedents, he may not be O'Googhan, who, though still thought at large, has the matchless effrontery to appear for his accomplice's aid in this place of justice!"

As he sternly looked me through I began feeling as if I might by mistake have secreted O'Googhan somewhere on my person, and moved uneasily from leg to leg as if I would shake him down into my boots—a certain indication of guilt which did not escape the prosecution. I began to feel uncertain as to how far I had committed myself, and being, thank Heaven! but slightly acquainted with the inside of courts, was not sure whether circumstantial evidence could be so construed as to have me hanged immediately. While the cold drops stood on my forehead several eminent dry-goods-men, for whom Badger had previously sent to Park Place, entered the court, nodded and smiled at the prisoner, and were triumphantly placed on the stand to corroborate me.

"The case has not a leg to stand on, Mr. Mincer," said the Commissioner to the Prosecution. "This prisoner is evidently not the man named in the warrant, and must therefore be discharged."

"I think we might hold him as a witness, Mr. Commissioner."

"I think not, Mr. Mincer."

"Will you please to note an exception?"

"I will, Sir."

Badger and his friends were by this time half-way to the door.

"I would move, Mr. Commissioner, that the witness be bound in sureties to reappear if further needed."

"I think I have no show to grant the motion," said the Commissioner, urbanely.

Badger and his friends had by this time reached the door, and, going out, received from the Prosecuting Counsel a backward look of longing which seemed to indicate a belief that if we'd only given him time he could have found

something to hold us in *habeas corpus*, *quare clausum fregit*, or somewhere.

IV.

Separating from his mercantile friends and his lawyer at the Broadway gate of the Park, Badger joined arms with me, and exchanging recitals as we went, we set out together on an expedition to ascertain the fate of Foxglove.

On reaching the Asylum, and sending in our cards to the Doctor as friends of Mr. Foxglove, we were told that Mr. Foxglove and his keeper were at present having an interview with another friend in the Doctor's presence, but that if we would be very quiet we might walk up. A dreadful sense of awe choked me as I ascended the stairs, and I could hear Badger's knee-pans smite together as a sort of echo to the ugly noise which the key made in the lock when we were admitted to the Lunatics' main hall. We passed several doddering old men, and the usual happy man who considers himself "the Boss of the Universe," and were finally led by the attendant into a side-chamber where—there stood Phibbs! Badger and I both shook our fists at him at once.

"Don't excite the lunatic!" said the Doctor, monitorially; and, upon coming fully into the darkened room, I saw that distinguished ornament of the Insane Profession, Dinkie, seated on a sofa at the side of poor Foxglove. Phibbs stood near the sofa, and accosted us:

"I seem to have kept just behind you all the morning till now—"

"And decidedly the safest position for you too!" said I, once more involuntarily making up a fist.

"Gentlemen, think of the lunatic!" said the Doctor, sternly.

"Well, Foxglove, old fellow, how do you feel to-day?" said I, offering my usual morning hand. Badger also extended his own.

He looked at us piercingly as if he would read us through, then turned to the accomplished Dinkie, and said:

"My dear, are these the parties that called the other day—on that little matter, you know—about collecting the water-rates on our property in the moon? Yes. They are. The late John Jacob Astor says so. Know then, rash young men, that I am Belisarius."

"Dear me, but that's well done!" said Badger, shivering.

"Then 'twere well an 'twere done quickly. Asmodeus, I come. But tell me; what shall I say to the Purple Prophet of the Parallax when he demands why on Oriental altars incense burns no more? The nine Muses are dead, and being in their nine graves, wit ye, are thus in the nine holes, and count no more honors. Save nightingales' tail-feathers, say I, you never can tell when a poet may die. I'm the last poet that ever shall be. Yet a vassal like this Dinkie can refuse me buttered eggs—did it this morning while she was sowing the earth with radiant pearl; in my embodied state I should have called it breakfast-time. Dinkie!"

"My unhappy friend!"

"You're an ass!"

"You perceive his hopeless condition, gentlemen!" said the Doctor, mournfully. "Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen, what a fearful responsibility you take upon your souls when you trifle with human reason by exposing to such influences as these a sensitive organization over-persuaded in a moment of excitement! Look at this terrible result! Did you never hear of sympathetic insanity? Why, it's as catching as small-pox!"

Up to this moment neither Phibbs, Badger, nor myself had realized the dreadful truth. As it flashed over us we all three sank down upon the nearest chairs, and with groans of dismay hid our faces in our hands.

"Has he parents?" asked the Doctor.

"He has an aunt, but no children," said Badger, absent-mindedly.

"Second cousin to the King of Jerusalem, and grandmother, on his wife's side, to the Bishop of Bungo. Ho! my chariot, menial! The soup is cooling on the tables of the north star, haste or I shall be late for the fish; and the moon has asked me to go a block out of my way with a pair of slippers for her nephew in Arcturus."

"Oh, this is terrible!" spoke Phibbs, remorsefully.

"It is indeed," said Dr. Dinkie. "What are you going to do about it? Have you considered how to break the news to his wife?"

"He's a bachelor," said Phibbs. "Could you keep him here? How long before he'll be well?"

"Ah, who can tell?" replied the Doctor, shrugging his shoulders, "these sympathetic cases are often incurable."

Phibbs, as well he might, groaned again from the very bottom of his boots.

The next moment and poor Foxglove was in a fearful paroxysm. His keeper had discovered him trying to kill himself by swallowing vest-buttons. When detected he was furious, and made a rush at us all, with his eyes glaring vengeance.

When he was secured again the Doctor resumed:

"Whether this victim of your heedlessness and sin shall ever be restored to his reason doesn't affect the question whether you have committed a serious crime. You have frightened a man out of his reason. I am not sure but my duty to society requires that I should make a statement of the facts to the authorities, or at any rate through the newspapers."

"Oh, Doctor! for Heaven's sake manage it some way without *that*!" was the gist of our universal exclamation.

"I'd prefer," added Phibbs, "if it could be arranged by our signing a bond or something of that sort, to be chargeable for him while he has to stay here."

"Hm," said the Doctor. An idea seemed to strike him; he relapsed into meditation; then abruptly addressed me:

"Do you give to benevolent objects?"

"Sometimes," said I, in surprise.

"Did you ever give to an Insane Asylum?"

"No, I can't say that I ever did."

"Or *you*?" (addressing Badger). "Or *you*?" (to Phibbs).

Both answered no.

"Then," replied Dr. Dinkie, "it's high time for you to stop neglecting one of the greatest charities of the nineteenth century. I might insist on your depositing with me funds sufficient to carry your unhappy friend through the entire year; but I will let you off upon your paying one quarter in advance—two hundred dollars. Here's the Subscription-Book. Say 'We herewith give to Dr. Dinkie's Institute the sum set opposite our names.' This form secures privacy: your unhappy victim's name does not appear."

The writing done, Phibbs said, "Shall we pay it now?"

"If you have it with you; our terms are strictly in advance."

We managed to make out the two hundred dollars between our several pocket-books, and promising the Doctor to call again that evening with an express-wagon containing trunks from his lodgings, shook hands with poor Foxglove, who called us Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; and asked us, if convenient, to carry his compliments to Genghis Khan.

"Now," said the Doctor, "let us leave the lunatic to sleep. Keep wet cloths around his head and avoid exciting topics, Michael. I beg, gentlemen, that you will accompany me to my parlor. Lunch waits there. You have had a fatiguing night and morning; a little refreshment will do you good. Come in, and for a while at least forget the harrowing scene for which you have been responsible. The cold chicken is over there, and here are the ham sandwiches."

None of us having yet had any breakfast to speak of, we could not but acquiesce in the correctness of the Doctor's prescription, though our minds were too burdened to let us eat much. We spent ten minutes at the table, and the Doctor then bowed us out with an expression of sympathy that went to our very hearts.

We had not gone many paces when we felt a series of familiar slaps on the back, and, turning, beheld Foxglove "in the fashion as he lived!"

"Heavens! the unhappy man has escaped!" cried Phibbs.

"Not unhappy, by any means," said Foxglove. "I'm a little ahead of *you*, I reckon! Chaff me about my dramatic talents again, will you? Three men as well fooled as I ever saw in my life! In the plot as Dinkie was, he could hardly help laughing. He may laugh! He's got the best joke of the season, and two hundred dollars for his Asylum! How d'ye like selling people now, Phibbs?"

It was one of those moments when silence alone is eloquent—when we find we have gone very cheap. Phibbs recovered from the intensi-

ty of the situation with a prolonged whistle, and this being interpreted by a stage-driver as the signal to halt, Phibbs mechanically stepped into the vehicle and was borne down town. He said nothing—but there was really nothing to say.

V.

Badger is the only one of us who has ever forgiven Phibbs. His spirit toward Phibbs, considering all things, is quite Christian; but that I ascribe to the fact that he spends several evenings a week under the hallowed influence of the Orphan Asylum, Father Docherty's sister and niece having done him so much spiritual good that one of the ladies at least feels it her duty not to go back to Galway.

A MAY-BASKET.

JULIA MAYO, at the opera that night, with Tom Ridley at her right hand, was in a state of supreme satisfaction; or what that queer, quizzical brother of hers would term, "in high feather." The reason for this exaltation of feeling does not appear self-evident at first, for there are a hundred better-looking men about than Tom Ridley. A hundred better looking, and of finer fashion; and every body who knows Miss Mayo knows she values these things. But there are other things Julia Mayo values.

Tom Ridley is new; he is just returned from a five years' residence abroad, where, in a certain science, he has earned a modest reputation; made a name of which men speak respectfully. He has earned a fortune too, more than modest people say; but of this Tom himself will say nothing.

Is it not self-evident now, why a bright and clever girl like Julia Mayo should be in "high feather" with such attendance?

Two or three of her own sex have not scrupled to hint that Julia was "setting her cap" at Mr. Ridley since his return.

It would not be strange, I am sure, if she did, nor strange if Mr. Ridley was caught by the cap; for it is a very pretty one—a most bewildering crown of lace and velvet and flowers; what Julia calls "a love of a bonnet." And beneath it is a very pretty face—a face full of freshness and brightness in tint and texture, and animated with sense and spirit. Perhaps not the "spirit" Browning meant when he described Evelyn Hope as

"Made of spirit, fire, and dew."

But then the Evelyn Hopes are the seldom flowers, which rarely grow in the world's hot-beds; and Julia Mayo is a slip of the world's own setting.

But while we are talking about her, *she* is talking to Tom Ridley; and the lace and flowers atop that pretty, fluffy mass of crimped hair quiver and quake with her graceful motion, and in the midst of her talk she drops a little smiling nod of recognition, now here, now there. And at one of these Tom asks:

"Who was that lady to whom you bowed just now?"

"Which lady?"

"That one across the house there, in black."

"Oh! don't you know? I thought her an old acquaintance of yours. Why it's Anna Dearing."

"You don't say so!"

The tone of Tom's voice was that of energetic surprise.

"Well, I suppose she *has* changed. She was quite pretty when you went away, I believe; though I wasn't out myself then, and don't remember much about it." And Julia thought, with a little natural complacency, of her two years' advantage in youth and freshness.

"Yes, she was called beautiful, and she could not have been more than eighteen then. But I should not have known her now for the same person, though I was conscious all the time of something familiar—a resemblance I thought to somebody. Bless my soul, how singular this matter of change is! Here are you, now, Miss Julia, brighter than you were at sixteen."

Julia bloomed brighter than ever with smiles and blushes at this, and Tom Ridley thought to himself, "How very pretty she is!" But pretty as she was he couldn't keep his eyes from wandering across the house to Anna Dearing's changed face. He remembered her as fresh as a June rose—all sparkle and joyousness and bloom. And here in place of the round contour was an irregular though most delicate outline, and not a trace of the bright color. Out of the eyes, too, had gone the gay sparkle, and left instead a sad inscrutable look, which fitted well with the proud, down-dropping lips. What had come to the girl, or what had gone from her? He might have put something like these questions to his companion perhaps, but looking at her and catching the contrast of her serene unlined face, he seemed to change his purpose; and in a moment more the curtain rose, and a famous voice was hushing all other voices in its waves of melody. But Tom Ridley, as Dick Mayo rather inelegantly but tersely expressed it, wasn't one of those who "stand on their heads about the opera;" consequently he had other thoughts and interests running through his brain at this moment than those connected with Norma. And as he was always a great fellow to harp on one string, he kept at that vexed and unanswered question—the singular change in bright and blithe Anna Dearing. It was simply at this time a matter of curiosity with Tom Ridley, for he had never been specially interested in the young lady, though she had been a toast and a paragon with his classmates five years ago. And the chance was, if he had come back and found her the same bright and blithe Anna Dearing he wouldn't have bestowed a thought upon her. But Tom Ridley had a curious analytic vein running through his composition, and it made him a student of human nature. And when once he had got a clew to a character which promised mystery or depth worth searching for, he could not let it go. So there he sat hammering away at his speculations,

while the tide of song drifted by him almost unheeded. But at last the curtain drops upon the final act, the famous voice has finished its singing for that night, and there is a general

"Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,"

a murmur of dilettante criticism, a shawling and cloaking and hooding; a few fond "good-nights;" a great many sentimental and coquetish ones; and the opera is over. Home goes the fair Julia to put her "bronze brown hair" into crimping-irons, which will emerge on the next morning a soft and fluffy mass, than which nothing is more fascinating to the beholder, nor more ruinous in the process to the growth of the bronze brown hair.

And home, or rather hotel-ward, goes Mr. Ridley, to drop his speculations in a sound sleep, and to quite forget them for the next few weeks in a nearer interest of stocks and bonds and investments. But nothing is ever quite forgotten, quite dropped out of the way in any human mind, I take it; least of all such a mind as Tom Ridley's. The link is taken up whenever the subject returns, and it will be sure to return sooner or later. It returned to him one morning oddly enough or naturally enough perhaps, since there is manifest destiny in all things, when he was in the presence of Miss Mayo. He had become—partly from a business connection with her father, and partly from a cordial discovery of a kind of relationship, a far off intermarriage between the Ridleys and Mayos—an everyday visitor. He had no nearer kin in the city, and it was a pleasant thing to have a home-feeling any where, which he certainly did where good Mrs. Mayo reigned, and where so pretty a girl as Julia Mayo persisted in calling him "cousin." So it was at the lunch-table there that the subject of his opera speculations came up again.

It was Julia herself who brought it up.

"Mamma," she said, "I went to see Anna Dearing this morning."

Mrs. Mayo was all kind, motherly interest at once, and wanted to know all about it, for she was "so sorry for the Dearings."

"Sorry, why?" spoke up Ridley.

"Oh, didn't you know? Why, they are quite poor, and live, nobody can tell how, in a sort of hand-to-mouth fashion, I suspect," answered Mrs. Mayo.

"No, I didn't know. But where's Mr. Dearing?"

"Dead. He died insolvent. It must have been a great blow to them every way, for they don't seem to have any relatives to take an interest in them and look out for them."

"But Anna's a trump though!" broke out Dick Mayo, in his sudden, unlooked-for way. "She cuts her cloth according to the pattern she has, and it's a mighty small pattern we all know, and contrives by hook or by crook to live like a lady and act like the happiest of 'em. You hear stories of her screwing and pinching, of her doing law-copying when she can get it, and the Lord knows what other handiwork; but

you never hear any complaint from *her*. *She* never tells you any of these stories. If she came in here now she would be the life and the soul of us; not one of your giggling frothy sort to follow the lead of any of our small-talk, but a generous and genial creature, whom all the snubs of fortune can't bring down. I say she's a trump!" And with a hearty, almost defiant ring in these last words of his, Dick concluded. Julia laughed a little lady-like laugh at Dick's impetuosity, with a little secret annoyance at what she termed Dick's rough manner. And then she said, in her serene way,

"I pity Anna."

Dick's manner did not improve at this. It certainly *was* rather rough as he retorted:

"Pity her! Why don't you do something besides pity? That's the way with you women. You have plenty of words, but few deeds. Do you think a man would see a good fellow down and not try to help him up?"

"For mercy's sake, Dick, do you want me to offer alms to Anna Dearing as though she were a beggar?"

Down Dick's throat there gurgled a deep, disgusted laugh as he drank his ale.

"Give her alms! I'd like to see you try it, that's all! But, Ju, there are other ways men can help each other than by giving alms to a friend."

Suddenly Julia woke up out of her serenity.

"Dick!" she exclaimed, with a sharpness in her voice that showed temper, "why don't you give *yourself* to this wonderful friend, you seem to admire her sufficiently. That would be the best help in your power, doubtless."

There was a curious gleam and flash over Dick's face, and then he answered in his quietest tone:

"I thought so too, but it seems I was mistaken, for she wouldn't take such help of me."

There he sat, the splendid, audacious fellow, cool and unflushed after this extraordinary confession, looking quite as if he had said the most ordinary thing. For his hearers but one believed that this was other than Dick's oddity. Julia gave a little start of surprise at first, and Mrs. Mayo reflected it, and wondered Dick would make such speeches. But Tom Ridley, grave and thoughtful Tom Ridley, believed in it. There was something in his own nature which throbbed responsive to the splendor of this audacity. Something more akin to the bluff and hearty manhood with its vein of deep, rich sentiment than this mother and sister would have appreciated; for though of the same blood, they had no deep acquaintance with Dick Mayo. He lived so far below the surface they could not reach him.

And so, as is often the case when persons so wide apart are thrown together, it happened frequently that a grand confession or a splendid truth was only "one of Dick's odd speeches."

And now as he sat there idle and easy, quaffing great draughts of ale, and otherwise comporting himself in a very unsentimental fashion, he had certainly none of the signs of a rejected

suitor. But Tom Ridley, who could understand how easy a thing it was for this grand fellow to dare to make any protest or tell any truth, could understand as well how little he would express his feeling or condition by ordinary signs.

And while Tom is speculating upon this Julia is "running on" in her accustomed vivacious manner. How very tame and commonplace it all seemed after this deeper vein he had struck. So very tame and commonplace that he was fain to make his adieu as soon as possible. And going down the street he kept thinking of that splendid, audacious fellow and Anna Dearing. So this was a woman who might say:

"If Shakspeare loved me, and I did not love him, how could I marry him?"

You may be sure it was not long after this that he found his way to "this woman's" home. He did not ask Miss Julia to go with him—his instincts were truer than that, nor did he mention his purpose to that "splendid fellow;" for this he was too delicate; but quite alone one evening he rang the bell at a little old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street. And Anna Dearing herself answered the bell.

He thought with a sharp pang of pain—how could he help it?—of the night he had bidden her good-by five years before, for then she stood smiling by her father's side. What a contrast—that wide, bright house, and this dark and narrow one, where pinching poverty was the only guest! No wonder that her face had lost its bloom and brightness, and her eyes had got that steadfast look of inscrutable sorrow, fighting single-handed with such a guest. But when he went into that small sitting-room, where a little fire burned brightly in the grate, and Mrs. Dearing welcomed him with the warmth of an old friend, and where, sitting opposite to him, Anna talked with that gracious genial interest of which Dick Mayo had so valiantly spoken, he could see no sign of the struggle of her life. She was bright and blithe again; but it was the brightness of a brave, tried spirit, the blitheness of a strong soul, which had the courage to turn its back upon the shadow and face the sunlight at every opportunity. And here was her opportunity. Here was an old acquaintance, come back out of five years with his life stamped—a man who had made his mark; and with her warm sense of appreciation, Anna Dearing was ready to lay down her load and enjoy her little hour with him. How fresh her intellect was, how clear and true her thought, how healthy her impressions! And how was it she could have kept herself so free from bitterness through the straits she had passed? That was a marvel. "Bright and blithe Anna Dearing," he thought over and again, as he sat in her presence, and yet when he left her he remembered that there was scarcely a trace of the gay brightness that had once made her a belle. This was something deeper than gayety, and more fascinating to Tom Ridley than any thing foregone. It was a fascination that did not

diminish as the acquaintance between them ripened, as evening after evening he sat in the little parlor and listened to her voice. It did not diminish, but rather increased, until this cool, grave fellow was thoroughly captive. But there was something inscrutable in Anna Dearing—he had caught the glimpse of it in her eyes when he had first seen her at the opera: something inscrutable, which he had not yet fathomed. Candid, and cordial, and sympathetic, and full of a certain kind of frankness, yet he looked vainly for her to bestow any confidence upon him—to trust him with any of the personal undercurrent of her life. She was ready always with whatever of wit or humor there was at her command—ready, too, with any matter of general interest. She showed him all her brightness, in short, but never her shadow. And in the mean time he saw the contour of her face grow sharper, and that inscrutable look of suffering deepen in her eyes. If she would not trust him as a friend, how could he expect she would receive him as a lover? This was the daily argument he held with himself. If he could have received the smallest token of such trust from her, in any response to his cordial effort to strike beneath the surface, he would have spoken out all there was in his heart. And so in this perplexity the winter drifted by, and his hope drifted with it. As March came coldly in, blowing its great gales up and down the streets, it seemed to him that the look of patient pride and pain deepened in the face whose every change he now watched so eagerly. And one night, for the first time, he noticed an appearance of abstraction about “bright and blithe Anna Dearing.” Listening to him once or twice, he saw her eyes wander from him, as if some perplexed thought was holding her in bondage from which she could not escape. He longed to break down the barrier of silence and entreat her to confide in him—to let him comfort her in some way. But, sweet as she was, that singular reserve she kept was insurmountable. So strongly impressed was he that there was some crisis at hand that he followed up this visit by another, and still another, in quick succession. In this time the look of worry had increased upon her face. There was a tense and quivering nerve of pain throbbing somewhere. He went again on the fourth evening, determined to force through this hoar-frost of pride, and ask her to put trust in him as a friend—to let him do her such service as a man might. Fortune favored him. She was alone, and unwillingly he touched upon a string that vibrated to an old tender memory, and so startled her into a certain self-betrayal. They were speaking of mutual friends—classmates of his in those other days.

“Do you remember, or did you know,” he said, “that Carlton and Moore and Haswell gave you King Henry’s pretty love-title, ‘Dearing’; partly for your name, and because it suggested a suitability to you?”

Her face flushed all over.

“Did I know it?” she cried. “Oh, Mr Ridley, it was my father’s pet name for me—‘My Dearing!’” Tears were in her eyes, but she would not let them fall, and there was such passionate pathos in the sudden fervor of her voice that her listener thrilled with sympathy. Out of this mood he leaned forward, and, taking her hand in his, said earnestly, “Miss Dearing, I came here to-night to entreat you to tell me what it is that troubles you—at least to ask you to allow me the privilege of a friend to serve you in any way a man might.” There was such grave authority, as it were, in his tone and manner, that it could not but be impressive; but how would she take it? Would it avail? he inly queried, in the breathing-space that ensued.

For a moment there was visible indecision, and then, quite in her ordinary way and voice, but with a gathering color on her cheek, she made answer:

“You are very kind to take such an interest, Mr. Ridley, and I thank you for your desire to serve me, but there is nothing you can do; and I am sorry my vexation has been so apparent as to trouble you; but since it has, I will tell you the cause of it, for I am afraid you may have overrated it. It is only that we are obliged to change our home—to give up this house; and for several reasons this is perplexing and annoying. Not that it is dear to us by any past association, or very pleasant in itself; but it belonged to my father’s landed property, and we thought we might, or at least we hoped to keep it; but circumstances over which we have no control render it necessary to give it up.”

Quite naturally and calmly, as she had begun, she ended, with only that one sign of unusual emotion—the spot of flame upon her cheek; but it was impossible to pursue the subject for the present; he felt that at once, and was wise enough to refrain from any further words. But it was something to have won even this partial confidence from her. He would wait, and bide his time to act. In the mean while, from what she had told, he understood what she had left untold. “And we thought we might, or at least we hoped to keep it.” These words at once revealed to him the whole dilemma. The “circumstances” were nothing less than the inevitable canker of mortgage. They had hoped to avoid this, or they had striven to redeem it perhaps, and had been unsuccessful. What a story it told!—a story of constant endeavor, of growing anxiety, of hope against hope, and now, the bitter end, of failure. And with an endurance and simplicity that seemed almost ironic, she had said—“It is only that we are obliged to change our home.”

Only obliged to change a home! Only obliged to submit to the worst of privations and loss! Only obliged to drift farther out upon poverty’s cold tide, and lose hold of the last spar of comfort!

With these thoughts and conclusions flashing through his mind, he sits there quite coolly, exchanging words with her upon indifferent topics,

while heart and soul are throbbing with but one purpose. Ah! if with a word he could gather her to his breast and shield her from all this, how quickly he would speak! But she had rejected such a man as Dick Mayo—that “grand fellow,” who always seemed to him to have some of the best attributes of a hero. She had rejected that great heart, and the help of that manly life, because she was one of the women who could say, “‘If Shakspeare loved me, and I did not love him, how could I marry him?’” How then could he hope that he might meet a different fate? For she had given no sign. And if he risked his fate, and met denial, he knew that all chance of serving her as a friend would be lost. So this man, who compared himself humbly with another man, set himself faithfully to the most unselfish service of friendship, without expectation or hope of reward in any way.

Only once again that evening did he touch upon the subject she had so calmly dismissed. And then he turned as he stood in the doorway and asked: “When do you leave here?” It was an abrupt question, abruptly put, and unlike his thoughtful way; but it had the effect of bringing him a direct and unpremeditated answer, which was just what he wanted. They would not leave until the last of May, she told him. The last of May! It was now the last of March—two months to find some method by which to serve her need. And any one who could have seen that firm, fixed face of decision, would have felt sure that he would not fail in accomplishing his undertaking.

It is superfluous to relate the detail of his patient persistence, and the steps he took to follow out his thought and purpose. It was a simple and direct purpose:—first, to discover, through careful and discreet inquiry, the amount of this unfortunate mortgage; then to make use of the discovery. And here lay his greatest perplexity. Gifted with business tact and worldly sagacity he had no doubt of carrying the first point; but with the last he had to deal with an exaggeration of pride and reserve which would make it impossible for him to deal openly and directly. There was nothing left, then, but stratagem; for to serve her in her need, though it were against her will, he was determined. Perhaps there were few persons to whom this alternative could have been more distasteful than to Tom Ridley, for he was singularly open and straightforward in his actions, though guarded always, of course, by a manly discretion. He had, too, little or nothing dramatic about his mind, which made it still more difficult for him to adopt any course that required concealment or finesse, however graceful and captivating might be the form, or how worthy and needful the cause itself. So it was that long after his discovery of the primal fact he sought, for days and days he waited and waited for some inspiration to dawn upon him in relation to his further action. All manner of curious and impossible plans would, one after an-

other, start up, to be dismissed in derision. He so heartily hated clap-trap, and every thing that approached the sensational, that it would be a difficult matter for him to fix upon any thing.

“And here is all this delay and dilemma,” he exclaimed, in a kind of impatient indignation, on one of these days of perplexity, “for a paltry five hundred dollars! Once a man could receive an estate from a friend, and be not overburdened or humiliated by the gift, but in these later times we have fallen upon a kind of a mean suspicion and a low estimate of friendship. But it shall go hard with me but I will find a way to overrule this state of things, in the present instance, at any rate!”

And he did find a way.

It flashed upon him in a very odd manner, and at a very odd time and place—for it was at the Mayos. He had dropped in to lunch—as, somehow, he had lately got out of the habit of doing—and Miss Julia was pouring tea for him, and chatting away in her brightest manner, and looking her very prettiest; and Mrs. Mayo was full of cordial inquiries of where Mr. Ridley *had* been all this while; and Dick, that splendid fellow, was in his best and most brilliant vein, sending forth from behind that great mustache startling suggestion and witty sally—when a small fac-simile of Dick, a younger member of the family, whom every body supposed was at school by this hour, came bursting into the room, as boys of twelve are apt to do, and insisted upon a private conversation with his elder brother. Whereupon Dick, after listening to a whispered word or two, rose with a good-natured laugh and went out with him. He was gone but a few moments—about long enough for Julia to remark, in her slightly annoyed tone, that “Dick always spoiled Harry,” and for Mrs. Mayo to offer a little mild defense; and then the door opened, and he appeared again with the good-natured laugh yet lingering on his lips.

“Dick, you spoil Harry indulging him in plunging into a room, pell-mell, like that!” said Julia, reprovingly.

“Do I? Well, never mind now,” Dick answered, with that careless air of indifference which was more trying to Julia than his roughness. “Never mind that now; but look here! Isn’t this pretty well, Ridley, for a twelve-year-old?” and he held out, between his thumb and finger, a little fluttering object which to Ridley was an utter mystery.

“What is it?” he asked.

“What is it? Why, man, have you entirely forgotten the time when you were a youngster? What is it!”

“It’s a May-basket, Mr. Ridley, don’t you see?” and Julia leaned forward as she spoke and transferred it from Dick’s thumb and finger to the shining silver door-knob. And then she said, laughing: “Not so exclusively a juvenile matter either, as Dick would have you suppose, Mr. Ridley”—Julia had taken a little state upon herself of late, and dropped the title of “cousin”—“for last May-day *this* was left at

my door, filled with the loveliest flowers." And Julia lifted up from a little buhl table the quaintest conceit of a basket—a costly trifle of frosted silver and mother-of-pearl.

"And last May-day I hung a May-basket at somebody's door, and much good came of it," confessed Dick, suddenly, in that reckless, half-jocose way of his. And at once Tom Ridley felt all that he meant, and knew the door had been Anna Dearing's; but while a thought of kindly sympathy went through his mind for this good fellow, another, and far more absorbing and exciting thought, was flashing through his mind. This was his "way"—the way that he had been looking for all these weeks. For what could be a prettier stratagem than this; to leave at Anna Dearing's door some charming little toy of a May-basket, like the one he had just seen, of silver and mother-of-pearl? And what if beneath the burden of flowers there should lie another offering? It was what many a friend might do—certainly the simplest thing in the world—a festival-gift or remembrance, no more; and she could scarcely reject that. Thinking thus, he scarcely heard Dick tell his story of Master Harry's little pink-and-white token, which that young gentleman had adjured him to ornament with certain arabesques and other dainty picturing, in which Dick's hand was known to excel. No, Tom Ridley scarcely heard this, nor Julia's half gay and half vexed badinage upon his abstraction. And when very shortly he rose to go, he did not see that Dick's clear, keen eyes were upon him with a thoughtful observation. Nor, perhaps, if he had seen it would he have cared, nor even have minded much perhaps, if he had known Dick's shrewd guess at a partial truth; for it can not be denied that Dick Mayo had by those shrewd instincts of his come at this partial truth in his observation—that he had said to himself, "Ridley has taken a hint from this May-basket talk; he's certainly going to follow my last year's example. I wonder—I wonder if it can be Anna Dearing?"

But little as Tom Ridley would have minded this knowledge on the part of such a manly fellow as Dick Mayo, he did not even suspect, or think of its possibility, because his mind was utterly absorbed in what he was to do.

"How stupid and disagreeable Tom Ridley has become!" Julia exclaimed, in a huff, as the door closed upon him. "He was really quite a charming person when he first came home!"

"Ridley's something better than charming," her brother answered, thoughtfully. And then, in a more mischievous tone: "And staying away from here certainly doesn't make him stupid, though it may disagreeable!"

"I saw him walking the other day with Anna Dearing; perhaps he goes *there*," said Mrs. Mayo, innocently.

"Perhaps he does—perhaps he does," Dick uttered slowly, and there came into his eyes that keen, clear look again—a look of conviction touched with a mortal sadness. But Julia's face was dark and haughty, and there was a

snear upon her lip which was not pleasant to see. And while she idled away that balmy April afternoon, and speculated and pondered with angry disdain upon the conquest she thought she had missed, Anna Dearing, little thinking that she could be an object of envy or disdain, was hard at work over her daily tasks. And these daily tasks were no light matter. There were several pages of copying to do—she would have been glad if there had been more in their present need—a few finishing strokes to put to some little sketches in oil—small undertakings, yet full of great importance to her—and then a long walk, which might or might not prove successful in the end. This was enough to fill one afternoon—to fill it with anxious thought, too, and weary, weary care! And when night came she was very tired and very sore at heart, for success had failed her again, as it does seem to fail, again and again, at the darkest points of life sometimes. So she put the pretty unsold pictures aside, and tried to keep her courage up by saying to herself that she should certainly have better luck next time; but this was sorry comfort, and did not help her much! It was the last day of the month—the last of April—a soft and summerish night; so soft that she had sat down by the open window as she came in, to cool the fever of her weary brain.

"What were they to do?" she wondered, vaguely, as she sat there. In a few weeks they would be homeless—or, at least, with only such a chance home as her slender earnings could give. Alas, it was very bitter! And as this bitterness surged through her mind, the balmy breeze blew by with an almost forgotten scent of arbutus—that special flower of May. And looking out she saw a little group of boys and girls returning from the woods, with hands and arms full of this blossomy treasure. Wafting in to her, too, came their blithe, eager voices, talking gayly of their spoils and merry plans of pleasure. To a less noble person than Anna Dearing this happiness, in which she had no share—and which, indeed, offered contrast to her own sad lot—might have brought added bitterness. But, instead, it was as if the soft spring-tide wind had come to her with some tender whisper of comfort. "I know what I will do," she said, gently, to herself. "I will go away somewhere into the country. Mother will like it better than any place here now. And there I will work as I can. I can certainly find something to do." And this thought went with her to her couch that night, and followed her in her dreams, and altogether made her more tranquil than she had been for days before. Throwing up her window the next morning, there beneath she saw in the early sunshine another youthful party wending their way toward the country. And there across the street—it was a very quiet, old-fashioned street—a little flock had just hung one of those parti-colored paper baskets, and were now scampering off—after a prodigious pull at the bell—for safe but not unseen hiding. It was like a picture torn out of her own child's-book

of life and held up before her. "And it wasn't so very long ago that I enjoyed all this just as they do!" she said, softly, to herself, with a breath of color blown into her cheeks and a far-away look in her eyes. And it was at this moment that somebody gave a prodigious pull to her bell, which startled her not a little, and put to flight her pleasant memories.

"It's the man I spoke to yesterday about taking those things to the auction-room, I suppose," she explained to her mother as she went down. But she was mistaken. It was not the man to whom she had spoken yesterday; it was an express courier with a package for her—a box marked definitely with her name and residence, so there could be no mistake. Who could be sending her a box? And she stood studying the handwriting of the direction, as people will a letter sometimes. And then she bethought herself and opened it, when in a breath the mystery was clear. Violets, and arbutus, and every wild or garden scent that ever grew, wafted up to her their heavenly odors. Somebody had sent her a May-basket! She lifted it out. The prettiest May-basket she had ever seen, looking as though it had been woven by fairy fingers, and filled by fairy hands. Could it be that the M'Leans had returned, for who else would remember her like this? and last year they had sent her just such choice dainties. It must be the M'Leans. They had come back sooner than they had intended, and this was the token of their presence. For a moment all disappointment, care, and anxiety were banished in the pleasure of being thus remembered.

"See, mother!" she said, brightly, as Mrs. Dearing entered the room. And Mrs. Dearing looked and admired and confirmed the opinion of her daughter: "Of course it was the M'Leans."

And then it was that Anna prepared to remove the flowery treasures from their delicate receptacle.

"The sender never meant they should remain here; that is certain, mother, for see how frail this work is, and how white!—like those little East Indian baskets of ivory Aunt Ellen used to tell about." She took the flowers out, one by one, and laid them in a glass dish filled with water. One by one, and there, at last, she comes to a white inclosure lying seal upward.

"Ah, mother! here at the bottom is a note; that is so like Mrs. M'Lean. Now we shall know the whole story."

Mrs. Dearing was busy over her coffee-making, and waiting to hear the contents of the note.

"Well, what is it, Anna? why don't you read it?"

"There is nothing to read, mother; look here!"

There was a change in Anna's voice, a hushed tone as it were, and in her face a pale wonder which instantly arrested her mother's attention.

"Anna, you frighten me, what is it?"

And then Anna Dearing came round to her

mother's side and showed her the contents of that white inclosure. It was no note, no written word from Mrs. M'Lean, but a roll of bank-bills which met her astonished gaze. She took it from her daughter's hands and counted it over mechanically. Then she looked up with a new light in her eyes.

"Anna, it is enough to pay off the mortgage. Mr. M'Lean was your father's oldest friend. We can surely accept this from him."

Anna Dearing was morbidly proud, perhaps, but she was not ungracious; and this delicate conveyance of so greatly needed a gift from her "*father's oldest friend*" was not a deed she could quarrel with or reject. Instead, her whole nature was melted within her.

"And only think, mother, but last night I was fancying that we hadn't a friend in the world." They looked up at each other a moment, and then neither could see for tears. It was a blessed relief, and not for one instant did they question its source. Full of delicate reserve and tact themselves, they thought they understood the whole matter. They thought it was very plain that this "old friend," ascertaining their strait on his arrival, had at once acted upon it in this manner without heralding his own presence in any way. He was always a little eccentric, always disposed to do things quietly and differently from others. So they would bide his time, and wait his pleasure to thank him. In the mean time no hearts could be more thankful than theirs. And in the mean time down the lakes of Lucerne Mr. M'Lean and his party were sailing, with no thought of them, and with no knowledge of their strait.

It was well they did not know this at the time—that they fully believed in the agency of "this old friend;" for thus, unquestioning, they made use of the help that was sent them, and the little home was saved. A poor little home enough, scarcely worth the amount of mortgage, perhaps, but it was their own.

Of course the time must come, sooner or later, when the truth would be discovered to them—when they would know that, on that lovely day of May, the friends they had supposed so near were still on a foreign shore, with no knowledge of their strait, and perhaps with little thought of them. Sooner or later this time must come. And it did come very suddenly and curiously, as such things almost always will. The money, as I have said, had been made use of in a happy, unquestioning spirit, with the supposition that it came from her father's oldest friend; and then they waited for further sign of this friend. Day after day, week after week went by, without bringing this looked-for sign, until at last both Mrs. Dearing and Anna felt a vague uneasiness in the midst of their surprise. It was so odd of the M'Leans. And out of this surprise Anna spoke one evening to Tom Ridley, who, after a brief absence from the city, had resumed his old habit of dropping in upon them. It was a perfectly commonplace inquiry, and

conveyed no particular meaning to him. Had he seen any thing of the M'Leans since their return, for she believed he was a friend of theirs?

"The M'Leans! when did they return? You certainly must be misinformed, Miss Dearing, for I had a letter not long since from them, dated at Lucerne; and they could not be here unless they started at once, which, however, I am sure they did not do, for Mr. M'Lean makes mention, now I think of it, that they were going on to Rome for a week or so, and then would return to Lucerne for the summer."

"When was your letter dated? Pardon me, but I have special reasons for asking," she inquired quickly. Entirely unsuspecting of her reason, he hunted, first in one pocket, then another, and finally handed her the letter open at the page of dating. *It was the first of May.* For a moment she was silent through intense astonishment. Then in a bewildered tone she murmured, as if to herself, "The first of May, I can not understand it."

Still unsuspecting, he said,

"What is it you can not understand, Miss Dearing? Perhaps I can help you."

"No, it isn't likely, thank you," she replied, recovering herself in a measure. "If they were in Lucerne the first of May, they could have known nothing—I beg your pardon," she interrupted, confusedly; "but something came to me on that day which I was sure could only be from the M'Leans."

As she finished speaking she looked up into his face. So utterly taken by surprise was he that a fiery flush sprang to his very brow, and his eyes fell beneath hers. In an instant she saw it all—the long desire to serve her, the May-day artifice, and the little absence from town till the matter was tided over. Startled, bewildered, and excited, she rose up from her chair, hesitated a moment, and then sitting down again, bent her head into her hands and burst into a passion of tears.

"Anna, Miss Dearing, forgive me! I know I have deceived you—have been intrusive, presumptuous perhaps; but how else could I serve you? and how could I see you suffer, even as a friend?—how could I?" And here all his long reserve was borne away upon a more resistless tide. He did not stop now to consider success or failure. His mind was clear only upon that one point—to open his whole heart to her, and let her judge him as friend or lover. His words were not many, but they were very eloquent. Listening to them, Anna Dearing could not fail to appreciate that he meant what he said, and that he was capable of serving her as he averred, either as friend or lover. No woman, after such hearing, could refuse such friendship as this, but how would it be with the other? How would it be?

She lifted her head as he ceased speaking and looked up into his face. His heart thrilled as he met that glance, for there was something in her eyes he had never seen there before.

"Forgive you," she said, in a low, intense

voice—"I have nothing to forgive. I have only to acknowledge the most generous and delicate friendship."

He rose from his seat now and came round to where she was sitting. "And is there nothing else," he asked—"nothing else than friendship?"

Again she lifted her eyes, and again for one moment he caught that glance. Soft, tender, and impassioned it shone through her tears. And suddenly he knew that, though she had given no sign before, she had loved him all the while!

It was one of the "Faust nights," and a great crowd was assembled, waiting for the curtain to rise, while the orchestra's flute, violin, bassoon, were making that dulcet music to which hundreds of little hands and feet always keep time. So Julia Mayo's slender fingers went beating out the measures half unconsciously, as her eyes ranged the house. At her elbow was that young dandy—Arkwright; the handsomest man of his day. And leaning out upon the cushioned bar her brother Dick hummed the orchestral changes.

Altogether Julia was pleasantly situated, and enjoying herself according to her wont when suddenly something jarred the music all out of tune for her. This something was: "Look there, Miss Julia. There's Ridley—Tom Ridley and his *fiancée*, Miss Dearing. What, you didn't know? I congratulated him last night."

And then Arkwright skipped lightly to another subject; but Julia didn't follow him. For the time her mind was intent upon that group just entering. Tom Ridley and his *fiancée*, and Mrs. Dearing. Julia Mayo was never in love with Tom Ridley. This handsome fellow at her elbow was much better suited to her. Why, then, should that cloud pass over her face, and the music be out of tune for her? Ah, why? Can any body answer? Can any body tell why ambition rules half the world, and conquest seems better than constancy sometimes?

And can any body tell why Miss Julia, in a moment more, smoothed out that ruffled brow and turned with that *riant* air to her brother, saying: "Oh, Dick, Mr. Arkwright says that Mr. Ridley is engaged to your old favorite, Anna Dearing. Isn't it nice?"

Dick Mayo gave a great start. Then he answered, grimly:

"Nice? Well, I shouldn't have thought of it in that light."

Arkwright did not understand this, and he leaned forward, asking: "Why, Mayo, don't you like Ridley? Don't you think him worthy of Miss Dearing?"

Dick Mayo lifted those deep-set, searching eyes of his to the questioner. "Think him worthy? I think Miss Dearing worthy of the first gentleman in the land. And I think Mr. Ridley worthy of Miss Dearing!"

Arkwright looked a little astonished, and Dick

settled himself in his seat again; and sent those brave, kind eyes across the house in a glance of greeting. And as Anna Dearing and her lover met that glance—that cordial smile just touched with melancholy, they said to each other, as if with one mind: “He is a grand fellow.” And that was all they ever said. But Tom Ridley, sitting there, thought again of those words: “If Shakspeare loved me, and I did not love him, how could I marry him?”

WILMINGTON DURING THE BLOCKADE.

BY A LATE CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

AFTER the capital of the Confederacy there was not in the South a more important place than the little town of Wilmington, North Carolina, about twenty miles from the mouth of the Cape Fear River, noted in peace times for its exports of tar, pitch, turpentine, and lumber. The banks of the Cape Fear had been settled by Sir Walter Raleigh's emigrants and Scotchmen, and to this day you find the old Highland names, and see strongly-marked Scottish features among the inhabitants. The people still retain many of the traits of their descent, and are shrewd, canny, money-making, and not to be beaten at driving a bargain by any Yankee that we ever saw. They are hospitable, intelligent, and polished; many old families, who for years have lived in affluence and luxury, residing there, who have intermarried with each other until they form a large “cousinhood,” as they call it.

Previous to the war Wilmington was very gay and social. But the war had sadly changed the place—many of the old families moving away into the interior, and those who remained, either from altered circumstances or the loss of relatives in battle, living in reticacy. When we first knew it, Major-General W. H. C. Whiting was in command. He was an old army officer, who for a long time had been stationed at Smithville, near the Old Inlet at the mouth of the river, where prior to the war there had been a fort and a garrison, though for some years disused. Whiting was one of the most accomplished officers in the Southern army. He was a splendid engineer, and having been engaged in the Coast Survey for some time on that portion of the coast, knew the country thoroughly, the capability of defense, the strong and the weak points. His manners were brusque, but he had a kind and generous heart. He was fond of the social glass, and may have sometimes gone too far. He was not popular with many of the citizens, as he was arbitrary, and paid little attention to the suggestions of civilians. He was a very handsome, soldierly-looking man, and though rough sometimes in his manners, he was a gentleman at heart, incapable of any thing mean or low, and of undaunted courage. Peace to his ashes!

On Whiting's staff were three young officers of great promise: his brother-in-law, Major J.

H. Hill, of the old army, now an active express agent at Wilmington; Major Benjamin Sloan, his ordnance officer, now teaching school somewhere in the mountains of South Carolina; and Lieutenant J. H. Fairley, a young Irishman, who had been many years in this country, and who hailed from South Carolina. Fairley was noted in the army as a daring scout and very hard rider, withal one of the quietest and most modest of men. He is now drumming for a dry-good house in New York, instead of inspecting the outposts. We wonder if he recollects the night when the writer hereof picked up a rattlesnake in his blanket at Masonboro Sound.

Whiting scarcely ever had enough troops at his command to make up a respectable Confederate Division. In '64 he had at Wilmington Martin's Brigade, which was a very fine and large one, composed of four North Carolina regiments, remarkably well officered; two or three companies of heavy artillery in the town, doing provost and guard duty; at Fort Caswell, at the mouth of the Old Inlet on the Western Bar, a battalion of heavy artillery and a light battery; at Smithville a similar battalion; at Baldhead, opposite Caswell, an island, Col. Hedrick's North Carolina regiment, about 600 men effective; at Fort Fisher Lamb's North Carolina regiment, about 700 effective men; a company at Fort Anderson; a company of the 7th C. S. cavalry at the ferry over New River, 60 miles northeast of Wilmington, on the Sound; two companies of cavalry, a light battery, and a company of infantry at Kenansville, 40 miles north of Wilmington and 7 miles west of the Weldon Railroad. These, with two or three light batteries scattered along the Sound, from a little above Fort Fisher up to Toprail, constituted in the spring of '64 the whole Confederate force in the Department of Cape Fear.

With this force, and Whiting's skill and bravery, we military men thought we could hold Wilmington. For we justly regarded the General as one of the few eminently fit appointments that the War Department had made. It certainly made some curious selections, *e. g.*, the placing of the dashing, impetuous Van Dorn in command of a Department—the last place in the world he was suited for—instead of giving him a cavalry command of 10,000 men and placing him in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Had the latter been done the Federals would have found Van Dorn a troublesome customer in Missouri. But in Whiting we had implicit faith. So, though there were constant rumors of expeditions against the place we scarcely believed they were coming, so long had the thing been delayed, and, in fact, an attack was wished for by the youthful Hotspurs to relieve the monotony of the garrison life at Caswell, Baldhead, and Fisher. Wiser people knew better. In fact we had lapsed into a dream of security, or thought, at least, the evil day was far off. We ate, drank, and were merry, and there was marrying and giving in marriage, as in the days before the flood.

It seemed singular to us that the United States should so long neglect to close the only port almost of the Confederacy into which every "dark of the moon" there ran a half dozen or so swift blockade-runners, freighted with cannon, muskets, and every munition of war—medicines, cloth, shoes, bacon, etc. Through that port were brought till January '65 all the stores and material needed by the indefatigable Colonel Gorgas, the Confederate Chief of Ordnance, the most efficient bureau officer the Confederacy had. Through it came those famous Whitworth and Armstrong guns sent us by our English friends. Into Wilmington was brought by Mr. Commissary-General Northrup that rotten, putrid bacon called "Nassau," because it had spoiled on the wharves of that place before reshipped for Wilmington. It was coarse Western bacon, bought by Confederate emissaries at the North; and many a time have we imprecated curses both loud and deep on poor old Northrup's devoted head as we worried down a piece of the rancid stuff. We must say, in all candor, that he was impartial in his distribution of it, and ordered it given to both Confederate trooper and Federal prisoner. Northrup himself ate none of it; he lived on rice—of which he would buy a hogshead at a time from the Commissariat. We became so vitiated in our taste by eating it that at last we came to prefer it to good bacon, and liked the strong, rancid taste. We could not afford to permit our stomachs to cut up any shines, and forced them to stand any and every thing by breaking them into it.

But the cargoes of those white painted, bird-like looking steamers that floated monthly into Wilmington, producing such excitement and joy among its population, unfortunately for the Confederates did not contain Government stores and munitions of war alone, bad as the bacon and much of the stuff bought abroad by worthless Confederate agents were. The public freight compared with the private was small. By them were brought in the cloth that made the uniforms of those gayly-decked clerks that swarmed the streets of Richmond with military titles, and read the battle bulletins and discussed the war news. From that source came the braid, buttons, and stars for that host of "Majors"—who were truly fifth wheels, and did not even have the labor of "following the Colonel around"—with which the Confederacy was afflicted. From it came the fine English brandies, choice foreign wines, potted meats, and preserves, jellies, and anchovy paste, etc., that filled the pantries and store-rooms of many of the officials at Richmond, and were spread out in such profusion at the dinners or suppers or déjeuners given by the "court circle" (as it was called) to officials when the "circle" wanted any of their pets promoted or assigned to good positions. From it came the loaf-sugar, coffee, tea, etc., that staff-officers, blockade-runners, and their relations and friends luxuriated in, while the ragged, dirty Confederate soldier, musket in hand, broiled or soaked in the trenches

before Richmond and Peterburg, watching the foe with stout heart but faint stomach; starving on a handful of meal and a pint of sorghum molasses, probably varied every other day with the third or quarter of a pound of Mr. Commissary-General Northrup's savory "Nassau Bacon." Meanwhile his wife and little ones suffering in their far-off Southern home for the necessities of life. It was this that broke the spirit of the Southern army, and caused such numerous desertions from General Lee's camp during the memorable winter of '64 and '65.

In fact there were numbers of Confederate officers, during the period blockade-running came under our view, whose sole business it seemed to be to lay in in that way stocks of groceries and dry-goods, and by speculating and shipping cotton from Wilmington and Charleston to lay by gold in case of an evil day. Many of them came out of the war rich men, and doubtless with comfortable consciences, for who respects or likes a poor man? We will say, however, that we never heard of but two officers of high rank who were accused of this; and one thing was very certain, that Henry Whiting's skirts were clear of such transactions, and that he left his family badly off. It was the small fry generally who engaged in this discreditable business, to the neglect of their soldierly avocations, men who had been either in the retail grocery or dry-goods business before the war, and who could not keep their hands from such pickings, or get over their old "store" habits. It was seldom you caught a West Pointer at this trading business, poor as most of them were, though it must be confessed that two or three of them did fall from grace in this particular.

Talk about Yankees worshipping the almighty dollar! You should have seen the adoration paid the Golden Calf at Wilmington during the days of blockade-running. Every body was engaged in it save the private soldiers and a few poor line and staff officers, who were not within the "ring," and possessed no influence or position there by which they could grant favors.

When a steamer came in, men, women, children rushed down to the wharves to see it, to buy, beg, or steal something. Every body wanted to know if their "ventures"—the proceeds of the bales of cotton or boxes of tobacco sent out—had come in. No people were more excited than the women, expecting gloves, parasols, hoop-skirts, corsets, flannels, and bonnets, silks and calicoes; for these things became frightfully scarce and dear in the South during the last year of the war. The first people aboard of course were the agents—on such occasions very big men. Then swarmed officials and officers, "friends" and "bummers," hunting after drinks and dinners, and willing to accept any compliment, from a box of cigars or a bottle of brandy down to a bunch of bananas or a pocketful of oranges. Happy the man who knew well and intimately the steward of a blockade-runner, or could call the cook his friend, and get a part

of the stealings from the pantry or the drippings from the kitchen!

How it made those bluff, coarse, vulgar Englishmen stare, who came in as pursers or officers, to see well-dressed gentlemen thus degrading themselves by sponging and loafing and disgracing their uniforms! We have seen many a fellow, bearing a commission, for hours eying from a stand-point on the wharf a blockade-runner as a cat would a mouse, and then just about lunch-time drop aboard to enjoy the Champagne or porter, the sardines or Parmesan and English cheese. We never heard them express it, but we can imagine the intense disgust that such men as John Wilkinson, Robert Carter, and other old navy officers, who occasionally commanded such ships, must have felt at this method some of their Confederate brethren had of living at other people's expense.

As for ourselves, we never had the pleasure of this sort of thing but twice. Once by invitation of our friend George Baer (*alias* Captain Henry), who immortalized himself by writing that celebrated protest as to the capture of the *Greyhound*, and by his escape from his captors in Boston. Baer invited us to a fashionable 10 o'clock breakfast on the *Index*, which he then commanded, and the consequence was we nearly stuffed ourselves to death, and came near having an apoplectic fit. The second time we went by invitation on board the *Advance* to dinner, and were treated like a "snob," as we deserved to be, for our pains. We shall never forget the cool stare of the steward when we had the audacity to ask for a second piece of pie. We ate it—humble pie indeed—and that awful man's look, which we shall never forget to our dying day, though it came near killing, cured us of any propensity of dining and wining on board blockade-runners. We loved fresh meat and Champagne dearly, but we never sought it again in that quarter.

Wilmington during that period swarmed with foreigners, Jews and Gentiles. In fact, going down the main street or along the river, you might well imagine you were journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho. As to the falling among thieves we will make no mention. The beggars at the gangways of the newly-arrived steamers were as thick as those in Egypt crying "buck-sheesh."

At every turn you "met up," as our tar-heel friends say, with young Englishmen dressed like grooms and jockeys, or with a peculiar coachmanlike look, seeming, in a foreign land, away from their mothers, to indulge their fancy for the *outré* and extravagant in dress to the utmost. These youngsters had money, made money, lived like fighting-cocks, and astonished the natives by their pranks, and the way they flung the Confederate "stuff" about. Of course they were deeply interested in the Confederate cause, and at the same time wanted cotton. The Liverpool house of Alexander Collie and Co. had quite a regiment of these youngsters in their employ. Fine-looking fel-

lows, with turned-up noses, blue eyes wide apart, and their fluffy, straw-colored, mutton-chop whiskers floating in the wind, to the great admiration of their *chère amies*, the handsome quad-room washer-women, on whose mantle-pieces and in whose albums were frequently to be found photographs strikingly resembling the aforesaid young foreigners. They occupied a large flaring yellow house, like a military hospital, at the upper end of Market Street, and which belonged to a Mr. Wright. There these youngsters kept open house and spent their pas' and the Company's money, while it lasted. There they fought cocks on Sundays, until the neighbors remonstrated and threatened prosecution. A stranger passing the house at night, and seeing it illuminated with every gas-jet lit (the expense, no doubt, charged to the ship), and hearing the sound of music, would ask if a ball was going on. Oh no! it was only these young English Sybarites enjoying the luxury of a band of negro minstrels after dinner. They entertained any and every body, from Beauregard and Whiting, or Lawley, the voluminous correspondent of the *London Times*, down to such "bummers" as Vizitelly or the most insufferable sponge or snob who forced his society upon them.

But alas! there came a day when these Masters Primrose, with brandy-flushed faces, faded away, and were scattered like their namesakes before a chilling northeast wind, and Wilmington knew them no more. We doubt not that the population of Wilmington, both white and colored, miss and mourn them sadly.

Of course there were many American houses, and American agents representing English houses, some of whom would fain have aped the hospitality of these young Britishers if they could; and others who upon no account would have done so. There were Crenshaw and Brothers, Confederate Government Agents; Ficklin and Finney, Agents for the State of Virginia; Mitchell and Gervery, of Charleston, Agents of the Bee Line; Salomons and Co., of New Orleans; and a host of others of less importance, or no importance at all. Of course they all made fortunes—some at the expense of their country, some at the expense of their companies; which latter, in consequence, often had small dividends to make.

The tribe of Benjamin was very well represented at Wilmington, as you may imagine, the unctuous and oleaginous Confederate Secretary of State having well provided for "his people." A great many gentlemen of strongly Jewish physiognomy were to be met with on the streets, in very delicate health, and with papers in their pockets to keep them out of the army from the Secretary of State, but still in hot pursuit of the "monish." When the conscript officer became very zealous and pressing they fled away to Nassau and Bermuda. We recollect, upon one occasion, when a very distinguished naval officer in the Confederate service was going to run the blockade, three men, representing themselves

as being intended for the crew of a Confederate cruiser abroad, presented themselves with notes from a high Government official, requesting that passage be furnished them to Nassau. Lieutenant J—— told them:

"Gentlemen, if I take you under these circumstances, you can not go as passengers; you will have to go in the fore-castle, as common sailors."

"Very well," said they; "any way will do."

So they went out with the nominal purpose of joining the crew of the cruiser that was being fitted out in Europe. When the vessel got to Nassau, in a few days one of the party had his sign up as a practicing physician; the other had gone into business in a store; and the third came to Lieutenant J——, and begged him to take him as his steward.

"Why," said the officer, "you are a gentleman by birth and education; you are not fitted to be a steward—a waiter."

"Never mind," replied the unhappy impecunious individual; "I am out of money, and must do something."

There were many other such instances of refugees from conscription. In Richmond they used to get through the lines in coffins. At Wilmington scarce a steamer went out without some "stowaways," whom it was not always possible to smoke out, or without some weak-kneed individual who, by hook or crook, in some mysterious way managed to get a passport and to escape the conscript officer.

The Confederate Government used to send some queer agents abroad at the expense of the people. A Mrs. Grinnell was sent out by the Surgeon-General—so she stated—to get bandages, etc., which nobody else, we suppose, but Mrs. Grinnell could get. She was an Englishwoman, of that class and with those manners which any man, if he has traveled much, has often seen. She gave herself out as a daughter of an English baronet, and had first come to New York several years prior to the war. Then there was Belle Boyd, who represented herself, we believe, as an agent sent out by Mr. Benjamin. She was captured, with our friend George Baer, on the *Greyhound*. Another was a Mrs. Baxley, of Baltimore. She represented herself, we believe, as an agent of old Mr. Memminger—that compeer of Gallatin and Neckar—who, by-the-way, ever since the surrender has been hiding away somewhere up in the mountain fastnesses of South Carolina, in mortal terror; and who, whenever he hears of even a bureau agent in the shape of a chaplain being in the neighborhood, immediately hies himself off to his retreat, not to reappear till the representative of the United States has departed the vicinity. The fact is, the United States ought to send old Mr. Memminger a free pardon and grant him a pension. He did about as much as any other man we know of to break down the Confederacy. Mallory should be taken care of for life. And as for Benjamin, the United States never can repay the debt of gratitude it owes

him for having, by his unfortunate counsels, assisted it in the destruction of "the rebellion." They should send a public ship to bring Benjamin back to his sorrowing country, which so deeply mourns his loss.

Mr. Mallory's navy was always the laughing-stock of the army, and many were the jeers that the Confederate "mud-crushers" let off at his iron-clads, formidable things as they were, had he managed properly the Confederate navy. Captain Lynch was the flag-officer of the Cape Fear squadron when we first went there. His fleet consisted of the iron-clad ram *North Carolina*, which drew so much water that she could never get over the bars of the Cape Fear River Inlet—except, possibly, at the highest spring-tide, and then the chances were against her ever getting back again; the *Raleigh*, another iron-clad, not completed till late in the summer of '64; and two or three little steam-tugs. They all came to grief. The *North Carolina*, the bottom of which was neither sheathed nor prepared to resist the worms, was pierced by them till her hull was like a honey-comb, and finally was sunk opposite Smithville. The *Raleigh*, after going out and scaring off the blockading fleet at the New Inlet, was beached and lost on a bar near Fort Fisher in returning. The tugs were burned on the river subsequent to the evacuation of the town.

Whiting and Lynch from some cause or other never were on good terms, jealous of each other's authority, we suppose. It finally came near culminating seriously. There had been an order sent by Mr. Mallory to Lynch, in pursuance of an act of the Confederate Congress, not to let any vessel go out without taking out a certain proportion of Government cotton. Lynch was commander of the naval defenses of the Cape Fear. By some oversight the Adjutant-General's office at Richmond had sent no such order to Whiting, who commanded the Department, and consequently the port and its regulations. One of Collie's steamers was about to go out without complying with the law. Old Lynch sent a half company of marines on board of her and took possession. This Whiting resented rather haughtily as an unwarrantable interference with his authority as Commander of the port, and marching in a battalion of the Seventeenth North Carolina Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel John C. Lamb, ejected the marines, and took possession of the steamer and hauled her up stream to her wharf. Lynch said he did not care how far Whiting took her up the river, but he vowed if any attempt was made to take her to sea he would sink her, and he shotted his guns. Matters looked squally and excitement was high. A collision was feared. They were both summoned to Richmond to explain, and both returned apparently satisfied. Lynch, however, was shortly afterward relieved, and Commodore Pinckney took his place.

We had often wondered why the port was not more effectually closed. To tell the truth it was hardly closed at all. Many of the block-

ade-runners continued their career till the fall of Fisher. An experienced captain and good engineer invariably brought a ship safe by the blockading squadron. Wilkinson and Carter never failed—good sailors, cool, cautious, and resolute they ran in and out without difficulty many times. The great danger was from the exterior line of the blockaders some forty or fifty miles out.

But owing to the configuration of the coast it is almost impossible to effect a close blockade. The Cape Fear has two mouths, the Old Inlet, at the entrance of which Fort Caswell stands, and the New Inlet, nine miles up the river, where Fisher guards the entrance. From the station off the Old Inlet, where there were usually from five to six blockaders, around to the station off the New Inlet, a vessel would have to make an arc of some fifty miles, owing to the Frying Pan Shoals intervening, while from Caswell across to Fisher it was only nine miles. The plan of the blockade-runners coming in was to strike the coast thirty or forty miles above or below the Inlets, and then run along (of course at night) till they got under the protection of the forts. Sometimes they got in or out by boldly running through the blockading fleet, but that was hazardous, for if discovered, the ocean was alive with rockets and lights, and it was no pleasant thing to have shells and balls whistling over you and around you. The chances were, then, that if you were not caught, you had, in spite of your speed, to throw a good many bales of cotton overboard.

The wreck of these blockade-runners not unfrequently occurred by being stranded or beached, and highly diverting skirmishes would occur between the blockaders and the garrisons of the forts for the possession. The fleet, however, never liked the Whitworth guns that we had, which shot almost with the accuracy of a rifle and with a tremendous range. The soldiers generally managed to wreck the stranded vessels successfully, though oftentimes with great peril and hardship. It mattered very little to the owners then who got her, as they did not see much of what was recovered—the soldiers thinking they were entitled to what they got at the risk of their lives. But a wreck was a most demoralizing affair—the whole garrison generally got drunk and staid drunk for a week or so afterward. Brandy and fine wines flowed like water; and it was a month perhaps before matters could be got straight. Many accumulated snug little sums from the misfortunes of the blockade-runners, who generally denounced such pillage as piracy; but it could not be helped.

We recollect the wrecking of the *Ella* off Baldhead in December, '64. She belonged to the Bee Company of Charleston, and was a splendid new steamer, on her second trip in, with a large and valuable cargo almost entirely owned by private parties and speculators. She was chased ashore by the blockading fleet, and immediately abandoned by her officers and crew,

whom nothing would induce to go back in order to save her cargo. Yankee shells flying over, and through, and around her had no charms for these sons of Neptune. Captain Badham, however, and his company, the Edenton (N. C.) Battery, with Captain Bahnson, a fighting Quaker from Salem, N. C., boarded and wrecked her under the fire of the Federals—six shells passing through the *Ella* while they were removing her cargo. The consequence was that for a month afterward nearly the whole garrison were on "a tight," and groceries and dry-goods were plentiful in that vicinity. The general demoralization produced by "London Dock" and "Hollands" seemed even to have affected that holy man, the Chaplain, who said some very queer graces at the head-quarter's mess-table.

Seldom, however, was there any loss of life attending these wrecks. But there was one notable case of the drowning of a famous woman, celebrated for her beauty and powers of fascination. We allude to the death of Mrs. Greenhow, so well known for many years in Washington circles. Before she even crossed the Confederate lines she had undoubtedly rendered valuable service to the authorities at Richmond, and was in consequence imprisoned by the Federal authorities in Washington. After coming to Richmond and laboring in the hospitals there for some time she sailed for Europe from Wilmington, and it was on her return trip that she was drowned, just as she reached the shores of the South. She had lived past her beauty's prime, had drank deep of fashion and folly's stream of pleasure, had received the admiration and adulation of hundreds of her fellow-mortals, and had reached that point in life when those things no longer please but pall on the senses. Her time had come. The small boat in which she was coming from the vessel, which was beached just a short distance above Fisher, upset. Mrs. Greenhow, after sinking several times, was brought to shore, but soon after reaching it died. It was said that the gold she had sewed up and concealed about her person had borne her down and was the cause of her death; that had it not been for that weight she would have been saved. Her body was brought to Wilmington and laid out in the Sailors' Church, where we saw her. She was beautiful in death. After her funeral her wardrobe and a great many articles that she had brought over for sale, and which had been rescued from the wreck, were sold at auction in Wilmington. It was very splendid, and the "venture" she had brought in for sale was most costly. It was said that an English countess or duchess had an interest in this venture, and was to have shared the profits of the speculation.

But the storm was soon to rain on our devoted heads. Those white-painted steamers, clipping the water so nimbly, with the British and Confederate flags flying, with their brandies and wines, their silks and calicoes, their bananas and oranges, and gladdening the hearts

of the dwellers on the bank of the Cape Fear, were soon to disappear from its waters, and the glory of Wilmington to depart.

Day after day we had watched the blockading fleet with the naked eye and a glass, and often thought what a lonely time those fellows must be having, and longed for some northeast storm to send them on the coast, in order that we might have the pleasure of their acquaintance. Cushing's, by-the-way, we came very near making, when that daring officer came up the Cape Fear in June, we think it was, '64, passing through the New Inlet by Fort Fisher with a boat's crew of some eighteen or twenty sailors and marines, and, landing half-way between the town and the fort, concealed his boat in a creek, and laid *perdu* on the Wilmington and Fisher road, waiting for Whiting or Lamb to come along. A mere accident enabled us to escape him; and though of no importance ourselves, we had papers with us at the time that would have been highly interesting to the United States Government. We all of us admired his courage, and thought it deserved success. We well remember delivering Cushing's message (repeated to us by the old citizen whom he caught and released) to General Whiting, that "he had been in Wilmington, and would have him or Colonel Lamb shortly."

On December 24, '64, the armada commanded by Butler and Porter appeared off the coast. That day the United States forces under Butler landed, and the bombardment of Fisher commenced, and such a *feu d'enfer* as was poured on that devoted fort was never seen. Coming up the river from Smithville on a steamer that afternoon we witnessed it, and such a roar of artillery we never heard. Those large double-enders seemed to stand in remarkably close to the fort, and deliver their fire with great accuracy, knocking up the sand on the ramparts. It seemed a continuous hail of shot and shell, many of them going over Fisher and dropping in the river. But Fisher was a long sand fort, stretching in an obtuse angle from the river bank around to the mouth of the New Inlet, that opened into the ocean. It was over a mile from point to point. Though it was thus heavily bombarded for two days, little or no impression was made on its works except to give them a ragged appearance, and very few casualties occurred, the garrison sticking mostly to their bomb-proofs, which were very complete. Whiting was there in command in person, having been sent there by Bragg, of which latter personage presently.

On Saturday night, Christmas-eve, Butler's powder-ship was exploded. It appears to have made no impression on the fort or the garrison, but we must confess those 300 tons of powder going off made us, though twenty miles off, feel very weak in the knees, and shook our nerves considerably, for we did not know what it was at first, nor what had occurred. About 2 A.M. we were quietly asleep in our quarters with our wife and little one by our side, when this ter-

rible explosion occurred. It must have been heard with greater effect in Wilmington than at the fort, possibly from the fact that the wind was setting in that direction, though the town was twenty miles off. There came in the dead of night that awful noise; the earth seemed to heave, the house shook violently, as if the walls were going to fall out and the roof coming down on us. The baby slept quietly on in its cradle; our better-half clung to us, and hysterically insisted that we should say the Lord's Prayer. Though very familiar with it and the rest of the Bible, to save our lives we could not recollect it. Butler's powder-ship had completely knocked all of our memory out of us. We do not believe we could at that moment have told our own name, so completely had the terrific noise upset us.

The next day, Christmas, was Sunday, and all day Porter's guns were thundering away at Fisher and shaking the windows in Wilmington, where the citizens were offering up their prayers for our protection from the enemy. Communication with Fort Fisher by land or telegraph was then cut off—the messages had been sent up to that time. Toward night sensational messages commenced to be brought up from below—one to the effect that the enemy were on the parapet at Fisher (in truth and in fact they never got closer than the stables, at least two or three hundred yards from the fort). Bragg sent Mrs. Bragg away that night at 9 P.M., in a special train, up the Weldon Road, and an officer who saw him at about 11 P.M. reported that the old gentleman seemed to be quite unnerved, and that his hand was very tremulous. Of course there was a great exodus of civilians from the place the next morning early, the fact that Mrs. Bragg had gone off acting as a key-note of alarm to others. By mid-day, however, Monday these sensational reports and stories were all quieted by the authenticated news that the enemy had re-embarked on the fleet, and that the attack had ceased. Then the fleet sailed, and every thing quieted down. The general impression was that there would not be another attack till after the spring equinox, in May, say, or the June following.

When Whiting returned to the city Bragg still continued in command, and his friends and himself evidently took the credit of having foiled Butler's attempt. Bragg was a friend and favorite of Mr. Davis. He had sided with General Taylor in Taylor's quarrel with General Scott, and Mr. Davis was a man who never forgot his friends nor forgave his enemies. He seemed determined to sustain Bragg at all events, though the feeling throughout the whole army, and in fact the South, was against that General. When Wilmington was known to be threatened, and Bragg was sent there, the Richmond *Examiner* simply remarked, "Good-by, Wilmington!" and the prediction was verified.

Whiting, after the first attack, wrote to Bragg, advising that in case of another attack, which would probably be made, to prevent surprise he

would advise that Hagood's South Carolina brigade, numbering over 2000 effective men, be thrown into Fort Fisher, the garrison of which consisted of one raw, inexperienced regiment that had never smelled powder except in the first attack, and which did not number even over 700 effective men. Hagood's troops were veterans, and had been in many a battle. He also advised that the three other brigades of Hoke's division be placed along about the spot where the Federals had first landed, and be intrenched so as to prevent a landing above the fort. Wise precautions if they had been adopted. Bragg indorsed on the letter of advice from Whiting that he saw no necessity in carrying out those suggestions. It was the failure to carry out those suggestions that lost Wilmington. Had they been followed Wilmington would not have fallen when it did, nor Fisher have been taken. Instead, Bragg brought Hoke's division up about a half mile back of Wilmington, over twenty miles from the fort, and had a grand review there, in which he paraded himself in a new suit of uniform presented to him by his admirers in Wilmington.

Whiting's prediction about a surprise was shortly to be verified. Thursday night, the 10th of January, '65, the fleet again appeared off Fisher, this time through Bragg's imbecility, to do its work effectually, and Friday morning the citizens of Wilmington were aroused by the booming of Porter's cannon a second time opening on Fisher. When the news came up at midnight that the fleet had again appeared, the band of Hoke's division were in town serenading, the officers were visiting, and the men scattered about—Bragg no doubt asleep in fancied security.

Of the capture of Fort Fisher, and the subsequent inevitable loss of Wilmington, I shall not speak. These events have passed into history. My purpose has been simply to portray the aspect of Wilmington when blockaded.

MY CROSS.

WE sat alone, grandmother and I. She was my father's mother, and had left a comfortable home of her own to come to us when my mother died. I was only ten years old then, and during the eight years since she had hardly let me find out what it was to be motherless. Father had never married again—partly, I think, because he had loved my mother with all his heart, and had no room left in it for any new-comer; and partly, doubtless, because grandmother had made his home so entirely comfortable and homelike that he had never experienced those thousand little domestic discomforts which sting so many widowers into matrimony.

The room we sat in this spring afternoon was the very heart of home, and looked so. A large, low room, with oak wainscoting and old-fashioned windows. There was a carpet on the floor of sombre but warm colors; on the walls,

at one side, oaken book-shelves, well-filled; some plants on a stand at a south window; brackets here and there, with little vases and ornaments, some of which had been my mother's; low easy-chairs; and on the hearth a bright open fire. Grandmother sat at one side of the round table between us, sewing steadily and placidly. The long seam up the middle of a sheet her work was, I remember, and it made me almost angry to see how steadily she plodded along it, how contented she was to fill up each day with its own commonplace tasks. I grew nervous. My embroidery cotton knotted, then broke, then the eye came out of my needle. I took a new one, and pricked my finger with it. I threw my work down, at last, with something like temper.

"Grandmother," I exclaimed, "what a disappointment life is! But then we are not meant, I suppose, to find our happiness here!" and when I had said that I seemed to myself to have given a religious coloring to my emotions, and felt a little more self-complacent.

The dear old lady smiled slightly—I caught a twinkle of humor in her eyes, though she kept it out of her voice—as she answered, gravely:

"It is a lesson we all learn, as we get on in life, Helen; but not every one has the wisdom to discover it at eighteen."

"Every one would, I think," I said, hotly, "if every thing on which they set their hearts had disappointed them. Life looks to me as barren as the Great Desert."

Grandmother laid down her work for a moment, and gave me a searching, inquisitorial glance.

"Have you and Joe been quarreling?" she asked.

Joe Scarborough was my lover. I had been engaged to him six months. I *did* love him. I *was* proud of him. He was a great, strong, manly fellow; a gentleman, all through, though he was a farmer's son, and understood rotation of crops better than changes of fashion.

"No," I said, "Joe and I have not quarreled. Joe won't quarrel, but he is doing me great injustice."

Joe was grandmother's prime favorite. She took up the cudgels at once in his defense.

"That is not like him, Helen; and now, of all times, I should think he was too sad for injustice."

She said "now, of all times," because last week his father had died very suddenly, and she knew that Joe had loved him more than most sons love their fathers. He had such a great, warm heart that all his feelings lay deep—all his affections were stronger than most men's.

I answered her with a question:

"Grandmother, if you had accepted one kind of life, would you feel bound by such a pledge to accept another entirely different? If a man promised you to do one thing, and then coolly told you that he had made up his mind to do another, would you not think it injustice, or perhaps imposition?"

"I think," she said, gravely, "that circumstances alter cases, and I can't pronounce on this case until I understand it."

"When Joe asked me to marry him he told me he fully realized that neither my tastes nor my habits would fit me for being a farmer's wife; and that he should never have thought of asking me to be one. Do you think I'm any more fitted now?"

"I can't say that you are," and the smile which emphasized my grandmother's remark said more than the words did. I understood by it that she thought I had not been improving—growing fitter for any life-work worth doing. It sharpened my temper yet more.

"Well," I said, "your paragon—"

"You mean, I presume, your lover," she interpolated.

I took no notice, except to change the phraseology of my sentence.

"Joe promised to go to town next fall, and get into business. He said that he was going to be a merchant. For my part, I was willing to wait until he could get a salary large enough just to live on, and then I would have shared his lot cheerfully, and helped him all I could, and done without luxuries until the time for them came. That would have suited me. I should have been in the midst of stir and bustle—the rush and movement of life. I could have helped him to rise—I know I could."

"And what is it now?"

"He came last night to tell me that he had changed all his plans. He means to give up going away, and settle down there at home, to take care of his mother and sister. He says, as he shall never be any differently situated, there is no use in waiting, and he wants me to marry him and come home there."

"What did you tell him?"

"That I would take till to-night to think of it. I had promised to share a different life altogether; I wasn't fit for this one, and he knew it."

"Yes," grandmother said, quietly, "he must have known it. But I suppose he was willing to put up with all your imperfections, and make the best of them, for the sake of the love he bore you. You know he might get a wife a great deal more efficient and helpful than you would be."

"Let him, then!"

I said the words defiantly, but I strangled something which was almost a sob at the thought of Joe—my Joe—ever caring for, being helped by, some other woman.

Then I took up my embroidery again, and grandmother stitched away at her sheet, and both of us were silent. I was thinking how I loved Joe, and how I hated farm-work; how fussy old Mrs. Scarborough was, and how stiff and poky Joe's sister Angeline. I don't know what grandmother was thinking; but, after a while, she said, gently:

"We all have some kind of burden to bear, Helen. We can not please ourselves all through

life, and then hear the Lord's 'Well done' at the last. He disciplines us with trials, every one—sends each child some cross to carry—why can not you take this for yours?"

"I think old Mrs. Scarborough and Angeline would be too heavy for my shoulders," I answered, tartly. "I don't like them."

"Joe does," uttered grandmother with mild suggestion.

I took refuge in pertness, and said, flippantly:

"Then Joe may enjoy all the charms of their society without interruption from me."

Grandmother sighed, as she fastened her thread at the end of the long seam, and went out into the kitchen to see about supper. I got up and looked in the glass. I *was* pretty, and Joe had been right when he said I was unfit for a farmer's wife. I had done nothing but please myself, so far in life. My father was the doctor of the little country town, and there had never been any thing to do at home which grandmother and her one good strong maid of all work were not equal to. My idle life had made me luxurious and indolent. It seemed to me that no love on earth could be strong enough to reconcile me to buttermilk and dishwater. I remembered the farmers' wives here in Hillsbury—meek, faded, washed-out women—who never read, never rode, never sang—who seemed to care only to drag through the slow, unchanging round of each day, and get to bed early at night. If they had ever loved their husbands, their lives now gave them no time for romance or sentiment. Lives! It was not living at all. Of course, if I married Joe I should sink into just such a woman. I looked at my face—bright, young, handsome, as I could not help knowing it was—at my hands, where no rude service had left its imprint. No, I would *not* marry Joe—mine should not be a marriage in haste for which all my after-life should be one long repentance. This decided, I went up stairs and put on a dress he liked—tied my hair with the "bonny blue ribbons" he always praised. I don't know that I was capable of the conscious cruelty of intending to be as lovely as possible, in order to make him feel his loss the more. What I said to myself was that, at any rate, his last recollections of me should be at my best—I would have a picture photographed on his mind which the useful wife to come should find it hard to rival.

I went down to supper with a good appetite for warm griddle-cakes and fresh maple sirup. I did not begin yet to understand myself or know what I was doing. I was glad that business took my father away after tea, and that grandmother was considerate enough to find something to do in the kitchen. I made the fire bright in the sitting-room, lit a lamp, and put a little glass, filled with some crocuses which I had found in a sheltered corner of the garden, on the round table. Then I stood at the window and watched the early moon rise as I waited for Joe.

He came soon, walking with such firm step,

wearing such an expectant look, smiling so brightly, when he saw me at the window, that his very manner piqued me and strengthened my resolution. Was he, then, so sure? Did he think he had only to map out a new life for me altogether different from my hopes and expectations, and my love for him was certain to make me fall in with it at once? I forgot how many times I had told him that his love was more to me than any thing else in the world—how much right I had given him to trust in me. I opened the door for him, and let him kiss me as usual. I could not help it—this one, last time.

"Helen," he said, as we came in together—"I have wanted you so, all day. I have missed *him* wherever I turned, and the thought of you was my sole comfort. Now that I have begun to think of being married at once, I wonder that I could have borne the idea of waiting, as we had planned before."

I wished that his voice were less tender—that his eyes were not so full of loving trust. I must make haste and tell him my decision, before I grew too weak—too much a woman.

"Joe," I said, and I tried so hard to be firm that it gave my voice a cold, resolute, defiant ring—"I have thought it all over, and if you must stay at home I can not marry you. It would make me miserable, and I know you do not want to do that. You said, in the first place, that you knew I was utterly unfitted to be a farmer's wife, and that you would never have asked me to marry you if you had not planned out a different career for yourself."

"I know, Helen—but afterward I grew surer of your heart, and understood better what love meant. And now I have no choice. I *must* stay at home and take care of things for mother and Angeline, or the farm would never give them the comforts of life. It would be a good while before I could make enough in any new business to help them. I must do just this thing and no other—so I thought you too would be ready to make the best of it."

How his great, sad, loving eyes looked at me, saying more than his words said, and how I hardened my heart against them!

"Joe," I said, "I do not think you understand me. I have thought it all over, and I can see it but in one light. Look at the women round us here in Hillsbury. See what lives they live, and what their lives make of them! I can't live so. It would make me hate myself, and you. I should want to die. I do love you, Joe. Don't use the power my love gives you to urge me into a life where I could never be useful or happy, or make you so."

How the trust, and hope, and light faded out of his eyes as they looked at me. How blank and fixed, almost like a dead face, his face grew! He seemed for a moment like one whom a heavy blow had stunned; then a flash of his old, manly pride flamed up in his eyes. He uttered no lamentation—not even a remonstrance. He only asked, with a dignity which awed me:

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"You have weighed the matter well? You are sure you have made up your mind?"

And when I said I was sure, he got up to go.

"My duty remains the same, Helen. I can not change *that*, for it is God's ordering. I won't stay to pain you. Child, let me kiss you once more."

He had risen to go, and he took me suddenly in his arms. I would not have freed myself if I could. I felt his heart beating in great, panting throbs against my side. For a moment his lips pressed mine as if they would breathe out the whole love of his life, and then he let me go, and went out into the windy, desolate April night. I stood at the window and watched him going home—with such a different mien from that which had angered me before—going home to his grief and his loss, his sister bereaved like himself, his mother who was a widow.

That night I slept little. I did not realize just what I had done—of how much of my life and soul I had bereft myself; but one thing I felt intensely—I *could not* stay in Hillsbury, where I should see Joe constantly. By-and-by when I was stronger I would come back, but for the present I must take refuge somewhere. It was Saturday night, so I could do nothing until Monday, but I made all my plans. My father was well known in the neighboring towns, and I thought I could secure a situation to teach school in some of them without difficulty. I would get away by this means for the summer. By the time school was out we should have over-lived the worst of it, both Joe and I. Then, perhaps, I would come home.

I mentioned the matter at breakfast next morning. My father uttered an exclamation of surprise, and I could see at once that he was prepared to oppose my plan. But grandmother interposed mildly between me and a refusal.

"I am glad you have thought of it, Helen," she said, approvingly. "It is excellent discipline for any girl, and I think it's just what you need. James, you could find an opening for her easily enough, couldn't you, you know so many people?"

"Why, yes," my father answered, reflectingly, "if I thought it best for her to go. There is Colonel Cushing of Montclair, who wrote me last week to see if I knew of a teacher. But it's such a strange freak for Helen."

"There's wisdom in freaks, sometimes," grandmother said, mildly. The conversation dropped there, but with her on my side I felt pretty sure that my point was gained.

I went to church that day. I dreaded it, but nothing but sickness ever excused Hillsbury people from church-going. Joe was there, sitting in his black gloves and plain black clothes, beside his mother and Angeline in their deep mourning. Mrs. Scarborough looked all worn-out with sorrow—her face chalk-white in her close black bonnet. I pitied her, but I did not like her. Angeline, it seemed to me, was stiffer than ever. I felt, when I came near them in going out of

church, as if a wind from the frozen pole had crossed my track. Joe spoke to me with grave courtesy—he would not have done more than that at such a time if the words of the night before had been left unsaid; but oh, how I missed the smile, heart-warm and involuntary, the quick gleam from the loving eyes which had welcomed me always, ever since I had promised to be Joe's wife! That Sunday was a long, sad day; I was glad when it was over.

In two weeks more I was settled at Montclair, teaching school. Colonel Cushing was my head committee-man—a gentlemanly, polished widower, with two little girls who were the most interesting of my scholars. I found teaching school a great deal easier and pleasanter than I had imagined—partly, perhaps, because it was summer, and the older pupils, who might have troubled me somewhat in winter, were otherwise occupied—but chiefly, I am sure, through Colonel Cushing's efficient protection, which interposed from the very first between me and all annoyances an ægis of defense.

He lived in the finest place in Montclair, and Montclair was a far more pretentious village than Hillsbury. His great mansion, surrounded by elegant grounds, and furnished with every thing that taste could suggest or luxury demand, was like a revelation to me. I thought I knew then what I had been wanting—what suited me. I felt at home in these elegant rooms. This, indeed, was something better than the career of a merchant's clerk and his wife, even in the city. I felt a vague thrill of ambition. I thought that it might not have been a bad thing for me, at least, that Joe had been prevented from carrying out his first plans—that I was free.

I could see from the first that Colonel Cushing liked me, though he had too much tact and taste to startle me by any premature declarations of it. He contented himself with making life pleasant for me—letting me see how pleasant he had it in his power to make it. When the time came—for I “boarded round”—for me to be a member of his household, which a widowed sister superintended, he spared no pains to make the days white letter ones in my calendar. At other times he would come for the little girls in his elegant barouche, and take me with them for a drive among the splendid hill scenery, or along the pleasant, low-lying river. Or he would send me strawberries, red and glowing with the life of summer—or cherries, bedded in cool, green leaves—or flowers such as grew in no other garden in Montclair. Remember that I was only eighteen, that I knew myself to be handsome, and discovered myself to be ambitious.

I can claim credit for one thing—I never forgot my own dignity, or made one unmaidenly effort to attract Colonel Cushing. Indeed there was no need. His attentions grew constantly more and more marked. I was flattered by them, certainly. It gave me a new idea of my own power to have such a man so entirely devoted to me. I thought of Mother Scarborough and Hillsbury butter with a smile of

superiority. Clearly my destiny did not lie there. I fancied myself, in my little day-dreams of girlish vanity, walking through those splendid rooms as mistress—wearing jewels, and laces, and soft, rich silks—my girlish prettiness set off by such adornments until I could hardly recognize Hillsbury Helen in the bright vision. I think these dreams came to me with more charm and potency every day. They were beginning to fill my imagination full, and I lost sight in them of every thing lying beyond; forgot that to such a brilliant lot could come, as well as to lowlier ones, days of pain and weariness, sore troubles and heartaches, by-and-by death itself; that here, as well as elsewhere, I should need the support and strength of tenderest mutual love. For I did not love Colonel Cushing; he could never be to me what Joe had been. In my brightest visions he figured as an accessory—a courtly, gracious gentleman, whose homage did me honor, to bear whose name would make me a power in the world; but I did not love him. And as yet he had never asked for my love, though I felt with a woman's intuition that the hour was drawing nigh.

I sat one afternoon, late in July, on a low ottoman in his drawing-room, looking out toward the west, where a crimson sunset flushed the sky, and singing fitfully snatches of old ballads which the Colonel loved to hear. We were all alone, he and I—alone with the gathering twilight, the soft summer wind, which came through the wide-opened window, the stars that began to shine solemnly in the far heavens. I saw that, despite the Colonel's love for ballads, he was getting impatient. His sister had gone up stairs with the children. She would be through with prayers and good-nights soon. We should not be long alone, and I knew—how do women know such things?—that he wanted to make the most of his opportunity. Still I sang on. It was perversity partly—partly a vague, vexing dread of the future which lay so near. If he asked me to be his wife I knew that I should say yes, but some dumb, blind instinct within me clung still to freedom.

While I sang a servant came in with letters and papers—the evening mail. Colonel Cushing just glanced at them, and putting the rest in his pocket, handed one to me.

“A letter, Miss Helen, but don't read it now—let me talk to you instead.”

“In a moment. It is grandmother's handwriting. If you don't let me look and see whether any thing is the matter I shall not be a good listener.”

He was too true a gentleman to insist on having his own way, and I held my letter close to the window. It was the first one grandmother had written me that summer— quaint, old-fashioned, tender—how like herself! I glanced over it by the lingering sunset light until I came to these words:

“You will want, I think, to hear about Joe. His horses took fright yesterday, as he was mowing. He was thrown from his mowing-

machine, and severely hurt. Your father doubts if he will ever recover."

I strained my dim eyes over the paper to see if I had made any mistake. No, it was all plain—too plain. Joe, my Joe, might be dying. We have heard stories, all of us, about the sudden intuitions of drowning men, in which they live over and understand a lifetime in a few seconds. I think it was something like that which came to me—liker, perhaps, to the awakening thrill with which, after death, our souls will rise to the new life. I think we shall know then, in one electric flash, just how much and how little this world has been worth. For the first time in my life I understood my own soul—its needs, wants, longings—but I was conscious of only two ideas. One, that I was intensely thankful that I had not bound myself to Colonel Cushing; the other, that I must go to Joe. Only one course of action occurred to me, and that was to tell the Colonel the entire truth. I did it in as few words as possible. I did not trust in vain to his generosity. When I had told him all, he said to me with a strange, grave tenderness:

"Helen, did you know that I loved you? You had grown to be the hope and the object of my life. I think if it had not been for this other love you would have cared for me. It is like you—like just what I thought you—to tell me the truth as soon as you knew it yourself."

"But I must go to him, Colonel. *Can't* some one take my place?"

"I would, if that were necessary, rather than keep you here against your will," he answered, soothingly. "But there will be no trouble. I will arrange about dismissing the school for a few days, and in the mean time procure some one to take it, for I do not think you will wish to come back."

"Oh, how good you are—how generous!"

"I *would* be good to you, Helen. If you could have loved me, I would have been very tender of you. But I will never talk about that any more. I will be your kind, trusty, middle-aged friend, and manage every thing for you just as your father might."

If my heart had not been too full of Joe his sad gentleness must have won it. As it is, he did win my gratitude, and a friendship that will last our lives through.

The next afternoon I reached home. I went into the room where grandmother and I had talked, that spring day, and found her there, sitting by the round table, sewing placidly as of old.

"Grandmother," I said, "I have come. I am going to Joe."

"I thought you would," she answered, in her kind, low tones. "I believe I understood you last spring better than you understood yourself."

My heart misgave me a little as I knocked at the Widow Scarborough's door. Angeline opened it, with her funereal looks, dressed in her unmitigated mourning. She held the door in her hand, and did not ask me to walk in.

"I have come," I said, meekly, "to see Joe. I heard of his accident, and came home from Montclair to be with him."

"He has good care," she answered, ungraciously, "and we don't let company see him; but you may walk in, and I'll speak to mother."

She let me go into the best room—an apartment cold and uninviting as her own manner. I heard a confused sound of whispering voices outside, and then Mrs. Scarborough came in where I sat. I read denial on her face—resolution stiffened her lips. She looked at me with almost an expression of dislike. Instinct suggested the only way to make my peace with her. I was capable of any sacrifice of pride if only I could get to Joe. So I told her, humbly enough, how mistaken I had been when I parted from him—how dearly I had loved him in spite of all—and begged her not to drive me away from him.

Perhaps the thought of what Joe himself would say, if he ever recovered, influenced her somewhat. At any rate she gave an ungracious assent at last.

"Your father's in there, now," she said. "You can go in, if you are sure you can be still. Remember it won't do to have any cryin' or takin' on in there."

So I took off my bonnet and went in. Father just nodded to me. He was counting Joe's pulse-beats, and he wore an anxious, doubtful look.

When he left I followed him into the entry.

"Father," I said, "I went away because I did not want to marry a farmer, and I've come back because I love Joe. Can you save him for me?"

"God only knows, child. He was hurt terribly; but there's a chance—just a chance."

Just a chance! Those words were my strong staff during the dreadful days that followed. If human love and care could save him he would be saved.

He did not know me; his head had been hurt in his fall, and he was delirious. This made it so much harder for me. I could not strengthen myself with the feeling that I was a comfort to him. Then, too, in his frenzy he would call sometimes upon my name; reveal in some wild sentence, as he never would have revealed it otherwise, how he had suffered at our parting. And all this made Mrs. Scarborough and Angeline so much the more bitter against me. I think a dozen times during the first week they would have sent me out of the house, but for the consideration that Joe might recover and blame them for such a resenting of his wrongs.

After a while it seemed to me that my patience began to soften them. They treated me with more kindness, and sometimes left me to watch alone beside Joe. On one of these rare occasions I sat and looked at his worn, wasted face until my grief overcame me utterly, and bending my head down on the side of the bed I burst into a passion of weeping. At last I felt a feeble touch upon my hair, and Joe's voice—

oh, so weak and faint, but his own natural voice again, thank God, said:

"Helen! Can this be Helen?"

I forgot all Mrs. Scarborough's cautions about disturbing him. I just threw my arms around him, and sobbed out:

"Oh, Joe, only get well, and forgive me! I found out that your life, whatever it is, must be my life, for the world is nothing at all without you."

A sudden, passionate joy kindled his face. One cry—"Oh, Helen, my love, my love!"—and then his head fell back in a deathlike swoon.

Somehow I was not frightened. The excitement had been too much for him just now, but I felt in my heart that it would not kill him. I believed in joy as Heaven's own balm of healing. I went quietly to work without calling any one to restore him to consciousness; and when Mrs. Scarborough came in, half an hour afterward, he was lying with his hand in mine, at rest and in his right mind.

"Mother," he said, with fervent joy and resolution, "I am going to get well. I think Helen has saved my life."

After he was able to walk about he asked me, one day, when I would be ready to marry him, and I told him I would be ready whenever he said. You see my pride was gone now, and my love reigned triumphant.

"When I am well again," he said, thoughtfully, "I have been thinking that it might be best for me to make a home for you where we could be quite by ourselves. I ought to have remembered, last spring, that you might not like the idea of coming to live with mother and Angeline. Of course they could never be to you what they are to me."

I considered the matter for a few silent moments. I knew it was best for Joe to stay there—that it was what he really in his heart would prefer—should I be selfish enough to change his plans?

"No," I said, at length, "if you will let me choose, for the present we will live *here*. I know them better now than I knew them then, and have none of the same feeling about it. I think to stay here will be best for you, and therefore best for me."

His smile of gratitude repaid me for any sacrifice at the root of my decision.

When I told grandmother that he had proposed to have a separate home for us, she smiled as she answered:

"So you won't have to take up that cross after all?"

"Yes, I have made up my mind to it. I knew that it would be best for Joe, and so I insisted upon it. I love him well enough now to share his fortune just as it is."

So we were married one fall day—one of those splendid, prismatic days when the air is full of soft haze which catches hues of rainbow brightness from the sunbeams—and I went home with Joe.

I did not invite Colonel Cushing to my wed-

ding, but he heard of it somehow and sent me his bridal gift—a set of choice engravings simply framed. They hang on the walls of my sitting-room, a perpetual joy, and a reminder of one of the truest and most generous men I ever knew. Sometimes when we are looking at them together, I say to Joe:

"I couldn't have helped loving him if I hadn't already loved you."

But he is never jealous; nor, in truth, do I think he has occasion.

I have been married three years, and daily have seen fresh reason to be thankful that I bear my own cross and no other. Mother—I call Mrs. Scarborough so now—has developed delightfully as a grandmother, and Angeline is a model aunt. Between them both they aid me so much, and care for me so kindly, that Joe declares I have yet to acquire the meek, faded, unquestioning face proper to the wife of a Hillsbury farmer.

ST. MARK'S EVE.

TO all in America I respectfully beg leave to dedicate my tale. To all those who are seeking to enter into the holy estate of matrimony I present the first portion, and those who have already known the troubles and joys, the cares and bliss of a connubial life, will find the latter part applicable to themselves.

I beg of all not to despise it for the homely dress it will be arrayed in. I mean it to be so, the plain common garb fitted for the everyday use of life—span and woven from home-made materials. I am writing this as if I was perfectly sure of its being accepted by that formidable person, "the Editor," who is oftentimes by no means easy to suit. Thus much by way of preface.

Dora Newby, the subject of my tale (I can not call her heroine), was the only child of her father—a substantial, well-to-do farmer, and a widower. As a matter of course, Dora grew up petted and well-nigh spoiled. She was naturally inclined to be self-willed, petulant, and selfish; and the want of a mother's guiding, and a kind, easy father's spoiling, in no little measure increased and strengthened all her failings. She grew up wild and untaught, save what it pleased herself to learn by occasional fits and starts. She grew also prettier with every passing year, until she reached the age of eighteen, and was then a petted, spoiled young woman with plenty of admirers, for she was the village heiress as well as its belle.

Dora did not believe in having only one string to her bow. She wanted more, and she kept two always on hand. A large well-built man named Smurthwaite, and a little smart active one named Benjamin Richmond were her two favored swains. She tyrannized over both of them, and kept them in a constant state of uncertainty, encouraging now one, now the other, as the humor suited her, and this not for weeks or months only, but for years. Five long years

she kept them both attached to her, until their patience was well-nigh tired out.

Dora was quick enough to see this, and had half resolved to make up her mind and determine in the favor of one or the other when fate itself decided the matter for her sooner than she intended.

Newby Grange was an old-fashioned farmhouse, with all the old appliances of large closets, wide chimneys, and capacious brick oven. This oven was in the sitting-room, and heated by a flue from the large fire of the kitchen. The sitting-room had two bay-windows overlooking the garden, and these bay-windows were the places where her love-making generally went on.

As I have said, five years' courtship had been the hard, unrequited servitude of both her followers, when one day, a Saturday in the sunny month of June, Ben Richmond was seen by the watching, expectant Dora coming up the garden-path to pay his usual weekly visit, with an unusual look of resolve and determination on his face. It was so. The long, hot walk had tired him, and he had come fully determined that day to know his fate, either to be accepted or rejected without any longer fooling. Dora intuitively felt that to-day, at least, she could no longer trifle, and felt annoyed at the thought of being driven up into a corner; and partly from pique, partly from willfulness, determined to say no, shortly and flatly, to his request.

All in vain were poor Ben's earnest entreaties and passionate pleadings; all in vain his long, weary waiting, and he gave it up well-nigh in despair.

He made, however, one last attempt, one final appeal, when, in the midst of his talking, they heard the garden gate creak on its hinges, and, looking out, saw the tall form of John Smurthwaite striding up the path.

Now it so happened Smurthwaite had come as well that very day, big with the same resolves that possessed Ben. Here was a to-do. Well did Dora know how Smurthwaite had vowed that if ever he caught Ben in the act of poaching, as he termed it, on his ground he would inflict on him such bodily punishment as he would not easily forget.

There was no lack of courage in little Ben, but still he felt and knew he was utterly unable in physical strength to compete with Smurthwaite. What was to be done?

Poor Ben! fear of punishment, and still greater fear of any appearance of cowardice before Dora, tugged hard at his heart. Dora herself decided the matter. She wished no fighting or disturbance, at least in her presence.

"Here, quick, Ben," she said, trying the two cupboard doors in the room, "come in here until he goes." Alas, the doors were both locked and the keys up stairs in her bedroom.

"Whatever shall I do!" she ejaculated; her eye lighted on the large old-fashioned oven—the very place, she thought, and opening the door in crept Ben. Scarcely was he safely stowed in when Smurthwaite entered the room.

Long, very long, he sat, and, like Ben before him, plead his cause and urged his suit with no encouragement from Dora. He was interrupted, however, in the midst of his most pathetic appeal by a loud thump, where from he could not tell. "What is that, Dora?" he inquired. "Only the rats," was the answer. Again he began his entreaties, again to be interrupted by another louder knock and the sound of a voice shut up and half-smothered.

"For God's sake let me out," it cried; "I am roasting alive!"

Dora remembered all too late that it was baking day, and the servant in the kitchen, all unwitting of the strange occupant of the oven, had drawn out the damper and let in the heat.

Ere Dora could reach the door it flew open and out tumbled Ben, hot and angry, before the astonished gaze of Smurthwaite.

"John," said Ben, as soon as he could speak, "take my claim to Dora. I have done with her. I always heard love-making was warm work, but never so hot as I have found it. Good-by, Dora, I do not choose being made a cake of like to-day:" and he left them. Smurthwaite and Dora both laughed; they could not help it; and as he felt how ludicrous any more attempts at love-making would be, he also very shortly after left. Left, and never returned again, and so Dora lost them both.

Young ladies all, take my advice. Keep one string to your bow, if you find it a good strong serviceable one, and do not play with two until both break.

For a few months Dora was loverless, when, at length, a third appeared in the person of John Vannote, and, after a short, a very short probation, was accepted; for time was passing with Dora, and both her former admirers had taken to themselves partners less obdurate than herself, and Dora did not care to live and die an old maid.

John Vannote and his wife soon, too soon, however, found out how unsuited they were for each other—too soon for their happiness, too late, however, to remedy it. They were both alike in disposition, equally selfish, and each loving their own self the best.

It was a sore and grievous disappointment to both John and his wife that no children blessed their union. God withheld this great gift and blessing from them. No little prattling voice was given them to break the solitude of their fireside; no wee, toddling feet pattered over the floor. This golden link was wanting to unite the fast rusting and irksome fetters with which they had bound themselves together, and great was the trouble of both, and loud Dora's murmuring thereat. And what should have but drawn them closer together for mutual comfort and sympathy became an additional cause of dissatisfaction and discontent.

And so, day by day, the little love each had for the other cooled and was fast dying away. Day by day each one grew more and more intensely selfish, less and less careful of each

other's comfort and happiness, and more miserable and wretched—fretting ever more and more at the strength of the chain which bound them together.

I am writing no fanciful, childish story. God knows my purpose and tale is serious enough, and one of too frequent occurrence. In every little act of their daily lives they very soon got to thwart each other. Very quickly no mutual concessions were offered. Scarce a meal passed by without quarreling and squabbling about some little unimportant trifle. Each had the same likings, and each resolved to gratify them at the expense of the other. In a few words their lives became grievous and burdensome, both to themselves and all connected with them; and they very quickly grew to positively dislike each other.

And so the months passed until it came near the eve of St. Mark. Now in the North of England there is a great deal of superstition attached to this night. It is very generally believed that the ghosts of all who will die the ensuing year walk in solemn procession at the midnight hour down the road their coffins will hereafter pass to the church-porch. This eve falls on the 24th of April.

Leading to the village church in the place where these two lived were two roads—the one the public road through the village, and another, a by-path, across some fields.

When the 24th of April came round in due course of time, it occurred to John Vannote that he would go that night and see if his wife's ghost would make its appearance. It so happened a similar resolve possessed Dora. Of course neither of them betrayed by word or sign their intention to the other. The day passed and night came. After tea John fidgeted about for some time, and then left the house for the ostensible purpose of foddering and looking after the cattle. Dora, as soon as his back was turned, put on her bonnet and shawl and went out too, on a pretended visit to a neighbor. The night was a moonlight one, but the moon's light was obscured by passing clouds.

As soon as John had finished tending the cattle, half-ashamed of his errand, and fearing to meet any of his neighbors, he made his way across the fields to the church-yard. Dora, more timid, chose exactly at the same time the road through the village. The one arrived at the church-yard gate just as the other reached the stile from the fields into it. Silently and quietly they both, unknown to each other, went into the porch; they reached it, and just then the moon shone out for a few moments, full and clear in each other's face. They both stared at each other—a long, steady look, and then the moon's light was withdrawn behind a cloud; and when it again shone out the church-porch was empty—both had as silently returned home, each thinking they had seen the other's ghost.

The table was laid for supper when John Vannote came in, and his wife Dora sitting sewing by the fire. Some hot sausages and mashed

potatoes were warming by it—his favorite supper. Astonished at the unwonted attention to his comfort and taste, in silence he drew his chair to the table, and both sat down and proceeded to eat it. One sausage remained after each had been fairly and equally helped. Each of them, heretofore, would have claimed and sought to have it. To Dora's astonishment John very quietly took it, and laid it on her plate without a word. As quietly she removed it back to his. The servant looked on astonished at this unaccustomed proceeding on both their parts. Again and again was the same thing done—each attempting to force it on the other, and both nearly quarreling about making the other take it. The same feeling actuated both—each thought the other doomed ere very long to death, and felt, for the short time yet left them to be together, they could afford to be kind to each other. At least such was the tenor of the thoughts of each as they went to rest that night.

"Ah well," thought John, "I wonder when she will go—how soon or how late in the year; won't the house be quiet without her! However, I'll be kind to her, and bear with her for the short time she has to live, so that my conscience can not reproach me when she's gone."

And Dora's thoughts were much the same.

And so week after week passed, and month after month, each giving a little and taking a little—bearing and forbearing with each other; and so the time passed, and the year drew near to its close, and another St. Mark's Eve approached.

One wild, gusty, rainy March night as both were seated over the fire, Dora working and John smoking, his thoughts went wandering over the past year and wondering on into the future. And as he sat and smoked and thought he felt half-sad she would so soon have to leave him: for, after all, thought he, she has been a good wife to me the last ten months. No doubt death has cast his softening shadow over her, and she feels changed by it. Still it puzzled him: there she sat, so healthy-looking, so contented, and so happy—it must be sudden, thought he; ought I not to tell her what I know, and so warn and prepare her for it? I will, he resolved, and just then seeing her look thoughtfully at himself he got ready to speak:

"John," said Dora, suddenly, "I should miss you very much if you were to leave me."

He started and nearly jumped off his chair. His very thoughts of her.

"Dear me, Dora! how you startled me, for I was just thinking the same of you."

"Were you?" answered Dora. "Ah, well, I shall be sorry when you go."

"I go, Dora! It's your turn first, my lass, I'm after thinking."

"I do not think so," she replied, "I know you've to go soon, and I thought I ought to tell you."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because I saw your ghost walk on St. Mark's Eve," said Dora.

"And I saw thine," answered John.

"Humph! you were there, then, John?"

"I was, Dora, and it seems thou too?"

They were both silent again a short time, and Dora sat and sewed, and John smoked and thought

"Dang it all, Dora," said John, "we've been uncommon happy the past year, why shouldn't it be so to the end, eh, Dora? Thou'lt gie a little and I'll gie a little, and we'll try and haud on so for the future."

And to the end they tried to do so. Of course at times there was an occasional outbreak, but never for long—and a happier life was the result, and not the only result.

For, after seven years' married experience, two of them dissension and trouble, and the other five of mutual help and assistance, Dora, contented with her lot and feeling happier every day with her husband, he, prosperous and satisfied, both of them were yet to receive a surprise, and that a joyful one. A young John Vannote most unexpectedly made his appearance, and after him a little girl and another son, and the measure of their happiness was complete.

Does my story need any moral wherewith to point it? Can not one and all of my readers find it in this simple village tale? Need I say in words how it is that our lives so often fail of their great, grand purpose and aim through neglect of little things—little words of sympathy, little deeds of kindness, the little grains of amenity which rub down and polish the rough corners of the hard stone, and bring into full play its most beautiful colors? Oh, reader mine, scorn not my tale for its homely garb, but cut and fit it to thine own daily wear. Despise not the day of little things, for

"Little things on little wings
Bear up our souls to Heaven."

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

OF all the natural features of the earth none are more beautiful, more beneficent, more necessary, more important, than its navigable rivers. They are cheap, ready-made highways. They shorten the distance between nations, and between different portions of the same nation. They are convenient and commodious channels of intercommunication and carriage. They are naturally the home and conduits of commerce. Though often used to designate the boundaries between States, they are yet more serviceable in connecting and in binding them together. Difference in religion, in language, and mountain ranges, are natural barriers between nations; but where there is a similarity of origin, language, and religion, while inaccessible mountain ranges may, yet navigable rivers scarcely ever do constitute political boundaries. Rivers are therefore ligaments to bind together, rather than channels to divide a homogeneous people.

Nature has selected the New World as the

theatre of her grandest displays in the creation of water-courses.

The Mississippi and the Amazon are peerless as respects utility and size. And for an object will be more obvious before we conclude, it is proper to make more than a passing allusion to the Amazon, styled by way of eminence "the King of Rivers," as our own noble stream is called "the Father of Waters." It is a coincidence worthy of notice, that during the same year—1851—when the dauntless Taylor was pushing his way up the Nile, into the far-off regions of Central Africa, Herndon and Gibbon, by the direction and at the expense of our Government, were following the course of the Amazon from its humble fountains, only 60 miles from the Pacific, in the remote eastern slopes of the Andes, to the place where it pours its deep-volumed currents into the Atlantic.

By its tributaries, the Maderia and Purus, it penetrates Bolivia, by the Ucayali and Huallaya it enters Peru, by the Napo, Ecuador, and by the Rio Negro, Venezuela—thus connecting nearly all the South American Republics with the ocean. The main river carries a volume of water, as it runs through Brazil, which makes even the majestic Mississippi seem small in comparison. It is navigable for 3360 miles by the Ucayali—by the Huallaya for 2815 miles. At the distance of 2000 miles from its mouth, repeated and careful soundings show it to have a depth of from 42 to 85 feet, at 1300 miles from its mouth a depth of 138 feet. The average flow of the current will not exceed three miles per hour. Lying in the regions of the Equator, its navigation is never impeded by ice. It is the concurrent opinion of residents, explorers, and travelers that the countries through which it flows are not only not sickly, but remarkably healthy. It was discovered almost half a century before the Mississippi. It was known to the Pizarros and the exploration attempted by them as early as 1560—a period shortly after the downfall of the Inca dynasty, and the plunder of the Inca temples by those renowned robbers. It was descended in 1539—two years before the discovery of the Mississippi—by Orellana from near Quito to its mouth. And yet to-day, after the lapse of 300 years, it holds its course through the solitudes and wilderness of primeval nature. "If," says Baron Humboldt, "the name of a primeval forest can be given to any forest on the face of the earth, none perhaps can so strictly claim it as those that fill the connected basin of the Orinoco and the Amazon." Its banks are still tenanted by monkeys, tigers, lazy, craven, and worthless Indians. The enterprising spirit of the age has scarcely penetrated its deep and tangled forests. How sparsely populated the Amazonian region is, will appear by reference to the size of the main towns upon the river; thus, Egas, 1450 miles from the mouth, and the most important town above Barra, contains only 800 people. Barra itself contains only 3614 free inhabitants. Santarem, 600 miles from its mouth, and the largest

town above Para, contains, slaves and all, less than 7000, and Para, though healthy and founded in 1616, and situated at its mouth, precisely as New Orleans is at the mouth of the Mississippi, contains a population of only 10,000 free inhabitants. Excluding savages, the population of the Amazonian region is only one for every ten square miles. These are indeed dry details; and yet details, though dry, are often essential to accuracy of ideas.

We now turn our thoughts to our country and to its great river. The connection between the Amazon and the Mississippi, though not obvious, has yet been demonstrated by scientific investigations to be remarkably intimate. A boat launched on the Amazon, and left to the course of the winds and currents of the ocean, would float close by Cape Hatteras; thus demonstrating that the commerce of the vast countries drained by the Amazon naturally belongs to the United States.

It is befitting our theme that a brief allusion be made to the history of the discovery of our great river. We will not dwell at great length upon those facts which are generally understood, or which may be found in our standard histories. It was first discovered in A.D. 1541, by the gallant and romantic De Soto. He had been a follower of Pizarro in his famous conquest of Peru. He had assisted in the capture of the last Inca, and shared in rich treasures with which that barbaric monarch vainly sought to effect his ransom. De Soto's ambition was fired. Like the conquerors of the Montezumas and the Incas, he wished for himself to carve out provinces with his own good sword, and to share in the treasures of overturned Indian dynasties. Attracted by his renown, large numbers flocked to the standard of De Soto, anxious to share the perils and the rewards of his enterprise. We will not follow the history of the ill-starred and ill-fated expedition. They wandered for several years in the vast regions, wholly unknown, extending between the everglades of Florida and the Red River. Of course they found no Mexico and no Peru. Harassed with disappointment, with hostile Indian tribes, with the mutiny and discontent of his followers, the brave old leader died on the banks, and was most fittingly buried beneath the waters of the noble river he was the first to discover. No attempt was made to explore the stream. It was used by Moscosa, the successor of De Soto, simply as an avenue to escape with the miserable remnant of De Soto's men. The discovery of De Soto was not immediately followed up. It yielded no fruit to Spain, of which he was a native, and under whose auspices his enterprise was undertaken.

The next discovery of the river was made from a different quarter, and was prompted by different motives. It derived no aid from, and was wholly independent of, De Soto's discovery; for it was not known until afterward that the rivers were one and the same. We allude to the explorations and discoveries of Marquette

and Joliet. Marquette is entitled to the glory of discovering the Upper Mississippi. He was the first to explore the river from the mouth of the Wisconsin to the mouth of the Arkansas. As upon the results of this exploration the destiny of nations and states has been influenced, if not controlled, it is worthy of special notice. The present generation were not the pioneers of this beautiful region. On the contrary the oldest settlers now there simply came to live in the country, first unveiled to the gaze of the world by the dauntless heroism and disinterested religious zeal of James Marquette. He and his companion, Joliet, were undeniably the first white men who trod the soil of Iowa. Of Joliet, the associate of Marquette, we only know that he was a Canadian fur-trader. He is remembered only in connection with the great discovery which he assisted to make. He, and not Marquette, was the representative of the French Government of Canada, under whose auspices the voyage was undertaken. He is represented as a man of "prudence, tact, and courage." Marquette, though the originator and soul of the enterprise, accompanied Joliet in the humble and unpretending character of a missionary.

Marquette was born in France in 1637, and justice, no less than Christian charity, compels the acknowledgment that the history of the world has rarely, if ever, shown a zeal more disinterested, a heroism more lofty, a faith more lowly, yet more self-sacrificing and sublime suffering, and hardships more multiplied and great, than those which characterized the lives and labors of the early French Catholic Missionaries on this continent. Marquette's patron and exemplar was the renowned St. Francis Xavier. Like the great Apostle to the Indies, he therefore sought a foreign mission not to the court of some earthly king or monarch, but to savage, distant, and benighted tribes, in an almost unknown country, and amidst unexplored regions. He is ordered to the remote Lake Superior Missions. In the midst of his humble labors he hears, from parties of the Illinois Indians, of a "large river, almost a league wide, running north and south, so far that the Illinois have never heard of its mouth, with great nations upon its banks.

His heart is fired with the magnificent accounts which he receives of the river, and he yearns to be the first to carry the Gospel to the wild people who live upon its shores. He repeatedly urged the discovery of the river upon the French Government of Canada. He fairly glowed with the belief that under God it was his mission to discover it.

It is now conceded that to Marquette belongs the honor of originating the purpose of discovering the great river. He spent nearly four years in collecting all possible information concerning its location and the character of the tribes who resided upon it. Imagine his joy and exultation, when for the first time he learned that he had been selected as the associate of Joliet to undertake its discovery! That joy was increased to rapture when he observed the very

day Joliet arrived was the feast of the Virgin Mary, "whom," says the pious Marquette, "I had always invoked to obtain of God the grace to be able to visit the nations on the River Mississippi." "I put the voyage," continues he, in his narrative, "under her protection, promising her, that if she did us the grace to discover the great river, I would give it the name of '*Conception*.'" A promise which a fac-simile of his map, newly discovered (the original having been preserved at St. Mary's College at Montreal), shows that he faithfully kept.

Space forbids, interesting as the excursion would be, to follow step by step the progress of the voyage. The mere outline and meagre details which we give are taken wholly from Marquette's original narration—a most interesting book. He says: "We were not long in preparing our outfit, although we were embarking on a voyage the duration of which we could not foresee. Indian corn, with some dried meat, was our whole stock of provisions. With this we set out in two bark canoes. M. Joliet, myself, and five men firmly resolved to do all and suffer all for so glorious an enterprise." They started from Mackinaw on the 17th of May, 1673. "Our joy at being chosen for the expedition sweetened the labor of rowing from morning till night." They pass over part of Lake Huron and Lake Michigan to Green Bay. The friendly Indians then did their best to dissuade the undertaking, but in vain. "They told me," says Marquette, "that we would meet nations that never spare strangers, but tomahawk them without provocation; that they were at war with each other, which would increase our danger; that the great river itself was full of perils, of frightful monsters which swallowed up men and canoes; that it contained a demon that engulfed all who dare approach; and lastly, that the excessive heat would infallibly cause our death." Disheartened? No, not he! "I thanked them for their kind advice, but assured them that I could not follow it, as the salvation of souls was concerned, and that for them I should be but too happy to lay down my life."

Here again he imitated his great patron, St. Xavier, who upon one occasion was besought by his friends not to assume the peril of visiting a country where his life would almost surely be the forfeit of his temerity. "If those lands," indignantly exclaimed Xavier, in reply to their protestations and warnings, "had scented wood and mines of gold Christians would find courage to go there. Shall love for the souls of men be less hardy and less generous than avarice? They will destroy me, you say, by poison. It is an honor to which such a sinner as I may not aspire; but this I dare say, that whatever death or torture await me, I am ready to suffer it ten thousand times for the salvation of a single soul." From Green Bay our *voyageurs* sail down the Fox River of Wisconsin. They reach, on the 10th day of June, the narrow strip of land which divides it from the Wisconsin. On their backs the two light canoes are carried

across the portage of twenty-seven hundred paces. After which the guides returned, "leaving us," says Marquette, "alone in an unknown country, in the hands of Providence. Invoking the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, and putting ourselves under her protection, we now leave," adds Marquette, "the waters which flow to Quebec to follow those which lead into strange lands." How natural the reflection! They enter the broad, sandy-bottomed, and shallow Wisconsin. They pass along its timbered banks and vine-clad islets. After a seven days' journey they reached its mouth, and lo! there spreads out before them the long-sought river!

With joy inexpressible the *voyageurs* entered the Mississippi, near the present city of Prairie Du Chien and opposite that of McGregor, in Iowa, on the 7th of June, 1673. They commenced at once to descend the Mississippi. Though they had journeyed on the great river for eight days and for more than two hundred miles they saw no human being or the signs of any. Yet they advanced cautiously. On each night they landed and made a low fire on the shore to prepare their meal; then for safety anchored their canoes in the middle of the stream, one of the party invariably standing as sentinel; and in the frail barks slept, till the coming of the morning light enabled them to resume the voyage. Thus they pursued their course until the 25th of June, when footprints of men were discovered by the water-side, and a path leading through a beautiful prairie. It was concluded to stop. The path was rightly conjectured to lead to an Indian village. Though fearless of life they did not necessarily ignore the precautions of worldly prudence. The five Frenchmen were left with orders to guard the boat and thereby keep open the means of retreat, if a retreat should be necessary. Besides, it was rightly reasoned that two men would not be so likely to excite the apprehensions and incur the hostility of Indians as a more numerous party.

Single and alone Marquette and Joliet resolved to pursue the path and to assume the peril of meeting a barbarous and unknown people.

Following the path some five or six miles they discovered three Indian villages, somewhat separated, on the banks of a river the name of which Marquette does not give. On his map he indicates the course of this river, and gives the names of two of these villages, viz., *Pewarea* and *Moinguena*. The site of these towns can not with certainty be ascertained. The name favors the conjecture that the river was the River Des Moines, and it probably was. Implying the help of God, and relying upon it, Marquette and Joliet advanced undiscovered so far that they even heard the Indians talking. In order to show them that they intended no surprise or harm they halted, and by a loud cry announced their presence. Strange meeting that first meeting on Iowa soil between the amazed Indian and his unknown visitors! Wild and strange the ceremonies which characterize

it, and illuminate it with a wild and strange splendor!

They are received in warm welcomes and in peace. Their course becomes a splendid ovation. The savages depute four of their old men—for age receives, even among them, its appropriate respect—to meet and receive them.

Two of the deputies bear aloft the gayly adorned calumet of peace; all four advanced silently and slowly, with stately, barbaric dignity—Indian like.

As an earnest of peace they present their visitors with the mysterious pipe. They invite them to their city, and tender with sincerity and warmth its rude hospitality. Arriving at the village, all the people turned out to gaze at them with the same wondering curiosity with which the pale faces a few years since thronged around a princely visitor from distant Britain. Marquette briefly spoke of the object of his mission (for they used a dialect of the Algonquin tongue, with which he was familiar), of the one God, of the great French captain who had subdued the Iroquois, their ancient enemies. Speech-making on such occasions would not seem to be a civilized ceremony. The sachem of the tribe rising to reply, spoke as follows—a speech, which though never noticed as such, is one of the finest specimens of Indian eloquence: “I thank the Black-gown,” for so, alluding to his garb, he styled Marquette, “and the Frenchman,” addressing Joliet, “for taking so much pains to come and visit us; never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright as now; never has the river been so calm, nor so free from rocks which your canoes have removed as they passed; never has our tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor our corn appeared so beautiful as we behold it to-day. Ask the Great Spirit, whom thou knowest to give us life and health, and come thou and dwell with us.”

Following this a great feast was set before the strangers. In his glowing style, disdaining particulars, Bancroft describes it as a “magnificent festival prepared of hominy, and fish, and the choicest viands from the prairies.” Let us consult the faithful and unexaggerated account of Marquette, and see the style and “bill of fare” of this magnificent festival, the first meal ever sat down to by white men upon the western side of the Upper Mississippi.

“This feast,” says Marquette, “consisted of four courses, which we had to take with all their ways. The first course was a great wooden dish full of sagamity, that is to say, of Indian meal boiled in water and seasoned with grease. The master of ceremonies, with a spoonful of sagamity, presented it three or four times to my mouth, as we would do with a little child; he did the same to M. Joliet. For the second course he brought in another dish containing three fish; removed the bones and having blown upon it to cool it, put it into my mouth as we would food to a bird. For a third course they produced a large dog (an Indian can give no higher mark of his friendship than thus to sacrifice his faith-

ful companion), which they had just killed, but learning that we did not eat it, it was withdrawn. Finally, the fourth course was a piece of wild buffalo, the fattest portions of which were put into our mouths.” After remaining here several days the explorers announced their departure. Their new-found friends endeavored to persuade them not to continue the dangerous journey, and would not consent to allow them to leave until they had extracted a promise from Marquette to come to them personally the next year to stay with them and instruct them. An escort of 600 Indians accompanied the explorers to their boats; they embarked, and, following the current, soon passed the boundaries of what is now the State of Iowa.

We can not follow them in their course till they pass the mouth of the Missouri, that of the Ohio, and that of the Arkansas. Nor can we stop to notice at length their laborious return by the same river up to the mouth of the Illinois, ascending which, as far as practicable, and then, by a short portage, reaching Chicago, where the unambitious Marquette remained to preach the Gospel to the natives, while Joliet hastened to Quebec with the news of their discoveries and success. Nor can we notice in detail the subsequent labors of Marquette, nor the circumstances of his death, and trace the parallel between it and the death of St. Xavier.

It occurred within two years after, and was caused by the exposures which he underwent in his great voyage. On his way to the Mission at Mackinaw he expired on the bleak shores of Lake Michigan, within the limits of that State (of which he may be said to be one of the founders), and died, as St. Xavier had died, on the Saucian shore, in the presence of two canoe-men; and with the names of Jesus and Mary upon his lips he commenced his voyage to the Land of Souls.

Do the departed look down upon us? We love to imagine that, as the *voyageurs* passed along the shores of the Great River, in the majestic solitude of nature, they listened, and listening, heard the busy tramp of the coming millions, and had visions of the commonwealths that have so marvelously arisen along the banks of the great river they were the first to explore! They founded no cities; they left no permanent physical monuments behind them! Yet a generous posterity will not willingly let their names perish. So long as the river flows it will water their memories and preserve them fresh and green!

It was by virtue of the discovery of Marquette that France acquired the ownership of the Mississippi Valley, and the territory was subsequently called after the King of France by the name of Louisiana. Soon after Marquette's voyage, and in consequence of it, Hennepin, an unvarnished but enterprising man, explored the river from the mouth of the Illinois to the falls of the St. Anthony, first by white men and named by him; and in connection with the fearless, gifted, and noble La Salle, was the first (with

the exception of De Soto's successor) to explore the river from the limits reached by Marquette to its entrance into the Gulf of Mexico. Louisiana remained a French province till 1762, when it was ceded to Spain. It remained a Spanish province till the year 1800, when it was secretly retroceded to France.

Before the purchase of Louisiana by the United States the river, from its mouth northward several hundred miles, ran through the dominions of a foreign power; above this the river constituted the western boundary of the United States, as defined by the treaty of Independence with Great Britain. Although the West was at that time comparatively a wilderness, the navigation of the river came near involving us in two wars with Spain. The West was in a blaze at being denied their natural outlet. Steps were taken to raise an armed force, and war was imminent. Spain, as owner of the land on both sides of the river at its mouth, claimed under the law of nations the sole right to regulate or to forbid its navigation.

By the treaty made with Spain in 1795, to compose and settle our disputes, she conceded to us the right of the free navigation of the river; she also agreed "to permit citizens of the United States, for the space of three years, to deposit their merchandise and effects at the port of New Orleans, paying only fair storage," which permission the King of Spain agreed to continue longer if he saw fit; if he did not, then he was to "assign to the United States, another part of the banks of the Mississippi, an equivalent establishment."

Soon after the lapse of the three years, viz., about the year 1800, Spain violated the provisions of the treaty by refusing the right of deposit at New Orleans, without at the same time assigning, as by terms and a fair construction of the treaty she was bound to do, another place of deposit. She went further and prohibited our boats and vessels even to land, and interdicted all intercourse between our citizens and the inhabitants of the province. As our boats could not land, and as boats which were suitable for the transportation of produce down the river were unsuitable for navigation at sea, the mere right to pass up and down the river with boats was found to be an almost worthless and barren one. The right of deposit, preparatory to transshipment on sea-going vessels, proved to be as indispensable and necessary as the right of passage. The whole country was again in a blaze of excitement. The Senate authorized President Jefferson to call out and arm 80,000 militia. In the course of the debates which followed truths were uttered which are as pertinent now as they were then. Thus, Senator Wright, of Delaware, said:

"We can never have permanent peace on our Western waters till we possess ourselves of New Orleans, and such other positions as may be necessary to give us the complete and absolute command of the navigation of the Mississippi."

It will be seen that our situation at that time

was precisely the same as it would be at this time if the South had succeeded in establishing a separate Confederacy. He further declared that "you had as well pretend to dam up the mouth of the Mississippi and say to its restless waves, ye shall cease here and never mingle with the ocean, as to expect that the people of the West will be prevented from descending it. Without the free use of this river and the necessary advantages of a deposit below our boundary their fertile country is not worth possessing, their produce must be wasted in their fields or rot in their granaries." It is true that when these words were spoken the Mississippi was the only outlet for the products of the country; and that since then the New York and Canadian canals, and five parallel lines of railway, connect the East and the West, thereby affording to the West an artificial eastern outlet. But both outlets are needed; needed to do the business of the great West, needed to prevent the crushing exactions of railroad and canal monopolies. Water communication with the Atlantic is the great want of the West.

It was then (1802) believed, but not certainly known, though such was the fact, that the Louisiana Territory had been ceded to France. Napoleon was at this time on the rising tide of his high fortunes, and exercised almost despotic power under the modest title of the French Consul. The Senator last named urged the absolute national necessity which existed that the United States should own and control the mouth of the river, the key to the vast valley of the Mississippi; a region larger in extent than all Europe. In the course of his argument he alluded to the situation of this country, with the mouth of the river in the possession of a foreign power. We quote them, because if the Southern Confederacy be substituted in the place of Bonaparte, his remarks are much more weighty and applicable now than they were sixty years ago. He says: "What is more than all to be dreaded, in such hands, is that it may be made the means of access and corruption to your national councils, and a key to your treasury."

"The Western people will see in Bonaparte, at their very doors, a powerful friend or a dangerous enemy, and should he, after completely controlling the river, approach them, not in the attitude of an enemy, but under the specious garb of a protector and a friend; should he, instead of embarrassing their commerce by any fiscal arrangement, invite them to the navigation of the river, and give them privileges in trade not heretofore enjoyed; should he, instead of coercing them to his measures, court and intrigue with them, who can tell the consequences?"

"Foreign influence will gain admittance into our national councils; a foreign faction will exist which will increase with the rapidly increasing population of the Western world. Whenever this period shall arrive it will be the crisis of American glory, and must result either in the political subjugation of the Atlantic States or their separation from the Western country."

What weighty suggestions are these! Nothing can be added to their force. In the events of the past few years their truth and significance have been remarkably exemplified. At that early day the statesmen of our country saw, and the people of our country felt, the indispensable importance of the entire national ownership and control of the river to the people of all the States bordering on it and its tributaries.

Senator Jackson, of Georgia, declared that "God and nature have destined New Orleans and the Floridas to belong to this great and rising empire."

Mr. Madison, then Secretary of State, in his letter of November 27, 1802, to Mr. Charles Pinckney, our Minister at Madrid, instructing him to demand redress from Spain for the infraction of the treaty of 1795, says: "You are aware of the sensibility of our Western people on this subject. This sensibility is justified by the interest they have at stake. The Mississippi is to them every thing. It is the Hudson, the Delaware, the Potomac, and all the navigable rivers of the Atlantic States formed into one stream."

In view of its importance negotiations were authorized by our Government for the purchase of New Orleans, so as to make the river the boundary between the United States and Louisiana. The idea of the purchase of the entire Territory of Louisiana was at that time not even thought of. Our ideas did not rise so high. We were poor then and prudent. We wanted the river and a place of deposit that we could call our own; this was the primary idea, and not the augmentation of territory. The comprehensive mind of the First Consul knew the value of this trans-Atlantic possession. Mr. Livingston, at that time our Minister at Paris, writing May 12, 1803, to Mr. Madison, giving an account of the purchase, says: "Among the most favorite projects of the First Consul was the colonization of Louisiana. He saw in it a new Egypt; he saw in it a colony that was to counterbalance the Eastern establishment of Great Britain; he saw in it a provision for his Generals; and what was more important in the then state of things, he saw in it a pretense for the ostracism of suspected enemies. When I arrived here I found Louisiana a very favorite object. Some books were published representing it a paradise."

France, at that time, was at peace. Mr. Livingston urged the payment of the American debts, and hinted to one of the French Ministers, probably the celebrated Talleyrand, of a sale of the Territory as a means. His reply was: "None but spendthrifts satisfy their debts by selling their lands."

The First Consul organized a fleet and an army to send to New Orleans. They were blockaded in the Dutch forts at first by ice, and the flames of war having again been lighted, then by the English. Mr. Livingston opportunely pressed the purchase of New Orleans, calling, with much shrewdness, the attention of France to a proposition in the London papers for rais-

ing 50,000 men to take New Orleans. Napoleon saw the crisis; took in the situation at a glance. He knew that England, by virtue of its navy, would attempt the capture of the province. He much preferred that we should own it to England. To our proposition to purchase *part* Talleyrand, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, replied: "That if they gave us New Orleans the rest would be of little value, and wished to know what we would give for the whole?"

It was wise in France to sell, but it was wiser in us to buy. On the 30th of April, 1803, the treaty of cession was made. All the vast and undefined territory known as Louisiana, stretching from New Orleans to Oregon, was, in consideration of \$15,000,000, sold to the United States. The necessities of France obliged her to sell. Napoleon knew that \$15,000,000 was no compensation, and it is a remarkable fact that the treaty alludes to no pecuniary consideration for the sale. The language of the treaty, in this respect, is as follows:

"The First Consul of the French Republic, desiring to give the United States a strong proof of friendship, does hereby cede to it, forever, and in full sovereignty, the colony or province of Louisiana."

Thus did the United States become invested with the title to the whole valley of the Mississippi.

The great river, and its countless tributaries, were ours. Every bubbling fountain on the remote slopes of the Alleghanies; every spring and waterfall on the distant sides of the Rocky Mountains; all the intermediate rivulets, brooks, streamlets, streams, and rivers, were, by an undisputed title, ours. It is fortunate, not only for the United States, but for the race, that this magnificent domain passed into our hands. Only two generations have passed away, and see the results! Great and flourishing commonwealths line its banks from its source to its mouth. Civil and religious liberty, science, literature, religion, art, education and educational institutions, all that can adorn and bless a nation, have here found a home. Every 16th square mile has been set apart for common school purposes. The genius of our free institutions has been extended over it. What is there in all the diversified history of the Rhine—what is there in all the entombed mysteries of the Nile—what is there any where, in all the records of the race, so remarkable as to be compared to the marvelous growth and development of the Mississippi Valley? And yet the phenomenon is not a mystery. Its cause is not hid in occult hieroglyphics. The aid of no Layard is needed to reveal or decipher it. It is known to the world. The down-trodden Irishman knows it. The countrymen of Kossuth and Kosciusko knew it. The liberty-loving German knows it. The oppressed of all nations and of every clime know it. That cause is the vivifying influence of our Free Institutions; and it is nothing else.

Does the reader doubt it? Appeal for a moment to history. Look at Mexico! Cortéz, the Spanish robber, overthrew the Montezumas one hundred years before the *Mayflower* landed at Plymouth, and the despotism, political and intellectual, of the Spanish rule was established. Why has Mexico in the race of nations thus lagged behind? Pizarro overturned the Inca power, and established permanent Spanish settlements in Peru, three-quarters of a century before Virginia was colonized.

Why are Mexico and the nations of South America blanks on the map of the political world? Why does the Amazon to-day roll its vast course in sullen silence through an almost uninhabited wilderness? It is scarcely twelve years since the apathetic inhabitants and amazed Indians were startled by the shrill whistle of the first steamboat that ever plied its waters. It was found that steam navigation would not pay. Brazil, as the owner of the mouth, claiming the right to do so under the law of nations (how justly is not in our way to discuss), in A.D. 1852, made with one De Souza a contract, giving him the exclusive navigation of the river for thirty years, through all the Brazilian territories; and in consideration that he would run six steamboats, agreed to pay him a bonus of \$100,000 per year.

Think of it for a moment! *One man having the exclusive right to navigate the Amazon!* If this contract be carried out not a steam vessel from the outside world can enter the river. Nay more, Peru, Ecuador, Venezuela, and Bolivia are cut off from all direct river connection with the Atlantic. They must stop at the boundaries of Brazil, deposit their merchandise, and allow De Souza's steamboats, and no other, to carry it. They must import in the same way. Contrast this state of things with the vast, free, and profitable commerce and navigation of the Mississippi, and then again inquire into the cause of this difference. The question admits of but one answer: the Amazon has been cursed with despotism, while the Mississippi has been vivified by free institutions, and its free and unobstructed navigation, under the ownership of *one nation*, has lined its banks with great and growing free commonwealths.

The sublime duty, the sublimest ever confided by Heaven to mortal man, that of preserving these free institutions from menaced destruction, was confided to the loyal people of the nation. Nobly, grandly, faithfully did they discharge this high trust. If the Confederates had been permitted to destroy the unity of this nation, what would have become of us of the Northwest, situate as we are, remote from the sea-board and markets of the world, in the centre and heart of a vast continent? If the Southern States may secede, so may the Pacific States, the Upper Mississippi States, and New York and New England. If the South could levy tribute on our southern outlet, why may not New York secede and levy tribute on our eastern outlet? Successful secession would have been national death.

JONES'S METEMPSYCHOSES.

"Quam bene Saturno vivebant rege."—TIBULLUS, *El. III.*

I.

JONES, after an eventful life of fifty years, having acquired a competency in the wholesale grocery business, retired from active participation in the affairs of the concern and purchased a country house—commonly called a villa—in the neighborhood of his native city of Gotham. It contains all the modern improvements: hot water, cold water, gas, etc., with a well-selected library and a well-filled wine cellar. There Jones, surrounded by his family—Mrs. Jones, and six young Joneses of both sexes—is passing the afternoon of his days in tranquil enjoyment.

I would say in perfect happiness, were it not for the fact that he is sometimes inclined to be dyspeptic—the doctor says from want of exercise; and when the symptoms are on him he is apt to be a little peevish, and complains (particularly after his meals) of a loss of appetite, accompanied by a sensation of fullness in the region of the stomach. On such occasions nothing seems to please him unless it be to find fault. "Those muffins are cold, Mrs. Jones," he will say; and it is in vain that Miss Emily lisps, "Papa dear, I'll make one hot for you," or that his excellent wife insinuates that muffins are not good for him. If headed off on the muffin question he discovers that the eggs have been boiled half a minute too long, or that there is a fly in the butter, or a speck in the sugar, or that something is the matter with the mutton-chops.

A ride of a few miles on horseback (although he is not much of a cavalier) usually drives off the unpleasant feelings, and then he may be called a happy and an amiable man. He goes regularly to church (and as regularly to sleep), is benevolent to the poor, kind to his dependents, and, in short, is an estimable citizen and highly respected by his neighbors.

I spent a day with Jones. Of course I had to go through the rather wearisome duty of accompanying him over his "place," and listening to a detailed account of all the various improvements: the ponds stocked with fish—"No trouble to catch trout here, Sir, catch 'em with a net;" the fruit trees trained against the walls; the shady walks; the gardens; the well-built stables; the hot-houses; the vineries—"Make our own Port in a few years, Sir."

We had an excellent though rather early dinner, with a bottle or two of fine old wine, after which we withdrew into what Jones called his "study" for a smoke and a chat. Through the half-opened blinds I spied Miss Emily sitting in the arbor in the garden, with a rather nice-looking young man by her side. They were reading a book together—Longfellow's "Evangeline."

"Young Smith, Sir," said Jones. "Son of my neighbor on the hill yonder; a very estimable young man. Old Smith used to be somewhat inclined to be litigious—had a long suit with

him about some property—but it was settled by the courts to the satisfaction of all parties, and we're the best of friends now."

A sable attendant came in with coffee and cigars, and as we reclined on the soft lounges, sipping the delicious Mocha and puffing our fragrant Havanas, I doubted if Solomon in all his glory ever experienced such comfort.

"Jones," I exclaimed, "how lucky we are in coming into the world in this Nineteenth Century, this age of civilization! The whole earth contributes its products to our enjoyment, and even many of the powers of nature, steam, electricity, etc., are at our command."

"Sir," answered Jones, "I doubt your conclusion. When man existed in a more simple state his wants were fewer, and happiness of course more easily attainable; but we are getting super-civilized, the luxuries of the last age are the necessities of this. How much more contented—and better too, for that matter—must have been our unsophisticated ancestors!"

The heat of the weather and the long walk over Jones's grounds, aided perhaps by the wine at dinner, made me somewhat drowsy, and in spite of my efforts to keep awake I began to doze, and dozing I had a dream.

II.

I dreamed that Asmodeus tapped me on the shoulder, and bade me follow him. On the wings of the wind we traveled with the rapidity of lightning through years and centuries of the past until we reached the banks of the Rhine, some time during the Middle Ages. It was night. Before us was a castle perched on an almost inaccessible crag. "Who lives here?" I inquired of my companion.

"The owner, or rather the possessor," answered Asmodeus, "calls himself the Count Johannes. His father was a robber, who, at the head of a gang of cut-throats, was accustomed to waylay passing travelers, rob, and not unfrequently murder them. He was killed in a brawl; but his son continued the business, until having amassed quite a store of his ill-gotten gains, he built this castle, whence he levies tribute on his weaker neighbors, and on all, in fact, who fall in his way. He has long been engaged in a bitter feud with a former companion in villainy, the Baron Von Schmidt, who lives in the tower we see yonder, near the smoking embers of the ruined hamlets. The village was destroyed this morning, in a raid by Count Johannes, and nearly all the wretched serfs slain or carried into captivity. He is now celebrating his success with a drunken orgie; we can hear the sounds of revelry; let us enter."

So saying, Asmodeus carried me through a loop-hole in the highest turret, and passing down the spiral staircase, though we did not actually touch the steps, we entered the banquet-hall—invisible to mortal eyes. Some twenty or thirty mail-clad men were sitting around a rough table quaffing huge tankards of ale or goblets of golden wine. In the centre of the board were the

remains of a wild boar that had been roasted whole. The mirth was boisterous. At the head of the table sat a grim-visaged knight, with a bloody bandage around his head.

"A good day's work we've done, my trusty men," he said. "Much booty have we taken, and four score of the common herd have fallen beneath our good swords; but the escape of the caitiff Von Schmidt concerns me much. Had we caught him, by my troth his ears should have decked our festive board this night. Let us drink to better luck to-morrow."

The voice of the knight seemed to me familiar though rather harsh. I scanned his features more closely, and started back with amazement. It was the face of Jones. He had a grizzly beard and mustache, it is true, and the gold-rimmed spectacles were wanting, but I could not mistake the rest.

"That," said Asmodeus, "is the robber Count Johannes."

The revel waxed high, with deep potations and many a ribald song and jest. At last all of the carousers had fallen under the table in a state of intoxication, excepting the old knight, and he was becoming unsteady in his seat, and his head was beginning to nod, when beckoning to an attendant, he said:

"Varlet, bid the Ladie Emilie come hither. I would a word with her."

The page went out. In a few minutes a young woman entered, bearing in her hand a lute, and seated herself on a stool at the feet of the knight.

"Fair daughter," said the latter, right well didst thou dress the boar this day. What guerdon dost thou ask?"

"Dear father," answered the maiden, "I crave that, when thou stormest the tower to-morrow, thou wouldst spare the life of that comely youth, the son of the Baron Von Schmidt."

"Dunder and blitzen," cried the Count, "the heir to my arch foe! Knowest thou not, child, I have vowed that ere another day be past the heads of those caitiffs, father and son, shall grace my porteullis?"

The maiden wept. "It is but a trifling boon," she sobbed.

Her stern old father seemed moved, and smoothing her golden locks, he said:

"Child, sing me that old song once more, and perchance I may grant thy request, but as to the Baron's son"—and he struck the table with his clenched fist.

The maiden now passed her fingers lightly over the lute, and commenced the following rondeau:

"Ah! s'il passait un chevalier
Dont le cœur fût tendre et fidèle,
Et qu'il triomphât du géolier
Qui me retient dans la tourelle,
Je henirais ce chevalier," etc.

Soothed by the melody and overcome by the fumes of the wine he had imbibed, the knight soon dropped asleep. Suddenly a crash was

heard, as of doors broken down, followed by the tramping of many feet, the clash of arms, the shrieking of women, and the shouts of men. The wary and unconquered old Baron Von Schmidt, at the head of a band of retainers, had managed, unperceived, to climb the precipice in rear of the castle, and, scaling the battlements, had forced his way into the strong-hold. The Count Johannes started up and grasped his sword, and those of his companions who were not obliviously drunk staggered to their feet. A terrible struggle ensued, but the half-tipsy revelers of the castle could not cope with the vigorous and vengeful followers of the Baron, and they were nearly all slain.....Day was breaking when Asmodeus led me away from the place. The castle was in flames, and the victors were riding away laden with booty. At their head rode the Baron, leading an ass on which the unfortunate Count Johannes was strapped, Mazeppa-like, and grinding his teeth with rage and despair.

The Baron's son, the young and comely Count Von Schmidt, followed on a palfrey, bearing in his arms the Ladie Emilie, who had fainted away.

III.

Once more, led by Asmodeus, I sped through space and through time, on, on, on until we found ourselves on the banks of the Tiber, in Imperial Rome, nearly half a century before the coming of our Lord. There was a terrible commotion in the city; citizens were hurrying to and fro, or whispering mysteriously together, and soldiers were rushing about brandishing their swords with looks of rage and hatred. In a corner of the forum a war-worn veteran was addressing a crowd from the steps of the temple of Jupiter.

"Cæsar is slain!" said he; "the noblest Roman of them all, the foremost man of all this world;" and his moistened eyes flashed fire, as with uplifted sword he called upon his hearers to "strike for their altars and their fires, and inflict vengeance on the assassins."

"Who is that old soldier?" I inquired of Asmodeus.

"That is Furius Jonus," he replied, "the famous centurion of the 10th legion."

The name struck me. "Can it be?" I thought; for in that scarred and weather-beaten visage, deeply marked with the lines of hardship, I saw a certain resemblance to the placid Jones. I looked inquiringly at Asmodeus. He read my thoughts, and nodded affirmatively.

"That cut across his face," said he, "was received in a hand-to-hand combat with Vercingetorix; and that scar above the eye, whence a piece of the skull has been extracted, shows where he was struck by a club in the hands of a painted savage, when, jumping from the trireme, he led the legion ashore on the barbarous coast of Britain."

At this moment a citizen stepped forward, and endeavored to calm the passion of the veteran.

"Thou hast done the state good service, Furius," said he; "leave it now to younger arms to strike. Thy seven *jugera* at Laburnum, a virgin soil, wait the willing plow. There, with thy wife and children, thou mayest live in ease."

A smile of inexpressible scorn passed over the features of Furius.

"What care I for filthy lucre!" said he, "and what is ease to me? His sword should be the Roman soldier's only bride; and as for children, since my Emilia was forcibly abducted by Licencius Sergius, I acknowledge no other offspring than my deeds. They shall hand my name down to posterity."

Just then a party of conspirators, headed by Brutus, Cassius, and Licencius Sergius, rushed into the forum shouting "Liberty!"

"Ye shall have it," cried Furius, "to roam in Hades!"

And with that he made at them, striking right and left. At a single blow he cut off the head of Licencius Sergius, and then made a lunge at Cassius; but that individual being exceedingly lean, the blade passed through the toga only, merely grazing the body. Brutus instantly seized him by the throat, while Cassius tripped him up from behind, and the other confederates pressing forward were on the point of dispatching him with their daggers, when Marcus Antonius appeared at the opposite side of the forum, at the head of a body of soldiery. The conspirators hereupon made a precipitate exit, leaving Furius Jonus struggling on the pavement sorely bruised, but vowing that he had life enough left for revenge.

IV.

Again Asmodeus bore me away. We traveled a long distance into time, but not so far in space, for we landed in Arcadia sometime during the Age of Stone.

I saw before me a rude hut, made of branches of trees interlaced together and plastered with mud. A hideous old crone, with a great ring in her nose, and but scantily clad in a garment made from the inner bark of a tree, was grinding some roots between two stones. Five or six naked children were lolling about, the elder ones occasionally occupying themselves in making flint arrow-heads. A girl about sixteen years of age, whose whole costume consisted of a fringe of undressed leather about the loins, and whose tangled hair was matted with grease and dirt, was admiring herself in a neighboring pool of water, while engaged in staining her teeth black. A man dressed in skins soon came out of the surrounding woods. His hair was long and unkempt, and his grizzly beard came down to his waist. Some porcupine quills were stuck through his ears, and his arms and legs were tattooed. In one hand he carried a bow and arrows, and in the other a dead musk-rat.

"Woman," he said, in a harsh guttural voice, "I want to eat."

"Eat!" cried the harridan; "you are always eating! and a fine hunter you are, for the last

moon we've had nothing but frogs and lizards!"

Just then her eye lighted on the musk-rat, and with an exclamation of delight she seized the carcass, and with a flint knife skinned and dressed it in a few minutes. She then took two sticks, and rubbing them quickly together succeeded, in about a quarter of an hour, in igniting them, and thus made a fire in which she commenced roasting the musk-rat. When it was about half done the man took it and proceeded voraciously to devour it. Some of the children, attracted by the smell of meat, drew toward him, whereupon he kicked them away. The woman told him to let them alone. By way of answer he picked up a club and gave her a beating. When he had finished the musk-rat, gnawing the bones quite clean, he gave a grunt of satisfaction, threw himself down on some leaves on the ground in the hut, and went to sleep.

Soon afterward a stalwart young savage, painted blue and with a club in his hand, crept out of the woods, and stealing behind the girl at the pool dealt her a blow on the head with his club that laid her senseless at his feet. He then tossed her over his shoulder and bore her away unperceived.

I felt incensed at his brutality and wished to interfere, but Asmodeus checked me, saying:

"That is the ceremony of courtship and marriage among these people."

"And who is the sleeping barbarian in the hut?" I asked.

"That is Dgōngues," answered Asmodeus; "a great hunter in his youth, but now he is getting old. The end of his nose is gone, you see, nipped off in a tussle with a bear."

"Dgōngues? Dgōngues?" said I, "you don't mean to tell me that that is the original Jones."

"The aboriginal only," replied Asmodeus; "there are many long, long ages yet before we come to the Gorilla."

V.

The mention of this horrible beast so startled me that I awoke. Jones, wrapped in a cashmere dressing-gown, and with his feet in a pair of embroidered slippers worked by his wife, and *Harper's Monthly* on the table beside him, was stretched in his easy-chair, taking a comfortable siesta.

Miss Emily was in the drawing-room, playing an accompaniment on the piano to Smith, Jun., who was singing the popular song, "I will love thee ever, dearest!"

JACK AND HIS MOTHER.

"**L**ITTLE children should be seen, and not heard!" says the venerable proverb. Should they, indeed? Then why were they not made like little mice, instead of having an instinctive desire to jump, scrape, stamp, caper, laugh, sing, halloo, and make a noise generally? But if children are to be heard as well as seen,

are they to be heard to the exclusion of every thing else? If not, where shall the hearing begin? and do you believe in discipline or moral suasion, or both; and if so, how many parts of moral suasion?

I have, of course, an individual theory. I think somebody must govern in a house, or the ship will be without a hand at the helm; and if the largest experience gives the best light, perhaps the parents had better govern the children. If you mean to govern at all, I suppose, also, that it is better to commence early. When the little thing creeping about on the floor is told not to pull down the basket, or not to creep out at the door, and pulls down the basket, or slips out at the door, the instant the older head is turned, it may fairly be said to know how to *disobey*. It can then be taught to *obey*, or left to disobey for the next two or three years, and then taken in hand; the difference being that between building your house properly from the foundation, or laying the stones at hap-hazard, to take them down and lay them over again.

Also I have always believed that the fundamental principle of discipline was, "As few rules as possible, and those never broken with impunity."

But any theory rigidly applied is nothing more nor less than a strait jacket, and there is no grand educational theory applicable to all cases, though there is a happy medium, and few there be who find it. One of the first and most astounding discoveries made by the young mother, who has spent her girl-life over German and the piano, but not even a year in learning to play on human nature, is that you can not cut your child to fit your theory, but must cut your theory to fit your child. Here is a coil! here is trouble! here is piecing and patching of—the unlucky child, too often. John, the piper's son, walks barefoot in the gutters, makes mud-pies, and eats cucumbers, mince-pies, sausages, fruit-cake, gravies, and candies, indifferently. What on earth does your pale, thin-legged little Jack mean by getting ill under the same régime?

Mrs. Dikers punishes her children, who are models of infant virtue, whenever they disobey. Inference, when Jack comes roaring to you, about noon, and refuses to stop when he is bid, you commence to undo his buttons; but, my dear Madam, just one moment. Jack has been broiling over a brick fort since breakfast-time. His legs ache, and the gnats have had a nip at him. His hair is in his eyes. He has a hole in his trowsers and a stone in his shoe. His face is begrimed and his fingers are sticky. If your legs ached, your hair was in your eyes, and your fingers were sticky, how do you think you would feel under the circumstances? Would it not be advisable, by washing, brushing, and combing, first to ascertain how many parts are depravity and how much is dirt; and then, if need still continue, to spank him, *à la* Mrs. Dikers? Worse yet: you can do nothing with Jack. You have warned him a dozen times and whipped him two dozen, and you make no impression, except on

his skin. It is plain you can not draw out naughtiness from him by a counter irritant. But, Madam, every human being is an organ, and you can play on him, if you know the stops. You have not yet found out your boy; but he is get-at-able, and it is your business never to rest till you do get at him. There is something he loves and something he fears, and you can discover it if you have the patience. He may be open to reason, or touched by an appeal to his honor. He may dread rigidly enforced quiet, or the loss of a pleasure, or worse than all, the sad coldness of those he loves. But to declare that he is unmanageable, is simply to declare that you are too busy, or too lazy to experiment till you hit on a motive power; and, in that case, to be plain with you, you had better retire with your boy to a hermitage; for Jack howling, and Jack breaking up all conversation, and Jack in your neighbor's trees, and breaking his windows, and in full chase after his chickens, and disobeying you right and left, is insupportable and not to be endured by society.

Jack has another inconvenient aspect. He is something else besides a sweet little piece of mechanism that must be made to obey, if he is to be tolerable. Be determined fully within yourself to be obeyed on those few grand points on which obedience is necessary for home comfort and the child's safety, and lay no gins and snares for his poor little stumbling feet, in the shape of numerous rules, regulations, and restrictions; and, unless in exceptional cases, you will find discipline an easy matter. But Jack is an individual with rights that you are bound to respect. It is so excessively disagreeable and troublesome to respect the rights of those much weaker than ourselves that we are apt to dispense with that little ceremony altogether. If Mrs. Glycers willfully breaks her word, you have ways of being unpleasant to Mrs. Glycers, and *vice versa*. But if you disappoint Jack he has no means of holding you to your word. He was a thousand times more eager for his cart or book than you were for Mrs. Glycer's company at your party, and his disappointment goes fathoms below yours; for you are calmly sure that there are more Mrs. Glycers, while he is passionately certain that there will never be another cart, book, or happy moment for him. He has exactly the same right to expect fidelity from you that you have from Mrs. Glycers, and when you brush him away with "Some other time," and "How foolish to cry!" you are trampling on his rights because he is not old enough or strong enough to exact it; and when you do that you are a tyrant.

Jack has his troubles and his delights. We call them childish. We mean by that they are of slight value and of short duration. They interest us slightly; as a consequence we argue they take light hold on him, and we laugh often at his eager interest in them, and make him ashamed of them. But I appeal to the Man in the Moon, or the gentleman from Saturn, which is the most childish, a game of hop and skip or

a Polka Redowa? a house of cards or the life of a Wall Street speculator? a game at ball, battle-door, or croquet and billiards? If you like to have your interests and pleasures treated with respect, has not Jack the same desire and the same right? And as for the short duration—which does the man in middle life, or the old man, remember best and most fondly, the years next him or those in which he was a boy?

Jack has a right to be heard. When he bursts in on your conversation, eager and palpitating, if he is a tolerably well-behaved Jack he will wait for the end of your paragraph, and then it is your turn for politeness and a hearing. Especially should he be heard when under suspicion, and believed, if his truthfulness is up to the average; if it is not, I am afraid you are to blame. If the matter is complicated by relations with Bob, or "some other fellow," he has the moral right to the patient investigation and dispassionate judgment that we accord to our felons, under the name of trial by jury.

It is useless to say, "These are stilted notions and beyond the appreciation of children," unless you think that your Jack is a little beast, and not a little man. If he is the last he has the germs of honor, truth, and self-respect. If you mean to develop honor, truth, and self-respect you must begin by believing in them. Respect him and he will respect himself. Trust him and he will feel the full responsibility. Outrage his childish dignity and delicacy, and though he has no words in which to express the sting, it will rankle deep in his little heart. Call on the good that is in him and it will answer you. Rouse the evil and it will grow. Be as wide awake for his good points as for his shortcomings, and you will find such praise the best guano for the small boy virtue-crop. If you wish him to say "Thank you," thank him yourself when he waits on you. If you desire him to be well-bred, treat him with scrupulous politeness. If you lose your temper, don't flatter yourself that you can wipe it out with ten pages of the Bible; or that it will escape him, even if he does not look up in your face with round, wondering eyes, and ask softly, "Mamma, aren't you quarreling?" as once happened to a friend of mine. If you have a truth for his digestion spread it abroad in the atmosphere. Don't make it into a potion or a pill. Live it, speak it, find it in a story, and tell or read it to him; but count it as just so much lost time when you sit down and say, sepulchrally, "My child, we are made of the dust of the earth to teach us humility. We ought to be good in order to be happy; and we shall be happy if we are good." A child is sure to shirk lumpy instruction like that, dodge precepts, and look straight at example.

I am aware that this view of Jack's rights and perceptions is a troublesome one. It will break in often on calls and concerts, on pie-making and frock-braiding, on reading and writing. It will take a piece here out of the best hour, and nip off a bit there from an agreeable plan. It

requires a care and caution with which we are pleasantly apt to dispense in dealing with our children. If we are irritated when Jack bursts in upon our reading or shakes the table in the middle of a long-tailed letter, do we not irritate him in turn when we call him off from his play to bring us a pin? Have we any business to demand of him a self-control which we are unable to practice ourselves when we knock down the house that he was an hour in building with one sweep of our skirts?

A troublesome view, I admit again. Here have you a little stranger in this world, whose incessant drafts on your sympathy you must honor, because you are the only firm on whom this young gentleman has as yet any credit of the sort. You can't wind him up and set him running, in a safe place, out of harm's way. You can't tie him in a theory, like a baby-jumper, and leave him there. You can't snub him and turn him off, though he walks straight through all your plans, as he is sure to do. At least you will not, if you are wise.

Settle down at your crochet or your gossip and leave your little son to spend four-fifths of his day with his nurse or in the street at your peril. Push him off, with "Don't bother!" and "I am busy," to take his little interests outside for sympathy, and see if he will bring you his larger anxieties. Fold your hands and let the wind be sown in his heart, and see what you will find there when you come to look for fruit.

I know there are women to whom all this is the very superfluity of needless painstaking. Women who believe that there is some magic virtue inherent in the two words "Wife" and "Mother"—with all the qualities belonging thereto left out. It is enough for them that one day long ago they married and since have brought children into the world. On the strength of these two facts alone, husband and children are henceforth expected to love them straight through to the end of their lives, no matter how unlovable they may be. Their creed apparently runs like this:

"*I believe* that I am a Wife and Mother. That I can present myself constantly to husband and children with mouth down at the corners, temper out of joint, hair down my back, and the worst wrapper in town; and though they dislike untidiness, whining, and ill-temper in other people it will not affect them in the least; but they will enthusiastically prefer me to the rest of the world, because I am a Wife and Mother.

"I can habitually sour their sport and take the sparkle out of their pleasure, and still they will come to me for sympathy and find nothing pleasant without me, because I am a Wife and Mother.

"*I believe* that every thing in my house may run with a creak or a jar, and still they will prefer home, because I am in it, a Wife and a Mother. *I believe* that I have nothing to learn, because I am a Wife and a Mother. *I believe* that I can snap my fingers in the face of human nature, because I am a Wife and Mother. I

am not selfish, for that is impossible for a Wife and Mother. I am nervous, but that is only natural in a Wife and Mother.

"*I believe* that I do wrong in a general way, but never on any particular count, being a Wife and Mother. If my house is out of order, our expenses beyond our income, and the children sickly, fretful, and quarrelsome, it is not that there is any thing amiss in my management, but simply that my house and children are entirely unlike all others, and there is no possible method of keeping them clean and under discipline. To think otherwise would be to cast a slur on me, a Wife and Mother; and no matter how repulsive and provoking I should appear were I somebody else, as a Wife and Mother I have a right to expect the entire devotion of both husband and children, unless they are miracles of infidelity and ingratitude."

Ladies may protest and indignantly disclaim such a creed, but is not that a very common practice reduced to words? Oh! the pity! the pity of it! that the mortal folly of all this can not be driven home to the comprehension of women. Think of a woman settling down in the midst of her household and spreading out into a great, fat vegetable. Her husband is modified by years and experience, but she learns nothing. Her children grow and she only develops—cabbage-ward. She instinctively looks after shirts and puddings; and to give her whole mind to these matters she sends her troublesome, meddling, busy, inquisitive little Jack any where out of her way.

The poor little fellow goes about with the "Why?" that God set on the end of his tongue, to be answered sometimes by a wise man, often by a fool, oftenest by a liar, picking up his mental and moral training like cold victuals. He grows to companionable age, and finds that he regards his mother with traditional respect and a certain interest due to the source from whence his shirt-buttons and lunch-baskets are derived. But he has a habit of finding all the enthusiasm, romance, and delight of his young life outside of his home; a habit acquired years before, when he was a very little boy, and much in his mother's way. In those days she was the oldest, the loveliest, the wittiest, and the dearest woman in the world; and he rather pined for her society. In these days she is unmistakably frouzy. She wears preternatural night-caps and huge flannel petticoats; she poses intolerably; she has all the exploded notions of fifty years ago. She is weak, vain, irritable, rash, and undignified; endowed with all the attributes, in fact, proper to a woman who has vegetated without once asking whether those about her might not prefer a Woman to a Cabbage. Jack has an instinctive tenderness and respect for her as his mother; but she insists on an active personal preference and admiration. How can Jack prefer a woman stupid and selfish enough to have learned nothing in the last half century? and if he would walk half a mile out of his way to avoid such a woman, if she

were not his mother, by what stretching and pulling of possibilities can he admire and venerate her?

I meet enough of such women, uneasy, dissatisfied, and pained. I often hear Her Cabbageship bewailing herself over the undutiful tendencies of this generation. I see also the gentle, gracious, keen-eyed, intelligent mother; the woman who, having her children, recognized the full value of what she had at stake, and the full weight of her responsibility. Very determined and unwearying was this little woman in her quiet way. When the plan that worked so well with Clara failed with Bob, with gentle, sagacious patience she set herself to find another. When she caught herself undoing her precept by her practice she took herself to task and rebuked herself with severity. As her children grew she grew with them, dreading only to be left behind. She called them her roses, and when she was selfish or lazy, said to herself, "But my roses will not clamber and shade my door-stone through the heat unless I weed, and water, and prune, and cut, and tie, and watch them now." Her Cabbageship looked on sneering, or stupidly indifferent. She had tried all that; or why be the slave of your children? But to-day I see our little Mother hanging on her son's arm, and very proud of Jack, who is quite as proud of her, while over the way Her Cabbageship sits alone, groaning over her thistle-crop.

OUR VEGETABLES.

IN these days, when nearly all the good things in the vegetable world are fast becoming cosmopolitan, it is interesting to trace the nationality of some of the most familiar things in our daily fare. Seldom, while munching our matutinal radish, do we pause to conjure an imaginary bed of buried crimson and white in the far lands of Fang-Chou and Ptys-Wampi; yet from China and Japan were the first Radishes introduced to the outside barbarians of Europe. Neither, at supper, in meeting with a peculiarly flavorful morsel in our cake, do we inwardly thank the home of Demosthenes for the luxury; yet the earliest Citron-groves breathed their perfume on the sunny Grecian ether. Our Quinces, hanging from crooked, crowded limbs, the most neglected of all our luxuries, may be forced to stand in drunken rows along broken-down fences, or act as outposts to barns and outhouses; but the great-great-grandmother of all the Quinces was a plucky little tree of high station, looked up to by sweet-scented shrubs in the Island of Crete.

Fennel grew wild along the banks of European rivers long before the first entertainment of the "Arabian Nights" was dreamed of; and Celery, once known as "Smallage," was munch- ed by many an ancient Druid, let us believe, plucking it during his solitary walks along the old British coast. Even then, it may be, the ducks of an unknown continent were munching

it too, for it grows wild upon our Chesapeake and Delaware bays, and our canvas-backs and their friends love to dine upon it. But the British, as usual, have all the credit, as it is down in their books.

Garlic came from Sicily, where, for my part, I wish it had staid. The *CaULO-rapa*, an afflicted cross between the turnip and cabbage, claims the Vaterland for its own. Beans blossomed first within sight of embryo mummies, in the land of the Sphinx; and the Egg-plant first laid its glossy treasures under an African sun.

Peru and Chili were the first countries enlivened by the dazzling hues of the Nasturtian vine; and Southern Europe gave us the Artichoke and the Beet.

To Persia we stand indebted for Peaches, Walnuts, Mulberries, and a score of everyday luxuries and necessities; to Arabia we owe the cultivation of Spinage; and to Southern Europe we must bow in tearful gratitude for the Horseradish.

At Siberia the victims of modern intemperance may shake their gory locks forever—for from that cold, unsocial land came Rye, the father of the great fire-water river which has floated so many jolly souls on its treacherous tides, and engulfed so much of humanity's treasure.

The Chestnut, dear to squirrels and young America, first dropped its burrs on Italian soil, while its giant cousin, yecept the "Horse," is a native of Thibet.

Who ever dreams, while enjoying his "Bergamotte," his "Flemish Beauty," or his "Jargonelle," that the first Pear-blossoms opened within sight of the Pyramids? and what fair school-girl of all the pickle-eating tribe, dreams of thanking the East Indies for her Cucumbers? Apropos of this, I once was told by a worthy old lady of Long Island, a singular item in regard to the last-named edible. She said that in its wild state it grew on very luxuriant vines that trailed in every direction over the ground, tangling themselves among the bushes at such a rate that the progress of grazing animals was thereby much impeded; hence, she assured me, the name, *cow-cumber*. The old lady's learning, I admit, was generally not of the most reliable order, but I give her suggestion for what it may be worth. Probably she was in some way akin to that other worthy old lady in New Jersey who, when asked by her city nephew, why in the world she called a certain vegetable "Sparrow-grass," replied, innocently:

"Well, child, I can't say where these names comes from gen'rally, but certain it's as plain as the nose on your face that sparrow-grass must get its name from the sparrows feedin' on it so plentiful when it's in seed."

The nephew chuckled inwardly, of course. But he, poor fellow, was ignorant in his turn; for he didn't know that Asparagus was first found in Russia and Poland; and that in its wild state, as gathered along the shores of Long Island Sound and elsewhere, it is a most delicious edible.

Parsley, that prettiest of all pretty greens, taking so naturally to our American soil that it seems quite to the manner born, is only a sojourner among us. Its native home is Sardinia, or, rather, there it first secured an acquaintanceship with civilized man. Onions, too, are only naturalized foreigners in America. I had hoped that in poetic justice research would prove this pathetic bulb to have sprung from the land of Niobe: but no; Egypt stretches forth her withered hand and claims the Onion as her own!

Maize and Potatoes, thank Heaven! can mock us with no foreign pedigree. They are ours—ours to command, to have, and to hold, from time's beginning to its ending, though England and Ireland bluster over "Corn" and "Praties" till they are hoarse. John Bull's corn-laws take in wide fields of waving grain of many names; but *our* Corn and Potatoes he can claim only as emigrants—American cousins, whose coming and vanishing can make the British lion caper or crouch at will.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is always inspiring to see a man of great ability and spotless character a leader in public affairs. And it is not a common spectacle. Most men reach great political distinction only after terrible wear and tear of conscience, and most, indeed, as they ascend, lose faith in principle and in the generosity of human nature. Seeing men under the perpetual strain of selfish views, the leader makes his appeal to selfishness, and half despises those whom he persuades; while the necessity of managing human affairs by human instruments, and of doing what is actually practicable instead of what is ideally desirable, accustoms him to a pity for "poor human nature" which is the prolific parent of contempt and cynicism.

Very few of the more conspicuous political leaders of the last generation in this country were such as we have called inspiring. The character did not balance the ability. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay were the great names of the Whigs; Calhoun and Douglas of the Democrats. Of these we suppose Calhoun to have been the man of the simplest life and purest habits; but he was not a true political leader. He was a political philosopher, a visionary, a fanatic. He entangled himself and his admiring followers in an inextricable web of sophistry; and his theories of human society were as medieval as if he had been a Spanish monk of the thirteenth century. The contrast between this austere figure and Webster was that between St. Just and Charles Fox. We do not recall in Webster's correspondence or in the reports of his conversation any especially fond allusion to Fox, yet it is clear that of all statesmen he was Webster's most congenial model. The richness and geniality of nature, the variety of knowledge, the generous delight in sport and all sensual stimulants, the liberal political sympathy, the power of debate, even the personal attributes of impressive presence and voice, all furnish a resemblance of which it is not easy to suppose Webster unconscious, or with which he was not pleased.

Among our own conspicuous statesmen at this time, although many are learned, accomplished, and of the utmost honesty of life, no single man is so marked and superior a political leader as Mr. Gladstone is in England. Mr. Mill lately said of him that he was the greatest Parliamentary leader since the Stuarts. The praise is prodigious when the glittering list of Parliamentary names is remembered; and yet a little reflection will assure us that Gladstone's qualities are those of the men of 1690, of Hampden and his friends, a freshness of faith, an earnestness of purpose, enforced by the noblest character. Perhaps a certain loftiness of manner

may seem almost haughty and imperious, but such a manner belongs to a very fine and sensitive nature, and indicates modesty and extreme shyness quite as much as pride.

But without recurring to the time of the Stuarts, no one who is familiar with the political history of England can fail to remark a curious similarity in the careers of Mr. Gladstone and the greatest British statesman of the last generation, George Canning, who has an especial interest for us as being the real author of the Monroe doctrine, a policy which has been grossly misinterpreted. The Monroe doctrine, in essence, declared not that this continent is to remain the game-preserve or fish-park of the United States, a vast territory upon which we are to do what we choose; but merely that America shall be the arena on which the experiment of free popular Government shall be tried. "The Monroe doctrine," says Goldwin Smith, in his late thoughtful and profound discourse upon the civil war in America, "properly understood, and as Canning, who was really its first propounder, understood it, means not the aggrandizement of the United States, but the independence of America. It means that the Powers of the Past may work their own will in Europe for a season, but that they shall not be allowed to mar the hopes of man in the New World." George Canning was a monarchist, but he was the brave champion of Constitutional liberty against the Holy Alliance. Gladstone is not a Republican, but he is the intrepid advocate of political progress against the sluggishness of a fat Conservatism.

Both Canning and Gladstone came from a class below the nobility. Both are known as scholars and variously accomplished. Both began as Tories, and were liberalized by time and native generosity. Like Canning, Gladstone is the greatest Parliamentary orator of his time. Like Canning, he has the most comprehensive grasp of principles. Like Canning, his personal and political character is spotless. Gladstone has also Canning's delicate sensitiveness of nature, which suffers acutely in political contest, and which invites the coarsest attacks from vulgar minds. Like the great Foreign Secretary, Gladstone is ceaselessly hated and hunted by the Tory hounds, who can never forgive fidelity to ennobling ideas. Like his father's friend, Gladstone grows pale and haggard and gray in the battle from which his voice rings out in a loftier strain with every fiercer shock. Graceful and brilliant and witty and wise, a shining figure of what is best in the politics of his country, Gladstone, like Canning, redeems to all generous hearts in the world the traditional England of constitutional liberty.

In one salient point they differ. Canning was opposed to Parliamentary reform, and Gladstone's fame is identified with it. It was, however, less the question of Canning's time than of Gladstone's. During Canning's active career his aim was to maintain the principle of Constitutional liberty against the Holy Alliance, which was the form taken by the violent reaction following the Napoleonic wars. His policy was masterly. The power and effect with which it was urged were imperial. The bitter disgrace with which Castlereagh's part in the Congress of Vienna had covered England was entirely removed by the splendid attitude which Canning gave her; just as the mousing, shop-keeping, cockney hedging and dodging of Palmerston, which made British policy a synonym for unprincipled meanness, has been, though but for a few months, pitifully contrasted with the earnest programme of Gladstone.

Both have shown that genius of a high order is as valuable in politics as in any other sphere. The policy of Canning saved the position of England in his time, and only the policy of Gladstone can save it now. But John Bull distrusts genius. Like George Third, who thought Edmund Burke a rhetorical declaimer and Addington a statesman, so there is a disposition in England, of which Palmerston was the typical representative, to sneer at profound convictions and radical principles. Instead of sailing freely in deep waters with every inch of canvas swelled with the wind of heaven, John Bull prefers to tide his boat over sand bars and pole it along shallow and tortuous channels. Robert Lowe is the legitimate successor of Palmerston, as Gladstone is of Canning; and if Englishmen prefer the Palmerstonian England to Canning's, Robert Lowe will rise to power while Gladstone withdraws.

There is something pathetic in the picture of George Canning, derided and maligned at every step, yet, with all his sparkling superiority, unable to laugh his tormentors down, but sinking careworn, enfeebled, and lonely beneath their petty stings. With similar sorrow we read of Gladstone wincing under miserable taunts, asking proudly when the Tory tally-ho greets him as he rises: "Am I to be permitted to speak?" and grimly, with effort and anxiety that have left their plain traces upon his face and figure, announcing that the Government "has communicated with the Queen." It is impossible not to associate the two men, who, indeed, have an earlier and actual association. It was to Seaforth House, the residence of his friend, the father of Mr. Gladstone, that Canning went in 1822 to make his final preparations for his departure to India as Governor-General. It is "situated on a flat," says Canning's biographer, "stretching north of the town and overlooking the sea. The room which he occupied looked out upon the ocean, and here he would sit for hours gazing on the open expanse, while young Gladstone... used to be playing on the strand below." It was here that Canning heard of the death of Castlereagh, and received the summons to the King which made him Foreign Secretary.

It is curious, as Canning was opposed to Parliamentary Reform, and as Gladstone is its Achilles, that the motion which occasioned the late defeat of Gladstone was made by Lord Dunkellin, Canning's grandson.

WHEN Harvard University conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Andrew Jackson, the ven-

erable college traditions were broken by the chief college in the country, and a degree became merely a certificate of general distinction and personal popularity. It has not, however, altogether lost its peculiar meaning, even at Cambridge, where at the late Commencement it was awarded to Ralph Waldo Emerson and Richard H. Dana, Jun. Dartmouth, again, this year not unhandsomely followed the Jacksonian precedent of Harvard, and to the illustrious company of Dr. Emerson, Dr. Dana, and Dr. Andrew Jackson introduced Dr. W. T. Sherman, late of Savannah and Bentonville *via* Chattanooga and Atlanta.

Dr. Sherman was happily present, and happily spoke. Indeed it must have been a memorable day in that pleasant old New Hampshire town of Hanover when the grave civic procession proceeded from the humpbacked old brick barracks which constitute our classic halls at every college town, and descending to the level of the street skirted the inclosed green common in the centre of the town, which corresponds to the ancient market-place in English villages, and irregularly pacing to martial music straggled toward the church. If the blushing candidate for the Doctorate of Laws beheld that march he perhaps was the only spectator who was not thinking of another—daring, secret, swift, triumphant, and forever historic, Sherman's March to the Sea. Of all the bright throng packed close in the plain old church which has seen so many repetitions of the same inspiring and touching spectacle of Commencement, Sherman, of course, was the one object of eager interest and scrutiny. Each young orator, as he ascended the platform in academic robes and turned to speak to that throng, addressed himself not to the scholars, the vague public, or the solemn collegiate authorities, but to the soldier. Even the youth who knew that *she* was there, listening and looking with flushed cheek and palpitating bosom, knew that she was timidly wondering what impression he was making upon the great guest of the day, and the young orator shared her soft curiosity.

What mind was not busy with the contrast which Sherman's presence compelled! There he sat placid in the midst of tranquil, scholarly rites, who, two summers before, through smoke and fire and splintering shell, and all the loud, mad horror of war, was forcing his tremendous way from the mountains to the sea. What heart in the old church was not grateful as it remembered that the fiery work was done not for himself but for them all who sat peaceful and contented and looked at him! No wonder that the wise men of Dartmouth resolved that their most shining wreath should be laid upon his head, and that he should go laureled from their hands. No wonder that a mind so sensitive, a temperament so ardent and impetuous as his, were touched with emotion and kindled into the truest eloquence.

When the President of the College announced that the degree of Doctor of Laws had been conferred upon Major-General William T. Sherman, and Dr. Sherman rose, at the President's request, to reply, we are told that he was received with "the wildest expressions of delight." The Doctor spoke very simply, but with a sincerity and individuality and point that distinguish his oration among all the collegiate discourses of the year.

"When I graduated," he said, "I was told in plain English, not in Latin, that I had finished, and was qualified in natural philosophy, chemistry, mathematics, and so forth. To prove that I was so

qualified I was sent down to Florida to catch Indians. I did not see the logic of it then, nor do I now, but I had to go. I went from place to place in that country, and finally I brought up in Charleston; and whether I had a foresight of what was coming, if that could be, or whether it was by the directing hand of Providence, who rules all things, I certainly was a wanderer in those days, and hunted through the marshes of the Santee, the Edisto, and the Savannah rivers, obtaining knowledge which has since been of value to the nation. Again, by what seemed a Providential accident, I was sent to take testimony about some lost saddles and bridles, value nothing; but nevertheless those lost saddles and bridles took me into a region of country the knowledge of which afterward proved to be of the greatest importance to the people of New Hampshire and the whole civilized world. I went to Marietta and Chattanooga and staid six weeks, and in that short time gained knowledge which has since, I think, repaid the mileage paid me at ten cents per mile....

"After some years I again went South, and all at once I paused to see and feel in the very air that we were upon the very verge of a sectional war. I had heard it spoken of in Charleston. We had laughed and joked over it at the mess table. I had heard it discussed by politicians. I had heard General Scott say that we were upon the eve of war, but my mind never realized it until the spring or summer of 1860, when I was in New Orleans and Baton Rouge. Then, for the first time, I saw that it was not all talk. That cry of wolf, wolf, meant something, and that civil war was upon us sure enough; and what has been the issue? You all know it has been a short war to the world at large, but long enough to us during those dark days which formed the early part of it. I will not review it. Let history take charge of it. All I will say is, that in that war arose men, one by one, equal to the emergency, until the war closed and the nation was saved."

Dr. Sherman proceeded to say a few words of hearty praise of Grant and Thomas, and Sheridan and Meade. Simple men they are, he said, and their eminence teaches "that, with honesty of purpose you can master every problem, if you go at it with a good purpose and a determination to do so. There is no doubt of that, in my judgment. It requires, of course, a great intellect to become a renowned judge, or lawyer, or man of science; but for a man of business, for the thousand and one employments that give tone and temper to the country, any young man with a good, honest heart can master them. For the art of war, in which renown seems thrust upon us, all that is required is nerve, honor, courage, and faith in the flag that wins, and wins always." He asked the blessing of the audience upon the young men who stood before them and were just starting out into the world, "which is not so dark and full of bad people as has been represented;" and then the maiden Doctor took his seat.

There have been many memorable days at Dartmouth, and noble words of exhortation and encouragement have there been spoken to young men "starting out into the world." These of Sherman are not likely to be forgotten. They come to enforce those lyrical sentences of most earnest persuasion uttered in the same church twenty-eight years ago by Ralph Waldo Emerson, which have chastened and inspired the lives of many more young men than those of the generation that heard

them. "When you shall say, 'As others do, so must I: I renounce, I am sorry for it, the dreams of my youth, I must let learning and romantic expectation go until a more convenient season.' Then dies the man in you. Then perish the buds of art and poetry and science as they have died already in a thousand, thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history; see that you hold yourselves fast by the intellect."

NEITHER the fear of cholera nor the angry aspect of our politics have been able to lessen the interest of this country in the European war. It came, after all, so suddenly, and its opening campaign was so swift and amazing in its results, that nobody could be indifferent. Napoleon Bonaparte, in the beginning of the century and the Congress of 1815, gave Venetia to Austria. This campaign of ten days in Bohemia gave it back to Bonaparte's nephew and to Italy. Old Metternich, hated by every Italian heart, used to sneer back again for all his long dreary years, "Italy is a geographical expression." This campaign of ten days in Bohemia reversed the wisdom and policy of his lifetime. Louis Napoleon said at Auxerre, "France hates the treaties of 1815." This ten days' campaign in Bohemia tore those treaties to tatters. Bismarck said that there ought to be a united Germany with Prussia at the head. This campaign of ten days in Bohemia obliterated little kingdoms and duchies, sent little kings and dukes flying like dry leaves in October; dissolved the Germanic Confederation; paralyzed the Federal army, and revealed one supreme power in Germany. Prussia, alert, compact, homogeneous, has long chafed under the sluggish disdain of Austria, has long resolved that her hereditary and traditional headship should be destroyed, even to the crumbling of the empire. The campaign of ten days in Bohemia is fought, and "the empire of Austria," as a distinguished diplomatist remarks in the traditional epigrammatic style of diplomatists, "no longer exists but at the head-quarters of Field-Marshal Benedek."

Such radical results have never before been achieved in so brief a campaign, and they seem to be due simply to the better wit of Prussia. She meant to fight; she made every preparation; and she struck hard and incessantly. Austria took the field with her usual vast prestige, which is a vast pretense, for she has never been really formidable in war. She has prevailed by Deportment. She has been the residuary legatee of the Holy Roman Empire. There has been a general consent to say that she was a terrible fellow. Her very weaknesses have been quoted as the real secrets of her strength. It is true, said the believers, that she is composed of many nationalities, but you see that these are skillfully played off against each other. One part has no unwillingness to keep another part in order. Austria has been what Carlyle calls a mere "simulacrum." "Austria never wins," says the *London Times*, "but is always going to win.... There is always some coming man, some crafty Wurmser among her veterans, or some dashing Alvinzi among her untried youngsters, some Melas, some Mack, some Giulay or Benedek sure to astonish the world by unexpected achievements. The young Corsican breaking through the passes of the Alps at the head of 30,000 *sans-culottes* in 1796, the Prussian army invading Hanover and Saxony in 1866, are to have no chance against the men and officers that Austria brings into the field.... Wurm-

ser and Alvinzi and Rovera and five or six successive Austrian armies break to pieces against that mere handful of 30,000 sans-culottes under the young Corsican. Mack, outgeneraled, bewildered, 'crumpled up,' lays down his arms at the head of 30,000 or 40,000 combatants, yielding up an impregnable fortress. Giuly loses Lombardy in two battles, fought on ground of his own choosing; and Benedek allows the inexperienced Prussians to steal a march over him in Saxony, to break through his lines in Bohemia, to make good their way toward Vienna."

Poor Benedek! A month ago we all pronounced his name as if it had been Hannibal, and now how easily the London *Times*, that parasite of success, now proves him to be nobody! The fault is ours, not his. What did we know of Benedek? And so with Austria. Why did we forget history? A century ago the Prussian Frederick marched into Saxony in the same sudden and overwhelming manner, and stole the great jewel of Silesia from the Austrian crown. Napoleon Bonaparte defeated her in the beginning of this century. The treaties of 1815 put her upon her feet again, and now at the first serious effort to disturb the treaties down she topples.

It is not enough to ascribe such vast defeats as those of the Austrians in this Bohemian campaign to the needle-gun. It is not circumstances but the power that uses and controls them which gives victory. Boys enough had watched steam puffing from a kettle. But James Watt was the only boy who made that steam move machinery. It is the intellectual activity and skill in a nation which invents needle-guns that shows the probability of the power in the same nation to use them effectively, and to direct great armies and their movements. A quick-witted people is a dangerous enemy. A people of fat wits, however strongly stationed, may be safely attacked. The Prussian conduct of the Bohemian campaign was an intellectual triumph. It calculated all the risks, and was sagacious enough to take them. It counted upon the slowness of the enemy as much as upon its own decision and agility, and it counted truly.

The position of Italy at the close of the campaign is not what its friends wish. After long years of resolved preparation it bravely strikes a heavy blow at the very mailed heart of the enemy, but is repulsed and baffled, and the foe wincing under a heavier assault from another hand, disdainfully surrenders the contested prize not to Italy but to France. Italy, therefore, can not feel that she owes Venetia to her own will and force, and, whatever the terms upon which France cedes the territory, Italy loses much of the moral value of the possession.

But what shall we say of the moral value of the whole struggle? Here is a fearful war—and what war is we know—what good cause is to gain by it? Ruskin, in his last little book, says that art springs from war. But will the art of better living, of more diffused happiness, spring from this war? To this the answer must be that it is useless to limit our view to the mere occasion of the war. The question is not whether Prussia or Austria were more or less right upon the point of the breaking of the Convention of Gastein, but whether, Prussia and Austria being two huge thunder-clouds so charged as to make the storm inevitable, the sympathies of civilization went with the one or the other. This question suffers very little debate. There is in

Prussia a strong Constitutional party, a more general intelligence, and a vigorous German nationality. In Austria there are none of these. The victory of Austria would be an indefinite duration of a semi-despotic condition. The triumph of Prussia opens the way for a united German nationality and Constitutional government. It is by no means impossible that Bismarck himself, who is the chief of European statesmen, seizing the opportunities of the hour and of his position, may trust the event of the war to the enthusiasm and inspiration of the German people, sure that this cloudy complication would then issue in a truly imperial Germany.

WHEN the chief end of novelists for so long a time seems to have been the delineation of criminals and the description of crime, it is a true pleasure to read a story so lofty and earnest as "*Felix Holt, the Radical*," by George Eliot, which is the name chosen by Miss Evans, the author of "*Adam Bede*" and "*Romola*." Felix Holt neither steals nor stabs nor poisons. He does not woo other men's wives nor murder his own. He is a young Englishman of the middle class, who, impatient of the hollowness and falsity of the society around him, resolves to devote himself to watch-making and poverty, hoping to teach at least a few of his companions contentment with their own position and class, and to lead them to understand that happiness does not consist in reaching a higher rank, but in doing cheerfully the duties of their own. The cultivation which he has acquired as a medical student invests him with an air of refinement, despite his low collar in the day of high stocks and stiff cravats, and the general rough independence of conventionalities which distinguishes him.

Felix Holt is as impatient of the cant and hypocrisy of Liberalism as he is of the dull injustice of Toryism. Yet he is neither a dreamer nor a sentimentalist, neither Hamlet nor a ridiculous Manfred. He does not curse the spite that makes it necessary for him to set the world right, for he does not propose to create an era. In a small way he will try to expose the defects of all parties, showing that not upon the ballot, nor upon land, nor upon titles, but upon intelligence and self-denial, is a man's happiness to be built. If he is a little sober it is because his heart is sensitive, and he sees many kinds of suffering, many more than "Reform" can medicine.

For the tale is laid in the Reform year in England, in 1832. Where else shall we find such exquisite, broad, breezy, finished pictures of English rural life and landscape thirty years ago as in this book? There is almost a sense of novelty, after the melodramatic descriptions and flashy sketches of the popular novels, in the tranquil, deep, luminous, and careful elaboration of "*Felix Holt*." But it is a book of great power as well as great art. Esther Lyon—a figure so exquisitely womanly, so bright, wayward, tender, and true—is a portrait of which every woman must be proud. The gradual deepening and purifying of her character by good fortune and not ill; the delicate poise and balance of a clear, healthy human will; the deliberate choice of the higher with all its doubts rather than the lower with all its certainties, are all unfolded with a skill and firmness and felicity which no living author surpasses.

It is long since we have met in a novel a heroine who is truly fascinating on other grounds than her bonnet or the constant assertion of her fascination

by the author, or a hero who is properly heroic. His portrait in this case, indeed, is less excellent than hers, simply because it is more of a sketch and less finished. Others of the personages are more fully made out, and are very individual. But we stop. We hint at nothing in the story lest we should suggest its plot, and we would not willingly be guilty of so mortal an offense to every true novel-reader.

It is hard to believe that it is now eleven or twelve years since the excitement of the summer was the expectation of Rachel. She was to come early in September, and in the absence of wars or rumors of war, the gay loiterers at Newport and Saratoga and Sharon and Lebanon and the White Sulphur Springs and the White Mountains, and wherever else their glittering was seen, had that new zest to the old pleasure, and forgave the early coming to town since it might be made only a delightful excursion from which they could return with sparkling memories and eager mouths.

Punctual to the time Rachel came, as three or four years before Jenny Lind had come. But there was nothing in the fame or story of the actress which could arouse the enthusiasm that greeted the singer. That vast moral welcome of which we have formerly spoken as awaiting Jenny Lind could not possibly salute Rachel. However supreme the actress might be the popular conscience looked askance at the woman. Besides, she spoke French only. Her audience must necessarily be limited and half foreign. There might be great admiration of a select circle, but there could not be universal popular delight.

The pleasant September evening of her first appearance came. The pretty metropolitan theatre was full of a choice and curious audience, the mass of which was undoubtedly American, only partly familiar with the French language. They sat with the look of the play—it was Corneille's "Les Horaces"—and patiently awaited the rising of the curtain. Presently the prompter touched his bell and the stage was revealed. Its formality and severity, even to bareness, was the first impression. There were the two regulation arm-chairs, a general, faint, feeble hint of "classical" rigor, and a premonition of a drama in which the "unities" and the conventions were painfully prominent. But before the impression was very clearly defined a figure, exquisitely draped, of the severest symmetry, a form of tragic grace, not full to ripe queenliness but of a royal maiden, glided upon the scene with a face so pitiful and wan that its overpowering woe put every mind in key for the tragedy.

But Rachel herself was more tragical than any part she played. Her genius seemed to be as exceptional to her whole character as a fine voice. She was already stricken with mortal disease when she came: but the poor girl of the Boulevards, the slight singer at the cafés of a few years before, burned to be the sovereign of two worlds, as she proudly declared. She could not know what she had undertaken. How could she, whose chief weapon was speech, hope to subdue those who could not understand her? Her tones, her movement, her superb taste might be acknowledged, but even actual passion in a foreign tongue is strange, feigned passion may be even ludicrous. Rachel could not but feel acutely that her American career was not a triumph, was not exactly a success. And she was mortally ill when she became conscious of it! And

she had crossed the sea to confound and conquer the barbarous Yankees, and they were not subdued! They were not averse, they were not unkind, ungenerous, or unintelligent. On the contrary, they were ardently eager to be enthusiastic, and she who had illuminated Europe with the blaze of her genius turned it upon them, and they smiled and hoped but were not warmed. How truly that wan, piteous face, that wasting figure, that low voice which vibrated through the hearer, that hollow cough which destroyed the sad illusion by a sadder truth, told the melancholy tale of disappointment and despair. No one can recall those last and unhappiest days of Rachel without a willingness to draw a cloud of forgiveness over her wild and wayward life.

The expectation of this summer fortunately has none of these mournful aspects. Adelaide Ristori, who will be the September guest of this year, comes invested only with the most womanly and attractive associations. No longer young she is still in the gentle prime of her power, and brings to us the unworn and persuasive genius which did not shrink from the contest with Rachel when she sat crowned in her own capital. The gossip that Dumas or Jules Janin or Véron or some other proud Parisian resolved to show Rachel that fames could be made as readily as omelets, and therefore brought Ristori to Paris and puffed and applauded her into a great reputation, is worthy of Paris for its extravagance and folly. Paris is the worst place in the world to try such an experiment, for the Parisians are remorseless and spoiled. A hungry man may be duped with a painted dish but not the victim of satiety.

It seems that Ristori was born near Venice in 1822. Her parents were strolling players, so that she began life in the theatre. When she was fourteen she played in *Francesca da Rimini*, and in a very few years became the most noted of Italian actresses. Her beauty and her grace, with her winning genius, made her every where a favorite, and in 1846 Julio del Grillo, son and heir of the Marquis of Capranica, saw her, and loved her, and offered to marry her. The chronicler from whom we cull these facts of high romance informs us that the pride of the fine old Italian nobleman and of all his fine old family was aroused by the threatened degradation. Remonstrance was in vain. The affair took the course that it always does in the fine old English comedy. The lovers eloped and were married; then returned upon their knees, and were reconciled to the fine old people, who insisted that the Marchesa del Grillo—for such, says the proud chronicler, is the true title of Ristori—should remain at their villa, where she remained in seclusion for nearly two years. But the retirement was haunted and disturbed by the ghosts of former triumphs and excitements. She longed to return to the stage, for which her genius so peculiarly fitted her; and she again appeared at Rome, in 1848, in Alfieri's tragedy of *Myrrha*. But the French were soon battering at the city, and Ristori left the theatre for the hospital; nor was it till 1850 that she returned to the stage, of which since the death of Rachel she has been the undisputed queen.

In this country, of course, Ristori will play in the Italian language. As with Rachel, this must, of course, limit both her audience and their enjoyment. Yet her magnificent action, her womanly tenderness and passion, the pathos of the heart, will not fail of their effect. These are of no country, and appeal

to the universal sympathy of humanity. Her coming assures us of a refined and profound artistic enjoyment. The "whole audience" may not "rise in a body, so deeply moved that the play for some moments can not proceed;" their "overwrought feelings" may not find "an outlet in loud shouts, clapping of hands, wavings of handkerchiefs, and such tumults of applause as are very, very rarely witnessed in any theatre;" but they will certainly feel to their hearts that exquisite charm of true womanhood which is described as the crowning grace of Ristori.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 2d of August. It embraces the conclusion of the session of Congress; several changes in the Cabinet; the successful laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable; the change in the British Ministry; and the progress and probable termination of the war in Europe. So many important events have seldom occurred in the course of a single month.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

On the 15th of June the "National Union Club" of Washington issued a call for a "Union National Convention," to be convened at Philadelphia on the 14th of August. Among the Executive Committee of the Club are Senators Browning, now Secretary of the Interior, Doolittle, and Cowan. This call is sanctioned by prominent men throughout the country who favor the general policy of the President, and oppose that of the majority in both Houses of Congress. It prescribes that the Convention shall consist of at least two delegates from each Congressional district of all the States, four from each State at large, two from each Territory, two from the District of Columbia, to be chosen by electors of the several States "who sustain the Administration in maintaining unbroken the union of the States under the Constitution, and who agree in the following propositions," which we present in a greatly abridged form:

1. The Union is indissoluble, and the Constitution, and the laws passed in accordance with it, are supreme.
2. The rights and equality of the States, including the right of representation in Congress, are guaranteed by the Constitution.
3. There is nowhere any right to dissolve the Union, either by withdrawal of States, by force of arms, by Congressional action, by secession, by exclusion of Representatives, or by the National Government in any form.
4. Slavery is abolished, and can not be restored in any State or Territory.
5. Each State has the right to prescribe the qualifications of its own electors.
6. Each State has the right to order its own domestic concerns, subject only to the Constitution. "The overthrow of that system, by usurpation and centralization of power in Congress, would be a revolution dangerous to a Republican Government and destructive of liberty;" and while each House is judge of the qualifications of its own members, yet "the exclusion of loyal Senators and Representatives, properly chosen and qualified under the Constitution and laws, is unjust and revolutionary."
7. The purpose of the war was to preserve the Union and the Constitution; this having been achieved, the rebellion having been suppressed, and all resistance to the authority of the Government having ceased, war measures should also cease; and as indispensably necessary to the National credit there should be "an early restoration of all the States to the exercise of all their Constitutional powers in the National Government."
8. All electors who agree in the foregoing propositions are invited to vote for delegates to this Convention; "but no delegate will take a seat in such Convention who does not loyally accept the National situation, and cordially indorse the principles above set forth, and who is not attached in true allegiance to the Constitution, the Union, and the Government of the United States."

The call for this Convention, taking as it did the

form of a measure of the Administration, led to a partial re-construction of the Cabinet. Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, wrote (July 11), warmly approving of this Convention. "I regard," he said, "a restoration of the unity of the country its immediate, as well as its most vital interest. That restoration will be complete when loyal men are admitted as Representatives of the loyal men of the eleven States so long unrepresented in Congress.... Congress possesses that power exclusively; Congress, after a session of seven months, still omits to exercise that power. What can be done to induce Congress to act?" A Convention of the people he thinks every way proper, which should urge this action upon Congress. "No one party," continues Mr. Seward, "could do this effectually, or even seems willing to do it alone. No local or popular organization could do it effectually. It is the interest of all parties alike, of all the States, and of all sections—a national interest, the interest of the whole people. The Convention indeed may not succeed in inducing Congress to act; but if they fail the attempt can make matters no worse. It will be a lawful and patriotic attempt in the right direction."

The Secretaries of War and of the Navy do not appear to have expressed themselves publicly on this question, but their silence is considered to be an approval of the calling of this Convention.

The Attorney-General, Mr. Speed, wrote disapproving of the Convention, and refusing to recognize in those who had called it the representatives of the Union party. He resigned his position, and has been succeeded by Mr. Stansberry. Mr. Dennison, Postmaster-General, also resigned, upon the same general grounds, and Mr. Randall was appointed in his place. Mr. Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, resigned, and Senator Browning was appointed to succeed him.

RESTORATION OF TENNESSEE.

On the 23d of July a joint resolution, originating in the House of Representatives, was adopted by the Senate, restoring Tennessee to her place in the Union. The preamble to the resolution recites, that in 1861 the Government of that State was seized upon by persons hostile to the United States; that the State could be restored to the Union only by the consent of the law-making power of the United States, the people of the State having been declared to be in insurrection against the United States; that the people did in February, 1865, ratify a Constitution abolishing slavery, and nullifying all laws passed during secession; and a State Government has been organized under this Constitution, which has "ratified the amendment to the Constitution of the United States abolishing slavery, and also the amendment proposed by the 39th Congress, and has done other acts proclaiming and denoting loyalty." It is therefore resolved by Congress, "That the State of Tennessee is hereby re-

stored to her former practical relations to the Union, and is again entitled to be represented by Senators and Representatives in Congress."

The President, while signing this joint resolution, takes occasion to object to many of the points embraced in the preamble, which, he says, "consists of statements some of which are assumed, while the resolution is merely a matter of opinion, and comprises no legislation, and confers no power which is binding upon the respective Houses, the Executive, or the States." After criticising the details of the resolution, the President says: "Earnestly desiring to relieve every cause of further delay, whether real or imaginary, on the part of Congress, to the admission to seats of loyal Senators and Representatives from the State of Tennessee, I have, notwithstanding the anomalous character of this proceeding, affixed my signature to this resolution. My approval is not, however, to be construed as an acknowledgment of the right of Congress to pass laws preliminary to the admission of duly qualified representatives from any of the States. Neither is it to be considered as committing me to all the statements made in the preamble, some of which are, in my opinion, without foundation in fact." The President concludes by "earnestly repeating his recommendation for the admission of Tennessee and all other States to a fair and equal participation in the National Legislature, when they present themselves in the persons of loyal Senators and Representatives, who can comply with all the requirements of the Constitution and the laws."—The members elect from Tennessee were admitted to their seats without question, except in the case of Mr. Patterson, chosen Senator, who it was urged could not take the oath because he had held a judicial office under the Confederate Government. His case was referred to a Committee, which reported in his favor. He accordingly took the oath as prescribed by law, and was admitted to his seat at the very close of the session.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU AGAIN.

A Bill to continue in force, and to amend the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, was passed by Congress. The President, on the 5th of July, returned the bill to the House, with his veto. The reasons assigned for withholding his signature are essentially the same as those before given for vetoing the new Freedmen's Bill, as noted in a former Record. In the House the bill was repassed by a vote of 103 to 33, notwithstanding the veto of the President. We do not find that the bill was again taken up in the Senate; so that this Bureau stands as before, its powers to exist for a year after the announced close of the war; that is until February, 1867.

NEBRASKA.

At the very close of the session a bill admitting Nebraska as a State of the Union was passed. But the President did not either sign or veto it; so that the question lies over until the next session of Congress.

CLOSING SCENES OF CONGRESS.

Congress adjourned, nominally, on the 28th of July, though the session was really prolonged until after daylight on the 29th. The most notable feature of the last day was the action on the questions of increasing the pay of Members of Congress, and of granting bounties to soldiers. The House had rejected the former, the Senate the latter. Finally, a Committee of Conference agreed to introduce

both measures into the Appropriation Bill. In this shape, having gone through the Senate, it was passed in the House by a meagre majority, several members declaring that they voted in favor of increasing their own salaries solely in order to secure the bounty to soldiers. By this Bill the salaries of Members of Congress are raised from \$3000 to \$5000, the Speaker of the House to have \$8000; and soldiers who enlisted for three years, and either served the whole time or were discharged on account of disability, are to receive a bounty of \$100; two-years soldiers to have \$50. After passing unanimous votes of thanks to the presiding officers of both Houses, Congress finally adjourned to meet at the time appointed by law in December.

We have given, in the successive numbers of this Record, a somewhat detailed view of the action taken by Congress upon the leading questions which have come before it. Omitting notice of Acts of private or local interest, the following is a brief abstract of the actual action of Congress during the late session:

The Civil Rights Bill: Passed by both Houses, vetoed by the President, and enacted by the requisite majority of more than two-thirds.

Pension Bill: Grants pensions of \$25 per month to soldiers or sailors who have been wholly disabled while in the performance of duty; and \$15 a month to those who have, in a manner specified, been partially disabled. The bill guards against abuses and extortion on the part of lawyers and others engaged in prosecuting such claims.

Homestead Law: Provides that the public lands in the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Florida, shall be disposed of according to laws previously existing, without regard to race or color of persons applying for them. The Act confines the benefits derived from it to those who are heads of families, or have served in the army or navy, and excludes mineral lands from occupation.

Pacific Railway: This amends previous Acts, grants aid to a Company to construct a railroad and telegraph across the continent, forming, in conjunction with others, a continuous line.

Internal Revenue: This Act is too long to be reproduced, even in abstract. It defines the whole subject of Internal Taxation.

Freedmen's Bureau: The principal features of this bill have been given in this Record. Vetoed by the President. Another Act extending the operation of the present Bureau passed, and also vetoed.

Bounties to Soldiers and pay to Congressmen: Raises the salary of members of Congress from \$3000 to \$5000, and grants bounties to three-years soldiers, of \$100; to two-years soldiers, of \$50.

Army Bill: Fixes the regular army at 5 regiments of artillery, 10 of cavalry, and 45 of infantry; 2 regiments of cavalry and 4 of infantry to be of colored men. The officers to be 1 general, 1 lieutenant-general, 5 major-generals, 10 brigadier-generals, besides those of lower grades. No one who has served in the Confederate army to be eligible as an officer.—Grant is appointed General; Sherman, Lieutenant-General.

U. S. Senators: Each Legislative House in each State is, on the second Tuesday after its meeting, to name a person to be Senator. The Houses are to meet in joint assembly on the next day: if the same person is named by both Houses, he is to be declared elected: if not, the joint assembly shall proceed to

choose. If no choice is made on that day, the joint assembly shall be convened and take at least one vote a day during the session, or until a choice is made.

Mineral Lands: Under the title of "Ditches and Canals," it is declared that all mineral lands are open to exploration by citizens of the United States, and that patents may be issued in favor of any claimant or association of claimants who have actually expended not less than \$1000. A special section, whence the title of the bill, protects the right of way for the construction of ditches and canals. When homesteads have been located upon mineral lands where no valuable mines have been discovered, and which are purely agricultural, the occupants shall have a right of pre-emption.

The most important Public Resolutions passed provide as follows: No. 1 Authorizes the President to expend the balance of fund for the suppression of the slave-trade for the relief of destitute Indians.—No. 6 Directs the distribution of the writings of James Madison.—No. 8 Thanks Admiral Farragut and his officers and men for their conduct at Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864.—No. 11 Reimburses Miss Clara Barton for expenses incurred in discovering graves of soldiers.—No. 12 Gives the assent of Congress to the transfer of the counties of Berkeley and Jefferson to the State of West Virginia.—No. 21 Provides that the Secretary of War shall preserve from desecration the graves of soldiers.—No. 22 Protests against pardons by foreign governments of persons convicted of infamous offenses on condition of emigration to the United States.

The Amendment to the Constitution, proposed by the requisite majority in Congress, to be submitted to the action of the State Legislatures, has been noted, in its essential features, in the preceding numbers of this Record.

Other Resolutions, which by the signature of the President have become laws, revive the grade of "General" in the army—that dignity being conferred upon Grant, while Sherman is raised to the rank of "Lieutenant-General;" and create the grades of "Admiral" and "Vice-Admiral" in the navy, the former grade being allotted to Farragut, the latter to D. D. Porter.

On the 4th of July a fire in Portland, Maine, destroyed fully a third part of the city, including almost the entire business portion and a great part of the churches and public buildings. Fully a quarter of the population were rendered homeless. The entire loss is roughly estimated at \$10,000,000, endured by a population of about 40,000.

The cholera has been gradually but surely advancing in various quarters, especially in New York and the adjacent city of Brooklyn. It has not as yet assumed the form of a decided epidemic, being confined mainly to ill-drained, ill-ventilated, and filthy quarters of the cities, and to some of the public institutions. In New York, for the week ending on the 28th of July, the total number of deaths was 771, about the usual average at this season. Of these 48 were reported as from cholera, but there were 176 from cholera infantum, and 139 more from cholera morbus and other diarrhoeal diseases; many of these should probably be set down to cholera.

On the 30th of July a riot broke out in the city of New Orleans. It grew out of the proposed re-assembly there of a Convention which was in 1864 convened to draft a new Constitution for the State. It was claimed on one side that this Convention having adjourned, the official functions of its mem-

bers had ceased. The colored population appear to have sympathized with the Convention, while the whites were adverse to it. As appears the acting-Governor favored the meeting, and undertook to protect the members. When it assembled a mingled crowd of both colors gathered in and around the building, and by the middle of the afternoon the whole neighborhood was in an uproar. Collisions took place, the police endeavored to make arrests; the Mayor warned all peaceable citizens to retire to their homes. Finally General Baird, commanding the troops, proclaimed the city under martial law. The President telegraphed to Mr. Herron, Attorney-General of the State, to call upon the military commander for sufficient force to sustain the civil authorities in suppressing "all illegal or unlawful assemblies who usurp or assume to exercise any power or authority without having first obtained the consent of the people of the State. If there is to be a Convention," says the President, "let it be composed of delegates chosen from the people of the whole State. The people must be first consulted in changing the organized laws of the State. Usurpation will not be tolerated." From this it would appear that, in the view of the President, the Convention was an unauthorized and illegal body. The number of lives lost in this riot is set down at about thirty of the colored people and three or four whites; but other statements, apparently not reliable, fully treble these numbers. The whole affray lasted only a few hours. Mayor Monroe, the same person who held that office at the time of the arrival of Farragut and Butler in 1862, wrote to General Baird objecting to the declaration of martial law. The aid of the military, he says, "would have been gladly received to suppress violence when such intervention was asked. But I am at a loss to understand by what authority it is made to assume the virtual suppression of the civil authority. We have always been taught to believe that it was the principal duty of military officers in this country to sustain and enforce the civil law." He suggests that if the General wished to prevent the recurrence of riots, he had committed a mistake in having, as "the first act of his administration of military law, released all the rioters and their accessories, who had been arrested by the police." He refused to act as Mayor until civil authority was restored. A Military Commission, General Mower, President, has been appointed to investigate this riot.

LAYING OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The Atlantic telegraphic cable has been safely laid, and the line has been for a week in successful operation. The work was fairly begun on the 6th of July, when the shore-end was landed at Valentia, in Ireland. On the 13th the deep-sea line was spliced to the shore-end, and the *Great Eastern* with the cable on board, accompanied by three consorts, set out on the voyage. Nothing further was heard of the expedition until Sunday morning, July 29, when a dispatch from Cyrus W. Field reached New York, announcing that on the preceding day the vessels had reached Heart's Content, the American terminus, having laid the cable across the ocean; that it was in perfect order, and that they were in telegraphic communication with Ireland. Not a single misadventure had occurred. The whole distance sailed by the fleet was 1686 nautical miles, the length of cable payed out was 1866 miles, showing a "slack" of only about 12 per cent. The rate of sailing was singularly uniform, the least distance

made in a single day being 105 miles, the greatest 128; the average being 120. The first message sent through the line was this, "*A treaty of peace has been signed between Austria and Prussia.*" This message was received at Heart's Content on the 29th, and brought news eleven days later than had been received by steamer. On the 27th Queen Victoria, then at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, sent the following dispatch to the President of the United States: "The Queen congratulates the President on the successful completion of an undertaking which she hopes may serve as an additional bond of Union between the United States and England." This dispatch appears to have left Valentia on the 28th; at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 30th it had been conveyed by steamer to Aspy Bay in Newfoundland, at present the nearest point of telegraphic communication with the United States; and by half past 11 the President returned the following reply: "The President of the United States acknowledges with profound gratification the receipt of Her Majesty's dispatch, and cordially reciprocates the hope that the cable which now unites the Eastern and Western hemispheres may serve to strengthen and perpetuate peace and amity between the Government of Great Britain and the Republic of the United States." It is announced that the *Great Eastern* will immediately proceed to the spot where the cable was lost last year, and endeavor to recover and relay it. If this attempt is successful there will soon be a double line across the Atlantic. The submarine line to connect Heart's Content with the main land has yet to be laid; and there is a space of eighty miles over which dispatches are carried by steamer. Until this telegraphic link is supplied New York is still twenty-four hours distant from Europe. When this line is laid the communication will be almost instantaneous; or, indeed, taking into account the difference of time between the two hemispheres, a message may perhaps be received here some minutes earlier than—measured by the sun and chronometers—it was sent. The telegraph is now opened for business, the rates fixed for the present being about one dollar a letter, payable in gold.

FOREIGN.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The Empress Carlotta of Mexico has left that country for Europe, it is said, upon a diplomatic mission. Report says that she will represent to the Emperor Napoleon that, in case the French troops are withdrawn, it will be impossible for Maximilian to maintain his authority. It is reported, however, that two French vessels have actually received orders to sail for Mexico, in order to bring back the first detachment of the French troops.

On the River Plata there has been severe fighting, especially on May 24, at a place named Tuguiy. According to the Argentine official accounts, the allied forces of that Republic and Brazil gained a decided victory. President Mitre says that the Paraguayans lost 4200 dead, abandoned on the field of battle, the loss of the Allies being 702 killed and 2645 wounded. Newspaper accounts represent the action as in effect a drawn battle, both parties, after suffering severely and about equally, retiring to their intrenchments. In Paraguay it was regarded as a great victory, and a grand celebration was held in honor of it at Asuncion, the capital.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Ministry having been beaten in Parliament upon an important provision of the Reform Bill, resigned on the 19th of June. The majority was indeed small, 315 to 304. The Queen was unwilling to accept the resignation, wishing the Ministry to accept the defeat, and for a time to abandon the project of carrying the Bill; but as they persisted, Lord Derby was charged with the formation of a new Ministry. It took two weeks to accomplish this. The principal members of the new Ministry are: Lord Derby, Prime Minister; Mr. Disraeli, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Stanley, Foreign Secretary; Mr. Walpole, Home Secretary; Lord Carnarvon, Colonial Secretary; Lord Cranborne, Secretary for India; General Peel, Secretary of War; Sir John Pakington, First Lord of the Admiralty; the Duke of Buckingham, President of the Council; Lord Malmesbury, Privy Seal; Lord Chelmsford, Lord Chancellor; the Marquis of Abercorn, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Sir Stafford Northcote, President of the Board of Trade; Mr. Hardy, President of the Poor Law Board. Lord Derby in announcing the general policy of the Government said, that in respect to the war it would "studiously maintain strict and impartial neutrality between all the contending parties, only ready at any time to offer its good offices if there appeared the slightest gleam of hope that, combined with those of other neutral Powers, such as France and Russia, they might lead to a termination of this bloody struggle, and to the restoration of peace." In reference to the United States, he said that he "earnestly hoped that the restoration of peace and the wise course which the President of the United States appears to be taking, in seeking to reconcile and bring back to the Union the vanquished members who seceded from it, may terminate any feeling of irritation which yet prevails among the citizens of the United States against this country, and that nothing will interrupt the friendly and harmonious relations between the two countries."—In regard to the action of the Government of the United States in the late Fenian invasion of Canada, he said that, notwithstanding the "latitude which is given in the United States to all expressions of public feeling, and to any thing short of actual violation of the law, yet, as soon as the law was plainly about to be violated, vigorous and decided measures, as I acknowledge with the utmost gratitude, were taken by the Government of the United States to prevent a violation of their own laws, and the rights of friendly states, by a lawless band of marauders." Lord Derby expressed himself in terms of the most decided approbation of the scheme for a Confederation of the British Provinces in America as essential to the well-being, unity, and strength of Canada, "under a system of the freest possible government, at the same time maintaining unbroken their allegiance to the Crown."

The Commission for investigating the late riot and massacre in Jamaica, have reported that the severe measures taken by the Governor and military authorities were uncalled-for and unjustifiable, and that Mr. Gordon, the clergyman who was hung, was wholly innocent, and judicially murdered. Government has been strongly urged to institute a prosecution for murder against Governor Eyre, but declined, on the ground that he acted not maliciously, but under a mistaken opinion of the circumstances. The widow of the murdered man has also been urged to bring in a prosecution, but she de-

clined to do so, choosing rather to leave the murderers to the decision of a higher power.

The American double-turreted monitor, the *Miantonomoh*, has crossed the Atlantic, and reached British waters. This, together with the passage of the *Monadnock* around Cape Horn to California, demonstrates the sea-worthy capacity of this class of vessels. The *Miantonomoh* has excited great interest in Great Britain, and the most competent authorities declare that the British navy does not possess a single iron-clad which could destroy her by gunnery, while there is not one which she could not destroy.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

The war in Europe, if we may rely upon the indications furnished by telegraphic dispatches, has been concluded, occupying a period of just forty days. Never before were military operations of such magnitude conducted in so short a period. On the 18th of June war was formally declared by Italy and Prussia against Austria, and virtually against the German States which sided with Austria. The Prussians advancing rapidly southward occupied Dresden, the capital of Saxony, the Saxon army retreating to Bohemia, to unite with the Austrians. Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and several other minor states were speedily, and with scarce a show of opposition, overrun by the Prussians.

Meanwhile the Italian army moved against the Austrians. On the 23d of June this army, numbering nearly 100,000, crossed the Mincio, in separate divisions, separated by considerable intervals. The Austrian Archduke Albert, taking advantage of this, amused one corps of the Italians by demonstrations, while he threw a force of 60,000 upon another division of the Italians, of hardly half this number. After a severe conflict, which lasted nearly the whole day of the 24th, this Italian corps was defeated, the Austrians concluding their victory by storming the decisive position at Custozza. The remaining corps of the Italians which had not been seriously engaged, were, however, placed in a position so perilous as to induce the King to withdraw across the Mincio; this movement was made without much molestation from the Austrians. No reliable accounts of the losses have been given; but they were severe on both sides. This battle, though not altogether decisive, appeared to give the preponderance in this quarter to the Austrians.

The Prussians meanwhile were advancing steadily into Bohemia. Benedek, the Austrian General-in-Chief, issued an arrogant address to his army. They were, he said, face to face with an enemy composed partly of youths who had never made a campaign, and partly those who would rather overturn their own Government than fight the Austrians. The enemy had been so long at peace that he had not a single General who had had the opportunity of developing his faculties on the field of battle. They, he adds, "have long boasted of the rapidity and sureness of their fire, but I think this will not profit them. It is not likely that we shall give them time to fire at us. We shall attack him with our bayonets and the butt-ends of our muskets." The strategy of Benedek is incomprehensible. The Prussians advanced toward Bohemia in two main bodies. The first, under the Crown Prince and General Steinmetz, encountered the Austrians on the 27th, at Nachod, when a sharp but undecisive action took place. Next day Steinmetz, having been reinforced, renewed the attack. The superiority of

the Prussian needle-gun was evinced. The Austrians, unable to endure the close and rapid fire, gave way into full retreat. On the same day, July 28, a battle took place at Trautenau between the Prussian Guards and the Austrians, under General Gablenz; here also the Prussians were victorious. Still another battle took place on that day at Munchengrätz, fifty miles from Trautenau, between the Prussians, under Prince Frederick Charles, and a force of Austrians and Saxons, estimated at 80,000, strongly posted. The needle-gun again manifested its superiority, and the Austrians were beaten. Next day, July 29, another sanguinary battle occurred at Gitschin, in which the Austrians were again defeated, and forced to fall back toward Josephstadt.

These brilliant successes enabled the two Prussian armies of the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles, which had been advancing from different directions toward a common centre, to put themselves in communication. The Austrians, having neglected to strike with their full force against the divided army, were now compelled to retreat in order to concentrate. This concentration was effected between the strong fortresses of Josephstadt and Königsgrätz. On the 3d of July the two Prussian armies advanced upon the Austrians from different points, the actual junction being made upon the battle-field, which lay mainly near the little village of Sadowa about midway between the two fortresses, which stand about a dozen miles apart. The forces are said to have numbered about 250,000 on each side, each having more than 700 pieces of artillery. If this estimate is correct, they were the largest armies ever brought in modern times upon a single field. The action commenced at seven o'clock in the morning. The Austrians held their ground firmly for several hours; but about noon the Prussians, as stated by General Benedek, "succeeded in establishing themselves unobserved in Klum. The rain prevented the smoke of the powder from dispersing, and a distinct view of the position was therefore impossible. The enemy were thereby enabled to advance into our position near Klum, whence they suddenly and unexpectedly poured a heavy fire into our flank and rear. The latter wavered and fell back upon the troops adjoining them, and notwithstanding every exertion I could not succeed in arresting the retreat, which at first commenced slowly, but increased in haste as the enemy pressed forward, until at length the whole army had withdrawn across the Elbe to Pardubitz." The Austrians were badly defeated, but not routed, although their retreat was, upon the whole, a disorderly one. The losses on both sides were severe, much the greatest on that of the Austrians. The estimates vary greatly; but those which appear most probable place those of the Austrians at 40,000, killed, wounded, and prisoners, and more than 100 guns. W. H. Russell, the correspondent of the *London Times*, was with the Austrian army, and saw the whole fight from a favorable position. From his long and minute account we extract a single passage, describing one of the most important moments of the battle:

"It was now near two o'clock. On the left and centre there could be no hesitation in declaring that the Prussians were all but beaten. It seemed as if a charge *en masse* of the horse deployed for miles on the plateau could roll up their centre on their left, or crumble the left into pieces. The Prussians in the centre made another grand effort. The movements of the Austrians from the right centre to oppose the last effort of the Prussians increased the open interval between the centre and the extreme right retiring on the lower ground near the river, but the

Austrians did not perceive it, or, if they did, could not prevent the advance of the enemy along the plateau by the big tree toward Klum. The Austrian right and reserves become more unsteady, but their artillery contests every foot of ground. Suddenly a spattering of musketry breaks out of the trees and houses of Klum right down on the Austrian gunners and on the columns of infantry drawn up on the slopes below. The gunners fall on all sides—their horses are disabled—the fire increases in intensity—the Prussians on the ridge press on over the plateau: this is an awful catastrophe—two columns of Austrians are led against the village, but they can not stand the fire, and after three attempts to carry it retreat, leaving the hill-side covered with the fallen. It is a terrible moment! The Prussians see their advantage; they here get into the very centre of the position. In vain the staff-officers fly to the reserves and hasten to get back some of the artillery from the front. The dark-blue regiments multiply on all sides, and from their edges roll perpetually sparkling musketry. Their guns hurry up, and from the slope take both the Austrians on the extreme right and the reserves in flank. They spread away to the woods near the Prague road and fire into the rear of the Austrian gunners. Thus a wedge, growing broader and driven in more deeply every instant, was forced into the very body of the Austrian army, separating it at the heart, and dividing its left and centre from the right. The troops in the centre and left are dismayed at hearing the enemy's guns in their rear, and are soon exposed to the fire which most of all destroys the *morale* of soldiers already shaken by surprise. The right, previously broken up and discomfited, hurry toward the Prague road in something like confusion, and spread alarm among the reserves of the centre and left. The regular lines of the columns below are gradually bulging out, and are at last swallowed up in disordered multitude. Officers gallop about trying to restore order. Some regiments hold together, though they are losing men in heaps every instant. The left wing is arrested in its onward progress. The Prussian generals in front of them and on the centre, seeing their enemy waver, throw their battalions against them and encourage their artillery to fresh efforts, but the formidable Austrian cavalry prevents any hasty or enthusiastic demonstrations on the part of the Prussian right, whom long-continued fighting and heavy losses must have somewhat enervated."

The success of the Prussians in this action seems to have been won by hard fighting and superior generalship rather than by any superiority in numbers or quality of arms.

The Emperor of Austria, apparently with the view of stopping hostilities in Italy, and so enabling him to bring his whole force against Prussia, ceded Venetia to the Emperor of France, having, as he said, "maintained the honor of his arms in Italy," and concurring in the principles advanced by the French Emperor in relation to the territorial distribution of Europe. He at the same time requested Napoleon to mediate an armistice with Italy. The French Emperor accepted the cession, upon what terms does not appear; and endeavored to bring about an armistice with Italy. These efforts were at first unavailing, the King of Italy declaring that he could treat with Austria only in conjunction with his Prussian ally, and resumed offensive movements, of which we have as yet only partial details.

The Emperor of Austria, on the 10th of July, addressed a manifesto to his people, admitting the heavy reverses which his troops had sustained, and saying that in view of them "I have addressed myself to the good offices of the Emperor of the French, requesting his good offices for bringing about an armistice with Italy. Not merely did the Emperor readily respond to my demand, but with the noble intention of preventing any further bloodshed, he even of his own accord offered to mediate with Prussia for a suspension of hostilities, and for opening negotiations for peace. This offer I have accepted. I am prepared to make peace upon honorable conditions in order to put an end to the ravages and bloodshed of war. But I will never sanction a treaty of peace by which the fundamental conditions of Austria's position as a great Power would be

shaken. Sooner than that this should be the case, I am resolved to carry on the war to the utmost extremity, and in this I am sure of my people's approval. Austria has been severely visited by misfortune, but she is not humiliated or bowed down. Have confidence in your Emperor. The Peoples of Austria have never shown themselves greater than in misfortune. I will follow the examples of my forefathers, and will lead you on with determination, perseverance, and unshakable confidence in God."

The Prussians at first seem to have declined not only proffers for an armistice directly made by Austria but those proposed by the Emperor of France. The reported details of the negotiations are wholly contradictory. But at all events the Prussians kept on in their victorious progress. On the 11th of July they defeated the Bavarians near Kissingen. On the 14th the Prussians encountered the Federal army at Aschaffenburg, near Frankfort on the Main, defeating it, after a severe contest, and entering Frankfort, the seat of the Diet, which had in the mean while been transferred to Augsburg. The Austrian army fell back toward Vienna, where, according to report, 400,000 troops were concentrated for the defense of the capital, the Archduke Charles taking the place of Benedek as commander of the entire army.

The Italians meanwhile resumed military operations which had been suspended after their defeat at Custoza. On the 14th their troops were in undisturbed occupation of Padua. On the 16th the Austrians in Venetia retired within the fortresses. On the 17th the Italians attacked successfully Borgoforte, a town on the left bank of the Po, seven miles from Mantua. Several unimportant engagements have taken place in the Tyrol to the general advantage of the Italians. On the 18th the Italian fleet assailed Fort George on the island of Lissa, off the coast of Dalmatia, and after a cannonade of several hours silenced it, a powder magazine within the fort having exploded. The Italians were on the point of disembarking when the Austrian fleet was perceived to be approaching in order to prevent the landing. We are briefly informed by telegraph that an action ensued in which the Italian iron-clad *Re d' Italia* was sunk and another blown up. According to one account the Austrian squadron retired after one man-of-war and two steamers had been sunk; while another says the Italian fleet was driven off and was pursued by the Austrians.

The negotiations for a truce took the following form: On the 12th of July the Secretary of the French legation at Berlin delivered to the Austrian Government the proposals of the King of Prussia. He would abstain from hostilities for three days in order to allow time for ascertaining the intentions of the Italian Government, upon condition that the Austrians should evacuate the country lying between the Prussian position and the River Thaya; the Austrian armies, with all their trains, to remain stationary; the Prussians to remain at a distance of three miles from Olmutz; and the Prague and Dresden Railway to be open for transmission of supplies to the Prussian army. The Austrians declined to accept these conditions on various grounds, and proposed others, the principal points being that a line of demarkation should be fixed which neither army should cross, but within which each should have freedom of movement; and the Emperor would endeavor to induce the King of Bavaria to consent to the condition respecting the Prague and Dres-

den Railway. The King of Prussia rejected this proposition. The Emperor Napoleon still endeavored to bring about an armistice; but Prussia declined to accede unless the preliminaries of peace should be settled. Prussia demanded that the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein should be united with her, and that she should also have the slip of territory lying between her eastern and western provinces; that the unity of Germany should be established under the leadership of Prussia, Austria being excluded from the Confederation. Napoleon recognized the justice of these demands, and announced that, should Austria refuse to accede, he should remain neutral in the contest. According to the latest reports by steamer, which come down to the London date of July 21, the Austrian Government rejected the terms of Prussia, and their whole army fell back to the neighborhood of Vienna, where it was proposed to make a desperate de-

fense; and the Prussians followed after, and were then within three days' easy march of the Austrian capital. But the telegraphic dispatches of a week later announce that a truce for five days was agreed upon, which was extended into an armistice for four weeks, signed by Prussia, Austria, Bavaria, and the other German States, and that negotiations were in progress which embrace a lasting peace over the whole of Europe. This dispatch is dated on the 28th of July, so that the first telegraphic message, announcing the signing of a treaty of peace between Austria and Prussia, was premature. As we close this Record, on the morning of August 2, the London telegraphic dispatch of July 28, which reached New York on the 30th, is the latest received, an interruption of communication having taken place in consequence of the failure to work of the Nova Scotia line, on the evening of August 1.

Editor's Drawer.

FROM the Pine-tree State come the two following:

While traveling one day just after dark, in the midst of a heavy shower, I was overtaken while nearing a railroad-crossing by a man in a light-wagon. Having a horse somewhat afraid of the cars, I requested the man to inform me should he perceive them approaching. He passed over the track and drove on. It was evident that the track was clear, and I drove briskly forward. The mud was quite deep on the opposite side, and the man moved slowly. Suddenly he stopped, looking back as if he had forgotten something. I concluded he had perceived the train, and intended to fulfill his promise. I stopped my horse, fully expecting the cars would dash past, when the man, in a long, peculiar whine, drawled out, "They—ain't—a—comin'—Mister!"

As the steeple of a church in this place was being painted recently, the attention of a little girl was attracted by the staging put up about it. She appeared unable to comprehend it; but finally, after a moment's reflection, said, "She guessed it was the crinoline!"

THERE is an amusing story told of a practical joke played by a physician upon a farmer in Staffordshire, England. Parliament has, in view of the fearful ravages of the cattle-plague, passed a law that all cattle attacked with it shall be killed at once. This farmer had lost several cows of the plague, and got an idea that he was suffering from the disease himself. He applied to his physician for advice. The doctor, who was a great wit, agreed with him, and sent him to the apothecary with a sealed prescription. Both patient and druggist were rather astonished at reading: "This man has got the cattle-plague; take him into the back-yard and shoot him according to act of Parliament!"

The prescription did its work, and the farmer was no longer troubled with the *rinderpest*.

A DWELLER in the Land of Egypt, who is enlightened enough to read and appreciate the Drawer, writes:

There resides in this favored region a solid, well-

to-do farmer, Joseph by name, who, having built him a new house and furnished it in accordance, all but the curtains for the parlor, was daily importuned by his better-half to supply the wherewithal to purchase the aforesaid lacking and much-desired ornamentation. Now, to appreciate Joseph's reply to his wife's importunities, it must be borne in mind that Joseph deals largely in horses, mules, and Jerusalem ponies. When the probable cost of the curtains was named: "Why, Mary, Mary!" said he, "I can't afford to hang up a mule at each window!" Mary has got her new curtains nevertheless.

THE citizens of Leavenworth have had an opportunity not often afforded an entire town at once of "sowing their wild oats." It is thus described by one of the victims:

The most successful and extensive hoax ever perpetrated hereabout was that originated by L—— M——, and participated in by almost our entire population. It rivals the celebrated moon hoax of Mr. Locke, and the victims include every degree of society. Physicians, merchants, clerks, bankers, officials, policemen, editors, livery men, restaurateurs, book-keepers, and, in fact, to the number of perhaps five hundred, all classes were victimized so simply and absurdly that precedent victims stood around to laugh at the experiences of each newcomer. Ask a man to-day "if he has had his oats," and he can not forbear a smile at the recollection. Of course each would endeavor to sell his neighbor, and all day long there was a constant succession of applicants at Jer Clark's office for a note which some one had left there for them. The jolly, rubicund visage of V——, like Bacchus amidst his grapevines, or a ripe pumpkin inclosing a candle, was suffused with deeper blushes as he emerged with his missive from the office. The venerable S——, of Main Street, thought it scandalous to take a man from his business on such frivolous pretenses; but almost all were inclined to humor the joke, and take in good part the confusion of subsequent callers. At the lowest estimate there were five hundred applicants for a note yesterday at the principal and branch offices, and each received "an oat." Somebody's granary suffered to the extent of half a peck.

In vehicles and on foot the stream of humanity was incessant until, in self-protection, the doors of the new post-office were closed. D—— was sometimes inclined to hesitate when a big-fisted six-footer called to inquire "if a note had been left for him;" but the presentation of the cereal invariably incited a hearty laugh at the proneness of the genus homo to humbug.

A QUAKER friend, who writes from North Carolina, is welcome to the Drawer. We give his letter:

FRIEND HARPER,—Thee is welcome to the inclosed. I take and read thy Magazine as one of my regular Monthlies. I like the contents of thy Drawer. I do not know whether thee is willing to insert the piece among thy *yarns*, but it would give me much pleasure to have it there. It is to the point:

We often meet with Irish jokes and American wit, but seldom are we called upon to record a Quaker joke, which caused the sides of the assembled company to shake with laughter. The affair happened in the goodly city of W——, and, though the names are fictitious, the *facts are true*.

It seems that John Jones and Mary Smith contemplated matrimony upon St. Valentine's eve, and Mrs. Jovial, a Friend, invited them, with their friends, to take a cup of tea upon the eve of that happy day. While all was going on as merry as a "marriage bell" Mrs. J. called the company to order with this opening remark:

"Mary, thee knows the old proverb says that upon 'the 14th of February every gander chooses its mate,' but I see that John is not willing to wait until the 14th for his *goose*!"

The effect can better be imagined than described.

A KENTUCKIAN writes:

Our city (Louisville, Kentucky) is famous for its many places of refreshment, and to the query, "Have we a Bourbon among us?" I would say a great many of them, for imbibers of Bourbon whisky are numerous hereabout. At the "Pearl," a bar-room conveniently located to the theatre, is a bar-keeper well known to the community as Dick Gardner. Richard has an impediment in his speech, and, being an original, is considered very funny, and his jokes are widely told. In this country after a man "kills his third" he becomes quite a lion, and is usually permitted to do pretty much as he pleases. Now one of these characters, whom we shall call Bob S——, while considerably under the influence of spirituous drinks, visited the "Pearl" with some friends and took a drink, and walked away without paying, and, in bar-room parlance, "was a dead-beat." Bob made three visits, which was rather more than Dick's good-nature and liberality could stand. Upon the third round Dick stutteringly remarked: "Th-i-s i-s a-l-l r-i-g-h-t, but, Bob, I wo-uld ra-ther you wo-uld di-vide your cus-tom!"

DEAR DRAWER,—The readers of *Harper's Weekly* will remember that in one number of that excellent paper, during (I think) the summer of '65, an illustration appeared representing Columbia, with a maimed colored soldier at her right, and a number of rebels in front of her cringing for pardon. Columbia is represented as saying, "Which shall I trust?"—referring to the negro and the rebels.

This picture was shown to our *coppery* friend, Joe B——, a retired hotel-keeper, who surveyed it

a few moments, the indignation rising in his face; and at last threw the paper down, angrily exclaiming, "*I don't believe such a thing ever happened!*"

DEAR DRAWER,—Thinking a word or two now and then from the "Golden City" might not be unwelcome, I send you the following:

Mr. W—— has been a member of the press of this city for several years, and many a time has the public been alternately surprised or amused by some comical item or outrageous hoax from his pen. He has an amusing way of using long words, though he is seldom in earnest. He has, moreover, a considerable smattering of French phrases and words, and improves every occasion to get one into his conversation edgewise. One "Fourth," after having tramped all over this city of hills to see the sights, and tired ourselves completely out, four of us, among whom was W——, entered a restaurant to recruit. There happened to be no bill of fare, but a little waiter, with a lot of towels thrown over his shoulder, supplied its place by singing out, with a strong Gallic accent:

"Muttong ha-ash! shicken gumbo! roas' beef! roas' pork! roas' lamb!" etc.

Some preliminary consultation was held, and all of us gave in our orders except W——, who, smoothing out a paper in his hand, said, gravely:

"Have you got any green owls?"

"Monsieur?"

"Any green owls?"

The waiter grinned incredulously.

"Why, W——, what do you mean?" said one of the company.

"You know," said W——, not in the least disconcerted, "green owls—*frogs*!"

You may imagine there was considerable laughter at this; however, some one who understood the French language explained the matter, though not much to the satisfaction of W——, who could not see what on earth g-r-e-n-o-u-i-l-le spelled if it were not green owl, and why on earth the French did not spell it "gronwee" at once, so that one could understand them.

WE are often told to "make the best of a bad business," but we have rarely heard a better example of doing so than this, which is sent by a friend to the Drawer:

The late Captain G——, of Vermont, was always satisfied. He was one of the early and most successful breeders of merino sheep in this part of the State. He had a large native cosset that he valued highly. His son came in one morning and told him that the old cosset had twins. Captain G—— said "he was glad; she would bring up two as well as one." Soon after his son reported one of the twins dead. Upon this he said "the one left would be worth more in the fall than both." In the afternoon the boy told his father that the other lamb was dead. "I am glad," said he; "I can now fat the old sheep." The next morning the son reported the old cosset dead. "That is just what I wanted; now I have got rid of the breed!"

A VALUED correspondent sends another good story to the Drawer:

President Lincoln related many a story, but never a one nearer the point, or more applicable, than the following:

It was in the summer of 1861, a short time after the Bull Run defeat, that complaint was made to

Governor R— concerning the conduct of Colonel —, of the — Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers.

The Colonel was a prominent man, a Democrat, and the Governor was disposed, in military affairs, to act impartially; but how to have the Colonel transferred, or "let down easy," so that no disturbance, political or otherwise, should arise at home to vex him, was the question. Finally, it was resolved that the matter should be left with President Lincoln. So Judge O— was requested by the Governor to go to Washington and have "matters fixed." Accordingly the Judge and Senator D— called at the White House and stated the case to Mr. Lincoln, and recommended that the Colonel be put upon some General's staff, where he could be more useful than in the position he then occupied, and so "let him down easy." Mr. Lincoln inquired if the Colonel knew any thing of the plan, and upon being answered in the negative, said:

"This reminds me of a little story. It was in the Mexican war—at the battle of Monterey, I believe—that a little Irish captain from Sangamon County was ordered by his Colonel to a position, so and so, with his Company. After hearing the order, the little Captain straightened up full height, and said: 'Colonel, will yez be so kind as to tell that to my min yourself'; for, by jabers, Colonel, I'm not on spakin' terms wid my Company!'"

It is, perhaps, needless to add that the gallant Colonel was, shortly after this interview with the good-natured President, placed in a more exalted sphere of usefulness.

FROM Ohio comes a capital temperance story:

Judge Ray, the Temperance lecturer, in one of his efforts here, got off the following:

"All of those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whisky, at forty years of age will be total abstainers or drunkards. No one can use whisky for years in *moderation*. If there is a person in the audience before me whose own experience disputes this let him make it known; I will account for it, or acknowledge that I am mistaken."

A tall, large man arose, and, folding his arms in a dignified manner across his breast, said:

"I offer myself as one whose own experience contradicts your statement."

"Are you a moderate drinker?" said the Judge.

"I am."

"How long have you drank in moderation?"

"Forty years."

"And were never intoxicated?"

"Never."

"Well," remarked the Judge, scanning his subject closely from head to foot, "yours is a singular case; yet I think it is easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story: A colored man, with a loaf of bread and flask of whisky, sat down to dine by the bank of a clear stream. In breaking bread some of the crumbs dropped into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the darkey the idea of dipping the bread in the whisky and feeding it to them. He tried it. It worked well. Some of the fish ate of it, became drunk, and floated helpless on the water. In this way he easily caught a great number. But in the stream was a large fish very unlike the rest. It partook freely of the bread and whisky, but with no perceptible effect. It was shy of every effort of the darkey to take it. He resolved to have it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He procured a net, and, after

much effort, caught it, carried it to a colored neighbor, and asked his opinion in the matter. The other surveyed the wonder a moment, and then said: 'Sambo, I un'erstands dis case. Dat fish is a *mullet-head*; it *hain't got any brains!*' In other words," added the Judge, "alcohol affects *only the brain*, and, of course, those having none may drink without injury!"

The storm of laughter that followed drove the moderate drinker suddenly from the house.

A COUNTRY Squire sometimes used big words in their wrong places. My father was building a mill-dam not long since, and the boards *projected* over so far as to make an elevation of 10 to 11 feet (8½ only being allowed). The Squire rode up one day while the mill was making, straightened himself out, threw his head back, arms akimbo, and began with: "I say, Mr. W—, are you going to let those boards *digest* out that far?" Imagine the laughter of the ignorant workmen.

Good old Deacon S— lived and farmed it away down in Eastern Connecticut. It was his custom to go with several of his neighbors, nearly every year, down to the "Shore" for a *clam-bake*. The old Deacon was very fond of these bivalves, and on one occasion he ate and overloaded his "capacity" to such an extent that he was sore distressed; his faith in prayer, however, was strong. Leaving his party, and being followed by some of the younger members a little way off, he was heard to supplicate thus: "Forgive me, O Lord, for this great sin of gluttony, and I will never eat any more clams!" Then, pausing an instant, he added: "*Very few, if any—Amen!*"

A FEW years since, while traveling in the insurance business in the West, I called on a wealthy Dutchman, by the name of Baumgarder. (By-the-way, the old fellow bears the reputation of being one of the stingiest old skin-flints in the county, and is very deaf withal.) Not knowing the latter peculiarity, I "went in," and while in the midst of an elaborate argument showing the necessity of insurance, etc., the old man broke in on it by yelling at his son, who sat near, and wanted to know "what that feller was talking about?" Like the bursting of a cannon the dutiful son bawled in his ear that I wanted to insure his property. "Oh!" says the old chap, "der vash a man here aready who vants to put a telegraph on my barn." The young man suggested it was lightning-rods. "Oh, vell, it ish de same ting; I want noting of him. It is all one tam Yankee invention!" It is needless, perhaps, to say I didn't insure him.

A TRAVELER in Oregon reports the following:

One day last fall, while on the way by stage to the Santiam mines, we had occasion to stop for dinner at the little town of Sublimity, which boasts of two little "one-horse" hotels, and a 40 × 50 feet church. Our driver had along some flaming show-bills for a circus which was to exhibit at Salem during the week. Our host, who had never seen any thing of the kind, and who had quite an "eye to business," was very anxious that we should exert our influence to have the circus exhibit in Sublimity, remarking, at the same time (and he was really in earnest), "that he didn't exactly know where the best place would be for it to be held, but he reckoned the church would do, as the seats

were all movable, and could be ranged around the sides of the room, and then it would hold lots of folks."

DEAR DRAWER,—During my prison life in the sunny but rebellious South, the Drawer was more than welcome to those who were fortunate enough to get hold of it, although its contents were to most of us "twice told tales," from the fact that a recent number seldom reached us. The dog-eared spelling-book of a lazy school-boy could bear no comparison, in point of dirt and dilapidation, to the utterly used-up and forlorn appearance of such unfortunate numbers of *Harper* as found their way into "Libby," and underwent with us the various journeyings and sojournings incident to prison life in Dixie. I am constrained to offer to the Drawer an anecdote or two, as a sort of part-payment of the debt I feel I owe it for beguiling many otherwise weary hours of captivity:

A Confederate official, high in authority (whose name I will not mention, he having received a "special pardon" for his innumerable political sins), not unfrequently went through the farce of an inspection of prison-rations, quarters, etc. Upon such occasions he was usually accompanied by a number of staff-officers—gay young sprigs, the very flower of the capital—whose principal duty seemed to be to "stir up the animals," and show them off to such foreign diplomats and distinguished citizens as saw fit to accept an invitation to visit the "Yanks."

One fine May morning, just after the prison had received a large accession of captive Yanks (owing to a recent "onward movement"), this high official, whom I will call "the Judge," made his appearance, accompanied by the usual retinue of staff-officers and distinguished civilians. Among the late arrivals at Libby was a waggish Down-Easter, who didn't take at all kindly to prison-fare or discipline. Upon the morning referred to this officer was seated upon a box near one of the windows, apparently in a very melancholy mood. The Judge, observing his disconsolate appearance, approached him, when the following conversation ensued, which was listened to by all who could crowd around:

JUDGE. "Good-morning, Sir!"

YANK (*dolefully*). "Go-o-d-morning, Sir!"

JUDGE. "Your impressions of the Confederacy do not seem to raise your spirits."

YANK. "Confederacy? what Confederacy?"

JUDGE. "Why, Sir, *this* Confederacy—the *Southern* Confederacy."

YANK. "Do you mean to say that I am in the Southern Confederacy?"

JUDGE. "What do you mean, Sir? Of course you are."

YANK (*rising and button-holing the Judge*). "Stranger, you've taken a great load from my mind. I'll explain. You see, the last thing I remember before coming here was being in a fight, and since then I've been under the impression that I was killed in that fight, and that I went to hell; but I'm glad to know it's the Southern Confederacy, although if hell is any worse a place than this *I pity traitors!* Don't you?"

You may imagine the scene which followed, but it can not be described. Such a roar of laughter! I am sure it did us more good than all the rations we received in the next month.

ANOTHER one, of which this same Yank is the hero, and I have done for the present.

When the late lamented (?) Winder inspected the prison at Macon, Georgia, he was unfortunate enough to interrogate this same Down-Easter in regard to rations received by prisoners.

"What do you draw?" inquired Winder.

"Well," leisurely replied the Yank, "not much of any thing, except our breath, and that comes pretty hard sometimes; and if you were commissary of that sort of thing we couldn't do that *in this horrid hole!*"

A CORRESPONDENT sends some amusing instances of absence of mind to the Drawer, which call to mind the case of a celebrated Professor of Hebrew in Edinburgh, who once stood upon the door-step of a friend's house, where he was invited to dine, for an hour, lost in thought, and might have stood there till night, had not a passing acquaintance who knew his eccentricities pulled the bell, and thus roused him from his reveries.

An acquaintance in Wisconsin told us the story long ago of a very benevolent, kind-hearted old gentleman in Maine, who, riding along in his carriage one hot day in July, saw a toad lying in the road gasping with the heat. In the kindness of his heart the old gentleman (who was very fleshy) climbed down, moved the poor melting toad *into the shade of his carriage*, then complacently climbed up again and drove on.

Another instance of his absence of mind. He bought a pig. Arriving home he took it out of the wagon, and on his shoulder carried it, and very deliberately threw it over the well-curb into the well, instead of into the nice, comfortable sty he had prepared.

THE Drawer is not only indebted to the printers for the fine style in which it is presented to the public, but now and then for some of its amusing stories. A correspondent in Iowa writes:

I am a printer, and a short time since was employed in one of the daily offices in this city. One day a noted sign-painter of this city, who is very good at forming his letters, but notorious for bad spelling, brought in his copy for an "ad," which was "set up," and the paper "put to press," and the edition partly "worked off," and the carrier out with his "first round," when in rushed the painter aforesaid, who stepped up to the pressman, breathlessly exclaiming, "Stop! hold on! here's a mistake in my advertisement." The press was stopped and the painter went on: "This head-line ought to be, '*Who is G. M. White?*' instead of '*Here is G. M. White.*'" The compositor who set the "ad" was called and required to produce the copy, which he did. White took the copy and looked at it, then exclaimed, triumphantly: "There! What did I tell you? There it is: h-u-e—who." The typo acknowledged and corrected his error, and the painter left amidst peals of laughter from the boys.

AT R—there is a debating society, at which are decided all matters of pith and moment. At one time an educational subject was on the floor. Concerning the causes of irregular attendance at school, one member held the following views:

"Many parents *have no children*, and don't care whether they are at school or not!"

A CLERICAL friend sends this unique answer to a "call:"

The following answer substantially, with names

omitted, was recently returned to a "call" extended through a Home Missionary Agent to a young minister "to settle" in the interior of one of the Western States:

"DEAR BRO.—Allow me to group a few objections against going to ——. I speak by the card.

"1. You know that State is considered the worst one in the Union, that county the worst in the State, that town the worst in the county, and that neighborhood has the worst set of men in town. One man there is 'such a son of Belial that a man can not speak to him.' (1 Sam. xxv. 17.) He is considered, however, the best man in town. The prophet Samuel had also the advantage in his day in that Nabal had a good wife, but this man's wife is worse than himself. 'The Lord also smote Nabal that he died,' but this man and his wife are still alive. You are right when you call it 'rather a rough country, but the grandest kind of a mission field.'

"2. The mud is from three to five feet deep, an alluvial deposit of that depth lying upon a substratum of clay impervious to water. This under-stratum of clay, however, is the only salvation of the county, preventing every thing from sinking below it. All traveling done on horseback; but my horse is not long-legged enough to touch the under-stratum. The tradition is that when the Creator finished cementing the world he threw an extra hodful of mortar down in this county.

"3. Mosquitoes are of the mammoth kind, generally termed Gallinippers. Many of them will weigh a pound, and they climb up on the trees and bark.

"4. Fevers and ague indigenous. Country flat, and the streams run both ways. Ague shakes even the bark off from all except gum-trees. Few have ever crawled out of that sixteen miles' swamp alive, and they were shaken out by the chills.

"5. The inhabitants are not as loving as cooling doves. The last commandment, 'That ye love one another,' probably has not reached them yet, as they live so far inland. Indeed it is the Kilkenny cats over again. You know the cats fought all night, when nothing could be found but a cloud of fur and the tip of Norval's tail. So Norval beat. Well, a cloud of fur has rested over this district a score of years. Bob-tails of no account.

"6. That salary of \$300 (maximum) must be a mistake, as that is a larger sum of money than was ever heard of in the county.

"There is one advantage, however, to be mentioned in this connection. Pastors in this district have generally been 'settled' for life. Their longevity, however, has not been remarkable.

"All things considered, I think I'd better decline the call, hoping that the successful candidate may make his 'will' before he 'settles.' He might get his life insured had not all the life-insurance companies abandoned that part of the country.

"It is fortunate that 'the church has no man in view'—I mean for the man!

"Your Bro., ———."

A FARMER in Venango County gave a lease to an Oil Company to sink a well on his farm for one-tenth the oil. Oil was struck, and at the end of the month the farmer came to the well for his share of the oil for the month. The oil was divided, one barrel going to the farmer's side for every nine to the Company. At the end of the division the farmer observed that his share was very small in comparison with the Company's, and expressed himself dissatisfied with the division and the terms of the lease, and declared that he would not be contented unless the Company gave him the twelfth part of the oil. The Company declined making any alteration in the lease; the farmer insisted; the Company finally yielded the point, and had the proper papers drawn up, giving the farmer one-twelfth instead of the one-tenth of the produce of the well. The papers were executed, and at the end of the month the farmer called for his share of

the oil as before. The division was made, one barrel going to the farmer's side for every eleven to the Company's. This division surprised the farmer, and he contended that it was wrong. Neighbors were called in to settle the difficulty, who decided that the division was correct, according to the new terms of the lease. "Then," said the farmer, "this is the first time in my life I find out that *ten* is more than *twelve*!"

ONE of the honorable members from Indiana, though a "member in good standing" of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is not very much of a "praying man," and not a very frequent attendant at class-meetings. Being present once at such a meeting, rather by accident than otherwise, he was called on by the class-leader to close the exercises by prayer. Before he had time to decline the invitation the people—rather anxious, probably, for a conclusion of the services—were on their knees, all expectant of the closing prayer. The Hon. gentleman thus cornered, delivered himself of a very brief supplication, as follows: "O Lord, bless this church, its pastor, and its membership. Bless especially the class-meeting, and, above all, give them a leader competent to select a man suitable to close the meeting with prayer!"

A YOUNG gentleman of the city, describing affairs in the country, writes that "the cows often act very badly about being milked; sometimes, when you are almost through, they will kick the milk all over, and you have to go to work and milk *them* right over again!"

A CORRESPONDENT relates this story of himself; perhaps it has taken place more than once, but it is a good one:

The experienced are aware that there is no severer trial of temper than the milking of a refractory cow. Such a cow, by refusing to stand still, and by kicking over the milk two or three times, had vexed me so beyond all endurance that, procuring a good cudgel, and having got the cow well cornered, I proceeded to administer a most wrathful flogging. My father that moment made his unexpected appearance, and suspended the operation of castigation by saying, "Harmon, my son, don't strike that cow again; *never* strike a cow; it never does them any good—never!"

About a week after this my father was doing the milking himself, and the cow proved unusually troublesome, as I inferred from loud sounds in the direction of the barn-yard. Going to the spot, I arrived just in time to see the cow in a very close corner of the fence, and the boot of my paternal relative administering kicks of the heaviest kind thick and fast. "Father," said I, very quietly, "I thought you told me never to strike a cow." "Yes, that is true," was the reply, while the punishment continued with unabated vigor, "that is true; but did I say any thing about kicking them? did I say any thing about kicking them? Striking does no good, but kicking seems to curl 'em right up!"

DEACON A—— was one of the best of men, but by nature very irascible. A cow was so exceedingly disorderly, as the Deacon was attempting to milk her one morning, that the old Adam got the better of him, and he vented his excited feelings in a volley of execrations very undeaconish in their character. At this moment the good Deacon's pastor ap-

peared unexpectedly on the scene, and announced his presence by saying, "Why, Deacon! can it be? Are you swearing?—are you swearing?" "Well, Parson," replied the Deacon, "I didn't think of any one being near by; but the truth is, I never shall enjoy religion as long as I keep this cow!"

MR. M——, of N——, a little village in Vermont, was so profane that oaths were the staple of his conversation. With his oxen he *always* swore, so that they knew no other language whatever. He became convinced, however, of the error of his ways, and joined the church. A few days after he had occasion to draw some logs, and yoked up his four oxen for the purpose. By great exertion he succeeded in getting them to the forest with the empty sled, but when a heavy log had been duly loaded he found it impossible to make the oxen pull together, or in the same direction, and finally, to pull at all. Loud and repeated vociferation was in vain; the oxen could not understand his Christianized terminology. At this juncture a neighbor, who had secretly followed him to the woods to see how well converted he would prove to be, and who had no scruples against swearing, came to his rescue, *swore* the refractory "boves" into obedience, and out of the forest to the house, where he concluded a bargain for them on very low terms.

MESSRS. J—— and C——, two lawyers of Wisconsin, went to Mormon Cooley, in the county of La Crosse, one fine morning, for the purpose of trying a case before Mr. N——, a Justice of the Peace. The case was replevin; the property in dispute a pig. C——, the attorney for the defendant, put a little daughter of his client on the stand, as a witness to prove the ownership of the pig. She was very bashful, and would answer no questions asked her by the attorney. The Justice was her next neighbor, with whom she was well acquainted, and C—— suggested that the Justice had better examine her himself, which he proceeded to do. He asked her if she knew who owned the pig in dispute? She answered, her father, and that she knew the pig very well. The next question was how she knew the pig? which she hesitated to answer, and which question was asked three or four times by the Justice. Finally, she turned very indignantly to the Justice, and said: "Why, I know that pig as well as I do you or any other pig!" which caused quite a laugh at the expense of the Justice.

A QUIET family in the country were electrified the other day by the receipt of a telegraphic dispatch from a daughter who was teaching in a distant city. The telegram was passed around and duly admired. The dashing boldness of the chirography came in for its share of praise. The old lady shook her head with an air of gratified pride as she ejaculated, slowly: "Ann Maria allers did write like a man; guess she's ben takin' writin' lessons; this here beats her last letter all holler!"

GEORGE KENYON (known locally as squealing George), an eccentric genius who formerly traveled the country, extending his pilgrimages through the sea-board towns of New England for quite a distance along the coast, was notorious for his gift of telling large stories. During many years he regularly made his annual tour, doing a day's work here and there for the farmers, but subsisting mainly on charity. In process of time he might be said to

have become an institution. Appearing regularly, several times a year, with his short, stout figure, horse laugh, and stories growing bigger with each recital, there were few farm-houses where he did not find, if not exactly a welcome, what perhaps he prized more—a good meal and a night's shelter. A passage at arms is related as having occurred between him and a wide-awake Irish girl employed at a place where he had spent the night. Endeavoring to impress her with his importance, as one who had traveled far and wide, he was stung by the apathy with which she received his communications. Pausing a moment, he glowered at her with his little black eyes; then, with his hoarse voice quivering with impotent rage, he ejaculated: "Traveled, marm! Think I hain't traveled? I've ben tew Liverpool, an' Lunnun, and [his voice rising into a harsh scream] I've seen the Church of England, an' it's bigger 'n Pawcatuck Bridge!" It may be added that the Pawcatuck Bridge alluded to was a name often applied to Tresterly, a village of several thousand inhabitants.

LITTLE Eddy B——n, of Washington, set the table in a roar, a few mornings ago, by his aptness of answer to the paternal questioning. Said his father:

"Well, Eddy, your summer vacation has commenced; but you must not lay aside your studies altogether. You ought to write a short *essay* every few days."

"I don't know what an *essay* is," replied Master Ed, as if fearful that a confession of acquaintance with the art would involve an obligation for its exercise.

"Didn't you ever read Josh Billings's *Essay on the Mule*?" inquired the father, with a view to elucidation.

"No," replied Ed, his eyes bright with the reflex of the mind's illumination, "I never read that; but last summer I read C. S. A. that the rebels had branded on one!"

The "fond parient" is resolved that the boy's education be carefully looked to.

A MEMBER of the North Carolina Convention, which recently sat at Raleigh, gives this one:

Among the members was one from an eastern county, who was continually going around behind the President's chair and striking off a peculiar kind of match, which could be heard through all the house. One of the members who was speaking, becoming very much annoyed, stopped, and then said: "Mr. President, I move that the honorable gentleman from B—— County be compelled to defer his Fourth of July celebration till next Christmas!"

DURING the past winter a little girl of our acquaintance attended the wedding of her brother, and, judging by the sequel, was very much struck by one line of the marriage-service, which she understood literally. A few days after, passing through the room where the bride was sitting in the lap of her liege lord, she exclaimed, with all the simplicity imaginable: "*To have and to hold!*"

A STORY about smoking has lately been "smoked out" by a friend of the Drawer, and though hitherto only promulgated among the friends of the family, is worthy of more extensive hearing:

A widow, young and handsome, had a lover; but although she had sworn not to marry again, every day she seemed on the point of perjuring herself.

She had a particular aversion to tobacco. One day her lover screwed his courage up so far as to ask permission to smoke. The lady was bewildered with astonishment, but being told by the gentleman that there was some affinity between love and a cigar, she assured him that if he could prove the fact he might convert her *salon* into a tap-room. The lover proceeded to argue that the flame of love could be lighted in various ways, just as there were several modes of lighting a cigar—by a pipe-light, by the cigar of another person, and by a lucifer. In youth the head was inflamed too quickly by love, just as some cigars burned out too speedily. There was, perhaps, some danger if love were extinguished, but if the fire of a cigar went out it could easily be re-lighted. The pure flame of love, however, like a good cigar, never was burned out. The lady was convinced by the arguments. The lover was so earnest that his cigar was extinguished, while he talked and discontinued to smoke it. The widow looked at the fire, suddenly recollected that an offer of marriage had been made to her, and, in a mild voice, said, "Henry, light your cigar."

HAVING occasion last spring, about town-meeting time, to spend a few days in one of the central towns of this State, a little matter of business induced me to call upon a very original specimen of the "American gentleman of African descent," an importation from Secessia, who, being an excellent shoemaker, had "sot up business," and by his industry had begun to reap quite a harvest of postal currency—which fact added not a little to his native dignity of character. He attended to the wants of his customers with all the politeness and affability of a two-thousand dollar clerk at Stewart's. Being assured that I would have to wait but a moment, and seeing that Phil was very talkative, I concluded it would be a favorable opportunity to get my "understanding" improved in more ways than one. Matters connected with the war very naturally became the subject of conversation, and I asked Phil what he thought of the relative merits of Northern and Southern soldiers as fighting men? "Well," says Phil, "in a fair, open field fight, I think the Yankee boys could whip 'em easy; but the pesky *gorillas* never fit fair; they'd skulk into the woods, and *climb up into the ambushes*, and shoot every Union man they could see, and we couldn't get at 'em! Besides, they'd steal every thing they could lay hands on; why, they'd steal the molasses off from a sick nigger's pancake!" Phil had my sympathy.

Speaking of town-meeting, I asked Phil how he should vote. Drawing himself up to the importance of the question, and not wishing to inform me that he hadn't been sufficiently reconstructed to exercise that high privilege, he replied, "Well, I don't know; I've thought on that subject mightily. The fact is, when I came here and sot up business the Democrats they patronized me, and the Abolitionists they patronized me. So I think, on the whole, I'll remain *mutual*, and not vote at all!" When town-meeting came Phil *was* mutual.

DURING the heat of summer B—— purchased a hat of exaggerated dimensions, and a friend remarked, on seeing it for the first time, that B—— was evidently studying economy, inasmuch as he had provided himself with a head-covering for the summer, and his cow with substantial food for the winter.

"Yes," replied B——, "it is necessary to be economical in these days. I have concluded to sell my dog, because I can not afford to supply him with dry goods."

"Dry goods for a dog?" queries the friend.

"Of course," rejoined B——. "During the hot weather dogs require *muzzlin'*, and my dictionary tells me that muslin is a species of dry goods!"

"Good-morning!" said the friend, and passed on.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE friend writes:

DEAR DRAWER,—The weather has been excessively warm for the past few days, even here, among the Granite Hills; and during one of those sweltering days, when it seemed an exertion even to eat one's regular meals, it is not strange that the cook who prepares them should complain bitterly. We have in that capacity a good, honest Irish girl, not long in this country, who thought the thermometer ranged higher than the law allowed, and to assure herself on that point, asked one of the men "how much is the thermometer above *Cæsar*?"

THE following comes from Nebraska City:

A few days ago an honest miner from Colorado had his pocket-book stolen containing sundry greenbacks and several *nuggets*, one of which was of a peculiar wedge shape.

Our worthy Marshal soon scented out and arrested a suspicious character, upon whose person the nuggets were found. Upon the examination the prisoner brought forward a Dutchman to prove that the nuggets found with him were his, and that the witness had seen them in his possession previous to the theft. The Dutchman was sworn and told his story, and was cross-examined by C——, plaintiff's attorney, who asked him if one of these nuggets he described was *thinner* at one end than the other. "V-o-s?" says Dutchie. "I ask you," says C——, "if one of these nuggets you describe was *thinner* at one end than at the other?" "Oh! No, it vos *dicker* mit one end as it vos mit de odder!"

A shout was raised, and the Dutchman retired from the witness-stand with a bewildered look, muttering to himself, "It vos *dicker*!"

OLD Father C—— had long been a traveling preacher, but finally settled down on a good fat farm, on which he raised grain to sell. Some of those who have not the fear of the law before their eyes reported that Father C—— had two half-bushels—one full-grown, one not so big. C—— was very fond of administering reproof to all, both saints and sinners (and, by-the-by, he had very little regard for time, place, or politeness). There was a little Italian, nicknamed Johnny Cado, living near Father C——'s, on whom C——'s wit was lavished without stint. One day Johnny came to C—— for some corn, and there being several of the neighbors present, C—— thought to exercise his wit on poor Johnny by way of pretended reproof for his wickedness. Johnny bore it for a time meekly, but, finally, he said: "Mr. C——, do you suppose there are seats enough in heaven for all who will go there?" "Yes," said C——; "why do you ask such a question?" "Why," said Johnny, "I thought that if you had any fears on the subject you might take along your *little* half-bushel!"

OUR little girl of three has lately had the privilege of attending church a few times. Last Sunday her mother and grandmother, with other mem-

bers of the church, after services were through and congregation dismissed, remained, on invitation of the clergyman, to transact some business of the church proper. When about half-way home Joey first missed her mother, and inquired where she was. Being informed that the minister wished her to stop a short time where we had the meeting, she made the same inquiry as to her grandmother and received a similar answer. She then proposed to go back herself, but was told that *she* was not wanted there. Reflecting a moment, and pouting a little, she replied: "I guess I could stop if I had my silk hat on!"

WE are glad to see that there is such a "good state of feeling," as the papers say, in some parts of the South. The following indication is from Mobile:

On my way home last evening I was compelled to stop at my grocer's, to procure some articles for home consumption, and while there one or two friends dropped in. The grocer had recently received an invoice of English ale which he was strongly recommending, and to prove it was good, opened a bottle and asked us to try it. The weather being quite warm the ale was remarkably frisky, when one of the party remarked to the grocer: "I say, S—, do you want to know how you can sell more ale?" S— was very anxious to know how he could do it. "Well, I will tell you—*sell less froth!*" Of course another bottle had to be opened. Among the articles I had to purchase was some soap for the kitchen and laundry, and the grocer advised me to buy "Babbitt's." Speaking of "Babbitt," says he, "I saw his picture in one of the illustrated weeklies as one of the self-made men." This brought our joker out again. Says he, "S—, don't you know what caused 'Babbitt' to rise so fast?" "I do not," was the reply; "can you tell me?" "Why, yes, of course I can—it was done by *yeast powders!*" "Sold again! Cato, bring another bottle of ale!" One would have supposed that both parties were now satisfied. Not so. Our joker says: "Speaking of good things, the editor of the *Times* got off a good thing last night." "What was it?" says S—. "A dirty shirt!" was the reply. And S— said he was going home; and so did I.

A FRIEND in Nevada has a smart child, of whom he says:

We think "our Mondie," two and a half years old, is the smartest and cutest child in these parts. Upon rising a little earlier than common a few mornings ago, and going out into the yard, he noticed, what to him was an unusual thing, a dense *fog*, which hid from view every thing a little distance off. Running to the door he called to us, at the top of his voice, "Do come and see the *big air!*"

ABOUT the time of the advent of copper toes, Professor L—, of Evanston, Illinois, was catechising a class of Sunday scholars in Iowa. Among other questions he asked Willie if he had a new heart. "No, thir," frankly answered the little fellow, poking his fat legs over the seat-back, "but *I've* got thum new booths!" The grave Professor smiled a quaint smile, and the subject dropped with the dropping of the boots.

THE Drawer is acquainted with editors, and sympathizes with them in their trials. Not the least

difficult part of the duties of the editorial chair is to *decline* gracefully. The following is an example of what excellence in this branch of editorial duty can be attained by long experience. The story is true. "Hannah" sent what she considered a wonderful poem, to be published in the —, with this note:

"I send you a poem on Spring, which, out of respect to yourself and paper, you are at liberty to publish."

The ode, the merest hash of bombastic ignorance, was disposed of as follows:

"Hannah says she sends us a poem out of respect to ourselves. Out of respect to *our readers* we decline."

THE children have been noted for their innocent mistakes, which cover parents with confusion, ever since the Drawer published the smart story of the little girl who exclaimed to her mortified papa, respecting a bald-headed visitor, "Oh! papa, Mr. Jones has got another face on top of his head!" This month we have the story of a little girl who was reading in her turn at family-prayers, an aunt of strong secession proclivities being a visitor in the family. The little one, as her turn came around, demurely read: "Alexander the *copperhead* did me much evil." We think Paul the Apostle would not have liked Copperheads any better than he did "Alexander the coppersmith."

OUR legal friends sometimes overshoot the mark in their pleadings—as, for example:

Some weeks since the case of a sister of a man deceased against the administrators came up in one of our circuit courts. The plaintiff brought suit for twenty-six hundred dollars, amount claimed for thirteen years' services, during which time she had attended to and taken care of her brother, who had died without rewarding her pecuniarily for her really invaluable devotion.

There being a great number of cases in court, by consent of counsel the matter was submitted to three referees, who, after hearing the arguments *pro* and *con*, were to decide whether the bill should be allowed or not. At the appointed time the room was crowded with spectators, and no little interest was manifested in the result. The counsel for the plaintiff, a sedate and solemn man, concluded that the best way to secure his ends was by adopting the *pathetic*. Accordingly he began:

"Gentlemen, for thirteen long years did my client devote herself to her unfortunate brother. With an affection such as only a sister can feel did she minister to his every want. Patiently, faithfully she toiled, never complaining, never unwilling, never murmuring. And never was she rewarded, except in that inward consciousness of having done a noble and self-sacrificing deed. Yes, gentlemen, for thirteen long years she toiled and labored, and during that time she never received enough to *buy her a pair of pantaloons!*"

The perfect simplicity of this forgetfulness of his client's sex was so apparent, and the mistake so natural, the flight from the pathetic to the broad ridiculous was so sudden and complete that the effect can scarcely be imagined.

WE have had a specimen in the Drawer before of the poetic wit of the "prominent member of the bar" (a distinguished Judge, by-the-way) referred to in the following extract:

Two cousins claimed an account, each against the other, and litigated very spiritedly. The case was

reported as "Owen Kerr vs. Owen Kerr." While this trial was in progress a prominent member of the bar, possessing a decided poetical turn of mind, composed the following lines on the true merits of the case, which are too good to be lost, though not legitimately belonging to the regular "law report:"

OWEN KERR vs. OWEN KERR.

If the strife in this case is extremely perverse,
'Tis because 'tis between a couple of "Kerrs."
Each Owen is Owen—but here lies the bother—
To determine which Owen is owin' the other.
Each Owen swears Owen to Owen is owin',
And each alike certain, dog-matic, and knowin'—
But 'tis hoped that the Jury will not be deterred
From finding which "Kerr" the true debt has incurred;
Thus settling which Owen by *owin'* has failed,
And that justice 'twixt Kerrs has not been *cur-tailed*.

THE somewhat eccentric and good-hearted General T——, who lived in Newport, opposite Cincinnati, and died a few years since a millionaire, though very wealthy was rather close, and not always ready to pay his debts. On one occasion a Mr. W——, who had considerable dealings with him, called on him for a settlement. The General was overbearing and profane, W—— was earnest and decided. One word brought on another, until there seemed no hope of a settlement. The General cursed and swore, W—— retorted. In the midst of the dispute a servant announced dinner. The General invited W—— to dine with him. "No!" says W——, "I will never eat with such a grand old rascal as you are!" The General blandly replied, "My friend, business is business, but hospitality is hospitality." W—— did dine with the General, and after dinner they had but very little trouble in settling their differences.

On another occasion the General was taken suddenly ill with the cramp colic, and it was feared he would die. He had quite a number of slaves, and among them was old Harry, a very pious old darkey. The General requested that Harry and the other slaves be called in immediately to pray for him. They came in, and knelt and prayed with all their might, the General rubbing his body and groaning in agony. After a while he said he felt some easier, and again looking round on his blacks he exclaimed, "You black rascals, stop praying and go to your work! I think I shall get well now!"

For some time during the early part of the war the Eighteenth Regulars were quartered at Camp Thomas, a few miles north of Columbus. One night one of the guards contrived to take with him a bottle of whisky, on which he got rather boozy. While in this condition Lieutenant K——, who was officer of the day, came along on his rounds. The guard had remaining sense enough to call out, "Who comes there?" The usual reply was given. Judge of the officer's surprise when the drunken guard answered: "Well, ze officer of ze day better be getting in, for if ze officer of ze night catches him out he'll give him fits!"

AMONG the numerous hands employed a few years since in the repair-shops of the Columbus and Indianapolis Railroad there was an old German by the name of Sites, and a young fellow, Jim W——. It was Jim's delight to tease Sites on every occasion that offered. One of his most common ways of doing so was to stick his hands in his pockets, open his mouth and eyes to their utmost extent, and gape

at Sites whenever he came near. This was uncomplainingly borne for a long time, until one day, when Jim was gaping as usual, Sites marched up to him, shaking his fist, and broke out with: "Young man, I dells you one dings—dere is one place up dat is *goot*; dere is one place down dat is *bad*, and he open his mouth for you just so wide as do you for me!" Jim never gaped at the old man again.

THERE must have been a vast amount of fun in the army in spite of the sober work which it had to do, for many correspondents from all parts of the Union, now that the war is over, are sending to the Drawer their reminiscences, and camp stories, and practical jokes. Among them we find this from Michigan concerning General Richardson:

The General was sauntering along toward a fort which was in course of erection not far from headquarters, dressed in his usual uniform for fatigue—namely, citizen's pants, undress coat, and an old straw-hat which had once been white, but was now two or three shades nearer the General's own complexion. Along came a dashing city staff-officer, in white gloves, and trimmed off with gold lace to the very extreme of military regulations. He was in search of General Richardson, but did not know him personally. Reining up his horse some little distance from the General, he shouted:

"Hello, old fellow! can you tell me where General Richardson's head-quarters are?"

The General pointed out the tent to him, and the young officer went dashing along without saying "Thank you." The General then turned on his heel and went back to his tent, where he found the officer making a fuss because there was no orderly to hold his horse. Turning to General R., as he came up, he said:

"Won't you hold my horse while I find General Richardson?"

"Oh yes, certainly," said he.

After hitching the horse to a post near by, the General walked into the tent, and, confronting young pomposity, he said, in his peculiar twang:

"Well, Sir, what will you have?"

ANOTHER: While in command of the "Sumner Division" one of the "Irish brigade" mistook him for a fellow-private, and called out to him, "Hello, pardner, give us a chaw!" The General pulled forth one of those long, dry plugs of tobacco called "Home Manufacture." The Irishman cut off what he thought would be two or three days' rations for him, and returned the remainder, with the inquisitive remark, "Bully boy, what regiment do yez belong to?"

The General, with all the meekness of a chicken thief, told him he was General Richardson, and the Irishman moved off to camp "on the double-quick," to make his report to the boys.

If our Illinois friend has any more stories as good as this the Drawer will keep a corner for them; meanwhile, thanks for a good beginning:

A rich congregation in F—— worshiped in a very poor and very smoky meeting-house. The Society had been called together to provide the means to repair the building. Old Deacon B—— was appointed chairman, and opened with a long prayer, after which he called upon Brother T—— to state the object of the meeting. Brother T—— arose, and, with great gravity, said: "My brethren, this meeting has been called for the purpose of provid-

ing the means to *repair the Lord's smoke-house!*" Something like a smile lit up the countenance of the assembly, and the necessary funds were forthwith contributed.

ONE of the "juvenile bibbers," who probably does like *lager*, and doesn't like to "save" at the loss of his pleasures, thinks the Drawer has been "sold" in the story of the German porter. The "juvenile" is mistaken. The Drawer can introduce him to a man who owns now a large share in one of the largest hotels in New York city. Less than twenty years ago this man was a porter, and the secret of his success was just that of the German porter, that when he wanted a glass of *lager* "so bad that he couldn't do without it," he just didn't get it. There is an old proverb, "A penny saved is two-pence earned." Try it, and see if it's true.

AN old subscriber in Wisconsin, who has appeared in the Drawer before, sends the following item, of special interest, we imagine, to the internal revenue collector of "Thad's" district:

We have here a fixture, "an old resident," called Thad S——, who is something of a philosopher. The other night he awoke from a troubled sleep and began saying, "Death and Taxes!" intimating there could be no escape from either. His moaning and groaning awoke his wife, who said, "Mr. S——, what is the matter?" All the reply she could get was, "Death and Taxes!" She says, "Mr. S——, you are prepared to die, I trust." The reply was, "Yes, I'm prepared for death, but not for the taxes!"

ONE who tells many good stories has sent a couple to the Drawer from Indiana. They have not lost their flavor by transmission through the mails, as some of the local jests seem to do:

Old S——, who died a few years since, was one of the earliest settlers in Southeastern Indiana. He lived in a little hovel, on the Great Miami "Bottoms," with only one room, hogs and chickens inhabiting the same room with himself and wife. Though very ignorant, he was very kind-hearted and hospitable. A Yankee "tin peddler" once stopped at his house near dinner-time and inquired if he could get his dinner? "Certainly," replied S——. He ate dinner on a flour-barrel head, and then asked what was to pay? "Nothing." The peddler insisted, saying, "You are too poor to give me a dinner for nothing." S—— positively refused, and the peddler left, thanking them kindly for their hospitality, and expressing his sympathy for their "poverty-stricken lot." He traveled through the Bottoms, disposing of his ware, and at evening got his supper a little farther on. He asked who those poor people were with whom he took dinner; and wanted to know "if his host and the neighbors could not help them a little?" The answer came from the "guidwife:" "Hora, man, Bire S—— could buy you, and a hundred more like you, if you was black! He's worth *hundreds of thousands!*" The peddler was astonished, never having seen wealth in *that* shape before.

S—— was the owner of nearly two thousand acres of the rich alluvial at the junction of the Ohio and Great Miami rivers, and the old lady did not at all exaggerate his wealth.

A SIMILAR anecdote used to be told, when I was a boy and lived on Long Island, of old Smith, one

of the early settlers. Old Smith went up to New York some eighty or ninety years ago. Strolling along the *then* fashionable thoroughfare of Broad Street, he was attracted by a new jewelry store, and stopped to look in the window. The jeweler seeing such a shabby fellow staring in at his goods walked to the door and kept a sharp eye on the stranger. Smith, having finished his survey, walked into the store and accosted the proprietor: "I say, Mister, what are them there buckles worth?" pointing to a pair of handsome gold knee-buckles displayed in the window. The jeweler took a survey of him, and now concluded that he was some farm laborer, who had a desire to shine on Sundays, but was ignorant of the quality and value of the coveted article. He replied, "They are solid gold." "I didn't ax what they were; I axed the price," replied Smith. "Do you think you have money enough to pay for them?" said the jeweler, in a bantering tone. "If I haven't, I guess I could soon borrow it," replied Smith, somewhat "riled." The jeweler laughed. "If you will stand outside and find some one who will lend you the money on your own security, I will give you the buckles," said he. Smith assented, and went out. In a few minutes he looked in and said, "Here comes a man'll lend me the money!" The jeweler stepped to the door and looked out. One of the city bankers was approaching, who was well known to the jeweler. Curiosity to see the result kept him quiet. As soon as the banker came up Smith coolly addressed him: "I say, friend, can you lend me \$40 or \$50 if I want 'em?" In an instant the banker's wallet was out: "Yes, Mr. Smith, \$500 if you want them." The jeweler was astonished, and still more so when the banker introduced "Mr. Smith, his particular friend, one of the richest men on Long Island!" Like the above tin peddler, he had never seen wealth in *that* shape before.

THE Drawer has received a *pome* entitled "The Soul's Last Sight." Whether it is original or selected the Drawer, in spite of its extensive reading and classical attainments, is unable to decide. It contains the history of a young lady who became enamored of a certain John Smith, who was faithful until he heard of a former Down-East flame living in "York State," when, it appears, he took the steam-boat line to pay a visit before yielding himself up to his engagements. Lucy, cast down by this apparent desertion, thus gives vent to her grief:

He's gone! across the sudzy see
He's crost the lakey watter!
To sea Jerushey Anjyline,
Ben Smither's oldest dawter.

Mi heart is broak! I soon shall di,
Oh cruel, cruel John!
And when I'm ded and berrayed
I hope you'll look upon

The gras that grose upon my tume,
Down in the woods so dark,
Where all is sad and silent glume
And streaked skwirrels bark.

And when your out at nite as late
As eleven o'clock or later,
And heer the wind whine thro' the tall popped pine,
Oh!!! think uv Lucy Baker.

And ef ye marry that Jerushey
Yuve crost the laix to get,
Remember that your deerist Luey
Died in kousekwence uv it.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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No. CXC VII.—OCTOBER, 1866.—VOL. XXXIII.



MRS. BELL'S, DARNESTOWN.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

[Fourth Paper.]

EXPECTANCY.

“HOPE deferred maketh the heart sick.” After the excitement incident to the operations about Ball’s Bluff had died away, the truth of this proverb was painfully realized. The “ninety-day” theory was completely exploded. Those who had flattered themselves that the conflict would be “sharp and short,” that a single victorious and glorious campaign would crush the rebellion, were now disenchanted. My own hopes had controlled my judgment on that subject, and made me visionary. I had hoped for myself to be able speedily to return to congenial pursuits and my domestic circle. I had hoped for the Southern people that a speedy collapse of their frenzy would save them from the inevitable ruin which must result from a protracted war. I had hoped for my coun-

try that the spectacle she now presented to the world—exciting the derision of her enemies, the melancholy pity of her friends—would presently be changed by the “returning good sense of the people:” a phrase often used by disappointed parties, but rarely realized by those of certain opinions.

The results of the late campaign had dissipated all these hopes. The war which had burst upon many like a thunder-clap from a cloudless sky, without any apparent adequate cause, a surprise, a concatenation of accidents, was now developing into a reality whose proportions and consequences it was bewildering to estimate. The peace-loving people who had no interest in the war, who voted against it, who abhorred it, were nevertheless fighting as fiercely and determinately as those who initi-

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VOL. XXXIII.—No. 197.—O o



TOPOGRAPHICAL ENCAMPMENT, MAGRUDER'S.

ated the quarrel and blew the trumpets. The *certaminis gaudia* had got possession of the sections. The hurrah for our side had now completely drowned the voice of reason, interest, or policy. An interminable and gloomy vista began to open before us. That the American people would prevail in the end who could doubt?—but at what a cost! Their best blood must flow in rivers; their accumulated wealth wasted like water, their mild and paternal government embittered, and hardened perhaps into an iron despotism. All that, perhaps, and worse. Well, let it come! “The Federal

Union—it must and shall be preserved!” Let this fair land, from the Potomac to the Gulf, become a howling wilderness, so that the Right prevail and the Nationality is established. War to the last man and the last dollar!

The mind easily resigns itself to the inevitable. War, with its fatigues, privations, and fearful hazards, has its compensating glories and rewards.

“Still, still, forever

Better though each man's life-blood were a river
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins
Dammed like the dull canal, with locks and chains.

SIGNAL-STATION, MONTGOMERY COUNTY.



Better be
Where the extinguished Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylae,
Than stagnate in dishonorable peace;
Better one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our Fathers had,
One freeman more, America, to thee!"

Henceforth I begin to pay more attention to the details of a soldier's profession; to calculate distances, take bearings, study fortifications and tactics, read treatises on grand strategy, and dream of feats of arms and future campaigns. I was but a globule of the blood of the Great Nation which was warming up to the subject in hand.

Oct. 27.—Having surveyed the roads and topography in the vicinity of Edwards's Ferry we broke camp to-day, and followed our division back to its position near Darnestown. We found the locality of head-quarters changed from the old place in the pines to Magruder's Farm, about two miles below the village. The General and staff occupied the farm-house; the topographers established themselves among the ruined chimneys of an old mansion which had been burned some time ago. The tents were pitched under the trees in the grass-grown inclosure; while the kitchen and mess-room were established in the cellar walls. We had news



ENCAMPMENT OF SIGNAL PARTY, DARNESTOWN, MARYLAND.

of the occupation of Romney by General Kelley.

November 1.—Bright and cool. Captain A—— commenced a course of lessons in field fortification. An earth-work redoubt was planned in a neighboring field, and working parties from the different regiments were detailed to execute it, thus familiarizing the officers and men with this essential branch of a soldier's duty. War is the practical application of all human science—creative, conservative, and destructive.

November 2.—During the night a northeast storm arose, shaking my tent so violently that I could not sleep. About two o'clock A.M. I went out to look after my tent-pegs, and saw that Captain A——'s tent had blown down, exposing his bed, books, and papers to the rain. He was absent; so I aroused Benjamin and the Swizerts, and righted matters; after which I returned to bed, but not to sleep. During the whole day the storm raged with unabated fury. With Benjamin's assistance we reinforced our tent-cords and pins, ditched about them to prevent overflow, and finally regulated the Captain's tent. General Banks called to see us about mid-day, and the violence of the storm suggested fears in regard to the Grand Armada, under Burnside, recently sailed for parts unknown. Several officers called to report for fortification duty, but were dismissed until the following morning on account of the weather.

November 3.—Clear and cloudless, with high wind. Ate an enormous breakfast, and afterward discussed the merits of Hawthorne and Longfellow with Luce. Wrote to my wife, and studied fortification. In the afternoon visited the signal-station on the old Chestnut—from whence, through the glass, we could see the signal-tower on Maryland Heights, opposite Harper's Ferry (thirty-two miles distant), and

read the signals from the flag. Returning met some Martinsburg men, who were enlisted in the First Maryland Regiment. These gave me some news of individual acquaintances there of a private and unimportant character. An officer of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers told me the following anecdote of Edwards's Ferry:

During our occupation of the Virginia shore picket posts were established along Goose Creek, and when the retreat was ordered a sergeant was dispatched to call in the pickets. The sergeant, thinking it might be dangerous, shirked the duty and slipped over the river with the retiring troops without executing his mission. The men on duty remained at their posts all night (ten hours), and finding that the expected relief did not come returned to the mill, where the post head-quarters had been established. This they found vacant. They then returned to the regimental bivouac, and found that also deserted. Making their way to the ferry landing, they called a boat, and were thus enabled to rejoin their regiment in Maryland. I remember seeing these men come down to the landing and wondered at their tardiness. Ten minutes after a party of Confederate cavalry appeared on the ground—the reconnoitring party referred to before.

This evening at head-quarters the idea of spending the winter in Winchester was discussed. I pressed it with all the argumentative zeal that I was capable of; but the military opinion of the staff seemed rather against it. They insisted that we would in all likelihood have a hot winter there, and one which might be unhealthy. Inaction sits most heavily on men newly entered into military life. The veteran's power is in patience. The lesson of life, civil or military, is in knowing how to bide one's time.

November 8.—Clear and pleasant. This even-

ing a sergeant with his guard, who had been on picket duty at Seneca Mills, lost his way in attempting to return to the regiment, and called at our quarters for directions. This is one of the disadvantages that men born and educated in cities and work-shops have to contend with in military life. Their topographical faculties having never been cultivated, they have no capacity to find their way in the fields and forests. The sergeant reports that six or eight dead bodies of National soldiers drowned at Ball's Bluff have been picked up at the mouth of the Seneca.

Among the most pleasant features of our military life are the delightful serenades, vocal and instrumental, that are got up almost every evening for the entertainment of head-quarters. The bands of the Massachusetts regiments, which are the best in our division, give us the instrumental music, while the Zouaves of the body-guard are charming vocalists, and not sparing of their music, especially since the advent of a company of cavalry detailed for duty at head-quarters. The musical rivalry between this company and the Zouaves inures to the enjoyment of all the circumjacent camps.

This company of Zouaves was brought from Philadelphia by Captain Collis, a young lawyer of that place, and not being connected with any regimental organization was assigned to duty as the General's body-guard. They wear a sort of Turkish costume with breeches of extraordinary redness, enlivening by its brilliancy the prevailing dinginess of our regulation blue. A number of these fellows are Europeans, and some having served in the Crimea, show themselves adepts at divers of the minor military accomplishments, foraging included. I exercised my pencil to-day in portraying one of the strongest characters among them, an old Frenchman of various Crimean reminiscences, at present chief wagon-master of the body-guard.

I passed an evening with some West Point officers, discussing the character and capacities of their old class-mates and comrades who had gone South. As these opinions expressed in November, 1861, around a camp-fire, may be interesting at some distant day I will record them:

Joe Johnston is considered the foremost man among the Southern leaders in point of general ability and military genius. A man eminently brave, energetic, and ambitious; capable of enlarged views in war or politics, and one who will take the highest position in case the rebellion succeeds. Cold and concentrated in manner, of immovable self-possession, he will exhibit great vigor in the field, but will probably lack confidence and steadfastness under reverses.

Robert Lee, who was the favorite officer of General Scott, is supposed to be much over-rated, and not to have inherited the military genius that so greatly distinguished his father, Light-Horse Harry Lee of Revolutionary memory. In manners and deportment Lee is the complete gentleman—handsome, dignified, and

courteous—an accomplished engineer, thorough in his observations, and almost infallible in his decisions on points examined; but so slow in arriving at conclusions, and so cautious in action, that he will probably be beaten by a more active and less calculating opponent in the field. Lee was always considered a good staff-officer, but failed as a colonel of cavalry. He is supposed to have won the regard of General Scott as much by the uniform urbanity of his manners as by his engineering talents.

Beauregard is also a capital engineer, but for general command in the field is an inferior man. He will, however, sustain himself against reverses better than either of those mentioned, rising against adversity he will be found fighting to the last.

Braxton Bragg, lately appointed Secretary of War in the Confederate Government, is a bright, clever man in his profession, but limited in capacity and not likely to achieve high distinction in the present struggle. In social life he is sour and cynical; in command, an overbearing martinet.

Albert Sydney Johnston is by birth a Kentuckian, and is the General Johnston of the Mormon Expedition. He is a man decided in council, energetic and resolute in action, possessing a large amount of practical wisdom and vigorous common sense, and full of very strong prejudices withal.

Magruder is a light man, dissipated, dressy, and full of knight-errant valor. In developing the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, his genius is Napoleonic. He may execute a brilliant demonstration, or succeed in a harebrained adventure, but lacks solid and reliable military qualities as well as comprehensive judgment.

Jackson was a hard and earnest worker at West Point, but dull in some important branches. He was secluded and peculiar in his social habits, and so much of a hypochondriac that it seemed to indicate occasional aberration of mind. He had been brevetted for gallantry in Mexico, but owing to his peculiarities of character will probably not be trusted in any important command by the Confederate chiefs.

Evans—"Shanks Evans" as he was familiarly called by his old comrades—is considered an inferior soldier, and without much ability otherwise. His luck at Ball's Bluff may give him position, but he will in all probability not sustain it.

Jeff Davis is himself an educated soldier, and was the best Secretary of War we have ever had at Washington; the only one who entirely ignored politics in the administration of his Department. He is for the rest a narrow-minded martinet, full of prejudice, obstinacy, and vindictiveness, which latter characteristics may be serviceable to our Government before the war is over.

November 12.—Clear and frosty. I was talking last night with some of the officers about the Rocky Mountains. Their descriptions of



THE OLD ZOUAVE.

the strange and sublime scenery, the breezy healthfulness of the atmosphere, the picturesque of the Indian encampments, manners, and costumes, the wild beasts, birds, and fishes with which those regions abound, quite fired my imagination. Captain A—— relates that on one occasion in traveling up a gorge in these mountains he saw three strange figures approaching by the narrow way. They appeared to be very old men, so extremely old that they seemed almost to have taken leave of humanity. Their strange and savage countenances were half hidden in growth of grizzled hair and whiskers. They moved with an awkward, shambling gait, so weird and uncouth altogether that their approach was watched with mingled emotions of curiosity and terror. When quite near they were discovered to be Grizzly Bears—a mother and two cubs nearly grown. Both parties halted, reconnoitred each other, and then tacitly entered into an amicable arrangement, which permitted each to go on its way rejoicing.

November 13.—Clear and cold. Information was received at head-quarters that Jackson was at Winchester with twenty-five thousand men, and Joe Johnston in the same vicinity with forty thousand. This disturbs our plan for occupying Winchester. If true, it means more than defense against any premeditated move of ours. But the whole statement is without foundation, or the force is greatly exaggerated. I volunteered to ride up the river as far as Hancock, reconnoitre the positions, and obtain reliable information.

Starting after dinner, I arrived at Poolesville just as General Stone and staff were sitting down to supper. The General was about starting for Washington and left me in occupancy of his tent for the night. It was believed here that a portion of the troops about Leesburg had moved in the direction of Winchester.

November 14.—I continued my ride to the mouth of the Monocacy, crossed on the aqueduct, and followed the tow-path to Point of Rocks. The line was guarded by a regiment of Philadelphia Zouaves, stationed at Monocacy, and Colonel Geary's Pennsylvania regiment, stationed at Point of Rocks. The picket-posts were all alert. I was amused and pleased with the varied ingenuity exhibited in the huts and shelters erected to protect them from the rains and frost. At the Point of Rocks I met Colonel Geary, who seems to be a capital officer, and has a fine regiment. His accurate knowledge of the topography of Loudon County, opposite, gives him great advantages, and shows that the Government has one man, at least, in the right place. Pushed on to Sandy Hook by way of the tow-path, and stopped with Major Tyndale, of Geary's regiment.

November 15.—A cold, driving rain made my ride gloomy and uncomfortable. This, I remember, is the day appointed by Jeff Davis for humiliation, fasting, and prayer. May his humiliation be eternal!

Above Harper's Ferry I left the tow-path and took the road to Williamsport *via* Antietam Iron Works, Sharpsburg, and Jones's Tavern. Just as I passed a road-wagon my horse took fright, and came near throwing me by his extraordinary capers. The object which scared him out of his propriety was an astonishing piece of ordnance which was attached to the tail of the wagon. This was one of the guns of the Sowders Battery, already known to fame.

Those who live remote from the military frontier doubtless have imagined that all the fighting in this war is done by the great organized antagonists—the Government and the Rebellion. This is a mistake. Individuals are continually taking advantage of the times to fight out their private quarrels, villages and communities to avenge the jealousies and rivalries of past years. Sharpsburg and Shepherdstown are but three miles apart, separated by the Potomac River, the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia—"Lands separated by a narrow frith abhor each other." Sharpsburg and Shepherdstown are jealous in proportion to their mutual insignificance. Since last spring they have been fighting each other across the river with all the virulence of rival tom-cats: raiding and counter-raiding; plundering and defending canal-boats; arresting and counter-arresting citizens and strangers. As the war-spirit waxed and warmed the amusement of pelting each other with musket-balls at long taw was found scarcely stimulating enough; they couldn't kill any body. The Shepherdstowners, having nothing else to do, pursued the war with more pertinacity, and were rather gaining on their rivals. At this juncture a brilliant idea suggested itself to Captain Sowders. There were two old 6-pounders of Revolutionary or 1812 memory planted as street-posts in Sharpsburg. The Captain had them dug up and mounted upon a couple of water-cars. The ammunition consisted of bags of nails and scraps of iron of all shapes and sizes. These formidable engines were hauled down to the bluffs, and placed in battery against the devoted village of Shepherdstown. The guns were charged and sighted, but the patent friction and percussion fuse were both ignored. The artilleryists preferring a slow match lighted with a cigar—which done, they ran and hid themselves in adjacent gullies and behind rocks. The explosion was terrific, tremendous, entirely satisfactory to the Marylanders, and equally so to the Virginians, who, before the nails and bits of old iron had ceased raining upon their houses, succumbed and dispatched a flag of truce to protest, in the name of humanity and civilized usages, against the wholesale massacre of unarmed and non-combatant widows and orphans who were thus menaced with destruction. A truce was concluded, highly honorable and advantageous to the Sharpsburg party.

It may be as well to anticipate, and here give

the conclusion of the history of these memorable guns. Some time after this date I was riding through Sharpsburg, and there saw a dozen or more fugitives from one of our defeated columns. They told me that in their attempt to gain the northern bank of the Potomac they had been set upon and arrested by certain citizens of Shepherdstown, disarmed, and held as prisoners. One of their number escaping reported the facts to Sharpsburg. The terrible Sowders Battery was again put in the field. A flag was sent over the river demanding the release of the prisoners, threatening an immediate bombardment if the demand was not complied with. The prisoners were incontinently released; but their arms and equipments still remained behind. The herald returned and haughtily demanded their surrender, even to the last haversack. They were surrendered meekly; but the current of war (no more than that of love) does not run always smooth, nor in the same direction. Grown arrogant, perhaps, and careless from their repeated triumphs, or fatigued with their martial labors, or, like Charles the Twelfth (who sent his jack-boot to preside over the Swedish Senate), believing that the mere presence of their terrible guns on the opposite bluff would quell the spirits of their adversaries, and keep them in subjection—for some reason, unknown to history, they left the pieces on the bluff and retired to Sharpsburg to celebrate their victory. What was their mortification on returning, a short time after, to find their victorious engines disappeared—gone. Their enemies, taking advantage of their error, had come with subtlety in the night and captured—no, not captured, thank Fortune—but had meanly *stolen* them away. Thus ended the Sowders Battery. The gallant Captain still lived, however, and, obtaining a commission in the National army, turned his energy and courage to account with more scientific weapons, and rendered good service during the war.

It was night when I arrived at Williamsport. Here I obtained accurate information in regard to the enemy's force and position on the Virginia border. There had been no troops in Winchester for some time, except three or four hundred militia, ill fed, ill paid, and ill disposed, deserting whenever they had an opportunity. Alarmed at Kelley's position at Romney, which was a continual menace to Winchester, the leading citizens of the place went to Richmond and besought protection from the Confederate Government. The commander at Manassas emphatically declared that he had not the troops to spare, and refused to send assistance. The importunity of the delegation at length prevailed with the President, and General Jackson, with his brigade, was sent to their defense. This brigade was twenty-five hundred strong instead of twenty-five thousand, as had been reported to General Banks. The force at the Junction (meaning Manassas) was forty thousand. The officer, unacquaint-

ed with the geographical points of the country, had supposed this junction located somewhere near Winchester. This explained the whole matter. Jackson, on his arrival at Winchester, had drawn in some other troops to his command, and had ordered out the militia *en masse*, including all males between 16 and 60. This call had been slowly and feebly responded to, a large number fleeing into Maryland to escape the conscription.

November 16.—Blustering and bitter cold. Leaving my horse in Williamsport, I accepted a seat in Bill Hooper's Rockaway, and we drove to Hancock, with a stiff norwester blowing in our faces the whole way. My wife and daughter from Berkeley joined me the same evening.

November 17, Sunday.—Captain K—, commanding the post here, came in to inform me that my father was waiting on the Virginia side of the river. We hurried down to the ferry landing, but found none of the boatmen at hand. I could see my father on the opposite shore, wrapped in his cloak, and apparently shrinking from the bitter breeze. The rough and sturdy Captain had enough of true manhood in him to divine my burning impatience. He seized a stone and broke the chain which confined the boat. We both leaped in, and with bending oars swept across the swollen current and brought our passenger triumphantly back to town. I have never forgotten the rude but hearty sympathy manifested in that act of the Captain. I also found in Hancock on this occasion some old and faithful friends from Virginia. Once more surrounded by family and friends I passed a day most pleasantly, reveling in anticipation of victory and peace soon after the opening of the coming spring.

November 18.—Clear and moderate. A company of Pittsburg cavalry are stationed here, and this morning went through their drill opposite the hotel. As a grand finale the whole body charged at full speed down the street. Casualties: two pigs killed dead, a cow overthrown and crippled; one cavalier and horse tumbled over the cow, and were both seriously but not fatally hurt.

In the afternoon Colonel Leonard, commanding at Williamsport, arrived in town on a reconnoissance toward Romney and Cumberland. He was escorted by Captain Russel, of the Maryland cavalry, with twenty-four men, and accompanied by Lieutenant Devins, Assistant-Quarter-master. I was invited to accompany the party, and borrowing a horse from Lieutenant Stewart of the Pittsburg cavalry, started with them up the National Turnpike at five o'clock P.M. As we crossed the Sideling Hill the air was frosty and bracing, and the full moon rose upon our cavalcade, investing it and its wild surroundings with picturesque interest. At eight we arrived at Mrs. Bell's "hostelrie," fourteen miles from Hancock, one of the best specimens of an old-fashioned House of Entertainment, roomy, neat, and bountiful. The presence of a fine piano, and the walls hung with

engravings and school-girl paintings, showed that the Muses were no strangers here; while a jolly supper and soft beds proved there was no lack of what, in our cases, were the more needful comforts.

November 19. — We started after an early breakfast, and made Flintstone, twelve miles westward, in good time. Here we left the broad National Turnpike and took an obscure country road to Oldtown, fifteen miles distant. Took lunch by the way with an old couple whose cottage was wriggling with dogs, kittens, and grandchildren. The old man's sons were in the Southern army, as he confessed, to his great grief, and contrary to his orders. Oldtown is the most miserable collection of human habitations that I ever beheld; fortunately for humanity the village is very small. We crossed the Potomac here by a deep and difficult ford, and halted at Green Spring, a station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and at present the head-quarters of a regiment of the Maryland Home Guard, commanded by Colonel Johns, of Cumberland. Here Colonel Leonard procured an engine, and leaving our fatigued horses to needful refreshment and repose, we mounted the untiring iron beast and started for Cumberland, sixteen miles distant. A good bed at the Saint Nicholas served to repair the fatigue of this long and wearisome journey.

November 20. — We returned to Green Spring this morning by railroad. Finding our horses still stiff from the travel of the last two days, we were freshly mounted, through the politeness of Colonel Johns, and started for Romney at high speed. At Springfield I saw Captain Louis Dyche, with his company enlisted in my own county of Morgan, and composed almost entirely of personal acquaintances. We had a shaking of hands, and an interchange of inquiries about friends and families, and then we drove on our course.

At the Chain Bridge over the South Branch there had been a skirmish between Colonel Johns's Maryland regiment and some Virginia militia, at the time of Kelley's advance on Romney on the 25th ult. The Virginians, about three hundred strong, were intrenched on a wooded hill facing the bridge, a strong position. The Marylanders, ordered to co-operate with Kelley's movement from another direction, advanced upon the bridge until they got two-thirds of the distance across, when they found the flooring torn up and their further progress stopped; at this point they received a volley from the log breast-work in front, which killed one man and wounded seven. Finding themselves exposed, without the ability to advance, they broke, and retiring behind the pillars and abutments of the bridge, commenced returning the fire, at which the Virginians fled in their turn.

In Romney the question was more advantageously settled. General Kelley with twenty-five hundred men advanced upon the place through Miller's Gap by the covered bridge

above the town. The enemy commanded this bridge with three or four guns, and disputed it until Kelley's advance dashed across the ford and bridge and rushed rapidly into the town. The commandant, Colonel M'Donald, with about four hundred militia who had attempted to defend the place, now fled in panic, leaving artillery, stores, horses, and prisoners in the hands of the National forces.

Arriving at Romney, we drew rein in front of General Kelley's quarters, having made the distance, sixteen miles, in two hours. We dismounted and were courteously received by the commander of the forces. General Kelley has the air and manner of a West Virginian: a tall commanding figure, bronzed face with shaggy overhanging brows, a countenance which shows both determination and sagacity, a manner which indicates great mildness and goodness of heart. He is still suffering from a wound received at Philippi, supposed at the time to have been mortal. I am pleased with his manner of managing the revolted counties which have been brought under his control: a combination of liberality with severity. The people are offered grace if they come in and lay down their arms. They are encouraged to trade; paid liberally for what they have to sell; and where they have nothing, their necessities are gratuitously supplied. On the other hand, bushwhackers are ruthlessly shot where found; while incorrigible and defiant rebels, violators of oaths and plunderers, are (to use an expressive phrase of the times) "cleaned out." This policy seems thus far to work well. But to obtain solid results it is essential that the Government shall remain in occupation of the country at all hazards.

After a hearty dinner with the General we remounted and turned our horses' heads to Green Spring. My Secession steed, although long-legged and fiery at the start, began very soon to show symptoms of fagging. Lieutenant Devins's horse was in the same plight, and we soon found ourselves distanced by our driving Colonel. Night overtook us between Springfield and Green Spring, and we pursued our journey at the risk of being shot either by rebel malignants, who ambuscaded our pickets, or our own suspicious sentinels, who were posted all along the highway at short intervals. At every half mile a picket-fire blazed in the road, and as we advanced into the circle of light the guard had an ugly way of retiring into the shade, out of sight, and with a startling halt, and still more startling click of his musket-lock, demanding our business and condition. As several of our sentinels had been treacherously shot their suspicion was extremely hazardous to the traveler. We were lucky enough to arrive at Green Spring without accident.

Here we learned that Colonel Leonard and suite had gone on at least an hour ahead of us. We were anxious to follow, but hospitably pressed to stay all night. It was raining, pitchy dark; the river ford was deep and dangerous;

a good supper, beds, a social fire blazing in the chimney. Our extreme fatigue all argued in favor of stopping for the night. We yielded gracefully, and had a pleasant evening and good night's rest.

November 21.—This morning we rose refreshed, crossed the ford, consulted the authorities at Oldtown, and took the short road to Hancock. The party consisted of Lieutenant Devins and his negro servant, and myself. The short cut turned out like all other schemes to avoid study, labor, or trouble. It was a failure. The country through which we passed was rugged and desolate in the extreme. We lost our way, and recovered ourselves several times, and at length finding an easy road that descended continuously for several miles, we followed it until we found ourselves upon a narrow spur, impassably steep on either side and terminating abruptly in a precipice thirty feet high, which overhung the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Our servant descended by a shelving rock, aided by roots and branches, and crossing the canal by a lock gate, endeavored to obtain from a woman at the lock-house some idea of our whereabouts. By reason of bashfulness or churlishness we did not get any information at all. The feminine occupant of another house in the neighborhood was more communicative, and gave us to understand that we could not cross but must return to the road from which we had wandered, and by pursuing that would presently reach Little Orleans, another station on the canal, four miles below.

We followed these directions, and at length reached Little Orleans, a straggling settlement on the river and canal. From hence we struck inland, determined to reach Mrs. Bell's, on the National Turnpike, seven miles distant. After riding half a mile we stopped at a house to inquire the way, when three cavalymen came out and a red-faced sergeant began to cross-question us. These fellows had been placed on guard at the Little Orleans crossing, but had evidently been taking their ease. To their inquiries as to our State and business Devins replied that we were United States officers, just from Virginia, and on our way to Hancock. This avowal aroused the crafty sergeant's suspicions, and he plied his questions so fast and so bunglingly that Devins became impatient, and cursing him, rode off. At the end of five or six miles we were again puzzled about the road, and seeing a house near, my companion dismounted to make inquiries. At this moment we heard the sound of horses' hoofs approaching by the road we had come, and apparently moving in hot haste. Presently our red-faced sergeant, followed by two men with carbines cocked, burst upon us, their faces all flushed and their horses all sweated and blown. The placidity with which we regarded their demonstrations rather dashed the sergeant, and he began to look confused; but plucking up confidence, he gave me to understand that his mind was not entirely at ease in regard to our

characters, and he had come to get a little more satisfaction. I asked him what reason he had to doubt our statement that we were United States officers. He replied that the language the Lieutenant had used toward him was not that of an officer. This was a fair hit; and in return we reiterated our statements, and opening our over-coats, exhibited the United States button.

The sergeant still had doubts, and fearing he might annoy us further, I opened upon him rather fiercely about neglecting the duty to which he had been assigned. Instead of watching the river we had found him loafing at a country house half a mile back; he was now five miles from his post on a foolish errand; I had a great mind to report him. This quelled the sergeant, who began to apologize and take the defensive. So the scene ended, and we went on our way. It was dark when we arrived at Mrs. Bell's, jaded and hungry. An hour's repose and a fat dinner nerved us for the completion of our journey. We reached Hancock the same night by eleven o'clock.

November 22.—Lieutenant Devins rode on to Williamsport. I determined to enjoy the society of my friends for a day longer. During our absence Captain K—— had made a raid to Berkeley Springs, hoping to surprise a rebel conscript party sojourning there. His expedition was unsuccessful in the main feature. The party escaped, and the raiders got two horses, an old hat, an empty cigar box, and a map of Virginia for their trouble. I claimed the map as my share of the plunder.

November 23.—We heard the rebels had returned and occupied Berkeley Springs in force. As I was about to start for Darnestown, I endeavored to dissuade my father from returning home while the enemy were in possession. He had violated their orders and crossed the lines, and he might be rearrested and maltreated in revenge for the late action of the Federal troops. The old man's eye blazed with excitement. "I must go back," he said; "I can not go to war; but I feel that it is my mission to face these people—to show them on all occasions that there is one Virginian, at least, who abhors their treason and despises their usurped authority." So we parted; but the look and the words will remain impressed upon my memory forever, for it was the last time I ever saw my father's face.

November 25.—Making my way back to the division I arrived at Poolsville this afternoon, and called on General Stone at his headquarters. He showed me a letter from an aid-de-camp of Beauregard, inclosing copies of the orders and communications sent by Stone to Colonel Baker during the battle at Ball's Bluff—the original papers having fallen into the hands of the Confederates on that occasion. Having seen the newspaper strictures on the management of that battle, the orders were inclosed to enable General Stone to place his own action in a proper light, and fix the responsibility where it properly belonged. This is the

first act of chivalric courtesy that I have heard of from the other side.

November 26.—About mid-day arrived at Camp Magruder, near Darnestown, and reported the results of my reconnoissance to the general commanding. The news received of the enemy's numbers and position while I was at Williamsport had been confirmed at Hancock and Romney, with circumstantial details corroborating the general statement, so that there was no room for a reasonable doubt of their approximate correctness. At this time the enemy certainly had not over fifty thousand men under arms in Northern Virginia.

I found the topographical establishment in a melancholy condition. The Captain and his valet had gone to Washington. Adam, our cook, had been sent to Frederick with a fellow-servant, who had been taken violently ill with typhoid fever. I found Luce alone, trying to cook dinner. Luce was a delightful companion—artist, poet, musician, wit, inventor, a soul filled with all generous sympathies, and a mind accomplished in all elegant attainments; but in the kitchen he was a botch. The dinner was already ruined past remedy. I sharply censured his action, and forthwith relieved him of command in the culinary department, contemptuously throwing his abortive mess to the fat pup (who, by-the-way, despised it). I commenced a new dinner, which was presently served and pronounced a success. Even Luce, who was half starved, had the magnanimity to compliment it highly. In the evening Captain A—— with Captain C——, of the New York Ninth, arrived. I was appointed cook *pro tem.*, and for my pains politely complimented at each meal by the company. Visited head-quarters and discussed public affairs with the officers—the proposition to remove the Confederate Capital to Nashville, the great decline in their bonds, the local and personal jealousies which are embroiling both army and leaders, give token of the speedy dissolution of this infernal league. How can a movement founded wholly on the local prejudices of the masses, and the factious ambition of individuals, end otherwise than in anarchy and mutual destruction?

"I talked with Major C—— about old John Brown and his raid. No new ideas were broached on the subject, but he convinced me beyond a doubt that Brown had good reason, on that occasion, to expect reinforcement from a certain set in the North. Many were on their way from adjacent points in Maryland and Southern Pennsylvania, but in the hour of imminent action their hearts failed them and they turned back.

November 28.—After dinner Benjamin got home with the light wagon, and, detaching the horses, left it standing in its usual place. He came into the kitchen, and I turned over the cookery to him after a conversation of ten or fifteen minutes perhaps. Upon going out I was astonished to see the wagon lying overturned at the foot of the slope some two hun-

dred yards distant, while my horse and one of the cavalry horses were running about, snorting and gazing at the vehicle with every expression of amazement. Upon examination we found the tongue of the wagon broken short off, and tracking it back to the spot whence it started, perceived that it had been violently dragged around a tree, breaking some of the lower branches. It was at first suggested that this must have been the work of some drunken or malicious person about the camp; but we had heard no noise, and such an act within the respected precincts of head-quarters would have been unprecedented. Moreover, the earth was soft, and while the traces of wheels and horses were plainly visible there were no human tracks to be found. We were completely mystified. Meanwhile my pony had ceased to graze, and continued to trot around the overturned carriage at a respectful distance, snorting violently, and rolling his eyes like Toodles at his cravat tie. Presently light began to dawn, and by putting facts together we solved the mystery. The pony had been grazing in the meadow with his halter looped up carelessly. The halter had got loose. The pony, on the arrival of the carriage, went nosing about it to seek for oats, which it frequently carried. The halter became entangled in the running gear of the vehicle. The horse started, the vehicle followed. He became frightened and ran, dragging it after him. In the race he got loose, and the carriage continued to roll down the declivity until it upset in the swamp at the bottom. The pony's subsequent behavior verified our surmises. For a week after he never came in sight of the light wagon without renewing his ludicrous manifestations of astonishment; and when, under the soothing influences of time and oats, he seemed to have forgotten his terror, yet if, while he stood near, any one would slyly give the wagon a push, he would start and take to his heels as if the devil were after him.

On recounting this story to some friends in the evening it led to the narration of other wonderful stories, and finally to the discussion of mesmerism, spiritualism, and the other "isms," credences, and superstitions that have prevailed among the enlightened as well as the ignorant of all nations and all ages. We came to the conclusion that "there may be more things between heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." The human mind seems most unreliable when most confidently relied on.

November 29.—It is definitely concluded that we are to take up our winter-quarters in Frederick City. I received orders to-day to reconnoitre the roads in that direction preparatory to a move.

November 30.—I started this morning with an orderly, *via* Monocacy Chapel and Urbana, to view the roads. My orderly was a sociable fellow, and talked so incessantly that, at Mo-

nocacy Chapel, I penciled a report of my reconnaissance and sent him back with it. I stopped to dine at old Howard's farm-house at the foot of Sugar Loaf Mountain. While dinner was preparing a negro girl came in and reported that Mass Sammy was lying in the road, and the "creetur" was running loose across the field. The old woman instantly exclaimed, "Hit's that fool spur. He's spurred the creetur and she's flung him." Mass Sammy presently entered, limping, covered with mud, his eye bleeding, and (speaking metaphorically) his comb decidedly cut. He was a man of twenty-five or six years, city bred, and possessed with the martial ambition of riding with a spur.

December 1.—Having staid all night at Thomas Dixon's, near Urbana, I rose early and rode back to Darnestown through a damp and chilly wind which pierced to the bones. As I passed the site of the encampment occupied before our movement to Edwards's Ferry six weeks ago, I was constrained to visit it to verify or rid myself of a trifling presentiment which had been haunting me for a month. I had lost a cake of very fine ultramarine, used in coloring my maps. I could not fix the date of the loss within ten days, nor the locality within a circuit of twenty miles. Yet I was strongly impressed with the idea that by seeking on the spot where Luce's tent stood I should find it. This impression haunted me so persistently that it amounted to annoyance. Yet I refused to gratify my urgent curiosity. I was ashamed of it. The old ground had been picked over and plundered by all the soldiers, negroes, and children of the vicinity for weeks. It had been washed by all the autumn storms, and it was absurd to expect at this date to recover my treasure. I had passed the place several times and resisted the violent itching I had to look over it. To-day I was alone and free to gratify my weakness. My horse, seeing his old feeding-ground, turned unchecked from the main road and trotted up to the spot, stopping upon the former site of Luce's tent. The first object that met my eyes was a little square package of mouldy paper lying among the straw and leaves. I dismounted and took it up. It was my lost ultramarine. I was as much delighted for the moment as if the realization of my presentiment had involved the fate of nations.

December 3.—The army is in motion for Frederick. I started in charge of the topographical baggage-wagons and party. It was bitter cold, and the roads so thoroughly frozen as to be equal to stoned highways. Arrived at Clarksburg about the middle of the afternoon, and found entertainment at a house at the eastern end of the village, kept by a motherly old lady with two pretty daughters.

By the time that my party and horses were comfortably provided for the premises were invaded by the Provost Marshal with all the thieves, drunkards, deserters, mutineers, and

murderers of the Division in his charge. The officers, however, were sociable and agreeable fellows, so that we had a jovial evening and a comfortable night.

December 4.—To-day we arrived and took up our winter-quarters in Frederick City.

For the next month our time was passed agreeably in organizing the duties of our office, attending reviews, and in enjoying the elegant hospitality of the loyal city of Frederick. We heard of Jackson's rampaging along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and sputtering at Dam No. 5 and Williamsport, intending, perhaps, to interrupt the navigation of the canal. His exertions in these matters will serve to keep his half-naked troops from freezing in this cold weather.

A letter from my wife informs me that the Virginia militia are occupying Berkeley, and that General Carson is occupying our cottage. He treats the family with marked courtesy, and does every thing in his power to prevent destruction.

I afterward saw a negro refugee from Virginia, who informed me that the National troops were at Berkeley and my house was occupied by their officers. Thus they live, changing governments from day to day, not knowing when they go to bed whether the political horizon on the next morning will be gray or blue.

My wife incloses me a letter from A—, who is about to be married, and desires me to procure her a permit to visit Baltimore for the purpose of getting her wedding finery. I wrote in reply that so spirited a rebel as Miss A— should by all means be content to get married in homespun.

December 30.—I received orders to-day to report to the Topographical Bureau at Washington in view of assignment to another department. I supped on terrapins and oysters with Lieutenant-Colonel Bryan, Captain Bingham, and others, and was felicitated on my expected change to "an enlarged sphere of usefulness" as the preachers say when called to a place with a larger salary. But my change brought with it no increase either of rank or pay; and I was ordered from a field where my local knowledge might have been eminently useful to one, where, in my present position, I would be a mere draughtsman—still farther from those who needed my care and protection to sink my individuality in the masses and mud lying in front of Washington.

On the following morning I packed my baggage by express and started on horseback for Washington. The whole weary and freezing day I jogged along chewing the cud of bitter fancies. About sunset I entered Damascus, and while hesitating as to where I should look for shelter I remembered Luce's telling me that he was once comfortably entertained here at a house, where a pretty girl lived who spent most of her time before the glass arranging her hair. As I rode slowly through the village I saw the fire-light glowing hospitably through a

cottage window. On approaching I saw a girl before the glass dressing her hair. I immediately dismounted, and knocking at the door claimed food and shelter. The answer was, "Well, we do sometimes take in strangers." I supped and rested pleasantly before the fire, making friends of the old folks, children, and dogs. The girl continued to fix her hair (of which she had a charming suit) until several of the village beaux came in to pay their "devoirs." I retired to bed early and slept profoundly until the cheering beams of the first sun of 1862 awakened me. Another fatiguing day's journey brought me to Washington, where I arrived in time to partake of a late New-Year's dinner with some friends.

January 2, 1862.—I repaired to the Topographical Bureau this morning, and received orders to report to Colonel Simpson, of the Fourth New Jersey, Kearney's Brigade, at the Theological Seminary near Alexandria. Thus ends my connection with the Army of the Shenandoah. Thus ends the first volume of my journal with the eventful year of eighteen hundred and sixty-one. Eighteen hundred and sixty-two! May the bright and balmy sunshine that welcomed your birth betoken a brighter future for my home and country. But whether your skies may be clear or clouded, whether your winds blow soft or biting—speed on—

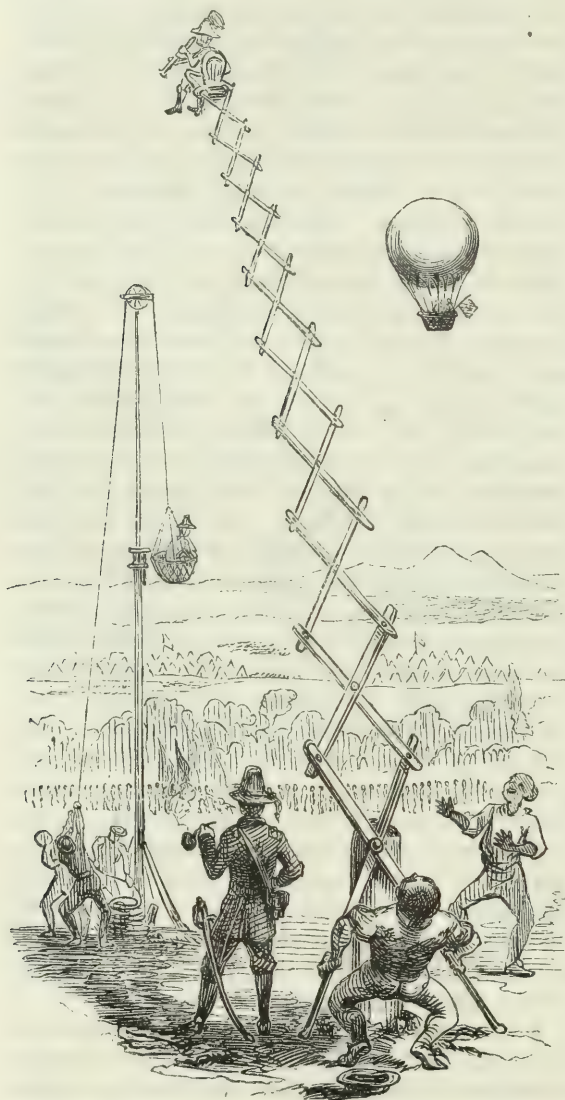
"Here's a heart for any fate."

As my orders were not pressing, I remained in Washington for several days discussing political and military affairs with such acquaintances as I chanced to meet. I have observed that while in the field I am never troubled with a doubt of the entire ability of the Government to crush out the rebellion in good time; and I feel at the same time satisfied that our political system will weather this storm and even be strengthened by the trial, yet whenever I come to Washington I fall into discouragement in regard to both our military management and our political salubrity. I hear that Jackson is bombarding Hancock. We have more than double his force in position to be thrown upon his communications, cutting him off entirely, and forcing him to surrender or destruction. What deep-laid strategic plan there may be that prevents us from assailing and destroying a detachment of the enemy which has walked like a hungry wolf into our trap I can not imagine. Have the mud, cold, and dangers of a winter campaign more terrors for those who have volunteered to defend their homes and country, their freedom and civilization, than they have for the stupid and aimless destructives who are laboring to scatter all these things to the winds? Is the National soldier, with his complete equipments and ample supplies, really incapable of taking the field against one-third his numbers of these half-starved ragamuffins? I can not believe it. I know that it can not be so. What, then, am I to think of the military

policy which permits so many thousand square miles of our most fertile territory to be occupied and stripped by an enemy so contemptible both in moral and physical power? of the Government which refuses its protection to so many thousand loyal citizens, who are stretching forth their arms to it and imploring assistance? While our armies are rotting in their camps, losing more men and moral power by disease and inaction than would be spent in twenty battles, the enemy is keeping every thing astir with his zealous activity. With less than fifty thousand men afoot he has blockaded the Potomac, cut off the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is threatening to drive our troops out of Western Maryland, and actually besieges Washington, scarcely defended by an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men. These, however, are but trifling evils and easily remedied. But there are others more deadly and irremediable resulting from this fatal delay. The active and virulent poison of treason is withering and blighting the hitherto steadfast loyalty that existed in many portions of the Southern States. How many are daily drifting away from their allegiance to a Government which seems to have neither the power nor the will to crush its enemies and protect its friends! How this lack of respect and confidence seem to be creeping north of the feebly-defended military lines—poisoning the body of the nation itself! Where do we see and hear more dangerous defection and more venomous treason than in the Federal city, under the very shadow of the Capitol? Can it be that this vast aggregation of power and civilization is to perish thus early and ignominiously of its own inherent insufficiency, helplessly groping like a blind giant stung to death with poisonous flies? Has our Democratic theory of equality been so successfully established that we have now no man or class of men sufficiently above their fellows as to be fitted to direct them in this terrible emergency? Has the habit of timorous subserviency to public opinion and popular will so emasculated our strong minds that none are to be found capable of decisive action? Now when the clearest dictates of reason, policy, the public safety, the cries of the nation, demand action we are permitted to be kicked, cuffed, and flouted, and make no reply.

I was introduced to General Rosecrans at Willard's by Major Doubleday. The General expressed a desire to have me attached to his command, and asked me certain questions in regard to the topography of the Valley of Virginia and the Upper James, which induced me to think he meditated a campaign in that direction. Our conversation was interrupted by a man who had a machine for putting percussion-caps on the musket-tubes when, during frosty weather, the men's fingers were so benumbed that they could not handle them. The General went off with him, while I am sure, from his explanation, that a machine for blowing the men's noses on similar occasions would

be equally useful. The city seems to be filled with patented machines and plans for carrying on the war. With the booming of the rebel cannon in their ears our Congressional patentees are busily occupied in disposing of the lives and property of their insolent besiegers, liberating slaves, confiscating and hanging in prospective, with their trunks packed all the while ready for a move into Canada in case of emergency. Those who have faith in material engines are confused with the infinite variety offered. Earth, air, fire, and water are all scientifically tortured into subserviency to the great end—all warranted to crush the rebellion in an incredibly short time, and at an astonishing small expense of human life, not to mention money.



MACHINES FOR FIELD RECONNOISSANCE.

I regret that I have so little confidence in these well-meant efforts either of our law-givers or mechanical inventors. *Inter arma silent leges.* With his short, clumsy sword the Roman conquered the world. The Duke of Wellington said that a reliance on long-range rifles and patent engines would enfeeble the morale of the soldier. His words were verified in the Crimean contest, where the traditional valor of the English troops was neutralized by too much

reliance on English superiority in military cutlery. This nation can not be saved by denunciatory debates or extreme party legislation, nor yet by oceans of money nor whole galleries of "cute" inventions, nor by armies that blacken the land and navies that whiten the seas. The security and greatness of a nation in a crisis like the present can only be assured by the valor and blood of its citizens. The one must show itself proof against all trials, the other must be poured out unreservedly upon the high altars of the country. It has seemed to me that the American people feel this necessity, and have rushed to the sacrifice with a devotion that rises to sublimity. They have as yet found no leaders.

January 7.—I went to Willard's this morning, hoping to meet General Rosecrans again. I here understood that he had come to the city for the purpose of proposing a campaign in Western Virginia and East Tennessee, but had failed in his mission. I then mounted my horse, and, crossing the river by the Georgetown Aqueduct, rode to the Seminary Camp, near Alexandria, and reported to my former friend and chief, now Colonel Simpson of the Fourth New Jersey. My pony was comfortably stabled, and I passed an agreeable afternoon making the acquaintance of the regimental officers. In the evening I was domiciled in the Seminary building, and introduced to the surgeons who occupied the place as a hospital. I shared a room with Dr. Osborne, surgeon of the regiment, and immediately set to work studying and mapping the topography of the adjacent country. * * *

The Theological Seminary, around which the regimental camps of Phil Kearney's brigade were grouped, is beautifully situated on a wooded eminence, three miles from Alexandria, commanding a view of the Federal City, the Potomac River, and the surrounding country, with a horizon of fifteen or twenty miles radius. It included the whole circle of forts, redoubts, and earth-works defending the capital, and the winter encampments of the vast army there assembled. I have seldom looked upon a grander panorama than that seen from the cupola of the central building of the Seminary. Every thing here is on a rigid military footing. The troops drill frequently. The officers study and discuss tactics and points of discipline. I saw General Kearney on parade—a keen, soldierly-looking man with the air of a game-cock. He rides a white horse, and wears an empty sleeve pinned across his breast, having lost an arm in the war with Mexico. The tone of the brigade officers is high, and among them are many educated and polished gentlemen. They relieve the prevailing dreariness of wintry snows and mud by frequent social suppers, where all the culinary delicacies of this favored region are washed down with the choicest brands of foreign wines. I attended a "possum" supper given by Dr. S—— on the occasion of his taking leave of the brigade for service elsewhere.

CAMP SEMINARY.



The table groaned with the choicest products of the famous Chesapeake shell-fish, flesh, and fowl—wine and confectioneries flashed between, like jewels on the “cheek of night.” But why a possum supper? Where’s the *chef de cuisine* that gives its name to the feast? The Doctor uncovers a dish in the centre of the table, and there, in all its farcical grimness, lies the “possum,” reminding one of a roasted rat sodden in castor-oil. The Doctor is a jolly wag, as well as a charming companion and accomplished gentleman.

January 10.—A day of rain and fog. The mud apparently bottomless and tenacious as wax. I passed the evening with the Colonel,

hoping to enjoy a quiet conversation concerning past campaigns and future prospects. The attempt was a failure, as it was near pay-day, and a stream of applications for furloughs poured in upon the unlucky Colonel. It reminded me of my school-days, when the boys wanted holiday to go to a fair or a camp-meeting. One fellow’s grandmother was at the point of death. Another’s wife was very ill. A third had a child that was very bad. A beardless recruit pokes his finger in his eye, and desires five days “to see the end of his ‘old man,’” who has been suddenly taken down with a “parallax.” Evidence of the truth of these statements, in the form of letters, tele-

grams, and personal witnesses, is volunteered with a readiness that would suggest a doubt in the mind of a wicked lawyer; but our amiable and truthful Colonel is credulous of these tales of sorrow. It is remarkable, indeed, that such a Pandora's box of diseases and misfortunes should open upon unhappy New Jersey always about pay-day. Yet the regulation is inexorable—but ten furloughs at a time are allowed to a regiment. The ten lucky ones are gone already, and there is no chance for a week to come. So the hackneyed lies are filed away to await their turn, and the weepers, readily resigning themselves to the inevitable, dry their tears, and laughingly plan some other scheme for dissipating their pay.

January 11.—On going the rounds to-day the Colonel found a huckster selling beer within the precincts of the camp—a high offense and breach of regulation. He forthwith ordered the vendor to the guard-house, and pulled the spigot out of the barrel. As the foaming liquor spouted out upon the ground the huckster poured out in unison a stream of prayers and supplications. He was a poor man, striving to support a starving family; this small keg of smaller beer was his little all, his only hope for bread for his innocent babes. The Colonel relented, and with his own hand replaced the spigot, contenting himself with ordering the sinner to get out of his camp with his nuisance. A Jew who was caught peddling copper watches through the tents was treated with less consideration. He was incontinently packed off to the guard-house for forty-eight hours. As a considerable portion of the brigade got there for one reason or another during the peddler's term of confinement he opened shop for the benefit of his fellow-prisoners, and sold off his whole stock to great advantage.

January 15.—I see in the *Philadelphia Enquirer* a confused report of a fight at Berkeley Springs. I suppose this refers to the affair that took place there ten days ago; but as I have had no letter since Jackson's operations in that vicinity I feel some uneasiness in regard to my friends.

Major — and Surgeon — visited me, and we passed the evening playing euchre, discussing public affairs at intervals. The Doctor's views were very discouraging. The corruption of contractors, the virulence of faction, the blunders, indecisions, futilities, and cowardice patent in our military operations—all seemed to indicate that there must be a breakdown. I could not but feel the force of his views, and acknowledge the truth of his statements. Yet I could not acquiesce in his conclusions, as I had been ten days out of Washington, and I felt the vigor of the military surroundings. What government or what people has escaped similar or worse difficulties? In all countries and all history the word "army contractor" is a synonym for fraud. What nation has ever attempted to make war (even with

a foreign enemy) whose efforts were not hampered and thwarted by domestic faction? Look at our own history during the Revolutionary struggle of 1776—half of our people were adverse to the war, a third of the military force of the Colonies supported the British crown. Then what else than blunders, weakness, and waste of means can be expected of a people that has grown up in entire ignorance of the art of war; whose habits and instincts have combined to unfit them for military service; who believed in Peace Congresses and approaching millenniums, and the universal empire of love and dimes, among whom the military profession was hardly held reputable?

It can scarcely be expected that such a people will, in the commencement of a war, exhibit the promptitude, energy, and efficiency that characterizes the action of those governments which possess large and well-trained standing armies. Yet even among these, when called to the field after a long interval of peace, what failures and mismanagement! Read Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula, look at the more recent exhibit of the English in the Crimea; recall the earlier efforts of the French on the opening of their great Revolution. Our most unwarlike nation has, within the space of six months, marshaled for war, equipped, provisioned, and organized an army of six hundred thousand men. What this army will accomplish we will see. Those who have general command have general information, and have doubtless general plans which time will develop. It can not be otherwise. Let us, therefore, bide our time patiently and hopefully. I, for one, have an abiding faith in the power and destiny of the American people. I am at times troubled with a momentary faintness. I fret and vituperate, but if I hear another speak discouragingly forthwith my faith becomes belligerent. This nation will not perish thus ignominiously.

January 17.—The weather was so mild to-day that I sketched in the open air a view of the winter camp of the Fourth New Jersey. The men were engaged in erecting a new flag-staff in the centre of the parade-ground. In the afternoon I received a visit from my uncle, the chaplain of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry regiment, commanded by Colonel Averill. This regiment was encamped five or six miles above us, and we had exchanged several visits since I came over the river. Indeed, Colonel Averill had proposed to me to apply for a vacant Majority in the regiment, and my uncle had called over to urge me accept the proposition. I must get my commission from the Governor of Pennsylvania, and he naturally is unwilling to commission natives and residents of other States. I still had a lingering hope of being recalled to the Army of the Shenandoah when the great movement begun. My personal services would be more important in that field, and my feelings induced me to prefer it. To accept a commission in a cavalry

WINTER CAMP OF THE FOURTH NEW JERSEY.



regiment here would cut me off entirely from friends and home. Yet all our former ideas of personal merit, social distinction, and character were fast becoming emerged in the military hieroglyphic wrought upon the shoulder-knots. I had, like many others, entered the service with the praiseworthy but rather romantic notion that it was even more honorable to serve one's country without rank or pay. However elevating such sentiments may appear at first, the man who attempts by their means to sustain long flights will find himself in the condition of a flying fish; his wings will dry up,

and he must, per force, fall to the practical level whence he started. I determined to seek a commission in the Line or Staff service in time for the spring campaign. Having talked over these matters, I proposed to my uncle to visit Colonel Simpson's tent. As we walked together he began making minute inquiries about my father's health and appearance, as he had not seen him for some years. I described him as I had last seen him at Hancock, erect, animated, filled with fire and faith as he talked of national affairs, yet when the excitement was past he would relapse into age and feebleness

that it pained me to recall. The Colonel was absent when we entered his tent, but I observed upon his table a telegraphic dispatch addressed to me. "Here," said I, cheerily, "is my recall to Banks's column. There will be some movement soon."

"Open it," said my uncle, "and let us hear the tidings."

I opened the missive and read as follows :

"HANCOCK, January 17, 1862.

"Your father died of pneumonia yesterday. I forward letter from — by to-day's mail.

"W. W. WILKINS, A. A. G."

I spent this afternoon alone, strolling about a country once beautiful and pleasantly improved, now withered by the double desolation of war and winter. The light of a lurid sunset was just fading into a more dismal gray when the funeral train of an officer moved out from one of the redoubts and wound slowly through the felled forest that covered the slope of the hill. A military band accompanied the procession, thrilling the dreary twilight with strains of solemn music. The blasted landscape, the ruined dwellings, the wailing anthem, all combined to fill the soul with images of death—death, not fearful, but sublime.

Looking upon a nation's agony, how trivial appear our private griefs! Absorbed as we are in the petty details of our daily routine, how often do we fail to realize the importance of the era in which we are living, the grandeur of the drama which we are acting! On the events of these days hang the culminating hopes of mankind for a thousand years. Hundreds of millions of human hearts are now watching the issue of this contest with trembling solicitude. How small a matter seems a man's life given to so great and glorious a cause! Now the music, as it ascends from the misty valley, arouses the echoes with its notes of martial triumph. The brief hour of mourning is already past.

January 18.—Damp and foggy. Last night the Hutchinson Family gave a concert at the Seminary. During the performance a song was introduced containing abolition sentiments. It was violently hissed by one party, and defended by another, until a grave disturbance ensued. This morning the excitement is unabated, and the subject is discussed by the officers with a degree of feeling that both surprises and distresses me. Such exhibitions of partisan spirit menace the social unity of the brigade, if not the military efficiency of the army. Colonel S— takes the conservative view, and believes that a recurrence of the disorder may be avoided by prohibiting the exciting cause. I have just heard that the Commander-in-Chief has revoked the permit given to the Hutchinsons, and ordered them out of the lines.

January 19, Sunday.—Thick fog and rain. At breakfast we discussed the Slavery question and the objects of the war. New Jersey officers will not admit the question of Slavery as entering into their views. They see no object in the war of sufficient importance to dignify and jus-

tify it, except the single idea of national unity. That must be maintained at all cost and at all hazards. It is the great essential, upon which the whole people will unite; and they object to the introduction of all non-essential, ideologic factions or local issues, as tending to degrade and enfeeble this great idea. Some, however, maintained that the Institution of Slavery lies at the bottom of the whole matter, and that its abolition was essential to the secure establishment of that national unity upon which all were equally determined. I protested against all exciting discussion of the subject as needless. It was virtually a dead issue. The opinion of the nineteenth century had heretofore spared the Institution out of respect for the power of the United States Government. Its special maintainers, in their madness, had forestalled destiny, and were striving now to destroy the only barrier that stood between it and an abhorrent world. Whether they won or lost in the coming struggle, slavery was equally doomed to destruction—exposed as it must be, naked and enfeebled, to the pressure of that vast, all-controlling, and mysterious power, the Opinion of the Age, of which it may be truly said, that, "Whoso falleth upon it shall be broken; but upon whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder."

For the rest, let this and all other disputed questions slip until we have decided the great question. At the siege of Jerusalem the Jews, when not engaged in resisting the assaults of the Romans, spent their time in cutting each other's throats—their mode of discussing differences of opinion respecting ceremonial forms and religious dogmas. The Moors of Grenada fought around the doors of their mosques until the pavements were slippery with blood, and then, with swords dripping with fraternal gore, ran to man the walls against the Spaniards. Both cities fell. Most fortunately for this country the armed rebellion has claimed territorial limits, and assumed a distinct and organized form. We know in what direction to march our armies, and upon whom to point our cannon. But the prevalence of factious opinion poisons the healthy blood of a nation, confuses its counsels, and undermines its strength unseen. The nation true to itself may laugh to scorn the dangers of a localized rebellion, backed by all the powers of the earth. Poisoned by internal faction we may perish ignominiously of our own corruption, the most despicable failure that ever stained the pages of history, the most pitiable monument of human incapacity for free government that ever merited the designation of a despot.

January 21.—The drums are rolling and the bands playing pæans for a victory in Kentucky. General Thomas has defeated Zollicoffer at Mill Spring with great slaughter, thus opening the road to East Tennessee. This news is indeed important, and has suspended the discussion of the Hutchinson concert.

January 26, Sunday.—Cool wind with pleas-

ant sunshine. Rode over to Camp Marcy to see my kinsman, but found him absent at church. Dined with Colonel A—— and Lieutenant-Colonel Gregg of the Eighth Regular Cavalry. After dinner we had the following graphic sketches of Arlington House *before* and *after* the battle of Bull's Run:

On the day the troops marched out the sun shone bright, the banners flaunted, the bands filled the air with inspiring strains of martial music. Columns of trigly dressed, neatly equipped infantry moved with cadenced tread and burnished arms glittering in the sun. Gay cavaliers pranced on bedizened chargers, exchanging courtly salutes with carriage-loads of smiling ladies and immensely respectable civil officials, who crowded the grounds to witness the *victorious* march of the grand army.

There were regiments of invincible Fire Zouaves,

"Whose breeches were red and whose jackets were blue," and portentous reporters, their patrons and admirers, already writing out the deeds of valor and renown that were to be accomplished by these heroic imitations. So the gay and martial pageant left the stage, and with it went the narrator.

SCENE 2, *Monday morning, July 22.*—Arlington revisited. The sky is overcast, and a continuous soaking rain has dampened and bedraggled all nature. A death-like silence reigns over the old house and the gloomy groves that surround it. The camps are desolate, the tents dripping and lazily flapping in the fitful gusts, as if impatient at their loneliness. Here and there a pavilion lay overthrown, exposing beds and furniture to unheeded soaking. A crippled and discarded horse straying among the trees raises his head for a moment to salute the passer with a dreary stare, and then quietly returns to his grazing. The occasional twitter of a lonely sparrow or subdued scolding of an irritated wren were thrown in to point the effect of utter silence, as the idea of utter desolation was pointed by the appearance of a single human figure on the wide and lofty portico. Seated in a high-backed chair, leaning against the door-jamb, his military costume wet and mud-stained, his hair disheveled, skin blistered to a lurid red, hat slouched over his eyes, breathing thick and heavily, asleep. This was M'Dowell, the Federal commander.

In the afternoon I started on my return to Camp Seminary. My way led through Blenker's Division, located about Hunter's Chapel. The Dutch were hived around the lager beer tents like bees around a sugar hogshead in a dry summer. Numerous drunk were straying between this and the other encampments, all outrageously polite to any passer supposed to be an officer, heightening the grade of the salute in proportion to the quantity of beer they had belted.

January 28.—The papers are still cackling over the defeat of Zollicoffer. I am anxious to hear of some further results.

January 30.—Raining. I visited Major Birney to-day, and had some conversation with him respecting my chances for a commission in the Pennsylvania cavalry. He proposed another position for me. His brother, David B. Birney, who commanded a regiment in the Patterson campaign, is now Colonel of the 'Twenty-third Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. He is about to receive a commission as Brigadier-General, and will want an Adjutant. He offers me the position, and I will take it into consideration. The rank and pay are less than the other, but for many reasons a staff appointment will suit me better than a commission in the line. These gentlemen are sons of the Mr. Birney who was formerly supported by the Anti-Slavery party for the Presidency. The Colonel at the breaking out of the war was a lawyer in Philadelphia. The Major, with whom I have been conversing, has led a life of varied experiences. He was born in Alabama, was educated partly in Kentucky, and afterward at the North. He became early imbued with anti-slavery principles, and has led a characteristic American life: having figured as a farmer, manufacturer, editor, lecturer, writer, teacher, soldier, and lawyer. He was in France during the Revolution of 1848, and commanded at one of the barricades. He was afterward a professor in a school there, but becoming an object of suspicion to the police under the present Emperor he returned to America, and has lately been practicing law in New York. He is, of course, a zealous partisan of the war, and our philosophy on the subject runs very generally in the same direction.

February 1.—I went over to the city to-day, and met General Birney at Willard's. He formally tendered me the position of Assistant Adjutant-General on his staff. I asked a week to consider the proposition, which was politely accorded. The General's manners and appearance are extremely prepossessing, and I remember having met him in the Patterson campaign. The rank of Captain of infantry, at one hundred and twenty dollars per month and forage for two horses, will do to commence with.

February 3.—I have been only two days in the city and feel my faith in men and governments beginning to sicken again. I must hasten back to seek invigoration in the atmosphere of the camp.

I left Washington in a furious snow-storm, and rode to Camp Marcy, where I dined with my friends, and disclosed my intention of accepting Birney's offer. It was combated with a zeal most friendly and flattering; but I believed I had reason on my side. The aspect of the country as I rode to Camp Seminary was most gloomy and Russian-like, yet the soldiers seemed as lively as snow-birds in the storm. Owing to the stupidity of the orderly at Camp Marcy my pony had been left standing out during my visit, and on coming out I found the snow heaped upon his back a hand-breadth in

depth. As we jogged homeward over the rugged roads he whined and grunted like a sick child, and I feared the unwonted exposure had injured him. He went gayly to his stall, however, and evidenced by his appetite that he had received no serious damage.

I found the regimental mess at supper, where I was warmly welcomed and felicitated on my prospective promotion. We spent the evening in Dr. Oakley's room, where we met the members of the surgical staff and a number of other officers—Doctors Dougherty and Osborne; Colonel Torbert, of the Second New Jersey; Captains Sturgis, Jackson, Ryerson; and Lieutenant Hamick. Our discourse turned upon the climate and monstrous vegetable growth of California, when one of the party produced a set of prints showing the great trees of that region, four hundred feet in height, and thirty feet in diameter at the base. One of the pictures represented an officer on horseback riding into the hollow of a fallen and decayed trunk. Another gives a view of a waterfall which, in three consecutive leaps, falls two thousand three hundred feet. What a magnificent country!

Returning to my quarters I parted with Colonel Simpson, who took the path toward his tent. A moment after entering my room I heard the report of a musket, followed by cries of agony and voices shouting for the corporal of the guard. I was thrilled with the horrible suspicion that the Colonel had been shot by a stupid sentinel. Voices in wild alarm calling for a doctor seemed to confirm my appalling surmise. I called to Osborne, who was writing letters at the other end of the room, and then rushed out to face the tragic scene. I met a group of men and officers hurrying toward the Seminary, the medical head-quarters of the brigade. The Quarter-Master led the way with a lantern. To my great relief the next person I recognized was the Colonel, active and sympathetic, giving orders to those who were supporting a soldier apparently suffering from a mortal wound. Surgeons, hospital stewards, and servants swelled the crowd. The sentinel's musket had gone off accidentally and blown his hand off. Back at the post I saw the corporal, with one or two comrades, with a light, searching in the snow for the missing member. The wounded man was carried into the surgical room, surrounded by a sympathizing and agitated group. Lint and bandages were spread upon the table, and cases of instruments unrolled, exhibiting rows of hooks, pinchers, and gleaming blades, suggestive of all manner of insufferable tortures. The barber had brought his basin and towels, ready to catch the blood, while two young surgeons, who had been heating water to make some punch, magnanimously devoted it to the dressing of the gory wound. The man's hand had not been blown off, after all; for, on raising his arm to the light, it appeared encased in a dirty glove still dangling to the wrist. At every touch and

movement the soldier groaned and shrieked most piteously, so affecting some of the spectators (not accustomed to such bloody work) that they were obliged to retire to reinforce their stomachs with some narcotic stimulant. Two surgeons with hook and scissors undertook to remove the glove. The patient's outcries were so violent during the operation that it was proposed to administer chloroform. Before it was brought in, however, the glove came off, and developed a manipulator red and dirty enough, but with four fingers and a thumb complete. The hand was turned over and over to the light, and wrist and arm were carefully examined. "Damn it!" quoth the Doctor, "I can't see the wound!" Neither could any one else. Not a scratch, nor a bruise, nor a powder-burn! The sentinel was the most astonished individual of the company. His hands and feet were half frozen, and he had been dancing to warm them, holding his musket near the muzzle, meanwhile. The piece went off accidentally, jarring his benumbed fingers painfully; imagination did the rest. The meeting dissolved in shouts of derisive laughter. Several whose sympathies had been most painfully excited vented themselves by giving the ex-patient a kick or two as he retired. The Colonel, who had been most deeply grieved of any, condemned the man to stand on a barrel for three hours in the cold next morning.



SEMINARY PUMP.

February 4.—Bright and mild. I wrote to General David Birney, accepting the position he has offered me. Below I saw the regiments of a neighboring division engaged in a snow-balling drill—attacking, retreating, and manœuvring in handsome style—by the bugle-calls and under the direction of their officers. It struck me as a very cheerful and appropriate exercise to break the monotony of camp life in snowy seasons. At night I attended a supper at the mess-room of the Second New Jersey—a rich and elegant affair. Champagne, speeches, songs, and stories were the order of the evening. Several of the officers expressed their fears lest the war would be over before they had an opportunity of fleshing their burnished arms or griming their gilded trappings in battle. I have often recalled that night when, in after-times, I have seen and heard of Phil Kearney's brigade, foremost in the blaze and

storm of battle, and wondered how many of that gallant company have survived to remember that festal evening, with its hopes and fears.

February 7.—Clear and mild. I rode over to the city to-day and paid a visit to General Birney at the camp of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania. He was at dinner, and I joined him with a will. I afterward wrote to the President applying for the requisite commission, and after some agreeable general conversation returned to Camp Seminary.

February 8.—Mild and misty. At breakfast we all pitched into the authorities for continuing inactive so long. The genial spring breezes have begun to thaw men's blood and render the mud and despondency of inaction doubly irksome. Our strictures were suspended by hearing cheers at a distance. What does that mean? Fort Henry in Kentucky has been captured by our gun-boat fleet. The reoccupation of Romney by Lander is also news of less national interest, but being nearer home adds to my personal enjoyment.

February 12.—This morning smells deliciously of spring. More drums and cheering for the victory at Roanoke Island. The Fourth New Jersey is paraded and formed in hollow square, facing inward receives the news and responds with three times three.

February 14.—Raining. Having settled my affairs and taken leave of my kind friends of the brigade, I started with horse and baggage for Washington. Having seen General Birney I ascertained that my application had been duly forwarded, but would not be acted upon for two weeks perhaps. I determined to improve the leisure thus afforded by visiting my family at Berkeley—engaging the General to telegraph me at Hancock, Maryland, in case of any movement.

February 18.—I arrived at Hancock last night. This morning is bright and balmy as spring. Soon after breakfast I called to see General Williams (of Banks's Division), who holds this place with his brigade. The General, ascertaining that I wished to visit Berkeley, kindly offered me a company of cavalry as an escort. Colonel Knipe, of the Pennsylvania Rifles, also offered me his horse and arms. I crossed the river at the head of my troop, and took the road to Berkeley after an absence of nearly seven months. The grander features of the familiar landscape were unchanged, still defying the power of human might and malignity; but all the minor landmarks were obliterated. Fences, houses, and barns had disappeared; heaps of ashes and the carcasses of dead horses marked the route over which Jackson's army had advanced and retired. The streets of the village as I entered were silent and deserted, with no signs of life except an occasional face of a woman or child peering from a half-closed door or window.

In the public square I met some negroes who recognized me. Captain Homer halted the escort here, and sent out pickets to guard the

roads, having been informed that a large body of rebel cavalry were a short distance above the town. Meanwhile my friends, informed of my advent, had appeared at doors and balconies and were waving joyful welcome. As I rode past the Pendleton cottage I saw my venerable kinsman waving his handkerchief from the balcony. I responded with the triumphant tidings which I had brought over the river: "*Grant has captured Fort Donelson, with fifteen thousand prisoners—Union forever.*"

As I approached my own door there were handkerchiefs waving too; and my daughter, all bright and blooming, ran out to meet me. It is strange that my eye should have searched so persistently for a face that I knew could not be there. My sight grew dim for a moment, but I quickly rallied, determined to drain to the bottom my cup of social joy and triumph. We talked, laughed, dined, drank wine, and congratulated each other. I was at home again; Victory had perched upon the National eagles in all quarters. A few days more and the power of the nation would move, sweeping all before it like an Alpine avalanche. Who could for a moment doubt the result?

"'Twas as though God himself had set
'Gainst Satan—"

Courage, dear friends! One brief and glorious campaign, and all will be over. We will see our beloved Virginia again free from her bloody oppressors—"sitting clothed and in her right mind. The evil spirits cast out," and peace established in all her borders. The flag that enfolds all that is great and noble in her past history shall wave forever in power and honor over the homes of her living and the graves of her dead children.

In the afternoon I returned to Hancock accompanied by my wife and daughter, and by sunset we were comfortably established in our quarters at Barton's. While here I gathered the following account of Jackson's recent operations in this vicinity:

Having been sent to Winchester in the early part of the winter to protect that place against an anticipated occupation by the National forces, and encouraged by their apathy, he determined, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, to make an active campaign. He consequently gathered all the available force in the Northwestern Department of Virginia, amounting to about ten thousand volunteers and several thousand militia, with thirty pieces of cannon. With this force he moved into Berkeley and Jefferson counties, completely destroying the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between Harper's Ferry and Hedgesville, and making several abortive attempts to render the Chesapeake and Cumberland Canal useless by destroying the dams from which it was fed. These attempts brought on some skirmishing along the river, in which the National troops, from the superiority of their ordnance, generally had the advantage. In the beginning of January Jackson moved with his whole force toward Berkeley Springs. The

place was occupied by a battalion of National troops, with two guns of Muhlenburg's Battery. As the rebels advanced by the Winchester road a company of the Thirty-ninth Illinois Infantry was sent out to feel and reconnoitre their column; as the reports from the country had been so uniformly false or exaggerated, they were not credited in the present instance. The scouting party encountered the enemy's advance several miles out and made a dashing attack upon it, killing and wounding several and checking the whole column. Perceiving they had fallen upon a greatly superior force, the gallant Illinoisians retired in good order and unmolested to their post at Berkeley. Jackson was so much deceived by this audacious and unexpected attack that he halted for the night, and next morning advanced as cautiously on the village, occupied by five companies, as if he were in the presence of a large army. The Federals, still incredulous in regard to the enemy's force, held their ground; and Muhlenburg's two guns, posted on the ridge over the hotel, opened sharply on the columns advancing by the Winchester and Martinsburg roads. The presence of artillery again confused the rebel commander, who had expected to find nothing but infantry opposed to him, and again his march was checked and his opportunity lost. The eyes of the National officers were at length opened by seeing heavy flanking columns moving both to the right and left of their position. They quietly retired with their guns by the Sir John's road, and, crossing the river, joined the brigade under Lander, stationed at Hancock, in Maryland. About four hours after the Illinoisians had withdrawn the enemy's advanced cavalry under Colonel Ashby entered the village. Jackson, with his artillery and a brigade of infantry, passed through without stopping, and took position on the bluffs opposite Hancock. Young's brigade occupied the Berkeley Springs Hotel, while the militia bivouacked here and there where they could find a convenient resting-place. The rebel General's plan, it seems, was to capture the force at Berkeley, then cross the Potomac at Hancock, move up the National Turnpike, capture Cumberland, and cut off Kelley, who held possession of Romney. Hancock was defended by Lander with about two thousand men and two guns. He was summoned to surrender by Jackson, and his answer may be better imagined by those who know him than by those who do not. Persons who were present say the oaths were appalling. Immediately after Jackson's messenger returned the cannon opened. The rebel bombardment was urged to the utmost, and several houses in the centre of the town were perforated by shells, while the women and children were running wildly through the streets seeking an escape from the fire. Muhlenburg's two guns, already in position, returned the fire with such fatal accuracy as to drive the rebel batteries from the bluff.

During the heat of the bombardment the gallant lieutenant commanding the artillery,

wishing to quiet the alarm of the fleeing women and children, rode up the street and addressed them in the following soothing words: "Ladies, don't be frightened, there is no danger, I assure you—their powder ain't worth a damn!" Jackson got his pontoons upon the river bank, but so sternly were the opposing shores held by Lander's infantry that neither commands nor persuasion could induce the rebel troops to attempt a crossing.

While matters stood in this position at Hancock, Kelley made a dash from Romney in the direction of Winchester, and at Blue's Gap attacked and dispersed a body of militia, storming their redoubt and capturing four cannon with all their stores and baggage. This spirited blow caused the rebel commander hastily to abandon his position before Hancock, and to move on Romney by the Bloomery road. The weather, which had been mild at the commencement of the movement, had now become intensely cold, and the march was accomplished with the most severe suffering to the troops. Kelley meanwhile quietly withdrew from Romney, leaving Jackson to occupy, unopposed, a useless and devastated village which he could not afford to hold, and from which he could not advance.

This campaign was as stupidly conceived, and as feebly executed, as any that will be recorded on either side in this war of failures and blunders. It cost the rebel commander about two thousand men *hors du combat* (chiefly from cold and exposure), and nearly cost him his commission. I was told he was so offended at the strictures that were heaped upon him by his superior officers, and the public generally, that he tendered his resignation, which, however, was not accepted.

During the rebel occupancy of Berkeley my father's property was wasted and plundered with many circumstances of obscene and wanton outrage. Besides large quantities of blankets and bedding which the men took to supply their necessities, a great amount was destroyed from mere spite and malignity. Doors, balusters, and furniture were used for fire-wood, although the place was surrounded with abundance of good timber. Private papers, collections of rare books, choice paintings, port-folios of sketches and engravings, cabinets of curiosities and articles of vertu, were torn, trampled under foot, defaced, or carried away. A chivalric amateur of the arts introduced his horse into my studio and served his feed in the desk. Both animals left indelible traces of their appreciative tastes behind them. The handsome residence of Mr. Garrison, a gentleman from New Jersey, was needlessly burned, as were several barns and other buildings.

Ill-natured folks might be tickled to hear that our visitors were not altogether partial in their attentions, and that sympathizing friends of the Southern cause fared little better than their avowed and open enemies. Some boxes of clothes and valuables, belonging to Southern



ÆSTHETICS.

neighbors, had been deposited in our house to insure protection against the Federal Hessians and Vandals. Although special pains were taken to protect them by proclaiming the political proclivities of their owners, they went with the rest. Some neighboring cottages, belonging to well-known friends of the Southern cause, were gutted as ruthlessly as ours had been. For the rest the family received no personal rudeness from either officers or men. Indeed they spoke with feeling of many acts of sympathetic and kindly attention received from individuals during these trying times.

Directly after the departure of the invading army my father took to his bed, complaining of a severe cold, owing, perhaps, to the unusual exposure and discomfort to which he had been

subjected during the occupation of his house by the troops. During his illness he seemed to suffer but little, except from general prostration of vital energy. In his broken and fevered sleep his mind seemed continually occupied with the unhappy condition of his beloved country, and when he died, on the sixteenth of the month, in his seventieth year, his last audible words were, "*Forward! Forward! M'Clellan!*"

February 21.—To-day I received a telegram from General Birney, informing me of my appointment as Assistant Adjutant-General, and requesting me to report at once. This promises a speedy answer to the patriot's dying cry.

The days of impatient and wearing expectancy are at length past, and those of tremendous realization are at hand.

WOODEN LEGS.

TWO children sat in the twilight,
Murmuring soft and low,
Said one, "I'll be a sailor-lad,
With my boat ahoy! yo ho!
For sailors are most loved of all,
In every happy home,
And tears of grief or gladness fall
Just as they go or come."

But the other child said sadly,
"Ah, do not go to sea,
Or in the dreary winter nights
What will become of me?
For if the wind began to blow,
Or thunder shook the sky,
While you were in your boat, yo ho!
What could I do but cry?"

Then he said, "I'll be a soldier,
With a delightful gun,
And I'll come home with a wooden leg,
As heroes have often done."
She screams at that—and prays and begs,
While tears—half anger—start,
"Don't talk about your wooden legs,
Unless you'd break my heart!"

He answered her rather proudly,
"If so, what *can* I be?
If I must not have a wooden leg
And must not go to sea?
How could the Queen sleep sound at night,
Safe from the scum and dregs,
If English boys refused to fight
For fear of wooden legs?"



She hung her head repenting,
 And trying to be good,
 But her little hand stroked tenderly
 The leg of flesh and blood!
 And with her rosy mouth she kissed
 The knickerbockered knee,
 And sighed, "Perhaps—if you insist—
 You'd better go to sea!"

Then he flung his arms about her,
 And laughingly he spoke,
 "But I've seen many honest tars
 With legs of British oak!
 Oh Darling, when I am a man,
 With beard of shining black,
 I'll be a *hero* if I can,
 And you must not hold me back."

She kissed him as she answered,
 "I'll try what I can do—
 And Wellington had *both* his legs,
 And Cœur de Lion too!
 And Garibaldi," here she sighed,
 "I know *he's* lame—but there—
 He's *such* a hero—none beside
 Like *him* could do and dare!"

So the children talked in the twilight
 Of many a setting sun,
 And she'd stroke his chin and clap her hands
 That the beard had not begun,
 For though she meant to be brave and good
 When he played a hero's part,
 Yet often the thought of the leg of wood
 Lay heavy on her heart!



THE ROB ROY IN THE ROLLERS.

CRUISE OF THE ROB ROY.

THE ROB ROY is a canoe, built of oak, with cedar deck; fifteen feet long, twenty-eight inches broad (she should, her Captain thinks, have been two feet shorter and two inches narrower); nine inches deep, weighs eighty pounds, and draws, when manned, three inches of water with an inch keel. For her a stream with a clear channel four inches deep, a yard wide, without bends of less than fifteen feet, is a navigable river. Her means of propulsion are a man with a stout pair of arms, a double-bladed paddle seven feet long; and, when occasion serves, a lug-sail, or preferably a "sprit," rigged to a five-foot mast, with bamboo yard. When not in use the sail, mast, and yard are rolled up together, making a bundle much like an artist's sketching umbrella. In the deck is an elliptic hole fifty-four inches by twenty, in which sits Captain,

who is also crew, and all hands. A cover of India-rubber cloth fits tightly around the combing, and is fastened by a button to the Captain's breast, keeping all dry below deck. The Rob Roy is, in form, dimensions, build, and equipment, a civilized brother of the Esquimaux *kyack*. But we doubt whether any civilized canoeman would for any money undertake the gymnastic feats performed by the Greenland *kyackers*, as described by Mr. Charles F. Hall:*

Owner, Captain, and crew of the Rob Roy is J. Macgregor, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, of the "Temple," London, and so we

* "I enjoyed a rare sight. One of the Esquimaux turned summersets in the water seated in his kyack. Over and over he and his kyack went till we cried, 'Enough!' and yet he wet only his hands and face. This is a feat performed only by a few. It requires great skill and strength to do it. One miss in the stroke of an oar as they pass from the centre (when their head and body are under the water) to the surface might terminate fatally. No one will attempt this feat, however, unless a companion in his kyack is near. The next feat I witnessed was for an Esquimaux to run his kyack, while seated in it, over another. Getting some distance off he strikes briskly and pushes forward. In an instant he is over, having struck the upturned peak of his own kyack nearly amid-ships, and at right angle, of the other. These feats were rewarded by a few plugs of tobacco." —Hall's *Arctic Researches*, p. 78.



ESQUIMAUX FEAT. — SUMMERSSET.

suppose a Barrister at Law: at all events a gentleman and "muscular Christian" in the best sense of that rather abused phrase; for he paddled his own canoe a thousand miles; took kindly to almost every body and every thing; laid by duly on Sundays, carried religious tracts for gratuitous distribution, and gives to the "Royal National Life-Boat Institution," and to the "Shipwrecked Mariners' Society," the profits of the clever little book in which he narrates the incidents of his summer vacation.

The thousand miles of canoeing were performed upon the British Thames; the German Sambré, Meuse, Rhine, Main, and Danube; the Swiss Reuss, Aar, and Ill; the French Moselle, Meurthe, Marne, and Seine; the German Lake Titisee; the Swiss lakes Constance, Untersee, Zurich, Zug, and Lucerne; half a dozen canals in Belgium and France, and two expeditions in the open sea of the British Channel. Mr. Macgregor is an experienced traveler. He has climbed glaciers and volcanoes; has dived into caves and catacombs; has trotted in a Norway carriage, and galloped in a Russian tarantasse; has sailed on the *Ægean*, and boated on the Nile; has "muled" in Spain, "donkeyed" in Egypt, "cameled" in Syria, "sleighed" in Canada, and "rantooned" in Ireland. He has, he says, "most thoroughly enjoyed these and other methods of locomotion in the four quarters of the world; but the pleasure in the canoe was far greater than them all."



A CHOKED CHANNEL.

For a three months' cruise the following is given as a list of "Useful Stores:" Basket to sit on, 12×6×1 inches, holding an India-rubber coat; nails, screws, putty, gimlet, cord, thread, string; buttons, needles, pins; luggage-bag 12×12×5 inches; flannel jacket with short flaps, two pairs of flannel trowsers, two flannel shirts, one on the person, the other for shore; thin alpaca Sunday coat, thick waistcoat; pair of light-soled shoes, straw-hat, two collars, three pocket-handkerchiefs; brush, comb, tooth-brush; Testament, tracts for distribution; purse, circular notes, and small change; blue spectacles, book for journal and sketches, pen and pencils; maps, cutting of a six-inch square at a time for pocket-references; pipe, tobacco-case, and light-box; guide-books, and pleasant book for evening reading, tearing off covers, advertisements, and pages as read; for no needless weight should be carried hun-

dreds of miles—even a fly settling on the boat must be refused a free passage; box of "Gregory's Mixture," sticking-plaster, small knife, and pencil. Canoe, paddle, mast, sail, and luggage, will all weigh about 120 pounds.

Several parties of oarsmen have made pleasant voyages on the great European rivers, accounts of which have been given to the world. Mr. Macgregor thus pleasantly sets forth the superiority of the canoe and paddle over the boat and oars:

"In the wildest parts of the best rivers the



SHOOTING A RAPID,

channel is too narrow for oars, or, if wide, it is too shallow for a row-boat; and the tortuous passages, the rocks and banks, the weeds and snags, the milldams, barriers, fallen trees, rapids, whirlpools, and waterfalls which constantly occur on a river winding among hills, make those very parts where the scenery is wildest and best to be quite unapproachable in an open boat, for it would be swamped by the sharp waves, or upset over the sunken rocks which are utterly impossible for a steersman to see.

"But these very things, which are obstacles or dangers to the 'pair oar,' become interesting features to the voyager in a covered canoe. For now he looks forward, and not backward, as he sits in his little bark. He sees all his course, and the scenery besides. With one powerful sweep of his paddle he can instantly turn the canoe, when only a foot distant from fatal destruction. He can steer within an inch in a narrow place, or press through reeds and weeds, branches and grass; can hoist and lower his sail without changing his seat; can shove with his paddle when aground, or jump out in good time to prevent a decided smash. He can wade and haul the light craft over shallows, or on dry ground, through fields and hedges, over dykes, barriers, and walls; can carry it by hand up ladders and stairs, and can transport his boat over high mountains and broad plains in a cart drawn by a horse, a bullock, or a cow.

"Nay, more than this, the covered canoe is far stronger than an open boat, and may be fearlessly dropped headforemost into a deep pool, or a lock, or a millrace, and yet, when the breakers are high, in the open sea or fresh water rapids, they can only wash over the covered deck, while it is always dry within.

"Again, the canoe is safer than a rowing-boat, because you sit so low in it, and never require to shift your place or lose hold of the paddle; while for comfort during long hours,

for days and weeks of hard work, it is evidently the best, because you lean all the time against a backboard, and the moment you rest the paddle on your lap you are as much at ease as in an arm-chair; so that, while drifting along with the current or the wind, you can gaze around, and eat or read or chat with the starers on the bank, and yet, in a moment of sudden danger, the hands are at once on the faithful paddle ready for action.

"Finally, you can lie at full length in the canoe, with the sail as an awning for the sun, or a shelter for rain, and you can sleep in it thus at night, under cover, with an opening for air to leeward, and at least as much room for turning in your bed as sufficed for the great Duke of Wellington; or, if you are tired of the water for a time, you can leave your boat at an inn—it will not be 'eating its head off,' like a horse; or you can send it home or sell it, and take to the road yourself, or sink into the dull old cushions of the 'Première Classe,' and dream you are seeing the world.

"With such advantages, then, and with good weather and good health, the canoe voyage about to be described was truly delightful, and I never enjoyed so much continuous pleasure in any other tour."

The ease and cheapness with which the light canoe can be packed upon a railway or steamer, carried overland upon a cart, or borne through the streets of a village when the day's rowing is done, are no small items of advantage. Indeed, on most railways the boat was taken as luggage, as though it were a trunk, without extra charge. Mr. Macgregor's usual mode of procedure was to have his canoe carried as nearly as possible to the head-waters of a river which he wished to explore, and then to row down the current, setting sails upon broad streams and lakes. Thus he struck the Danube at its very source, in a clear spring in the princely gardens at Donaueschingen, and launching

his canoe a little below where, two or three brooks having joined, the stream is a few feet broad, he followed it to Ulm, where it has become a great river.

Mr. Macgregor's tour was commenced by rowing from London down the Thames to Sheerness, where he had a chance to try his canoe in rough water. Her buoyancy and stability more than equaled his expectations. In the very midst of the waves he managed to rig up mast and sail. Then he sent the canoe by rail to Dover, thence by steamer to Ostend,



THE ROB ROY ON WHEELS.



CATTLE SWIMMING THE MEUSE.

where he gave her another trial in the rough rollers of the British Channel, where she behaved admirably, to the great delectation of the bathers on the beach and the spectators on the pier. Thence canoe and crew went by rail and cart to Namur, where trial was made on the Sambre and Meuse.

These quiet streams were for a while sufficient to please the voyager. "The banks would be called tame if seen from the shore, but are altogether new when you open up the vista from the middle of the stream. The picture that is rolled up sideways to the common traveler now pours out before you, ever enlarging from a centre, and in the gentle sway of the stream the landscape seems to swell on this side and that with new things ever advancing to meet

you in succession. How careful was I," continues Mr. Macgregor, "at the first shallow, getting out and wading as I lowered the boat. A month afterward, I would dash over them, with a shove here and a stroke there, in answer to a hoarse creak of the stones at the bottom grinding against my keel."

The voyage down the Meuse gives occasion for some pleasant Dutch pictures in pen and ink. Sometimes when a steamer passed, the voyager would draw alongside, get a penny roll, and glass of beer, to the astonishment of the wondering passengers, who set the visitor down as a mad Englishman.

"The pleasure of meandering with a new river is very peculiar and fascinating. Each few yards brings a novelty or starts an excite-

ment. A crane jumps up here, a duck flutters there, splash leaps a gleaming trout by your side, the rushing sound of rocks warns you round that corner, or anon you come suddenly upon a millrace. All these, in addition to the scenery and the people and the weather, and the determination that you *must* get on, over, through, or under every difficulty, and can not leave your boat in a desolate wold, and ought to arrive at a house before dark, and that your luncheon bag is long since empty; all these, I say, keep the mind awake, which would perchance dose away for 100 miles in a first-class carriage.

"The river soon got fast and lively, and hour after hour of vigorous work prepared one well for breakfast. Trees seemed to spring up in front and grow tall, but it was only because I came rapidly toward them. Pleasant villages floated, as it were, to meet me, gently moving. All life got to be a smooth and gliding thing, without fuss and without dust, or any thing sudden or loud, till at length the bustle and hammers of Liege neared the Rob Roy—for it was always the objects and not myself that seemed to move. Here I saw a fast steamer, the *Seraing*, propelled by water forced from its sides, and as my boat hopped and bobbed in the steamer's waves we entered a dock together, and I hoisted the canoe into a garden for the night."

At Liege—famous for its gun-barrels, where even the women stalk about with twenty stocked rifles, each weighing ten pounds, on their backs—Mr. Macgregor met the young Earl of Aberdeen, with a canoe very much like his own, only a foot longer and two inches narrower. The two canoemen joined company. Sometimes they sailed, sometimes paddled a mile or two,

joined to help the boats over a weir, or, by way of change, walked a while on the bank, towing the canoes after them. At intervals were floating-baths, filled with merry bathers, and squads of soldiers marched down for their daily dip or target-shooting on shore. Once, on rounding a point, they came right into a great herd of cattle swimming in close column across the stream.

The two voyagers kept company for a while, passing Maestricht, once thought one of the most strongly-fortified places in Europe, whose straight walls would go down in a few hours before the heavy shot of modern artillery. Thence they struck eastward by railway toward the Rhine. The railway officials demurred at first to taking the two boats, but suddenly, at a word from a by-stander, hurried the canoes aboard. "Do you know," said this stranger, after they were fairly on the way, "why they yielded so suddenly?" "Not at all," replied the Englishmen. "It was because I told them that one of you was the son of the Prime Minister, and the other Lord Russell's son."

The canoes were launched upon the Rhine at Bingen, and after a day's pleasuring were put on the cars for the River Main. The Englishmen fell into converse with a German fellow-passenger, to whom they endeavored to give some idea of their pleasure trip. But the honest German, mistaking the word "canoes" for "cannons," was for a while under the impression that the foreigners were traveling for pleasure with a couple of pieces of artillery fifteen feet long, weighing only eighty pounds.

At Frankfort-on-the-Main the voyagers parted company, the Earl paddling down the Rhine, the Barrister taking his canoe up the river by

steamer as far as steamers run; thence by wagon through the passes of the Black Forest, stopping for a day's sail upon Titisee—a lonely little lake, or, as we should call it, pond, 3000 feet above the sea—one of the score or two in which, according to popular belief, the troubled ghost of Pontius Pilate has its habitation until the Day of Judgment, then onward again through forests and defiles, by lonely mountain brooks, over the ridge to Donaueschingen, the source of the Danube. Mr. Macgregor notes the kindness and intelligence of the dwellers of the lonely mountain villages. At the hotels each guest utters his



SINGERS' WAGON.



IN THE HAY-FIELDS.



"Gut Tag," "Gut Morgen," or "Bon appetit," upon coming to or leaving the table. All the peasantry, too, can read, and do read. "There is more reading in one day in a common house in Germany than in a month in the same sort of place in France."

It happened to be a high-day at Donauschwingen, for there was a great "singing meeting" for that part of Germany. The Rob Roy, a lion none the less welcome for being unexpected, was borne in procession through the streets, and safely deposited in the coach-house of the hotel.

Satisfying himself that among the rivulets which claim to be the source of the Danube that starting from a spring in the garden of the Prince of Furstemburg was the true one, our voyager, paying thirteen francs as his hotel bill for three days, launched his canoe upon the brook, and began the descent of the Danube, amidst the "hochs!" and farewells of the crowd.

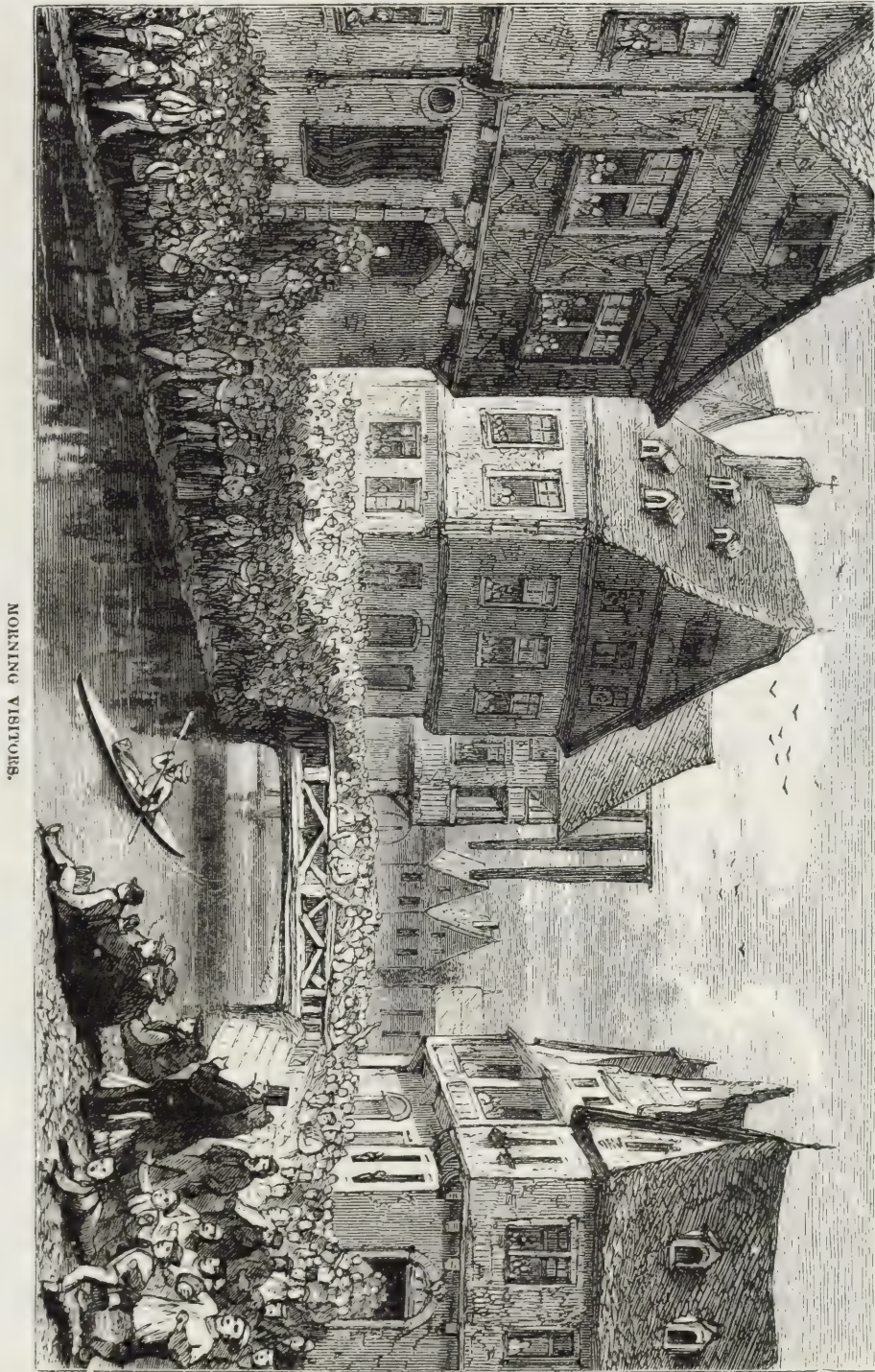
The upper Danube is exceedingly picturesque. Having in a few miles swollen from a tiny brook to a considerable river, it winds slowly through level meads, with waving sedge on the banks, and silken, sleepy weeds in the river. There are long-necked, long-winged, long-legged herons, which seem to have forgotten to get a body, and flocks of wild ducks in the water, while the air is alive with gay butterflies and fierce-looking dragon-flies. The hay-makers are busy in the fields, half their work seemingly consisting in sharpening their miserable scythes. At length hills begin to skirt the stream; these are soon crowned with old castles; then come woods and rocks, and the current grows more rapid, the river descending fifteen hundred feet in the course of a five-days' sail. Every few hours is a mill-dam. If one is not more than four feet high our canoe-man was wont to shoot it; if higher, the canoe was



ACCOMMODATIONS WANTED.

dragged around and launched below. When he came to one of these places he used to walk straight into the hay-fields, dragging the boat over the wet, newly-mown grass, in literal imitation of the mythical American craft which would run wherever there was a heavy dew, greatly to the amusement of hay-makers.

Once Mr. Macgregor got belated, and night fell in with no signs of a habitation in sight, and he had made up his mind to sleep supperless in the canoe, though a storm was coming up. Just then he caught sight of a light high



up on the bank ; scrambling through the thicket, oar in hand to keep off the large dogs which throng around these lonely habitations, he knocked loudly at the door. All was still, though just before he had heard the sound of several voices. At length a window far above was opened, and a fat night-capped head was thrust out, and after a parley the window was closed—soon to be opened and other heads thrust out. At length, convinced that the stranger was alone, he was admitted and hospitably entertained with the best that the house contained—kirschwasser, bread, and eggs, of which latter the hungry traveler made way with half a score. The priest was sent for to talk with him, but as the Englishman had well-

nigh forgotten his Latin, and they had no other language, their talk was not very edifying.

At Teutlingen, a quaint old town “with a good inn and bad pavement,” where every house seems to be dyer’s shop or a tannery, the Rob Roy and her master was quite a lion. The whole floating population followed in procession as the boat, mounted on a wheel-barrow, was borne to the inn, where it was hoisted into the hay-loft ; and until far into the night visitors came with lanterns to get a sight of the curious craft. In the morning all the populace flocked to the bridge to see the departure, one man politely requesting that it might be delayed a few minutes till his bedridden father could come up to get a sight.

Leaving the Danube at Ulm, famous in history, the Rob Roy was sent by rail to Frederickschafen, on the Swiss Lake of Constance, upon which the canoe was soon launched, and a sail was taken around that romantic sheet of water, then down its outlet, the "arrowy Rhine," to Schaffhausen, the finest of European waterfalls; then by rail again to Lake Zurich, the centre of the region where gather the Swiss tourists, for whom arise the huge hotels which seem to be managed with the special view of demonstrating the problem of giving the least accommodation for the most money.

"If you wish to live well in Switzerland," says Mr. Macgregor, "go to German hotels, and avoid the grand barracks reared on every view-point for the English tourist. See how the omnibus from the train or steamer pours down its victims into the landlord's arms. The whole party, men, women, and children, are so demure, so afraid of themselves, that the hotel-keeper does just what he likes with them, every one. As a helpless bachelor, and without a courier or heavy baggage, I enter too, and venture to order a cutlet and potatoes. After half an hour two chops come and spinach, each just one bite, and cold. I ask for fruit, and some pears are presented that grate on the knife, with a minute bunch of grapes—good ones, I will acknowledge. For this I pay two shillings. Next day I row down the lake and order, just as before, a cutlet, potatoes, and fruit. Presently appear two luscious veal-cutlets, with splendid potatoes, and famous hot plates; and a fruit-basket teeming gracefully with large clusters of magnificent grapes, peaches, pears, all gushing with juice, mellow apples and rosy plums. For this I pay one shilling and sixpence. The secret is, that the Germans won't pay the prices which the English fear to grumble at, and won't put up with the articles the English fear to refuse."

At a village on the lake our canoeist seems

to have had his only serious occasion for fault-finding during his whole voyage. His pet, the Rob Roy, was badly treated. He had confided her to the care of a man who seemed to be a stolid, honest fellow; but she had "been sadly" tumbled about, filled with water, the seat cast off and floating outside, the covering deranged, the sails untied, and the sacred paddle defiled by clumsy hands. The man who suffered this to be perpetrated," says Mr. Macgregor, "will not, I hope, forget the Anglo-German-French set-down he received (with a half-franc); and I shall not in future forget the time-honored practice of carrying the canoe, invariably, into the hotel."

This practice of carrying the canoe to the hotel every evening gave rise to a multitude of pleasant scenes; the children, whether of larger or smaller growth, taking immense delight in following the vessel in its land passage, and, in case of need, aiding in its transport. Let the following serve as an example of many:

"Frequent intercourse with natives of strange countries, where there is no common language between them and the tourist, will gradually teach him a "sign language," which suits all people alike. Thus, in any place, no matter what was their dialect, it was always easy to induce one or two men to aid in carrying the canoe. The *formula* for this was something in the following style:

"I first got the boat on shore, and a crowd of course soon collected, while I arranged its interior, and spunged out the splashed water, and fastened the cover down. Then, tightening my belt for a walk, I looked round with a kind smile, and selecting a likely man, I would address him in English deliberately as follows—suited each action to the word, for I have always found that sign language is made more natural when you speak your own tongue all the time you are acting: 'Well, now, I think as you have looked on enough and have seen all you want, it's about time to go to a hotel, a



THE ROB ROY IN A CROWD.

Gasthaus. Here! you —yes, *you!*—just take that end of the boat up, so — gently, *langsam!* *langsam!* — all right, yes, under your arm, like this — now march off to the best hotel, *Gasthaus.*'

"Then the procession naturally formed itself. The most humorous boys of course took precedence, because of services willing to be performed; and, meanwhile, they gratuitously danced about and under the canoe like the Fauns around Silenus. Women only came near and waited modestly till the throng had passed. The seniors of the place kept on the safer confines of the movement, where dignity of gait might comport with close observation."

From Lake Zurich to

Lake Zug is some ten miles, over a high neck of forest land, over which the canoe was taken by cart, the driver whereof was vastly proud of his novel freight. After sailing around this pretty lake, studded with islands, the Rob Roy rumbled by cart over to the Lake of Lucerne, the Sea of the Four Cantons, famous in Swiss story, which Mr. Macgregor thinks "the prettiest lake in the world." "Like other people," he says, "and at



SAILING ON LAKE ZUG.

other times, I had traversed this beautiful water of the Four Cantons; but those only who have seen it well by steamer and by walking, so as to know how it juts in and winds around an intricate geography, can imagine how much better you may follow and grasp its beauties by searching them out alone and in a canoe. For thus I could penetrate all the wooded nooks, and dwell upon each view-point, and visit the

rocky islets, and wait long, longer—as long as I pleased—before some lofty berg, while the ground-swell gently undulated, and the passing cloud shaded the hill with gray, and the red flag of a steamer fluttered in a distant sunbeam, and the plash of a barge's oar broke on the boatman's song; every thing around changing just a little, and the stream of inward thought and admiration changing too as it flowed; but all the time, and when the eye came back to it again, there was the same grand mountain, still the same."

The outlet of the Sea of the Four Cantons is the Reuss, which falls into the Aar, and this again into the Rhine. The Reuss is a rapid stream, and nobody could tell whether it was boatable, though there was a



SHIRKING A WATERFALL.



PASSING THE RAPIDS OF THE REUSS.

story of a man who had gone into it with a boat, was arrested by the police, and punished for thus periling his life. However, Mr. Macgregor resolved to try it. The voyage turned out rather perilous, and he had more than one occasion to shirk a waterfall. At length he came to a place where the river ran swiftly through a gorge with steep, rocky banks, the channel filled with rocks and rapids. He had been warned of this bad place, but had forgotten the admonition. The river here makes a series of sharp turns, almost like the figure 8, gliding over a sloping ledge of flat rocks lying athwart the stream only a few inches below the surface. Over this the Rob Roy swept, the keel and sides grinding and bumping on the stones, or slipping over the soft moss which clothed their sides. Right in front was the peculiar wave, always raised when a

main stream converges as it rushes down a narrow neck. The trough of this wave was two feet below the level of the surface, the crest of the wave four feet above, so that there was six feet of wave through which the Rob Roy must plunge bodily; behind this main wave was another but smaller. What was behind that? If it was a rock, then the last hour of the Rob Roy, and most likely of her Captain, had come. The canoe plunged headlong into the shining mound of water. The canoeman shut his eyes, clenched his teeth, and clutched his paddle as he saw her sharp prow deeply buried, and before she could rise the mass of solid water struck him with a heavy blow full in the breast, closing round his neck, as if cold hands had gripped him, quite taking away his breath. An instant after there was another slap and

clutch, but feebler, from the lesser wave, a whirl in the eddy below, and the gallant little Rob Roy slowly rose from under a load of water. The peril was seen, encountered, and overpast in a moment. Hardly a drop of water had got inside under the waterproof covering, and though the breast of the voyager and all his front was drenched, his back was hardly wet in driving through the waves.

From the Reuss the Rob Roy passed into the Aar, not without some adventures, such as being fixed on a waterfall, and from the Aar into the Rhine, once more, at Waldschut "Forest End." It was now late in September, and the Rob Roy had wet her keel in the waters of England, Holland, Belgium, France, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, Baden, Rhenish Prussia, the Palatinate, Switzerland, and the Grand Duchy of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, with a population of 52,000, and a sovereign bearing the sounding title of "His Royal Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen," of sufficiently pure blood, we believe, to entitle his family to furnish husbands or wives to the reigning families of Europe.

Down the Rhine once more, but still far above the point where the Rob Roy had sailed two months before; but whither the fame of the little canoe had preceded her, and where the good burgers made unavailing efforts to pronounce her name; some hailing her as the "Roab Ro," others as the Rub-ree: while a



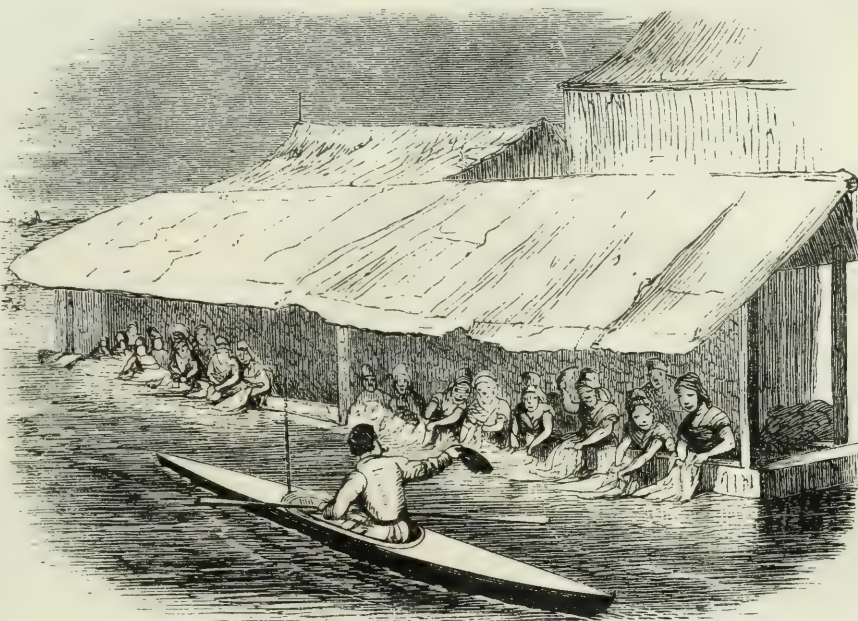
FIXED ON A WATERFALL.

spectacled personage, most likely a University Professor, or a Doctor of Philosophy at least, called out, "Ah, ah! Valtarescott!" manifesting thereby his own acquaintance with the novels of the great Wizard of the North.

Down the rapid Rhine again, paddling vigorously, and shooting the rapids in all sorts of ways until Bale was reached. Here at the turning point, where the Rhine bends from west to north, and seeks the sea, there were routes innumerable which might be taken homeward.

The one finally chosen led across the range of the Vosges, over which the Rob Roy was borne by rail and cart to the head-waters of the Moselle, down which she was paddled for a while; thence again carted to the upper course of the Meurthe, which seemed lined with washing barges and fishermen, patiently waiting for a nibble, which they rarely got; then again

by canal and railway to the Marne, down which the little canoe floated for 200 miles, with little of adventure, saving the annoying passages of a few *barrages* or "barriers." One of these consisted of three low steps reaching quite across the stream, each having a line of iron posts, with connecting chains, reaching from the top of one to the bottom of that below. The space between these posts was only an inch or two greater than the breadth of the Rob Roy, and to steer



WASHING BARGE.

through was a delicate task. But a group of navvies had gathered to see what the Englishman would do. So he resolved to try the passage; but the boat got entangled in the chains, and the Captain got out quietly into the water, whistling as though all was just as it should be, lifted the canoe through, and got in dripping wet, and paddled off amidst the cheers of the crowd.

Again, hoping to cut off a long bend, he turned into a narrow canal. But soon the channel became so thoroughly filled with grass and weeds that it was just like a hay-field, with grass four feet high ready for mowing. Through this the canoe was pushed for miles under a hot sun. But at length the canal struck the river again, and the Rob Roy glided down Paris-ward until it entered the Seine.

"The gradual approach to Paris by gliding down the Seine," writes Mr. Macgregor, "was altogether a new sensation. By diligence, railway, or steamer, you have nothing like it—not certainly by walking into Paris along a dusty road. For now I was smoothly carried on a wide and winding river, with nothing to do but to look and listen, while the splendid panorama majestically unfolds. Villas thickened, gardens get smaller as houses are closer;

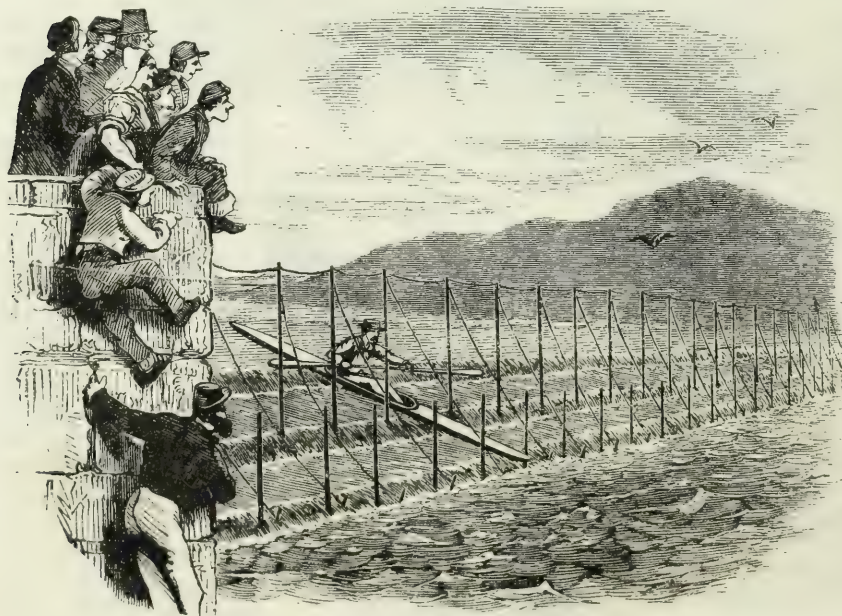


FRENCH FISHERS.

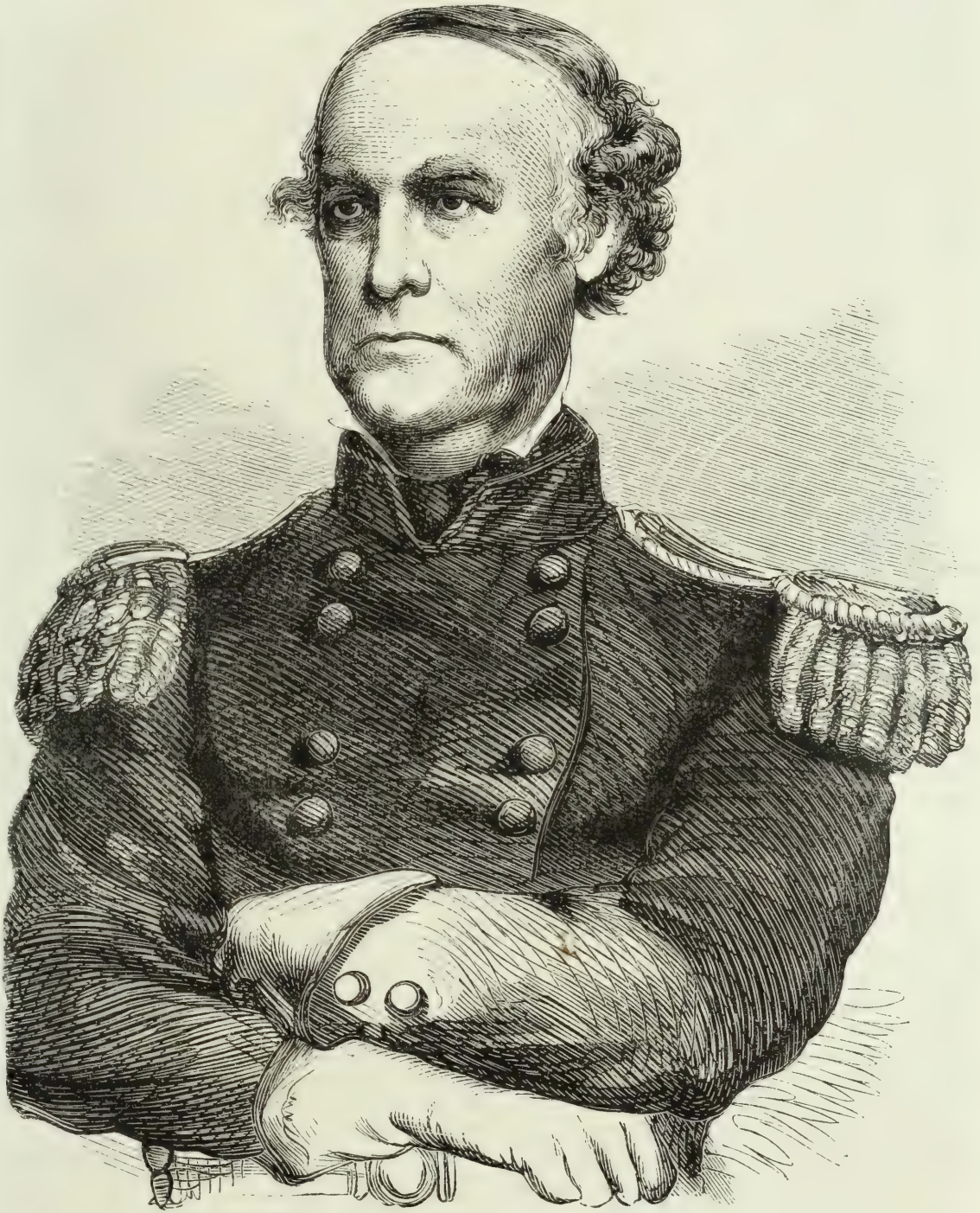
trees get fewer as walls increase; barges line the banks; commerce and its movements, luxury and its adornments; spires and cupolas grow out of the dim horizon, and the hum of life gets deeper and busier, while the pretty little tinkling sound of the river waters yields to the roar of traffic, and to that indescribable thrill which throbs in the air around this capital of the Continent, the centre of the politics, the focus of the pleasure and splendor of the world."

Here ended the voyage of the Rob Roy. Homeward she went by rail to Calais, by steamer thence to Dover, and then by rail again to London.

Our country furnishes a field for canoe voyages which would exceed in pleasure and interest that of the Rob Roy. Forty-eight hours from New York, by steamer or rail, would land the canoe at the very headwaters of either the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Delaware, or the Susquehanna. For a bolder journey, why not go down the Saint Lawrence, from Lake Ontario, sailing or paddling among the Thousand Isles, shooting the Rapids, passing Montreal and Quebec, and going up the lake-like Saguenay?



CHAIN BARRIER.



SAMUEL R. CURTIS.

HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

XIV.—THE WILDS OF ARKANSAS.

Extent and Population.—Secession.—The Indians.—Commencement of Hostilities.—The Battle of Pea Ridge.—Disastrous Gun-Boat Expedition.—The march to Helena.—Battle of Bayou Cache.—Battle of old Fort Wayne.—Battle of Cross Hollows; of Cane Hill.—Battle of Prairie Grove.—Capture of Van Buren; of Arkansas Post.—Repulse of the Rebels at Helena. The march upon Little Rock; its Capture.—The State Redeemed.

THACKERAY, upon his return to England from this country, was honored by a breakfast, given him by Dickens and others of the

literati of London. The conversation turned upon America and the mother-wit of the common people. Thackeray was asked what was the wittiest thing he had heard during his tour. He replied:

“I was once steaming up one of the majestic Western rivers, fifteen hundred miles from the Atlantic coast, when I met a Western man who had just returned from the tour of Europe. I asked him how he liked England. He replied, hesitatingly, ‘Why, I liked England very well

—very well indeed, *in the daytime.* ‘In the daytime,’ I rejoined, ‘why what was the difficulty in the night?’ He answered very soberly, ‘I was always afraid to go out after dark lest I should *step off!*’”

The magnitude of this country exceeds all ordinary comprehension. Arkansas, which derives its name from an extinct tribe of Indians, and which is one of the new and but little known States of the Mississippi Valley, embraces an area of 52,198 square miles. It is considerably larger than Ireland, and about equal to the whole of England. The Arkansas River, which sweeps through its centre, takes its rise among the Rocky Mountains, and flows unobstructed two thousand miles before it empties its flood into the Mississippi, of which it is a tributary. The Mississippi, in its tortuous course, washes the eastern border of the State for a distance of nearly four hundred miles. The Arkansas River rolls its majestic flood through the heart of the State in a winding course of nearly fifteen hundred miles. In the year 1800 France was in possession of the whole of the vast region north and west of the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, and as far north as the British territory, excepting only the portions then occupied by Spain.

Jefferson and other far-seeing statesmen of that day were keenly alive to the importance that the mouth of the Mississippi, and the immense valleys watered by its western tributaries, should be under the exclusive control of the United States. After much diplomacy the country was purchased by the United States Government for fifteen millions of dollars. The whole country, which was then almost an unexplored wilderness, roamed over by painted savages, was called Louisiana. It has been cut up into the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, the greater part of Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, the Indian Territories, etc. Such a transfer of real estate was probably never before made since the creation of the world. Its possession by the United States was deemed a matter of vital importance to our national peace and prosperity. Napoleon said, when he had signed the articles of cession: “This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States. I have now given to England a rival who will sooner or later humble her pride.” Arkansas was received as a State into the Union in 1836.

At the commencement of the rebellion the population of Arkansas consisted of about 324,323 whites and 111,104 slaves. At the Presidential election of 1860, which called out nearly every available voter, the State cast 36,959 votes. This handful of men assumed that the State belonged exclusively to them, and that they had a right to withdraw the territory from the National Government, and transfer it to England, France, Spain, Mexico, or the Confederate rebels, as they pleased.

There was a strong Union party in Arkansas, composed of the peaceable and respectable

classes of the people; but they were soon overborne by the madness of those reckless men who were determined at every hazard to break up the Government. On the 16th of January, 1861, the Legislature voted to submit the question to the people, whether they would call a Convention to act upon the subject of secession. The election was held on the 18th of February. The vote stood 27,412 for the Convention, 15,816 against it. At the election of delegates for this Convention the Union vote was 23,626, the secession vote 17,927, being a majority of 5699 against secession.

As one of the measures adopted to “fire the Southern heart,” on the 8th of February a mob of rebels under military organization, but acting without either State or National authority, ascending the river in two steamboats from Helena, demanded of Colonel Totten, the United States officer in command, the surrender of the National arsenal at Little Rock. These desperate men, four hundred in number, seem to have overawed the Governor. Without the shadow of an excuse for the treasonable act—for the State had not then even pretended to secede—he demanded, backed by the bludgeons and the bowie-knives of this mob, the surrender of the arsenal. Colonel Totten had no force to resist the demand. Thus the arsenal, with 9000 stand of arms, 40 cannon, and a large amount of ammunition, passed into the hands of the rebels. Colonel Totten did every thing which his country could have asked of him under the trying circumstances in which he was placed.

After long debate the Convention, not being able to agree, adjourned on the 20th of March, referring the question of secession back again to the people. On the 12th of April South Carolinian rebels opened fire upon Sumter. This brought matters to a crisis. Every man was compelled to take sides, for the nation or against it. The rebels in Arkansas were elate with joy. In reply to the demand from the National Government for a quota of troops to aid in putting down the rebellion Governor Rector replied:

“In answer to your requisition for troops from Arkansas to subjugate the Southern States, I have to say that none will be furnished. The demand is only adding insult to injury. The people of this commonwealth are freemen, not slaves, and will defend, to the last extremity, their honor, lives, and property against Northern mendacity and usurpation.”

Twelve days after the fall of Sumter, on the 22d of April, the Arkansas rebels seized a fine marine hospital which the United States Government had built at Napoleon, near the mouth of Arkansas River. The Government had in store there one hundred and thirty boxes, containing one hundred and forty thousand ball cartridges, one hundred Maynard rifles, two hundred cavalry saddles, and five hundred sabres. These were destined for the National troops, two thousand in number, who were stationed along a line a thousand miles in extent to guard the frontiers of Arkansas and Texas

from incursions of the Indians. These military stores were seized by General Jones under instructions from Governor Rector.

Two days after this, on the 24th of April, Governor Rector sent Colonel Borland to capture Fort Smith, at the city of the same name, upon the Arkansas River, on the extreme western border of the State. The insurrectionists reached the fort in a steamer at 12 o'clock on the night of the 24th. Captain Sturgess, who was in command, apprised of their approach, left with his little garrison of two cavalry companies an hour before their arrival, taking with him the horses and all the stores he could remove, falling back upon Fort Wachita, in the Indian Territory. Fort Smith was one of the finest on the frontier. The rebels having seized it, with National property estimated at the value of three hundred thousand dollars, raised the Confederate flag with cheers for Jeff Davis.

The Convention was now hurriedly reassembled, and without waiting for the action of the people, on the 6th of May an ordinance of secession was passed, with but one dissenting vote. Commissioners were immediately dispatched to the rebel Congress in Montgomery, and on the 18th the State of Arkansas was declared no longer to belong to the United States, but to the Confederacy of Southern rebels. The passage of the ordinance of secession in the Convention was a solemn scene; and yet but few of those infatuated men were aware of the woes they were bringing down upon their land. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The hall was crowded almost to suffocation. Profound silence prevailed as vote after vote was given, broken only by cheers when some well-known Union man gave in his adhesion to the cause of treason. When the result was announced a cheer arose which shook the building to its foundations. Thus the great crime was perpetrated which plunged thousands of the families of Arkansas into life-long woe.

West of Arkansas extends the Indian Territory, spreading over almost countless leagues and occupied by remnants of many Indian tribes. Their country embraces 82,073 square miles, being about equal to the whole island of Great Britain. The region had been divided out to the Cherokees, Osages, Quapaws, Senecas, Shawnees, Creeks, Seminoles, Reserve Indians, Choctaws, and Chickasaws. Their aggregate population amounted to 71,500. Some of these, through the labors of missionaries, were partially civilized; others were in a very savage state.

The Secession Convention had authorized the calling out of sixty thousand men to prosecute the war against the United States, and efforts were immediately adopted to bring the tomahawk and the scalping-knife of these fierce warriors to their aid. As early as the 29th of January, 1861, more than three months before the act of secession was passed, Governor Rector wrote to John Ross, the veteran, well-educated Chief of the Cherokees, urging him, by

every consideration he could present, to marshal his warriors under the rebel flag. The Indian Chief wrote a very dignified reply, declining to enter the war path against his brethren of the United States, from whom he declared that he had received only kind treatment. But the rebels were determined to drag the poor savages into the conflict.

On the 15th of May Colonel Kannady, the rebel commissioner at Fort Smith, which was just on the borders of the Indian country, and which, as we have shown, the rebels had wrested from its feeble garrison, wrote again to John Ross, wishing to know explicitly "whether it is your intention to adhere to the United States Government during the pending conflict, or if you mean to support the Government of the Southern Confederacy." The reply of John Ross was noble. After stating that their relations were perfectly amicable with the United States, and that they had no grievances of which to complain, he adds:

"The Cherokees have properly taken no part in the present deplorable state of affairs. They have done nothing to disturb the cordial friendship between them and their white brothers. Weak, defenseless, and scattered over a large section of country, in the peaceful pursuits of agricultural life, without hostility to any, and with friendly feelings toward all, they hope to be allowed to remain so, under the solemn conviction that they should not be called upon to participate in the threatened fratricidal war between the United States and the Confederate States, and that persons gallantly tenacious of their own rights will respect those of others. Under existing circumstances my wish, advice, and hope are, that we shall be allowed to remain strictly neutral. Our interests all centre in peace."

But the rebels were inexorable. As by the rigors of a conscription more merciless than the world had ever before known, they drove every man within their borders, capable of bearing arms, into their ranks, so they compelled the poor Indians to take sides. When these half-civilized men found that they must fight, many of them rallied beneath the banners of the United States.

On the 29th of January, 1862, General Earl Van Dorn took command of the rebel forces in the trans-Mississippi district, having his headquarters at Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas. He was preparing to invade Missouri, to co-operate with rebels there in compelling the State to secede from the Union and to unite with the Confederacy. To frustrate this purpose, General Halleck, in command of this Department, sent a considerable force, under General Curtis, down into the southwest corner of Missouri, where the rebels had already commenced their march of invasion. The two hostile bodies met near Springfield. The rebels were repulsed, and the patriots unfurled their triumphant banners over the court-house in the city.

The Confederate General Price retreated toward Arkansas. General Curtis hotly pursued him. There were sundry skirmishes between the rear-guard of the fugitives and the advance of the pursuers, until, after a chase of

seventy miles, it was telegraphed to Washington, by General Halleck, on the 18th of February:

"The flag of the Union is floating in Arkansas. General Curtis has driven Price from Missouri, and is several miles across the Arkansas line, cutting up Price's rear, and hourly capturing prisoners and stores."

The rebels made a brief stand at Sugar Creek, but were speedily routed and driven headlong toward Fayetteville. Again they offered resistance at Cross Hollows and at Fayetteville, and again from each place they were driven wildly, with loss of prisoners and of stores. At Mudtown, one of the encampments of the foe, the rebels, as they retreated, poisoned the wells and the provisions which they left behind. It was reported to General Halleck that forty-two officers and men were thus poisoned. Notwithstanding the exasperation of our soldiers in view of such barbarity, they did not wreak any vengeance upon the rebel prisoners in our hands.

General Curtis was now in quite a wilderness country, many a weary league from the base of his supplies at St. Louis on the Missouri. He had with him an army of about 10,500 cavalry and infantry, with 49 pieces of cannon. Anticipating that the rebels would concentrate all their possible force to attack him, he selected a strong position about fourteen miles east of Bentonville to make a stand against whatever odds might march against him. The four divisions of his army were stationed at points to guard all approaches, but from which they could be easily rallied and united in case of an attack.

The 5th of March was bitterly cold and blustering, and the ground was white with snow. As General Curtis was engaged in writing, scouts came hurrying in with the information that the rebels were approaching in force, evidently prepared to give battle. Van Dorn had concentrated an army of between 25,000 and 30,000 men, composed of troops from Missouri, led by Price, bands from Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, under M'Culloch, and a mass of Indians, whom they had compelled to join their ranks, from the Cherokee, Chickasaw, and Choctaw tribes, goaded on by Albert Pike. These troops were gathered in the Boston Mountains, a high range in the extreme north-western part of the State.

Generals Sigel and Asboth were southwest of Bentonville. The first dash of the foe was toward their little band. Sigel immediately retreated upon Bentonville, and then, while pressed by an overpowering force—often surrounding him, in one of the most brilliant exploits of this or any other war, slowly retired, beating back the assaults of the foe on both flanks and his rear for five-and-a-half hours, until safely, and with all his baggage train preserved, he reached the reinforcements which Curtis sent to his aid. Truly does Sigel say, in his address to his soldiers:

"On the retreat from Bentonville to Sugar Creek, a dis-

tance of ten miles, you cut your way through an enemy at least five times stronger than yourselves. The activity, self-possession, and courage of the little band of 600 will ever be memorable in the history of this war."

Curtis rapidly concentrated the patriot army upon a commanding swell of land called Pea Ridge, on the banks of Sugar Creek. Van Dorn, exulting in his immense superiority in numbers, marched from Fayetteville to Bentonville, leaving Pea Ridge some miles distant upon his right. Near Bentonville he took a detour to the westward with the main body of his army, and while he made the feint of an attack upon Curtis upon the south, he pressed rapidly northward and gained, about eight miles from Curtis, and in his rear, the only road by which he could retreat to Springfield. He now felt sure of his victims. Less than ten thousand patriots, in a strange country, with their lines of communication and their retreat cut off, were completely surrounded by thirty thousand as desperate men as ever plunged into the horrors of battle.

Curtis, fully aware of the arduous conflict which was before him, prepared to meet the foe, now rushing upon him from all sides, by adopting all the precautions which military skill and bravery could suggest. Parties were detailed to fell timber to obstruct the approaches; earth-works were thrown up and positions selected for the batteries. All the men worked with a will, and as by magic the spacious encampment became strongly fortified. By the middle of the afternoon of the 6th the four divisions were assembled on the selected field to await the crisis of a battle whose result was very uncertain, and the issues of which would inevitably prove most momentous. The line of the army extended three or four miles fronting Sugar Creek on the south, with the broken plateau, called Pea Ridge, extending northward in the rear. It had been supposed that the enemy would attack from the south, as it was not then known that the great mass of the rebel army had swept around to cut off our retreat and to attack us from the north.

As soon as this movement of the enemy was ascertained on the 6th a change of front became necessary. While effecting this change intelligence was brought that the rebels were advancing in force, having already commenced their attack directly in our rear. It was then about half past ten o'clock in the morning. It was clear and cold, and not a breath of air swept the ground, which was slightly whitened with snow. The battle commenced on the right of our column, and raged all day most furiously through ravines and over ridges and into forests, with charges and counter-charges, repulses, and victories in a blending of terror, confusion, uproar, wounds, and death which it is in vain for any pen to describe. The Third and Fourth Divisions, severally under the command of Colonels Carr and Davis, bore the brunt of this battle.

The loss on both sides was severe. Van

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.



Dorn had massed an immense superiority of numbers at this point, and threading deep gullies and penetrating thick underbrush, succeeded in driving back our right wing nearly a mile. Night closed the conflict. General Curtis thus sums up the result :

"The enemy ceased firing, and I hurried men after the caissons and more ammunition. Meantime I arranged the infantry in the edge of the timber, with fields in front, where they lay on their arms and held the position for the night. I directed a detail from each company to bring water and provisions. Thus, without a murmur these weary soldiers lay, and many of them slept within a few yards of the foe, with their dead and wounded comrades scattered around them. Darkness, silence, and fatigue soon secured for the weary broken slumbers and gloomy repose. The day had closed on some reverses on the right, but the left had been unassailed, and the centre had driven the foe from the field."

General Asboth with his artillery rendered signal service, as did Colonel Osterhaus in a very gallant charge. Before the battle commenced the purity of the atmosphere was such that every object on the hills and slopes was visible. But the smoke of the conflict soon settled so thick and heavy that the whole scene was enveloped in sulphurous gloom, and the position of the batteries could only be discerned by the lurid flash at the moment of discharge. The dense masses of infantry were entirely obscured by the ever-thickening cloud. During the night the lines of the hostile parties were not more than six hundred feet apart. It was bitter cold, but no fires could be safely lighted lest the batteries of the enemy should open upon them ; and the air was so still that

it was necessary to carry on conversation in whispers. The braying of the mules through the long hours of the night was painful to hear. Many of them had been without water for forty-eight hours, and without food for twenty-four.

The patriot commanders passed a sleepless night. Though Curtis kept up good courage and was sanguine of ultimate success, the superiority of the foe in numbers was so great that most of the officers, though prepared for a desperate fight, silently and anxiously awaited the dawn. The long-looked-for light at length appeared in the east; and the sun, like a fiery ball, shone portentously through the murky clouds. The enemy held the only road by which we could retreat. The woods and hills swarmed with their troops. They outnumbered the patriots three to one, and a thousand of our men had already fallen dead or wounded.

Soon after the dawn there was some skirmish firing, and at eight o'clock, as the cannoniers stood to their guns along the entire line, the fire was opened. Sigel arranged his batteries in a way which elicited the highest admiration from the most scientific observers. He soon had thirty pieces of artillery opening upon the enemy a fire which no human courage could endure. Canister and grape tore through the crowded ranks of the foe with awful destruction. An officer in the regular army, who was a witness of this scene, writes:

"For two hours and ten minutes did Sigel's iron hail fall thick as autumn leaves, furious as the avalanche, deadly as the simoom. One by one the rebel pieces ceased to play. Onward crept our infantry. Onward crept Sigel and his terrible guns. Shorter and shorter became the range. No charge of theirs could face that iron hail, or dare to venture on that compact line of bayonets. Again Sigel advanced his line, making another partial change of front. Then came the order to charge the enemy in the woods; and those brave boys, who had lain for hours with the hail and shot of the enemy falling upon them and the cannon of Sigel playing over them, rose up and dressed their ranks as if it were but an evening parade. And as the 'Forward' was given the Twenty-fifth Illinois moved in compact line, supported on the left with the Twelfth Missouri acting as skirmishers, and on the right by the Twenty-second Indiana. As they passed into the dense brush they were met by a terrible volley. This was answered by one as terrible and far more deadly. Volley followed volley; yet on and on went that line of determined men. Steadily they pushed the rebel force until they gained more open ground. Here the Confederate forces broke in confusion and fled. The day was ours. And the battle of Pea Ridge was added to the already long list of triumphs clustering around the old starry flag."

The rebels retreated precipitately through the gullies and ravines, pelted by round shot and shell from such batteries as could be brought to bear upon their rapidly-vanishing lines. Sigel pursued them some miles toward Keitsville, firing on them as they ran away. McCulloch, a rebel of reckless daring and much military skill, fell in this engagement. His loss was greatly deplored by his comrades.

The Indians, goaded on by Albert Pike, were roused, like wolves having once lapped blood, to demoniac ferocity. They gratified their savage propensities by scalping the wounded; and it is said that it made no difference to them

whether the scalp was peeled from the brow of friend or foe. All would alike count as trophies of their prowess around their camp-fires. The rebels complained that they rendered but little efficient service; that they were bewildered by the deafening roar of battle. They had been accustomed to the rifle. They had heard the war-whoop. But when they saw 12-pounders running around on wheels, causing the forest to tremble with their thunderings, while shells shrieked through the air, prostrated large trees, and exploded with carnage which swept away whole platoons, their amazement passed all bounds. No power could hold them to the discipline essential in modern warfare.

The Texan Rangers were more fierce and savage even than the Indians. Probably a more desperate set of men never existed. The *Richmond Whig* speaks, with much complacency, of the Texans, "with their large, heavy knives, driving skulls in twain, mingling blood and brains and hair." This spectacle, the *Whig* amiably declares, "was not devoid of satisfaction."

The patriot loss in killed, wounded, and missing, as given by General Curtis, was 1351. The rebel loss has not been ascertained; but it must have been far more severe, from their crowded masses and the terrible accuracy and destructiveness of our fire. The rebels retired south of the Boston Mountains, to repair damages and to recruit their forces. General Curtis established himself at Keitsville, and received reinforcements from Kansas and Missouri. Then ensued for many weeks a series of marchings and countermarchings to baffle the designs of the rebels. The story of these arduous campaignings through darkness and storms, traversing with weary footsteps wide and miry prairies, and fording swollen streams, can probably never be told.*

These movements, though all-important, though accomplishing great results, though accompanied with the heroic endurance of fatigue, exhaustion, and death, were uneventful in those incidents which give so dreadful an interest to the carnage of the field of battle. By the middle of April General Curtis was marching through the State with the strides of a conqueror. In that sunny clime the chilling winds of winter had passed away, and every where verdure and summer's bloom cheered the eye. Foraging and scouting parties were moving in all directions, sweeping vehemently before them every form of opposition. Curtis now set out for Little Rock, the capital of the State, on the Arkansas River. Leaving the Boston Mountains on his right he marched by the way of Salem and Batesville. At Bates-

* For this narrative of the great victory at Pea Ridge I am indebted to the official reports of Generals Curtis and Sigel, and of the subordinate officers, Colonels Jeff. C. Davis, Pattison, Washburn, White, and others; also to an admirable description given by an officer in the regular army, and a very minute detail from the correspondent of the *New York Herald*. I have also examined the rebel narrative given in the *Richmond Whig*.

ville he expected to meet a gun-boat expedition, which was fitted out at Memphis under Colonel Fitch, to descend the Missouri, and steam up the White River with supplies and reinforcements. But this expedition, consisting of three gun-boats and a transport, having on board the Forty-sixth Indiana Regiment, met with disaster, and failed to accomplish its object.

The boats successfully entered the White River, and had ascended the stream some fifteen miles, to a point near Saint Charles, when they encountered a concealed battery. Though the troops landed and captured the battery, it was not until a shot had pierced the steam-drum of the Mound City, filling the boat with scalding vapor, which drove the men into the river. Nearly every one was scalded. Out of a crew numbering 175 but 23 escaped uninjured. After the explosion took place the rebels fired upon the scalded men who were struggling helplessly and drowning in the stream.

The loss of the Mound City, and the necessity of sending two other steamers back to Memphis to convey the wounded there arrested the immediate progress of the expedition, though it subsequently reached its place of destination. The scene of suffering witnessed as these scalded men were collected is too painful to record. Awful has been the price of misery and of death through which our country has been redeemed from the assaults of rebellion. Thirty-seven of these unhappy men died on their passage to Memphis. This disaster and victory—for the batteries were taken, and White River thrown open—occurred on Tuesday, June 17, 1862. Among the many incidents of the disaster may be mentioned that a sailor by the name of Jones leaped, badly scalded, through one of the port-holes into the river. As he was swimming around to get to some one of the boats he received three gun-shot wounds—one in the leg, one in the shoulder, and one in the back. Still he kept afloat, and not being able to reach any of the small boats was swept down the rapid stream nearly half a mile, where he was taken on board the Lexington, and is probably still living.

The situation of Curtis was now very alarming. He was nearly destitute of provisions, far distant from his sources of supply, and surrounded by envenomed foes. To add to the embarrassments of this heroic leader it became necessary just at this time to concentrate all our forces for the siege of Corinth. Curtis received dispatches calling for ten regiments to be sent immediately, by forced marches, to Cape Girardeau. Without a murmur, though it must have been with deep pangs of regret, he yielded to a necessity which frustrated all his plans. But for this in a few days the flag of the Union would have floated over Little Rock, and Arkansas would have stood forth redeemed.

Curtis thus found himself with a very feeble band, altogether too weak to prosecute a vigorous war against twenty thousand rebels dispersed

through the State, and in great danger of being surrounded, cut off from his base of supplies at Springfield, and starved into surrender. He therefore decided to move his army across the State to Helena, on the Mississippi. That river, then traversed above Vicksburg by our gun-boats, could be his line of communication with the North.

But such a march as this, through an almost pathless wilderness, where there were scarcely any opportunities for forage, and all necessary supplies were to be transported with the army; where forests were to be penetrated, vast plains traversed in the blaze of a July sun, and rivers forded or bridged; while guerrillas were hovering on his flanks, and a vigilant and daring foe, familiar with the country, was throwing every possible impediment in his way, and often gathering in strength to give him fierce battle, involved difficulties which required the highest qualities of genius and heroism to surmount. Even before the army commenced its march it was exposed at times to severe deprivation for want of food.

The distance to be traversed was nearly two hundred miles, and the march occupied about eighteen days. On the 24th of June Curtis abandoned his communications with Springfield, Missouri, which had been for some time his base of supplies, called in his guards, and commenced his adventurous march. At Jacksonport, twenty-five miles from Batesville, where the Big Black River enters into the White, a delay of five days occurred to make still more efficient preparations. He then again put his columns in motion, to push forward with the utmost possible rapidity.

There was a band of about twelve hundred rebels in front of him, to destroy the bridges, barricade the roads with trees felled by the forced labor of the negroes, to fire upon his trains from the cane-brakes as they could get opportunity, and to place every possible obstacle in the way of his advance. There were frequent skirmishes as our troops fought their way along, until, on the 7th of July, they encountered a force of six Texan regiments upon the banks of the Cache River, who were prepared to dispute our advance behind a blockade of fallen timber. But few have heard of the battle of Bayou Cache; and yet there was exhibited there military discipline and bravery which could not have been surpassed on the world-renowned arenas of Austerlitz and Waterloo.

Colonel Hovey, of the Thirty-third Illinois regiment, was ordered to open the road. Parts of four companies of the Eleventh Wisconsin, under Colonel Harris, were in the advance. Cautiously they moved forward with one small rifle piece, belonging to the First Indiana cavalry, under Captain Potter. As this little band reached a turn in the road they came suddenly upon two Texan regiments of cavalry, with a regiment of infantry. Their first greeting was a volley of bullets, which killed five of our men



JAMES G. BLUNT.

and wounded both Colonel Harris and Captain Potter. The fire was promptly returned from both musketry and the rifle-gun. But now, with loud yells, the rebels came rushing on in an impetuous charge. Our men fell back, but still pouring volley after volley into the ranks of the foe.

Hovey, who was at some distance in the rear, hearing the firing, and seeing the clouds of dust which rose above the trees and filled the air, pressed forward with the Thirty-third Illinois, and very sagaciously placed his men in ambush by the side of the road. Our overpowered troops, still firing as they retreated, were pursued by the rebels, who uttered loud yells as they rushed furiously forward. Suddenly there was poured in upon them a crash of musketry from the patriots in ambush which

tumbled twenty-five of the foe from their saddles, and caused the whole column to reel and stagger; and as volley followed volley from their concealed assailants the rebels broke and fled, utterly panic-stricken.

It was now about half past ten o'clock in the morning. Just then Colonel Wood, who had been sent fifteen miles from the camp to save a bridge from being destroyed at Bayou de Vieu, and which enterprise he gloriously accomplished, came up at full speed with the First Indiana. They were greeted with cheers, which added to the dismay of the disordered foe. Colonel Hovey rode up to Wood, exclaiming, "You will find the rebels down there. Colonel, thick enough. Pitch into them!" No second word was needed. With cheers the cavalry plunged forward, the horses leaping a

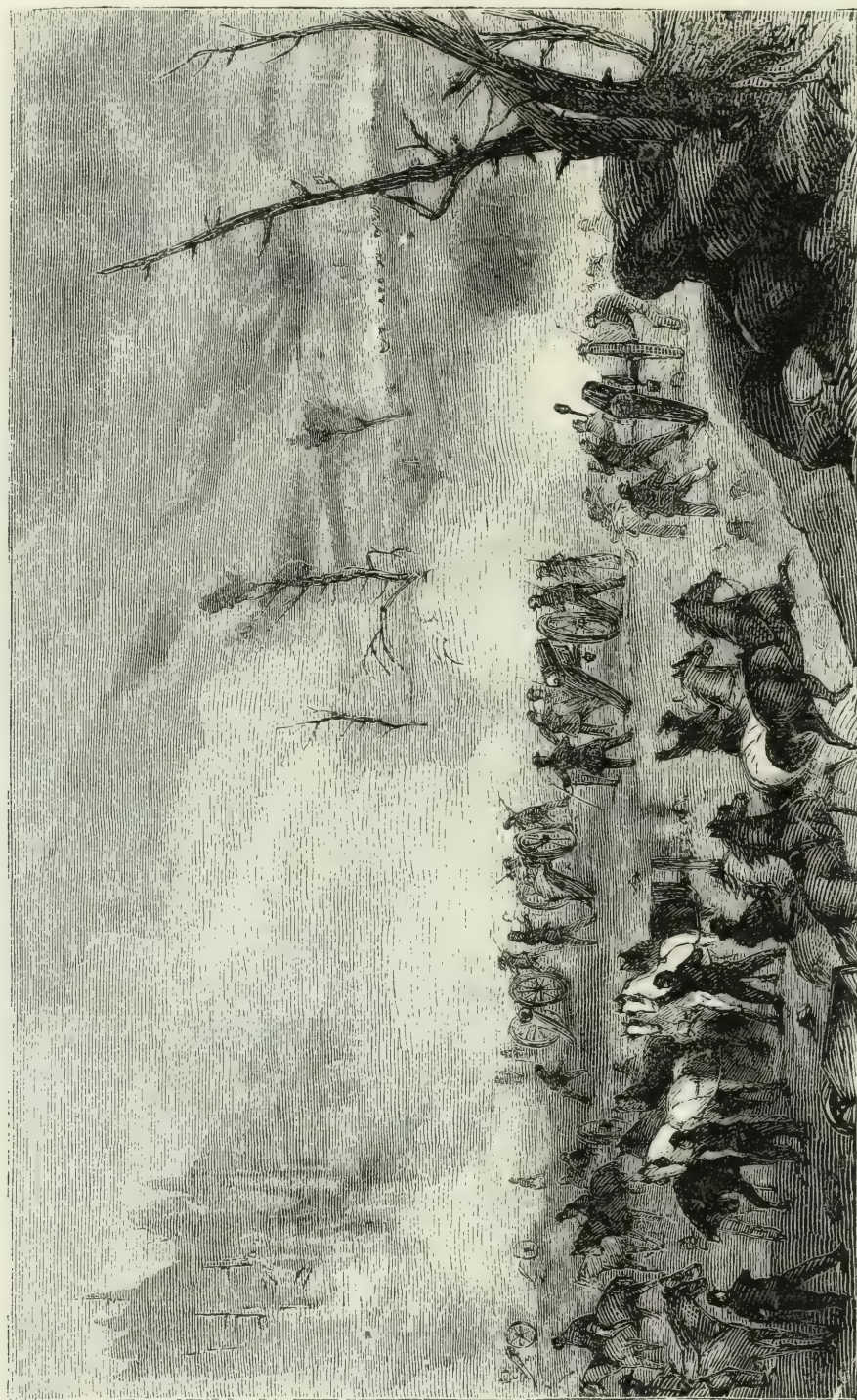


FRANCIS J. HERRON.

ditch four feet wide, from which the rebels had broken up the bridge. In the perilous leap some of the men were pitched headlong, and one horse had his leg broken. Rails were thrown into the ditch, and some steel rifled guns passed over. The cavalry was then brought into line of battle, the artillery in front drawn by hand. The enemy was soon discovered advancing again with extended wings. At the distance of but two hundred yards we opened upon them with a terrible fire of canister. As round after round tore their ranks again the rebels fled. Onward rushed the pursuers. In the enthusiasm of the moment the officers seized the drag ropes, and

thus aided in the impetuous chase. Several times the resolute rebels endeavored to make a stand, but such volleys as were poured in upon them no courage could endure. Thus they were driven, strewing the ground with their dead for a distance of three miles. The enemy lost in *killed* over a hundred in this running fight, while our loss was but five killed and forty-seven wounded.

Continuing his march through Augusta and Clarendon, the advance, under General Washburn, reached Helena, on the Mississippi, at nine o'clock in the morning of the 12th of July. The last day and night the troops accomplished a forced march of sixty-five miles. During



RABE'S BATTERY.

the whole war there were but few adventures more heroic than this movement of the army of Curtis through the wilds of Arkansas.

The battle of Pea Ridge really decided the fate both of Arkansas and Missouri. The rebels made a few attempts to recover their lost ground, some of them quite desperate, but in all they were utterly baffled. We had a small army of observation on the northwestern frontier of Arkansas, chiefly composed of Kansas troops under General James G. Blunt, and Mississippi and Iowa troops under General F. J. Herron. The rebel forces were stationed at several posts throughout Arkansas, under Generals Hindman, Roan, Rains, and Marmaduke.

On the 14th of July, just after Curtis had safely arrived at Helena, the rebels were concentrating their forces at Fayetteville for a raid into Missouri. Major Miller pounced upon them with a patriot force of about six hundred men, and after a severe conflict utterly routed and dispersed the Confederate band, which numbered about sixteen hundred.

Again, after some weeks of recruiting, the rebels concentrated their forces at Old Fort Wayne, near Maysville. Seven thousand had been gathered there. At a short distance, at a place called Cross Hollows, there were four thousand more, chiefly Texans, under Marmaduke. Blunt, with a small but well-tried Union force, was at Pea Ridge. Maysville is

NINETEENTH IOWA AND TWENTIETH WISCONSIN.

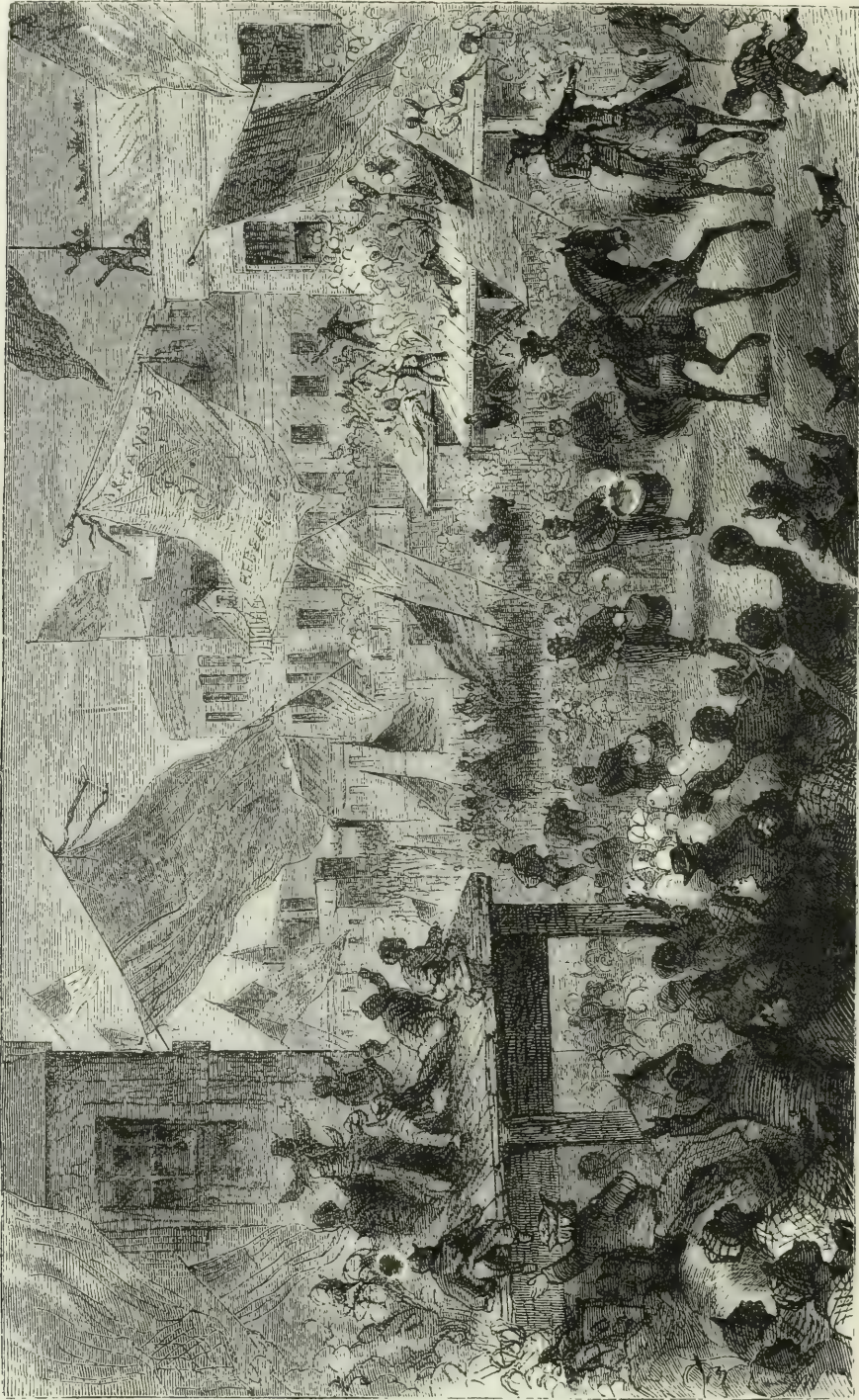


about twenty-three miles west from Bentonville, and directly on the boundary line between Arkansas, and the Indian Territory. Fort Wayne, which is the site of an old United States military garrison, long since abandoned, is about four miles south of Maysville, on the southern edge of a very beautiful prairie.

At seven o'clock in the evening of the 20th of October Blunt, with the Second and Third brigades of his command, consisting mostly of Kansas and Indiana troops, with two Cherokee regiments, left camp at Pea Ridge. Through all the dark hours of the night his troops pushed forward until they reached Bentonville, just before daylight in the morning. Here they

halted until five o'clock in the evening for his train to come up. He was anxious to reach, if possible, the rebel encampment, so as to attack them by surprise, before the dawn of the morning. But there was yet before the troops a march of thirty miles, by night, through a strange land, rough, hilly, and densely wooded. The column started from Bentonville at five o'clock in the evening. When they had reached a point about three miles beyond Bentonville the supply train was directed to go into camp, and to follow on early in the morning, while the rest of the column pressed on as rapidly as possible.

About two o'clock in the morning the advance halted, that the long line, broken by



ENTRY INTO LITTLE ROCK.

darkness and the incidents of the march, might close up. But the men were by this time so exhausted that, as soon as halted, they dropped by the wayside and were soon soundly asleep. After the delay of half an hour the column was again pushed forward. But by some mistake, in the darkness and the inevitable confusion of such a march, only the head of the column, consisting of about six hundred Kansas troops, was put in motion, while the rear still enjoyed their bivouac. These Kansas troops were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Bassett. General Blunt, with his body-guard, was ahead. They reached Maysville just before daylight. But by some means the tidings that the Yankees were coming had penetrated the

streets, and all the male inhabitants had fled to the rebel camp.

It was now five o'clock. As Blunt was making his arrangements to sweep rapidly across the prairie and attack the entrenched foe he learned, to his surprise, and greatly to his chagrin, that the main body of his little army was seven miles in the rear, and that he had only six hundred men to march upon a force estimated at seven thousand. A courier was dispatched to order the column up as rapidly as possible; while Blunt, with true heroism, resolved to move directly upon the enemy with the small force then at his command, and commence the attack with the utmost fierceness. He hoped thus to hold the foe there until the

main body should come up, and help him to a victory, and cut off the rebel retreat.

One of our ever firm friends, a negro, gave Blunt a minute description of all the rebel defenses, and having his freedom promised him served as a faithful guide. Dashing rapidly forward, these mounted troops swept over the prairie of which we have spoken, and drove the pickets into the edge of the forest, or timber, as it is there called. Cautiously entering the timber they advanced about a quarter of a mile, when they encountered the enemy, drawn up in line of battle at the edge of a pasture. Two howitzers were brought forward to within two hundred yards of the foe, and with great rapidity and precision a fire of shells was opened, which the rebels promptly returned, and instantly the entire line was engaged.

The rebels could not but observe our small force. They probably deemed it impossible that a little band of but six hundred men would have the audacity to attack them. They must have supposed that a larger force was somewhere concealed, or, with their accustomed daring, they would have rushed upon and overwhelmed the bold band which had thus bid them defiance. The Kansas troops were all ordered to dismount and advance on foot to within short range, where they opened upon the foe a terrific fire from their Harper's Ferry rifles.

Just then the Kansas Sixth, under Colonel Judson, and the Third Cherokee regiment, under Colonel Phillips, came upon the field. A charge was now ordered by troops who were without bayonets. Gallantly it was made. Five companies of the Second Kansas, under Captains Hopkins, Moore, Gardner, and Russell, all led by Captain S. J. Crawford, making up for the paucity of their numbers by the vehemence of their cheers, plunged directly into the centre of the hostile lines, drove the cannoniers from their guns, and dragged back the captured battery, consisting of four brass pieces, in triumph to their comrades. It was gloriously done. It was a deed of which Kansas may be proud, and the record of which should be transmitted to the children and the children's children of these brave men.

And now, when the victory over seven thousand men was virtually won by six hundred, the troops which, by mistake, had been left behind began gradually to arrive. The Sixth, under Colonel Judson, with foaming steeds, came galloping over the prairie. Rabb's renowned battery, urged forward by its youthful commander, came thundering along, the horses on the full trot. The Eleventh Kansas, a splendid new regiment, forgetting exhaustion in their eagerness to reach the spot where the tempest of battle was raging, came on at the double quick. Rabb's battery was, without a moment's delay, in position, hurling its missiles upon the foe.

But the enemy had now lost all courage, all hope, nearly all organization, and was flying in

dismay. They were pursued for seven miles, leaving a trail of their dead behind. So utter was their discomfiture that they did not halt in their retreat until they reached Fort Gibson, on the Arkansas River, seventy miles from the scene of their rout at Old Fort Wayne. In this brilliant little campaign we lost but four killed and five wounded. The loss of the rebels is not known. Our own troops buried fifty of their dead. But for the accident by which a part of our force had been left behind the entire rebel force would have been captured or destroyed.

We have spoken of another body of the rebels, numbering four thousand, who were encamped at Cross Hollows, a place about twelve miles south from Fayetteville, or on the main road which leads to Ozark, on the Arkansas River. In the evening of the 27th of October General Totten started from Osage Spring, about seventeen miles west from Fayetteville, to capture or disperse this rebel band. He took with him about seven thousand men. A few hours later General Herron moved from his camp with about nine hundred men, mostly cavalry, by a detour, to get into the rear of the enemy, to cut off his retreat. It was a night of Egyptian darkness, and the air sharp with frost. The obscure road led through brushwood and forests, over hills and across torrents. Unexpectedly, just as the dawn was breaking, Herron came upon the foe before Totten had accomplished his march. Herron had apparently "caught a Tartar." He found himself, as the day was dawning, with an exhausted band of nine hundred men confronted by four thousand rebels on their own chosen ground. Taking a hasty survey of the position, he rushed upon the foe with as much enthusiasm as if victory were certain. The rebels were pushed across the river, driven back to their camp, where they made a stand for an hour and a half, when the patriot boys, with loud huzzas, made a charge with such *abandon* of courage that the foe broke and fled in quite a panic, leaving the camp in our possession. A large number of wooden barracks were found there, which the rebels had used for winter-quarters. These were burned to the ground, and the cooking utensils and most of the camp-equipage destroyed. Pushing on with their victory they drove the routed foe four miles into the Boston Mountains, capturing a portion of their train and taking a few prisoners. Fifteen dead bodies were picked up and buried, and the path along which the rebels retreated was sprinkled with blood. This feat was accomplished mainly by the First Iowa cavalry and by the Seventeenth Missouri. It is too difficult to account for the fact that in this brilliant affair we did not lose a man, and but five were wounded. One of these, however, subsequently died.

General Blunt, who was now commanding the First Division of the Army of the Frontier, encamped at Lindsay's Prairie, fifteen miles south of Maysville. On the 26th of November

he learned that the rebel General Marmaduke, with eight thousand men, was at Cane Hill, about fifteen miles west of Fayetteville. Hindman, with another large force of rebels, was on the march, expecting to effect a junction with Marmaduke on the 28th, when, with a united force, they contemplated another raid into the rich fields of Missouri.

Blunt, with characteristic promptness, decided to attack Marmaduke before Hindman could arrive. With his whole available force, consisting of three brigades, four batteries, and six mounted howitzers, he commenced his march at daylight on the morning of the 27th, with three days' rations of hard bread and salt. There was a march of thirty-five miles before them, over an extremely rugged road, before they could reach the foe. At 7 o'clock that evening the resolute band, exhausted by the rapid march, bivouacked within ten miles of the hostile encampment.

At 5 o'clock the next morning the march was resumed. Leaving the main road the army took by-paths so as to come upon the foe from an unexpected quarter on the north. No resistance was encountered until our troops were within half a mile of the rebel camp. The enemy had, however, received tidings of our approach, had called in his pickets, and was prepared for battle. Our advance consisted of about two hundred Kansas cavalry, commanded by Colonel Cloud, with two mounted howitzers under Lieutenant Stover, and Rabb's Battery, with General Blunt, his staff and body-guard. The main body of the army was still some miles in the rear, struggling against the innumerable impediments of the way.

In passing down a gorge, between two abrupt hills, the advance encountered a small force set to watch the passage, which they drove headlong before them. Emerging from this gorge they found the enemy drawn up in line of battle upon some elevated ground on their right with their guns in battery. Rabb's pieces were soon in position, and for nearly an hour, while the remainder of the patriot army was hastening forward, the hills trembled under the fierce cannonading which ensued. The rebels, not knowing how weak our advance was, did not venture from under cover of their guns. The fire from Rabb's Battery proved so destructive, and the danger was so great from other pieces of artillery coming up and taking position to rake them, that the rebels abandoned their first line of defense, and retreating to another ridge, three-fourths of a mile in their rear, where their reserves had been posted, again made a stand.

But more of our artillery soon came up, and our admirably trained gunners opened a fire so rapid, and with such accuracy of aim and destructiveness of execution, that again the foe was compelled to seek safety in flight. Retreating through the village of Cane Hill, for the third time they made a stand on a very commanding ridge, running east and west on

the south side of the town. Here they concentrated their whole force. They were pursued with as much eagerness as they had fled. Blunt had just completed his arrangements for an impetuous assault, of whose successful result he cherished no doubt, when to his deep disappointment he saw the foe on the full retreat toward the mountains in their rear. Tenney's Battery succeeded in rushing forward so as to throw a few shells into their ranks just as the fugitives were disappearing under cover of the forest.

Our men and horses were exhausted by the long march. But the rebels, both men and horses, were fresh, and thus they had the decided advantage in the race which ensued. The patriots, animated by the enthusiasm of victors, strained every nerve in the chase. The rebels were retreating through the Boston Mountains, on the main road toward Van Buren, on the Arkansas River. A participant in the battle thus graphically describes the scene:

"From one hill to another, through every deep ravine, up and down mountains and through the woods they fled, occasionally making a stand in some masked place, until charged and shelled out. Thus the battle continued, the retreat and the pursuit, from ten in the morning until dark. Almost every rod of ground was fought over for a distance of ten miles. Both armies were exhausted. Cavalry regiments dismounted and fought through the brush. Artillery horses dropped in their harness, and the men would seize the ropes and drag the guns forward. The closing scene was between sunset and dark. The enemy made a stand in a deep ravine. Our howitzers had not yet come up. Our men, impatient, made a charge, cavalrymen on foot, with sabres and pistols, infantry with bayonets, and Indians with rifles in the very thickest of the woods. The cheering of the white men, the shrill war-whoops of the Indians, the clashing of sabres, and the incessant roar of small-arms, converted this remote mountain gorge into a perfect Pandemonium. The enemy gave way and darkness prevented further pursuit. This ended the battle of Cane Hill."

The pursuit would probably have been still continued had not Marmaduke sent an officer galloping forward with a white flag, requesting the privilege of taking off their dead and wounded. Blunt states, in his official report, that though he was convinced that this was but a cowardly trick to enable them to make good their retreat and save their guns, still consideration for the fate of Colonel Jewett and others, who had fallen upon the ground the rebels then held, and fears lest they might be brutally murdered, induced him to respect their flag of truce.

Our loss was small. The enemy fired wildly in their hurried retreat, and most of their shot whizzed harmlessly through the air or buried themselves in the trees over the heads of our soldiers. But four were reported as killed, and thirty-six wounded. The enemy's loss is reported at seventy-five killed, but the numbers wounded can never be known, as they were borne away by their comrades. Blunt with his victorious command encamped at Cane Hill.

On the second of December, 1862, General Blunt received information that the united rebel forces in Western Arkansas, under the com-

mand of Hindman, were preparing to march upon him from their camp in the vicinity of Van Buren, which was distant but about twenty miles from Blunt's camp at Cane Hill, and that their approach might be expected any day. Blunt resolved, at all hazards, to hold his position. He accordingly sent dispatches for the Second and Third divisions of the Army of the Frontier to march to his aid as rapidly as possible. These troops were in the neighborhood of Springfield, Missouri, and had a march before them of one hundred and twenty-five miles. Herron took command of the two divisions, and with the promptitude which ever characterized this energetic commander, made his arrangements to set out immediately to join his imperiled comrades near Cane Hill. It was mid-winter, which in that climate is often cold, wet, and stormy. Under the most favorable circumstances it would require several days to effect the junction.

On the night of the 4th Blunt received the intelligence that the enemy were but fifteen miles off, and were approaching by the mountain road. He sent out a small but resolute force to occupy some commanding position where the foe should be held in check until the reinforcements should arrive. Early the next morning, with his entire command, he took positions outside of the town, which would control the approaches from the south. Here he made every arrangement to meet the foe which prudence and courage could suggest. Detachments were sent out several miles to the east and southeast to watch the various roads leading toward Fayetteville, lest the rebels should steal by and get possession of that city, which was twenty miles in his rear. On the night of the 6th sixteen hundred of General Herron's cavalry, consisting of the Second Wisconsin, First Iowa, Tenth Illinois, and Eighth Missouri, all under Colonel Wickersham, reached Cane Hill, and also brought the joyful intelligence that Herron himself, with the remainder of his command, was at Fayetteville.

About ten o'clock on the night of the 7th Blunt, while vigilantly waiting for the approach of the foe, received the alarming intelligence that a band of twenty-five thousand of the rebels had contrived, by some of the unknown paths of that wilderness region, to slip by him and were already in his rear. This was almost frightful news, for but eight miles northwest of Cane Hill, at a place called Rhea's Mills, there was a large supply train of four hundred wagons. The enemy, by a rapid movement, might perhaps seize this train, which would be a severe, almost an irreparable loss to the army. Or he might advance rapidly along the Fayetteville road, down which Herron was undoubtedly approaching in a southwesterly direction, and by an unexpected attack might so crush his command, or so cripple it, as to prevent him from furnishing any aid to General Blunt. This it subsequently appeared was Hindman's plan.

Blunt decided first to secure the safety of his train. The little hamlet called Rhea's Mills is at the eastern extremity of a beautiful rolling prairie, about eight miles long from east to west and two miles wide, called Prairie Grove. It was a highly-cultivated region for that country, interspersed with fertile farms and picturesque clumps of trees.

On Sunday morning at four o'clock Herron reached Fayetteville, having marched all night. Allowing his wearied soldiers but one hour's rest after their fatiguing march of one hundred and ten miles, he pushed rapidly forward, hoping to join Blunt by ten o'clock that day. When about six miles from Fayetteville he emerged from a mountain road upon the charming valley of Prairie Grove, then bathed in the light of the rising sun. A more beautiful morning never dawned upon this globe. Suddenly he saw a portion of his advance, consisting of the First Arkansas and Seventh Missouri cavalry falling back in great disorder. They had been attacked by a large body of rebel cavalry under Marmaduke. In fact, the two armies of Hindman and Herron had unexpectedly, like two locomotives at full speed, come butting against each other.

The retreating cavalry were speedily checked and re-formed, though Major J. M. Hubbard, their gallant leader, had unfortunately been taken prisoner. The exultant, on-rushing rebels, pressed forward in line of battle, but as our batteries opened upon them they were put to flight, and were vigorously pursued four miles back to Illinois Creek. Here the army of Hindman was found in all its strength, very formidably posted, and all ready and eager for battle. The rebel troops occupied a long ridge, with their batteries in positions which Herron described as "magnificent." For a mile in front of this array of twenty-five thousand men the ground was clear, and, over this cleared space, and in the face of all these batteries, Herron must advance to the relief of Blunt, or be driven back in ignominious defeat. Blunt was ten miles in the rear, and all unconscious of the storm of war just ready to burst upon his friends.

The situation of this little band of patriot troops seemed almost desperate. But Herron, with that promptitude of decision so essential to military success, decided that his only refuge from disaster was instantly and fiercely to open the battle with the hope that Blunt might hear its thunders and come to his aid.

As he was looking over the ground, feeling the enemy's position and searching for places to convey his artillery across the creek, the rebels directed the fire of all their guns upon the General and his staff, whom they saw exposed to view at the side of their pieces. It was a narrow escape for them all. For ten minutes shot and shell were rattling around them almost as thick as hailstones from the clouds. Several shot fell within a foot of Herron.

They promptly withdrew their pieces, and after getting two batteries in position to engage the attention of the enemy, they cut a road through the timber, got fourteen guns across the creek almost unperceived, and opened so vigorous a fire upon the foe as, under its protection, to pass all the infantry over the creek and to form a line of battle, even while the battle was fiercely raging. Our well-trained gunners threw their shot with rapidity and accuracy which elicited the admiration of every beholder.

Herron commenced pressing his batteries slowly forward toward the enemy's lines, following up close with the infantry. The rebels fought with their accustomed determination. Soon the whole left was engaged. Hindman now endeavored to concentrate his force at that point to crush our left wing. To frustrate this endeavor the Nineteenth Iowa and the Twentieth Wisconsin were ordered to charge a battery placed near a farm-house on the brow of the hill. They stormed the hill, captured the battery of four guns, and drove the rebels back more than half a mile. But rebel reinforcements came thundering on, and our men, overpowered, were unable to hold their ground. One hundred patriots left dead upon the field attested the desperation of the charge.

And now the rebels, chafing and infuriated, attempted, in their turn, to charge *en masse* the batteries of Foust, Backof, and Boeries. They came rushing on with their customary yells to within two hundred yards of the muzzles of our guns. But they were met with such a merciless fire from artillery and musketry that they broke and fled, having suffered slaughter which was truly awful. Again the enemy attempted to mass his troops upon our left. Again the order to charge was given. The Twenty-sixth Indiana and the Thirty-seventh Illinois were selected for this service, and Colonel Houston in person gallantly led them. The victorious advance of our troops was followed by a repulse, as in the first charge. The battery was captured by the patriots, and recaptured by the rebels.

It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon of the short winter's day. Still there were no tidings from Blunt. Soon the gloom of night would terminate the conflict. Herron's troops were exhausted and badly cut up. Nothing remained but to hold on until dark. At this critical moment the opening fire of a battery opposite General Herron's extreme right arrested attention, and the crisis was so imminent that General Herron, accompanied by Captain Clark, rode out to examine it. With joy which can not be described they found that the advance of General Blunt's army was pressing forward but a mile distant upon their right wing. A courier was at once dispatched to inform General Blunt of the position of the foe; and with renewed fury inspiring both sides, the battle was kept up until night spread its pall over the blood-stained field.

Let us now turn back to General Blunt. About one o'clock he had reached his wagon train, which had been spread out on a large open plain at Rhea's Mills. Immediately he sent forward the First Iowa, the Tenth Ohio, and the Eighth Missouri cavalry, with three howitzers, on the road to Fayetteville to ascertain the position of Herron. These troops had advanced about two miles when, as they reached the top of a swell of ground which commanded an extensive prospect, they heard the booming of cannon and saw clouds of smoke rising over a distant valley, which told too plainly that the foe had fallen headlong upon the approaching patriots.

A courier was dispatched at the top of his speed to announce the intelligence to Blunt, while the cavalry pressed forward to the assistance of their friends. Colonel Wickersham, who was in command of the detachment, soon came upon a large body of the rebels, who were endeavoring, by a secret movement, under cover of a heavy piece of timber, to flank Herron upon the right. The Colonel, though holding a far inferior force, brought forward his howitzers, and, with his cavalry in position, opened fire upon the rebels, determined to hold them in check till Blunt, with the infantry and artillery, should arrive.

Rapidly Blunt rushed his troops forward, placed his batteries in available positions, and the engagement became general along the entire line. The boom of 70 pieces of cannon awoke such echoes over those prairies as had never before been heard since creation's dawn. But alas! the scenes of battle were not strange upon those flowery savannas. Though the thunders of artillery had never been heard there before, yet from time immemorial savage hordes had swept over those plains in murderous conflict. The war-whoop of defiance, the battle-cry of onset, the shout of the victor, and the shriek of the dying, had often blended with the gentle zephyrs of morning and of evening, while blood from human veins had enriched the soil, which for uncounted centuries has bloomed with beauty and with fragrance.

Blunt, in his eagerness to get at the foe, and with every man's nerves strained to the utmost tension by the roar of the battle, had rushed forward, often leaving the main road, over fences, ditches, through fields of chaparral and thorn brush, until his troops came upon the enemy's line upon their left, just in season to thwart the attempt they were making to flank Herron with an overwhelming force. When Herron's heroic little band heard the first guns of their allies, as they came rushing to their aid, a cheer went up from the whole division which drowned for the moment the din of the battle. As cheer after cheer ran along their lines, the booming cannon of General Blunt gloriously responded, hurtling shot and shell into the now dismayed ranks of the foe. A captured rebel said that the first three shots from Rabb's battery struck down over 100 of their men. General Blunt, in his official report, writes:

"As darkness approached, the fire, which, from both artillery and musketry, had been terrific and uninterrupted for over three hours, gradually ceased along the whole line, and my command bivouacked upon their arms, ready to renew the conflict at early dawn. I could not tell, with any certainty, the extent of damage done the enemy. But knowing that they had a force greatly superior to mine in numbers, I felt assured that they would give us battle again in the morning, and made arrangements accordingly."

The patriot troops slept upon their arms. Ammunition was brought up, refreshments distributed, and every thing was got in readiness to renew the battle at the dawn of day. But under the cover of the night the rebels fled. They wrapped blankets around the wheels of their artillery and escaped over the Boston Mountains. As the sun rose over the prairie no foe was to be seen, and the men of our victorious army grasped each other's hands, blending their voices in such a cheer of victory as is not often heard. The fight had been desperate and bloody, but the victory was signal. One thousand patriots lay dead or wounded upon the field. By their side lay 2500 of the rebels.

The victory of Prairie Grove deserves to be ranked among the most important battles of the war. The enemy encountered outnumbered us three to one. They were in their own country, and were familiar with every stream and road and mountain pass. Their passions and prejudices had been roused to the utmost intensity by their very able and sagacious leader. They fought with all that reckless daring which ever characterized them on every battle-field. The stake was all-important. The victory of the rebels would have, perhaps, annihilated this our army of the frontier. Western Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, and the Indian country would have been theirs without dispute. But this battle, so gallantly won, virtually ended the war north of the Arkansas River.*

On the 8th of December Captain Milton Birch, with a detachment of but 40 men from the Fourteenth regiment cavalry of the Missouri State militia, started on a raid from Ozark in Missouri into Marion County, Arkansas, to destroy some gigantic saltpetre works near Yellville. He was signally successful. He returned to his encampment after an absence of but seven days, having traveled 225 miles, captured 42 prisoners, destroyed 40 stand of small-arms, captured 12 horses and 4 mules, and also having utterly destroyed the saltpetre works, which had cost the rebel government thirty thousand dollars. All this was accomplished without any loss whatever.

The latter part of December General Blunt was encamped at Prairie Grove. He learned that Hindman was collecting a large force at

Van Buren, on the northern banks of the Arkansas River, preparing for another attempt to force his way into Missouri. Orders were promptly given to pick out the best men from each command, each mounted man to carry one peck of corn for his horse, and all to take six rations in haversack. About seven o'clock in the morning of the 27th the three divisions, consisting of 3000 cavalry and a body of infantry, commenced their movement, in a line almost directly south, for Van Buren, which was 50 miles distant. They reached Lee's Creek that night, where they bivouacked. At daylight the next morning the army was again in motion. The crossing the creek is described as extremely ludicrous. It was midwinter, and the water icy cold. No time could be lost in constructing bridges. It was therefore ordered that each mounted man should take one of the infantry on the croup of his horse. Many of the proud steeds resented the indignity, and as their hind quarters were thrown high into the air, such mishaps were witnessed as to cause universal merriment. Others were striving to construct bridges with logs, which the swift current tore from their grasp. The whole command was, however, soon over, and the cavalry, with four mountain-howitzers, dashed forward till, about ten o'clock, they came upon two regiments of rebel cavalry, eight miles this side of Van Buren. Putting spurs to their horses they plunged upon the foe, soon routed them, and drove them in disorderly flight back to the river. The rebels attempted to save some of their camp equipage by throwing the articles loosely into their wagons and goading the horses to their utmost speed. As these wagons were driven helter-skelter along the rugged road, over hills and through ravines, while our cavalry was in hot pursuit, pelting the fugitives with bullets and shells, the ground was soon found strewn with smashed ambulances and broken wagons, while their contents of tents, carpet-bags, clothing, harnesses, saddles, etc., seemed almost to pave the road.

When they arrived within about a mile of Van Buren they found themselves, at twelve o'clock, upon the top of a hill. After a moment's pause to collect the cavalry, and after sending a few greetings from the mountain-howitzers in the direction of the foe, the whole body of horsemen dashed down the gradual descent into the town. While a part of the cavalry entered the streets of the city another part galloped down the banks of the stream to intercept, with their carbines, three stern-wheel steamers, which, freighted with corn, were making as rapid tracks as possible down the river. They were brought back and returned to the levee. The "stars and stripes" were now waving over the court-house, greeted by the cheers of the victors as infantry and cavalry crowded into the city. The inhabitants gazed upon the spectacle thus suddenly bursting upon them with terror and bewilderment.

* See official reports of Generals Blunt and Herron, and their subordinate officers; also a very spirited letter from General Herron to a friend in Iowa, in the *Rebellion Record*; also graphic accounts by the correspondents of the *Missouri Democrat*, the *Chicago Journal*, the *Burlington Hawk-Eye*, and the *Chicago Tribune*. Though there is, in these accounts, diversity of details, there is no diversity in respect to the great movements and issues of the battle.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, just as our soldiers had taken full possession of the place, and were enjoying a collation, the report of cannon was heard on the opposite side of the river, and shells began to fall and explode in the streets. The rebels had brought their artillery to the opposite bank, and, without any warning for their own women and children to escape, had opened fire, hoping to shell out our cavalry. They succeeded in killing two soldiers, wounding two, and killing two children. We soon got a battery upon a convenient eminence, and at the third shot from our guns the rebels limbered up and fled. A few shells were sent after them to hasten their flight. Our troops found many hogsheads of fine sugar on the levee, with corn, cattle, mules, and commissary and ordnance stores.

The next morning the whole infantry force, with two batteries, marched in parade through the streets of the captured city, while the splendid field-bands in front pealed forth our glorious national airs. The streets were lined with spectators. They could not restrain their expressions of astonishment as they gazed upon the well-clad, highly-disciplined, patriot troops. President Lincoln had truly said that there was scarcely a regiment in the Union army from which he could not select a sufficient number of men who were competent to fill the several places in his Cabinet.

The rebels, in their flight, burned a large part of Fort Smith, with all the buildings containing Confederate stores, also blowing up a magazine and destroying two steamboats. Our troops destroyed Confederate property to the estimated value of two hundred thousand dollars. The next day the army returned to Prairie Grove, having inflicted a blow upon the rebels from which they could not speedily recover. General Blunt reported the only casualties to be five or six men slightly wounded.

A few weeks after this General John A. M'Clermand, who was in command of a very considerable force at Millikin's Bend, finding that nothing decisive could immediately be done toward the reduction of Vicksburg, organized an expedition to destroy a fort of the enemy at Arkansas Post, from which fort the rebels could seriously annoy our communications between Memphis and Vicksburg.

Arkansas Post, or Fort Hindman, as it was sometimes called, consisted of a small village about fifty miles above the mouth of the river, and one hundred and seventeen miles below Little Rock, the capital of the State. The fort was situated upon elevated ground, on the left bank of the stream, and formed the key to Little Rock, and to the rich valley of the Arkansas, which abounded with cattle, corn, and cotton. It was a square, full-bastioned fort, surrounded by the village. The exterior sides of the fort, between the salient angles, were three hundred feet in length, the parapet eighteen feet wide at the top, the ditch twenty feet wide on the ground level and eight feet deep.

Around the interior slope of the parapet there was a banquette or foot-bank, upon which the infantry could stand to fire upon any assailants. There were three platforms for artillery in each bastion, and one in the curtain facing north. There were two casemates, safe from shot or shell, eighteen feet by fifteen, and seven and a half feet high. The casemates were pierced by a single embrasure, and contained one a 9-inch and the other an 8-inch Columbiad. Guns of large calibre *en barbette* seemed perfectly to command the river below the fort. From the northwestern bastion a line of rifle-pits extended seven hundred and twenty yards toward a bayou. Six field-pieces were mounted along this line, protected by traverses. There were various other preparations for defense which it would be tedious to enumerate. All the resources of military science had been devoted to make this one of the most formidable of the frontier posts. As early as the year 1685 the French, with their characteristic sagacity, had selected the spot for one of their military settlements.

For the reduction of this fort M'Clermand took the Fifteenth Army Corps, under General Sherman, and the Thirteenth, commanded by General George W. Morgan. These troops were conveyed in transports, accompanied by a flotilla of gun-boats, under Rear-Admiral David D. Porter. On the 8th of January, 1863, the fleet turned from the majestic Mississippi into apparently a narrow creek or bayou, which seemed to lose itself among the hoary trees, bearded with moss, of a dense and impenetrable forest. This "lonely ribbon of water" was the mouth of the White River. Its sluggish stream was scarcely wide enough for a single steamer. There were no houses, no farms, no cultivated fields along the banks—nothing but swamp and wilderness, through whose glooms our steam puffs and dash of paddle-wheels seemed to sough with melancholy cadence.

After ascending this dismal stream a few miles the fleet passed through a bayou, or cut-off, into the more lordly Arkansas. The day was so warm and delightful that had the forest, which spread for leagues around, been covered with verdure instead of draped with hoary moss, it would have seemed like midsummer. At length the boats reached regions of semi-civilization. Here and there the wretched log-houses of the "poor white trash" began to appear. Occasionally a rambling, comfortless-looking mansion of a planter would be seen upon the banks, surrounded with negro cabins. The aspect, to one accustomed to Northern thrift, was repulsive in the extreme. Occasionally a glimpse was caught of a horseman riding at full speed, carefully keeping out of rifle's reach—probably hastening to communicate to some rebel force tidings of the approach of the flotilla.

The troops commenced landing at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th, and by noon the next day they were safely on shore preparing

for the attack. After a careful reconnoissance Sherman was directed to diverge from the river with one division of his corps, General Steele's, so as by a detour to invest the fort on the upper side. This column was put in motion at eleven o'clock on the 10th, and after traversing with great difficulty a swamp a quarter of a mile wide, came upon an open plain called Little Prairie. Here they ascertained that it was impossible to approach the fort in that direction, except by a march of seven miles, and by crossing a narrow bridge over a bayou, where they would be fearfully exposed to rebel bullets. As this would endanger the safety of the division—even could the march be accomplished—by too great a separation from the rest of the army, the troops were ordered to return.

The second division of Sherman's corps, under Stuart, had already advanced by the river road until they halted about half a mile below the fort. Steele's division soon came up and formed on the right, and Osterhaus's division on the left, next to the river. Rear-Admiral Porter now pushed forward the gun-boats. The Baron de Kalb, Cincinnati, and Louisville, all iron-clads, steamed up within three hundred yards of the fort, and opened a terrific cannonade upon it, which was continued until nightfall, thus diverting the attention of the enemy from the movement of the land-forces. All the vessels then dropped down, and tied up to the bank for the night.

In the mean time Colonel Lindsay's brigade had landed on the right bank of the river, and, marching up the stream, had planted a battery nearly opposite the fort, but a little above it, so as to prevent any escape of the foe by water, or any reinforcements from thus reaching him. The night which ensued was cold and bleak. Our patriot troops, as patient in enduring suffering as they were heroic in meeting the perils of battle, shivered sleepless yet uncomplaining through the long hours of the winter night, but on the morning of the 11th they were cheered by the bright rays of a warm and cloudless sun.

About noon all the preparations were made for the assault. A little after one o'clock the gun-boats opened their fire, to which the rebels vigorously responded. As boat after boat came into position the bombardment increased in intensity. Our guns were admirably handled. As soon as the range was attained almost every shell struck the guns in the fort, until, one after another, each one was silenced. The Cincinnati, with shrapnel, cleared the crew away from the 9-inch Dahlgren on the parapet, when the Baron de Kalb broke off the muzzle with a 10-inch solid shot. Each of the gun-boats silenced the gun upon which it was directed to fire. By half past two o'clock every heavy gun in the fort was either dismounted or its crew dispersed. Admiral Porter, during the bombardment, was in a little steam-tug, moving rapidly about giving directions.

The first gun from the fleet was the signal for the soldiers to move. The engagement immediately extended along our whole line, mainly with a brisk fire from our field-pieces. As soon as there was evidence that the fort was seriously damaged by the fire from the gun-boats and the land batteries, our men pressed steadily forward, driving before them the enemy's advance. Nine regiments, under General A. J. Smith, drove them forward, until they took shelter behind a cluster of cabins. Here Colonel Guppy, with the Twenty-third Wisconsin, charged them impetuously, forcing them to flee to their intrenchments, and followed them up until our troops were within two hundred yards of the fort. The foe continued to pour in upon our advancing ranks a galling fire from the rifle-pits, until the pits were cleared by the storm which fell upon them from our infantry and artillery.

At this moment the One Hundred and Twentieth Ohio dashed forward to carry the east face of the fort, but were frustrated by an impassable ravine. At four o'clock the gun-boats had approached near the bank, and were pouring shot into the fort. The batteries of Lindsay's brigade, on the other side of the river, were also doing splendid execution; while Morgan's and Sherman's commands were pressing steadily forward in front. And now came the final charge. Amidst the roar and the blinding smoke of battle eight or nine regiments, with such shouts and cheers as the frenzy of the hour only could extort, reckless of the bullets which swept their ranks, rushed through ditch and over rampart till they found themselves within the enemy's intrenchments, and the white flags of surrender floating all around them. The Sixteenth Indiana, under Lieutenant-Colonel John M. Orr; the Eighty-third Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Baldwin; and the One Hundred and Twentieth Ohio, Colonel D. French commanding, were the first to enter the fort. Thus, after three and a half hours of hard fighting, at half past four o'clock our forces were in possession of all the enemy's defenses.

As trophies of this victory our troops could display five thousand prisoners, seventeen pieces of cannon, ten gun-carriages, three thousand stand of small-arms, one hundred and thirty swords, fifty Colt's pistols, forty cans of powder, one thousand six hundred and fifty rounds of shot, shell, and canister, three hundred and seventy-five shells, forty-six thousand rounds of ammunition for small-arms, five hundred and sixty-three animals, together with a considerable quantity of quarter-master and commissary stores.

Our loss in killed was one hundred and twenty-nine; in wounded, eight hundred and thirty-one. Though the enemy fought behind defenses, our fire was so deadly that his loss was very severe, but we are not informed of the precise number. The victory of Arkansas Post was brilliant and decisive. It was won by the combined energies of the army and the

navy. M'Clermand, who conceived the plan and conducted it to its triumphant conclusion, is entitled to a nation's gratitude. M'Clermand was about to make efficient use of his victory, by steaming up the river to the capture of Little Rock, when the state of affairs at Vicksburg required the return of his army to aid in the siege of that strong-hold. They first, however, blew up the fortifications, and demolished every thing that could be made a means of offense or defense.

The Union party in Arkansas now began to develop itself. The supremacy of our arms gave hope that the rebellion would be crushed, and in places where protection could be afforded the patriots began to speak openly. On the 27th of January there was an enthusiastic Union demonstration at Fayetteville. On the 26th of February the Cherokee nation, in council, renounced all connection with the rebels, disqualified all from office who continued disloyal to the United States, and abolished slavery. Two regiments of loyal Arkansas cavalry were formed, who contributed efficient aid to the National cause. Our troops now encountered but little opposition as they moved from one point to another. General Blunt, with untiring energy, pounced upon the rebels wherever they ventured to raise their treasonable flag.

The head-quarters of the rebel army was now at Little Rock, where Marmaduke was enlarging and strengthening his forces. Guerrilla bands were dashing about here and there, perpetrating all acts of violence. On the 17th of April two thousand rebels left Ozark, on the Arkansas, to endeavor to recapture Fayetteville. The post was garrisoned by two patriot regiments, the First Arkansas infantry and the First Arkansas cavalry, under command of Colonel M. La Rue Harrison. The attack was made at sunrise on the morning of the 18th. After a desperate fight of six hours the rebels were repulsed with slaughter.

About the middle of April Marmaduke left Little Rock with ten thousand troops, and made a raid into Missouri, hoping to capture Cape Girardeau. After a battle of five hours he was repulsed by General M'Neil, and his bleeding columns were driven back into Arkansas, pelted every mile of the way by the exultant troops of Generals M'Neil and Vandever.

On the 4th of July, Marmaduke and Price made another movement with fifteen thousand men to capture Helena. General Prentiss was in command, with a patriot force of about four thousand men. The rebels commenced the assault at daylight. With their immense masses they made many and desperate charges, and it is possible that our little garrison might have been overpowered had not the gun-boat Tyler opportunely arrived and opened upon the swarming foe with its heavy guns. Utterly foiled at every point, and with the loss of a thousand in killed and wounded and a thousand prisoners, the rebels fell back again to their strong-holds in the interior of Arkansas.

Soon after the surrender of Vicksburg a combined National force, under Generals Steele and Davidson, moved upon Little Rock with the design of obtaining the entire possession of the State. The expedition crossed the White River on the 17th of August. On the 2d of September, after several skirmishes with Marmaduke's cavalry, the whole available force was concentrated at Brownsville, about seven thousand in number. They marched, nearly abreast, on each side of the Arkansas River, toward the capital. Their rapid approach excited an indescribable panic. Women and children rushed into the streets and listened with terror to the booming of the cannon, every moment drawing nearer and nearer. Rebel troops were hurrying to and fro, applying the torch to steamboats and public stores. Steele's column had now reached the banks opposite the city, and planting his batteries there, shells were thrown shrieking and howling over the city and exploding in the woods beyond. The rapid march of infantry through the streets, the rush of flying horsemen, the clouds of dust and gleam of sabres, the terror of the citizens and the ever-deepening roar of the battle combined in a spectacle as awful as it was sublime.

Soon a squadron of United States cavalry came dashing through the streets. They urged their horses to the arsenal, and reached it just in time to save it from being blown up by the enemy. There was over a ton of powder and several thousand pounds of ammunition in the building. The mayor, who was sick, sent hastily a message to General Davidson, surrendering the city and imploring his mercy. As the bridges were destroyed Steele and his staff crossed the Arkansas in a skiff and joined Davidson. The star-spangled banner, greeted by music and the proud tramp of the conquerors, now floated over the capitol. It was the 10th of September, 1863.

General Steele, who was in command, captured one thousand prisoners and all the public property which the rebels had not found time to destroy. Marmaduke retreated to Arkadelphia, his dépôt of supplies, hotly pursued by the National cavalry. As our troops came up and took possession of Arkadelphia the dispirited, disorganized bands fled from the State, and sought refuge from the avenging hands which pursued them among the mountains, ravines, and forests of Northwestern Louisiana.

Arkansas was now redeemed—nobly redeemed, by heroism and endurance which have been rarely equaled and never surpassed. The flag of the Union now floated over the whole State undisputed, save by a few robber gangs. One of these gangs, eight hundred in number, headed by a man by the name of Quantrell, on the 20th of August entered Lawrence, in Kansas, murdered in cold blood one hundred and twenty-five of its peaceful citizens, and laid nearly the whole town in ashes, destroying property to the amount of two millions of dollars. In December there were eight regiments

of Arkansas citizens rallied under the National banner, besides several thousands who had joined the companies of other regiments. Among the men who contributed most essentially to the restoration of the State, and who are deserving of especial honor, should be mentioned Brigadier-General E. W. Gantt.

On the 12th of November a very enthusiastic meeting was held at Little Rock, which was succeeded by others in all parts of the State, to take measures for the restoration of Arkansas to the Union. The Convention met in January, 1864, declared the Secession ordinance null and void, abolished slavery, the cause of all our troubles, adopted a revised Constitution, and chose Isaac Murphy Governor. In his proclamation to his constituents Governor Murphy says:

"This is nobility enough; this is honor enough to be called a citizen of the United States, whose flag commands the admiration and respect of the world, and whose government has never failed to avenge or right the wrongs done to its humblest citizen. Spurn, then, the tyranny and oppression of the leaders of this wicked rebellion, and return to the home of your ancestors, and your own by inheritance, and atone for the past by securing to your posterity freedom, security, and happiness hereafter."

SHELBY CABELL.

MY acquaintance with Shelby Cabell began in a queer sort of way. I was crossing the Pont Neuf late one night, returning from an evening spent with some friends in the Rue Tournon to my lodgings in the Champs Elysées. It was not the nearest way home. I could have made better time by going along the quai to the Pont de la Concorde. But I always liked to loaf through Old Paris—*le Paris qui s'en va*—when I could; and there are few spots more engaging to a man with a taste for the mouldy than those fine old relics of the times of the Fourth Henry, the Rue Dauphine, and Place Dauphine, and the quiet quarters that form at either end of the bridge a sort of tête-de-pont to resist the encroachments of demolition and change. So I used to go a little out of my way, returning from the Latin Country to the fresh drab avenues of the Elysian Fields, to pass through those fine old haunts of the fast people of two centuries gone, and have my little protest against the barbarisms of civilization. The night I speak of I was going over my customary plaint: "Ill fares the nation where the present snubs the past—the poets have no show in this age—picturesqueness and dirt have lost their charm—the municipal council will soon begin to make knife-handles of the bones of the dead;" but it was late, and I had passed the evening in good company. Near the middle of the bridge I perceived a man standing motionless in the road. As I came nearer he started, ran, and leaped upon the high stone balustrade overlooking the river. His hat fell off as he jumped, and as he balanced himself on his perch with outstretched arms his long light hair streamed out in the wind, and gave him an odd, uncanny look. I

sprang toward him, caught him by the clothes, and dragged him down from his dangerous pedestal. In my excitement, forgetting I was in France, I said, "What are you about?" As he gazed at me coolly an instant without answering, I said, "Pardon, Monsieur, mais que faites vous là?"

He picked up his hat, and brushing it with his sleeve, said, "I like your first phrase best. I speak English full as well as French, and I reckon you do too."

"Yes, but what business has a Kentuckian taking a plunge-bath in the Seine at midnight?"

He looked sharply at me. "How do you know I am a Kentuckian?"

"I *reckoned* so," I answered. He laughed and shook hands.

"A fair shot," he said. "We fellows from the woods have always some loose joint in our armor. Where do you hail from?"

"Not far from you, I should think: Fayette County."

"Hurrah for the Blue Grass!" he shouted. "This is a godsend. You are the first neighbor I have met in an age. Let's go and take a drink."

"Of course," I replied. "But you don't seem to me like a man who was on the point of drowning himself five minutes ago."

"Oh no! I had no idea of doing it to-night. I just got up on the wall there to see how it would look, if a man were ready to try it. And, by-the-way, talking about drowning yourself, I have an old grudge against that useless point of land down there, the Vert-Galant. It would be a very neat thing to go off the shoulders of the Béarnais with a plunge and a splash, if one could light in deep water; but those green trees and the moist turf below would let you down with a few bruises. If you could get on the neck of the bronze horse, with plenty of spring in your legs and arms, you could do it leap-frog fashion, over the head of the King. It would be quite sensational on a bright afternoon when the bridge is full of passengers!"

He walked up as he talked to the equestrian statue of Henry IV., which stands in its spacious alcove, midway of the bridge, staring, horse and rider, into the narrow opening of the Place Dauphine, waiting and watching for something that never issues from the damp and quiet court. The moonlight touching to a softer expression the wide eyes and the firm mouth of the great Bourbon, one could fancy that his image smiled at the grotesque fancy of the strange creature at my side.

"But it's no use talking about that," he said, turning away. "Until they clear away that snout of the island the jump would be only ridiculous."

"Especially," I replied, "for a countryman of Sam Patch."

We were walking through the dark little Rue de la Monnaie, toward the Rue de Rivoli. My companion lifted his hat respectfully.

"You have just pronounced," he said, "the

greatest name of our times. I hope you share my admiration for Patch!"

"Hardly, I am afraid. In fact I know nothing of him, except that he began as a loafer, flourished by bravado, and died from an awkward jump when tipsy."

"A base calumny, Sir, born of envy, and kept alive by the tendency of men to deride the great deeds they dare not emulate and can not understand." This was said with great earnestness, though quietly enough. "I know all about him. A year ago I thought as you do, and I hope to be forgiven for my foolish sneers because of the sincerity of my repentance. I have carefully studied his life and character, and I am sure that all these incidents of his career that astonished the world were simply experiments as to the *best way of doing it*. Profoundly disgusted with life he passed his last days in searching boldly and laboriously the best way of quitting it. There is a deep philosophy in all this. I believe that the style in which a man enters the next world depends on the manner in which he quits this. Pshaw! It is too simple for argument. Did not Cæsar fold his robes as he fell? Does not Miss McFlimsey put on her drawing-room air before she passes the threshold of the antechamber?"

"This chap is clearly mad," I said to myself, "but the method is a little new to me."

"Follow Patch," he continued, as we turned into the Rue de Rivoli, and walked along the brilliant street toward the Louvre—"follow him from the first plunge he made from the roof of a five-story factory, in Pawtucket, into the Blackstone River, then from High Bridge, until at last the terror and the beauty of Niagara lured him, and he came to be a nine days' wonder for the tourist, to whom he was no more than a hero is to his valet. A smaller mind would have said, 'Here is the place for the end.' But Patch, with the instinct of genius, saw that Niagara was too great for him. Nature crushes all human effect there. The frame was too big for the picture. And it was this consideration that made him spread his umbrella for a parachute, in those Titanic leaps that show what a craven Death is, when you know how to take him. When he was ready—I know he *was* ready, for when they fished him out three days afterward they found only a bad quarter in his pocket—he went to Genesee Falls, and there, in the midst of that quiet and beautiful nature that harmonized so well with an act of moral grandeur like his, he plunged and went through to his own place. He is the Ideal Suicide."

"You evidently have very little respect," I said, "for the 'canon' against self-slaughter."

"Don't mistake me. Suicide in general is not a good thing. It is only a thing to do in exceptional circumstances. But when done it should be well done. This is the glory of Patch—that having resolved to die, he sought through months of travel and experiment the best way of dying. The world has never caught the true meaning of his strange device: '*Some things can*

be done AS WELL as others.' Blind eyes, that can not read in the light of his death the word of the sublime enigma!"

We turned up the Rue Castiglione, and cast our eyes—as does every one emerging from the long colonnade to cross the Rue St. Honoré—up to the colossal figure of the First Consul, gazing southward through the mists of midnight, as if the bronze eyes were fixed on Corsica.

"A man ought to go out with a flash, like stars, candles, rockets, and most bright things," continued my companion. "That Emperor up there, for instance. If he could not have had the luck of a bullet at Waterloo, why hadn't he the wit, after talking things over with Montalivat, at the Hôtel Lambert, and confessing that all was lost—to come up here, mount that column, and use his *droit au vol*? The finest opportunity for an effect that ever was thrown away! Imagine the superb chance he had: to come out on the summit of that monument of his own glory, and stand in his own true garb, gray over-coat and cocked hat, beside that classic ideal: look his last on the Tuileries and the Invalides, and go to heaven—by way of the pavement. The adoring world would have gathered up the scattered relics of the real man, while the Ideal Image would still have stood on high, defying the storms of heaven and history."

We had crossed the Place and entered the Rue de la Paix. He turned and said, "I wonder no one thought of that at the Hôtel Lambert that night. But I suppose he would no more have listened to it then than he does now. *Ohé Lambert!*" he cried. But the outraged statue kept his bronze eyes fixed on Corsica.

Walking toward the Boulevard, he said, "In general there are objections to going off that column. It would not be neat to light on the railings at the bottom, and besides, you might kill an Invalid of the Guard."

We sat down to our coffee at the Café Napolitain.

I began with the sacramental question of school-boys; "What's your name?"

He said, "Guess it. You guessed my State."

"Merriwether, Cabell, Marshall, Shelby—"

"There, that will do. Shelby Cabell is enough. I'll try yours. Woolfolk, Peyton, Clay, Rowan, Blair—"

"And Harding." I supplied the patronymic.

"I swear," said Cabell, "I can smell the Blue Grass when I hear such names."

We talked of home. If Cabell was mad, as I had begun to suspect, the evil spirit vanished at the awaking of old memories. We rained questions upon each other. Where did you go to school? What has become of Joe Coleman? Whom do you know in Lexington? What sort of fellow did Miss Peyton marry? Any relation to the Logans of Logansport? We talked of old scenes and old friends, until we forgot the Boulevard and its flashing lights and roaring wheels; the savage freshness of the hills, the vast solitudes of the prairies came back to me.

I heard around me the slow pouring of water from carafes to absinthe goblets, but I only thought how, under the early starlight, the water was dancing down the white ravine, past an old plantation on Green River. I heard the clatter of tumblers and spoons, and thought of the tinkling of cow-bells in the dim woods and willow watersides of the Great West.

We sat there until the "little ladies" had spread their trailing plumes and rustled away, and the Cocodès had bored each other to the desired somnolence, and the lights were dead, the bummers fled, and all but us departed. A heavy-eyed Ganymede approaches.

"Pardon, Messieurs, mais"—and his shoulders go up to his ears.

"True, it is late: *l'addition*."

"Where do you live?" (Together.)

"Champs Elysées 61."

"Rue Racine 2."

"Come and see me."

"Of course. I don't find a Fayette County man lying around loose often enough not to appreciate one when I stumble over him."

From that time forward I saw a great deal of Shelby Cabell. At first I thought him a little deranged, but after I knew him better I considered his frequent references to suicide in its æsthetic phases a harmless affectation, which though sometimes tiresome was oftener amusing. If from time to time a vague suspicion came to me that there was a deeper and more painful interest in this subject to Cabell than appeared, it vanished when I met him again. For he was almost always gay, hearty, and all alive. He intensely enjoyed seeing his own theories burlesqued, and took a keen relish in running into absurdity his own ghastly fancies. He always announced his intention of "going off that way sometime," but always lightly, even jestingly. It was at first unpleasant to hear so grim a subject so frequently mentioned even in jest, but I at last grew accustomed to it, and even amused at the infinite variety of his gory reveries. The Western people are all more or less original and individual, and their characters are as hard to polish as diamonds. They carry their knobiness and their sharp angles through all the friction of time and society. They are hard to polish, but they are as hard to corrupt. Vice breaks her teeth on them. Even the frightful solvent of slavery has not been enough to melt down the rugged virtues of the Kentucky character. It has left stains, of course, but they do not go below the surface. Shelby Cabell was a fair type of these people.

He was of good height, spare build, not perfectly erect. The Kentuckian grows fast, and when young has a slight stoop in the shoulders, which disappears with the slenderness of youth. At fifty he is portly and straight as an arrow. He had very good eyes; that is, they were well set, wide apart, brows gracefully arched; the eyes themselves were like all gray eyes. The expression of his face in repose was grave. His complexion was dark, too dark to suit perfectly

the hair and eyes: but that you see continually among the people in the Mississippi Valley. There is a certain richness of organization that embrowns, under a Western sun, a face that would have been blonde any where else. Men blush brown out West, never pink. He was put together rather loosely, but a man would have made an unlucky mistake in selecting him for an easy adversary. In a row he would be as sure, and as quick, and as merciless as a piece of steel machinery.

He was generally well dressed, though a little carelessly. He was not scrupulous in his cravats. His hats were too apt to suggest the Ecole de Medecine. But his crowning offense was his hair. The golden fleece which he brandished in the face of society was just cause for social ostracism. I appealed to him to sacrifice that much to the Decencies.

"Sorry I can't oblige you," he said, laughingly; "but I think long yellow hair is a fine feature in the picture of a fellow 'going off' from a given point. It gives him the effect of a comet. I got the idea from a painting of a lost lady plunging from London Bridge."

He had been abroad about four years. His father had died the year before he sailed, leaving his fortune to be divided in three portions among his sons. Shelby, the second son, took all of his patrimony in money and funds. The elder took the home plantation, and the cadet the estate coming from the mother, who died when they were children, on the Tennessee border. When the rebellion broke out, the older brother went into the National Army, the younger joined the revolt, and Shelby, stuffing his worldly gear into a carpet-bag, went to Richmond to seek service in the Regular Army of the Confederate States. There he met the Honorable Epaminondas Strutt, who was about sailing for Europe in a diplomatic capacity. The Honorable and high-toned Epaminondas wanted a Secretary of Legation, as he had heard it was the thing for diplomats to be accompanied by an appendage so styled, though his ideas of what were the duties incident to that function were of the vaguest. But young Cabell, who was burning with ardor for what was called "ouah cause," and whose young imagination was also perhaps a little touched by indiscreet reading, was delighted with this opportunity of serving his embryo nation in the gay capitals of Europe. It was a sweet thing, doubtless, to die for one's country, but not a bitter one to live for it in the town where the Chevalier de Faublas had flourished, and the Lady of the Camelias had queened it, for her hour. So he was proud and happy, when, one night in the bar-room of the Spotswood House, the unctuous and effusive statesman grasped his hand, and said: "My gifted young friend, your father was my most intimate and trusted comrade on many a well-fought field—political, I would say. We fought the hellhounds of abolition together here. I have selected your father's son out of sixteen applicants, to continue that fight on a furrin shore. No

thanks, Sir," waving a pudgy hand with a splendid magnanimity and moving to the door.

Cabell stood a moment with his head in the clouds, until the bar-tender said, "Is you or the Judge gwine to pay for them drinks?"

"Oh, I! How much?"

"Eleven juleps; two brandy strait; a lemon he put in his pocket; and a tumbler he threwed at a dorg—two dollars and eighty-five cents—say three dollars for luck."

Cabell's duties as Secretary of Legation, thus begun, continued in much the same way. They came to a sudden and brilliant close after a few months' residence in Paris. One evening at his rooms in the Grand Hotel, Shelby saw his high-toned and chivalrous chief grossly, awkwardly, yet successfully, cheating at Bluff. He went to the table, seized the arm of the high-toned, etc., took an ace from his cuff and drew it across his cheek. He then took the sugar-tongs from the side-board and with them seized firmly the blooming nose of the high-toned, and led him to the door. He came back, and threw the sugar-tongs out of the window. "Gentlemen," he said, "will you drink to my retreat from the Diplomatic service of our country?"

In the morning he received a letter dismissing him from "the service." The Honorable Epaminondas wrote that he had been informed by a high-toned and reliable gentleman that Cabell had been educated at a New England College, and had there doubtless imbibed radical and disorganizing notions, which rendered him incapable of holding an office of such delicacy and trust as Secretary to a Confederate States Plenipotentiary. He said he would report his action in the case to the President, who would doubtless be grieved, as he was, at the unworthiness of one he had loved and trusted. Not one word of the scene of the night before.

Shelby's illusions died hard, but they perished one by one. Thus deprived of all opportunity of serving the cause he worshiped—for the letter of Strutt would, of course, be conclusive against him at Richmond—he grew restless and discontented. He gradually broke with most of the refugees in Paris. He soon discovered that his apparent popularity was only due to his lavish extravagance, and his presumed wealth. His first efforts at retrenchment convinced him of that. He had been young and credulous enough to dream that he was loved for himself. When he first talked one evening about a simple pastoral ménage in the country, he was answered by pretty badinage and caresses that made him forget his theme. The second time a pair of plump shoulders were shrugged petulantly, and the red lips said with some energy, "*Mais, c'est une scie.*" He determined one day to come to an understanding. His fair enslaver lived in the Avenue Marigny. As he reached the corner of the Faubourg St. Honoré he saw her alighting from her carriage. She was with the Comte de Playoff, a young Russian who had just come down to Paris to beggar his heart and get rid of a few millions. He followed them up

to her apartment. His ring was not answered for some minutes. When the saucy face of the *bonne* appeared he started to enter. She stood in the way, and said, "*Madame n'y est pas.*"

"You lie!" said the furious boy; but suddenly struck with a desire to be further assured, he said, kindly, "Pardon me, Lisette, but I am sure she has entered. Ask again, and say it is I."

The girl went through the ante-chamber and into the salon. In a moment she reappeared and said, "Madame is going to the country tomorrow, and is desolate not to see Monsieur; but it is impossible: she is too busy. She will be happy to meet Monsieur next winter if Monsieur finds himself in Paris."

She shut the door in his face. The Kentuckian drew back his fist to smash the panel, but thought better of it and went home, deeply disgusted and humiliated. He was not jealous, because his time had not come to love.

These incidents, and many others he recounted to me from time to time, rubbed the butterfly-dust very rapidly from the wings of his illusions. He was getting blasé almost before he was grown. His restlessness became invincible. He wandered over Europe and into Asia for two years. He squandered most of his property. He exhausted most of the amusements which young men work so conscientiously to exhaust. He did the regular things that every body must do who aspires to sit in the august congregation of the Fast.

He had now come back to Paris to "spend the evening of his days," he said, "tranquilly. The pomps and glories of the world charm me no more. I taste the joys reserved for the philosopher. I wear a bad hat. I shove no paste-board. I wear no gloves. I read some books. I see some plays, as thou dost, Antony. I have no wife, no child, no country. I have no heroes to worship. My President was caught the other day scudding through a corn-field in his wife's shawl and gyasticutum, I believe they call it. All my old masters in the theory and practice of secession have taken the iron-clad oath. I don't want to be reconstructed. I have been a secessionist ever since I was born, and I can't lie about it. The cause is gone in disaster and disgrace, but I don't think it will pay to take the victor's oath for the few days I have to live."

One day I said to him, "Providence is clearly against suicide at present. An officer of the Lanciers in the Rue de la Ville-l'Evêque made up his mind to quit this world yesterday. He fell on his sword. It pierced him from point to hilt, but dodged every vital spot. Without waiting to draw it out he seized his razor and made two savage cuts at his throat. His razor scorned to touch his windpipe or jugular. Disgusted, he cocked his Derringer and fired into his left temple. The flash burned his hair and scorched his eyelashes, but the ball skimmed round between skin and skull and got out on the other side. He staggered to his bed, but in a moment discovered he was not yet in heaven,

and rushed to his window (he lived *au cinquième*) and vaulted over his balcony—"

"Sensible at last," said Cabell; "he should have commenced with that!"

"But at that instant an upholsterer's wagon filled with feather-beds passed, and received him fainting. The boy who drove was frightened out of a year's growth at this addition to his load—a mad Frenchman, with a staff sword spitting him through the body, a Derringer still grasped in his fist, and a gaping bullet hole on each side of his head. They took him to a hospital, and to-day Dr. Peloton, from whom I have the story, tells me he will be ready for duty in a fortnight."

"Poor fellow!" said Shelby, with real sympathy; "he will be so demoralized by a failure like that that he will never try it again. A man can't be too careful and cool in such matters. I saw a superb piece of work not long ago. A young fellow in my street had gotten tired of this make-shift world, and especially of this Old-Clo' Empire. He knew a little English also, and read Carlyle. He had become imbued with the great Scotchman's philosophy—'this world is for the strong and the mighty; if you are not strong and mighty shut your mouth, and don't maunder about those who are; if that is hard, you can die—that's always easy;' and he concluded to die. He bought an ordinary axe, and after taking out the helve, he fastened a pair of dumb-bells to the ends of the blade. He drove a staple tightly into his ceiling. He tied a cord to his axe and passed it through the staple. With the cord in his hand he lay down on the floor, placing his head in a circle he had drawn on the planks with chalk. Raising his axe to the ceiling by means of this simple machinery, he adjusted his head so that the fine blue edge of the steel was precisely over his eyes—and let go. I went into the room two days after. His concierge had come to me, not knowing where he could be, and having seen us sometimes together; and I went to the Inspector of my quarter. We went up together. It was a dead shot. Struck fair in the eyes and chipped off the top of the head, as you split an apple."

"Confound you, Cabell!" I protested—"this specialty of yours grows sometimes too horrible to be amusing."

"Not amusing, perhaps," he said, "but rather edifying. Yet it is sad to think that the great geniuses who do a good thing in this way can tell us nothing about it. All we really know is derived from the frivolous bunglers who balk at the gates. There is one thought that as often as it occurs to me strikes me with horror."

His brow contracted as he spoke, and he clenched his hands and teeth like a strong man in bodily pain. After a moment he continued:

"You know you think very fast in rapid motion. A swift sailing boat in a gale—a fast horse flying against the wind—wake up your mind to an amazing activity. I have never thought so fast

and so freely as when I used to steal my father's blood-horses out of the stable and ride quarter-races in the moonlight with the Merriwether boys. I can't help fearing—and shuddering at it—that when a man finds his life so snarled and twisted that he must drop it as a bad job, and so goes off from some given point"—this was Cabell's favorite expression: amidst all his eccentricities he was always faithful to his preference of a great leap and plunge as the proper way to quit this world—"he may find in the busy second of his fall, that what seemed so impossible was the simplest thing in the world; and he may see the very means of gaining his life's set prize, so dearly longed for and miserably despaired of, blazing before his sickening brain. The very air as it whistles by him may hiss in his ringing ears *how it might have been done!* I tell you, Harding, that gravels me sometimes!"

"And I tell you, Cabell, that is the first sensible word I have heard you utter on this subject. I can't conceive a more pitiable figure than that of a suicide in the next world. It will be like that we sometimes cut in troubled dreams, when we find ourselves in a bright salon crowded with very fine company, and suddenly perceive we have omitted to put on our trowsers."

Cabell would rarely discuss the abstract question of suicide. He pretended to consider that a settled matter for himself. But he was always ready to treat of the comparative advantages of different styles of self-destruction. He contended sturdily for the attraction of gravitation as the best and most artistic agent for the purpose. That given, he was not bigoted as to place and time. He had the heights of the principal monuments of Paris noted down in his tablets, with a careful computation of the progressive velocity of a body falling from pinnacle to pavement. He seemed to delight in the bristling array of figures which expressed the frightful momentum of a weight of 149 pounds (he weighed that in his boots) increasing as the square of the distance traversed.

"Nôtre Dame," he said, "would be a superb point of departure. A clean, sheer fall from the front façade on the pave. But Heaven only knows when the demolitions will be over, and you don't want to come down on a heap of rubbish and mason's tools. And, really, one does not feel entirely comfortable in following in the wake of Claud Frolo."

"The Tour St. Jacques la Boucherie is more finished and compact. It is especially convenient, since they have covered the saint's back with gas-fixtures for illuminations, by which you can climb to his hat, and bid good-by to the Old Paris, with nothing between you and heaven. But if one is going to do the ecclesiastical thing at all, he might as well buy a third-class ticket to Strasbourg, and take his flight from the great-spire in the world."

He generally concluded by saying, "After all, the Arc de l'Etoile is good enough for the likes o' me."

The better I knew Cabell the more I wondered at this odd affectation, for I thought it nothing else. He was so cool and imperturbable, and so genial and cordial; his views of life were, with this exception, so just, and his health, above all, so perfect, that I never dreamed he was in earnest. At the same time this fanciful style of speech was utterly out of character. He was not a man you would expect to hear babbling for the mere sake of babble. Therefore, though never really disquieted, I was often puzzled by his talk. I had as yet seen no adequate cause for the entire indifference to life he professed. When you see a man hopelessly crushed and ruined, bankrupt of life and hope, you ask, "Who was she?" I could not see, in the greatest freedom of Cabell's confidences, any sign that a single one of the many tenants that had flitted in and out of his heart had ever, like Claude Duval, carved her name on its walls.

The Western man has a great gift of silence in these matters. Yet he never seems to expect it in others. I should not have thought of confiding a serious love-affair to Cabell. But as he never mentioned any thing of the kind to me I concluded there was nothing worth mentioning. Illogical, but natural enough.

One afternoon he and I were at my windows in the Champs Elysées. The avenue was filled with its usual chaos of carriages rolling to the Bois de Boulogne. Shelby was in his pleasantest vein. His satire was always sunny and fresh; never morbid and poisonous as a man's wit is apt to grow in Paris. He sat in the warm golden light, twisting his yellow mustache, and talking in his quaint, half-sleepy way about a project he had once cherished of constructing a Bois de la Fayette near the race-track at Lexington, describing, with a quiet verve that was inimitable, the teams and the toilets that the beauty and fashion of the Blue Grass Region would have displayed there. I heard hard swearing below my windows and looked out. A *voiture de place* lumbering down the hill, had struck the wheel of another laboring up, and there was a crash, and a jam, and a temporary halt of the long line of vehicles. I saw the blood bays of the exquisite Marquise de Bellechasse reined back on their haunches, and behind them a Daumont, full of the prettiest toilet and the prettiest woman in Paris. She gave me a languid nod of recognition, as the postillions saw a break in the line and dashed by.

Cabell gazed at the equipage like a man mesmerized, his hands clenched, a bright spot burning on his cheek, his lips half open, his whole life blazing in his fixed gray eyes. I looked at him with astonishment. His face was new and strange to me.

In a moment he sank back in his chair and fell to twisting his mustache again.

"Well, what did you see?" I asked.

"The door of my closet flew open and I saw my skeleton," he answered, as if at random, like a sleepy child.

"What, Madame de Bellechasse?" I cried.

"Yes," he said, in his usual tone; "though it does require some clairvoyance to see a skeleton under those beautiful lines, and Madame 'would not like to consider herself, nor yet to be so considered, in that bony light'"—quoting Dickens, as many of us do, when we want to close an embarrassing inquisition or argument. Mr. Boffin, and Captain Cuttle, and Richard Swiveller have helped me out of more tight places than all my friends together.

That evening Cabell, as he was going, said, "Lend me a hundred or two francs."

I gave him the bills.

"Shall I write you a note?"

I had never taken a promissory note before from a friend. But a new idea had come to me. I imagined a use for one. So I said "Yes, there are pens and paper. Write it in French."

He looked up inquiringly, but as I made no further explanation, he wrote the note, which I laid away.

The next day I dined with an old Washington friend, whom I had known as an attaché of the French Legation. Two titles and as many fortunes had fallen upon him through the timely kindness of a couple of uncles who had considerably died within a year of each other, leaving him sole heir. It had not spoiled him. Good fortune never spoiled any body. It is bad luck that gives the devil his opportunity over men. At De Bacheville's I met the Marquise de Bellechasse, and sat beside her at dinner.

I think I had better not attempt to describe her. I have rarely known a beauty so vehemently attacked by women, so warmly admired by men. The source of her fascination was in her "general effect." So much so that I have heard two men who were equally infatuated with her dispute as to the color of her eyes. The quarrel was adjourned from the Jockey Club to the Bois de Boulogne, and the unfortunate fellow who swore by the brown eyes of his empress was carried home with a broken rib. The victor flew to the feet of the fair cause of discord to sun himself in the light of the blue eyes he had defended, and found them hazel. She seemed very tall, but was very little over the medium height of women. Her imposing air, her Juno-like walk, deceived every one. If her face had been faithfully put in marble, it would have been too cold, too strong. There would have seemed to be too much character in the traits. But no man could resist the strange, subtle charm of that soft, bright smile veiling in sweet and feminine beauty the fine firm mouth. There is not more variety in the myriad lights snitten out from a great diamond shaken in the sun than in the shifting expressions of her dark and unfathomable eyes. Like the mocking-bird of the Western woods they talked all languages but their own. They were too faithful ever to betray their mistress. It was her superb self-command that gave her command over others. Women instinctively felt this chilly empire over passion that she possessed, and took their revenge by small criticism. Men, beguiled by the

music of her voice, the languid fall of the long, dark lashes over the vigilant eyes they veiled, the sweet smile that could seem so tired and dreamy, were conquered before they thought of defending themselves. Many a man thought on Monday, at the Tuileries, that this splendid woman was in love with him. He met her again on Tuesday at a Ministerial reception on the Right Bank, and was charmed and puzzled. The next night he went to the receptions on the Left Bank, expressly to meet her, and woke up Thursday morning restless and excited and alert, planning and scheming to see her again, in love and never dreaming it.

She concealed her youth as many women do their age. Her manner was that of a splendid young matron of thirty. But her cheek was infantine in its freshness, in spite of the gravity of the eyes. Her form was superb in the perfection and grace of its curves; but its lithe, and slender, and elastic beauty had all the indiscretion of a family record. It looked, as she was, twenty-two years old.

Though a good enough Christian in her way, she firmly believed in the unscriptural doctrine of hiding your light under a bushel. She was full of talent, but did her best to keep it out of sight. It hurts the self-love of men for women to be clever, and she did not care to add insult to the injury she did. So that few men knew that Adèle de Bellechasse read in five languages nearly all that appeared of value in art, and science, and history.

She was an American, daughter of what the newspapers call a Merchant Prince. A man enriched by sagacious trade. If he had enlisted for a soldier, he would have been a General. If he had drifted into politics, a Senator. He was a square, grave, witty, shrewd, well-bred man, with a bald head and a white mustache, who could drive his own bargains and his own horses, and buy his own books and his own wine, and who wouldn't be condescended to by a prince, if a prince were ass enough to try it. A man whom no country on earth but America could send out. Every where else it requires one lifetime to make a fortune, and three to learn how to spend it.

When Adèle Brinton was eighteen years of age she was driving in the Bois with her father one pleasant day. As they drew up by the Lake, a young fellow of about sixty-five, with suspiciously black hair, approached the carriage, bowed with stiff jauntiness, and began an aimless conversation with Mr. Brinton, for the purpose of staring at the pretty girl beside him. In a moment Brinton said, "Monsieur le Marquis, do you remember the little girl I had with me in Spain in 1852? Adèle, this is the Marquis de Bellechasse." The Marquis bowed with jaunty stiffness, and addressed his conversation to the late little girl. A week later he asked Mr. Brinton for the hand of his daughter. "Ask her," said the father, ringing for Adèle. She came in, fresh, and dewy, and bright, and stopped on the threshold, seeing the jaunty veter-

an again. "The Marquis has something to say to you," said Brinton, passing into his library. The astonished Marquis gasped out his prayer, all his jauntiness shaken from him by this unheard-of procedure. The young lady, not in the least astonished, listened with respectful attention and accepted with composure. "Come in, papa!" she called. Mr. Brinton entered. "*Embrasse ton fils*," she said, laughingly, and left the two old gentlemen to talk business.

It was a perfect ménage. The Marquis made it the study of his life to please his lovely young wife. Malicious people said he was faithful in that object "even unto death." He enjoyed his treasure only two years, and left his name and great wealth to his widow. At the time of his death he was Ambassador at the Court of—well, these are critical times for kings, we will say the King of Thule. Adèle had a great success in that witty, polished, and brilliant court. The gayest and the gravest were alike at her feet. Young Hussars littered her hotel with anonymous bouquets, and old savans made homage to her of ponderous treatises on the Origin of Matter. She left them all disconsolate—the periodicals of Thule were crammed with verses of farewell—she received from twenty admirers the highly original and suggestive cadeau of a bouquet of *Vergiss-mein-nicht*—and there was not beer enough in the kingdom to drown the despair of the *Junkerpartei*. She came down to Paris. She induced her father to take a floor of her hotel, and she accomplished discreetly her year of widowhood. Then she appeared again in the world, and Paris—I mean the few hundreds who call themselves Paris—was in emotion, like the waves of the sea when the full moon wakes them from their sleep, and they scuffle to gain one instant of her gilding light.

"The first thing the Marquise said to me, as we took our places at the table, was, 'Who was that in your window yesterday?'"

"My friend Cabell; but you know him?"

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly. "How do you know I know him? What did he say about me?"

"Nothing. Tell me what you know of Cabell."

"Answer me?"

"Really, it is because Cabell said nothing about you that I am curious to know what your acquaintance has been."

"I don't like to give something for nothing. Tell me all you know about him, and then I will take your question into consideration."

I gave her in brief an account of my acquaintance with Shelby Cabell. It lasted, with her interruptions and questions, from fish to finger-bowls, and she had told me nothing. The ladies went to the drawing-room and the men staid behind with De Bacheville, to drink a punch of Bourbon whisky, an old Washington habit of his.

When we joined the ladies Madame de Bellechasse, with the pretty imperiousness that was natural to her, ordered me to take what I could

rescue of her sofa from the deluge of her toilet. She began to speak of Cabell in a confidential manner, which at once rendered me the envy of all the Frenchmen there, who could not dream of any thing but a flirtation couched in a semitone and a foreign language.

I was usually ranked among the victims of Madame de Bellechasse. I saw a good deal of her. I was very much attached to her father. They were both very kind to me. I believe the only thing Adèle saw in me that was worth her respect was that I did not love her, and did not flatter her. This was something phenomenal in her experience of men. It gave her a disproportionate confidence in me. She told me more than any one else, I believe. She thought aloud in my company. I was very much interested in her. But I was more in love with the Venus of Milo than with Adèle de Bellechasse, and with a better chance of a return.

I have said all this to explain how I came to know the story of Shelby Cabell's love. Adèle told me of it lightly and mirthfully, as she told me of a dozen declarations she had received in a week. She had grown utterly skeptical on the subject of genuine passion. Her endless "successes" had brought her to this. She saw few men she respected. She had never for an instant loved. So far as that god was concerned she was an Atheist. Her lovers filed before her like an unreal pageant, constructed for her amusement. She could not think of any thing real behind the scenes.

Yet even in talking of Cabell she seemed haunted by a vague suspicion that this man loved her. She did not care for him, and would not marry him if she loved him, she frankly said. But she would be sorry not to know beyond a doubt if she were really loved once in her lifetime. "He talked very much like the rest, but with less parade of passion," she said, finishing her story, "and when I said I would be glad to see him often as a friend, he smiled and said I did not know what I was talking about. I like a little rudeness in such circumstances. Altogether, his manner impressed me a little, and that is why I remembered his face, and asked you about him."

"I believe that Shelby Cabell loves you well enough to die of it some day."

"C'est un peu fort ça?"

She was always unusually heartless when she dropped into French. So I rose and went my way.

I have no heart to repeat the story she told me. It resolves itself into this. Cabell saw her one night in a Bal Masqué in Thule. The King himself had asked her to personate his kingdom. She marched at the head of a cortège, representing the nations of the world. She had a walk, in those great ceremonial occasions, that was worthy of the Kemble family. *Incedo regina* she could say if any could. Cabell was dazzled. He was presented to her, and was dragged for a while at her chariot-wheels. When she came to Paris he followed her, and

a year before he declared his love; and with the unreasoning presumption of all true passion he claimed her love in return. She refused him as she would have refused a porcelain vase to a child who cried for it.

For her it was the amusement of a half hour. For him it was Life against Death. A thousand to one on Death.

From that night I was a prey to inquietude on Cabell's account. I had the key to his riddle. He affronted death with that utter calmness I had thought affectation, because he had no good reason for living. In the agony of his first despair he had resolved to die; and during the long months that followed he had grown so familiar with the idea of violent death, that it had become the settled habit of his mind to think of "dying in his boots," as they phrase it in the West, just as other people think vaguely of dying, ages hence, in bed. I could not call him insane. He was enthusiastic on the subject of artistic suicides; but the mania of a gambler or a turfist was no less incomprehensible and often far more hurtful. I remembered all the old saws against suicide, and used them desperately on him. But his reasons for, I felt, were stronger than mine against, in their effect upon a mind and a nature like his.

One day he said, "Suicide is generally considered the result of insanity. You have said so even. Tell me, do you think a man who coolly throws away a life that is useless and tiresome is as crazy as one who sacrifices in a duel a life full of pleasures and hopes and duties? Yet you call one act madness, and the other a necessary regard for the opinion of mankind."

I was silent, for I had been silly enough to say that. I thought if I could get him away from Paris I could cheat him by degrees out of his purpose. But he would not leave the city. He said that he intended to live as long as his money lasted, and he could not afford to travel. "My mind once made up to 'go off,'" he reasoned, "I am satisfied and happy enough for the few days that remain. The world has ceased to trouble me. I look on myself as a dead man, and have a foretaste of the delights of the grave. I am like a prisoner who will be free next week, and begins to be interested in the daily life of the jail, which was horrible before he heard of his pardon, and would be again if his pardon were withdrawn."

We were smoking one afternoon in the garden of the Luxembourg. A little child ran up to Cabell and kissed his hand.

"*Cu va toujours bien, ma petite?*" he said, kindly.

"Oh yes!" she said, "and we all pray for you every night, though papa says such a great gentleman does not want our prayers."

"Papa is wrong. I want them very much. Don't forget!"

"*Jamais*," said the little one, as she ran back to her brother.

"That expansive juvenile makes me remem-

ber that I am going off sooner than I had intended," he said.

"What has happened?" I asked.

He had filled his mouth with an enormous volume of smoke. Two thin blue lines crept out of his nostrils over his mustache, were caught by the undertow and dragged into his mouth. The tortured smoke came slowly out of his lips, and was in turn captured and drawn into his nostrils. A moment more he opened his mouth, and the balsamic vapor shot out all at once like burned powder from a cannon, and curled slowly up into the withering foliage of the elms. I was so lost in admiration of this elaborate master-piece of pneumatics that I forgot his story.

"Where did you accumulate all that science?"

"I got it," he said, "from a fellow in the Overland Pony Express. But I was going to tell you something else. What was it? Oh yes! I heard last week of a poor wretch who made up his mind, if he had one, to lay his head under a trip-hammer in an iron-rolling establishment. Not a bad idea, either. But the poor creature's heart failed him when he got by the side of the vast monster, beating on its quivering anvil with the force of a regiment of Vulcans fused into a single arm. So he thought he would begin with his fist. It was a hard, horny, proletarian fist, but the smooth, shining face of the iron came down and flattened bone and blood and brawn out into a something like an unsuccessful buckwheat cake. Of course it did not hurt him in the least, the whole nervous system being too much shocked to feel. He stood staring with the amused face of a stupid child at what was left of his hand until they carried him home. I remembered his address, and it caught my eye as I walked through the Rue Mouffetard a few days ago. I thought I would go up and talk with him. I might get some useful new idea out of him. I introduced myself as a Visitor of the Poor. Two or three frightened and ragged children crept into corners as I entered. His wife was crying at the window. I could make nothing of the poor devil: hunger and weakness of spirit had driven him into his folly. I talked with the wife and the babies. The woman seemed to have some grit. She had been a flower-maker; said she was sure of a living if she could raise 500 francs to begin upon. In three years she could save 4000 francs and set up a shop of her own. I thought, 'Here is a chance to do something. This poor woman is brave and industrious, and having brought those two little Gauls into the world, she ought to have a chance to continue her experiment with them.' I had in my pocket five notes of 1000 francs each, besides some odd hundreds. I had settled at Munroe's that day and drawn my whole balance. I gave her 5000 francs, and told her what my address was in case any body asked where she got so much money. I had the incubus of a husband carted off to the Hospital, and now every thing goes with them on

wheels, as the happy creature says. She sits in her little shop all day at work at hideous roses and impossible coquelicots, which are bought as fast as made, and dreams of some day seeing her son an advocate and her daughter the wife of a notary."

"And does not this convince you that you have your work in the world to do? Seeking the happiness of others, you will find your own. These things always hunt in couples. Don't you see you have gained a victory over yourself?"

"A victory of Pyrrhus. Only it doesn't need another such to undo me. I have not the wherewithal for many more days. I am not sorry for that, however. This project of mine has been hanging by the eyelids long enough. So you need not be surprised to see me figuring before long in a *fait-Paris*. Good-day," he said, "I dine to-day *chez Duval*, and to-morrow—*Quien sabe?*"

I watched him moving off with his light, springing stride, graceful and free as an Indian's, and I would not believe so much life and beauty and strength was to be quenched. He turned at the first corner and looked back to nod to me again. The level sunlight was pouring its last rays through the dusty street, and I saw him in a sort of nimbus that does me good to remember now. It seemed to grow suddenly darker when he was gone.

I went home feeling very anxious. I was entirely powerless against his quiet, firm purpose, which had been cherished so long as to become to him a matter of course, neither to be questioned nor defended. Had I called him insane and asked for a "commission," any dozen doctors in Paris would have called me insane after the inquest. I resolved to play my only card. I still preserved the promissory note he had given me. He had paid the money long ago, but had not thought of his note.

I sent for a half-starved limb of the law whom I had employed in one or two little matters. Jacques Loup was a small, wiry, sharp-looking man, with a brown wig and the most remarkable eye-teeth I ever saw. They gave him a look of unutterable craftiness and malice. Yet the little man was as amiable as a sheep, and had no passions but for marionnettes and candied chestnuts.

I told him I would give him the full value of the note if he would put the debtor into Clichy within the briefest possible delay. I did not want the money; I wanted the body of the debtor.

"I see perfectly these have somewhat of mysterious there within. That does not regard me. I will impress myself to execute your vows."

Loup prided himself on his English. I could understand a good deal of it.

The next day I found Cabell's card at my house: he had scrawled on it "A little black-guard with big tusks dunned me to-day for that note I paid you. I kicked him a little. Was that right? Stole it, I suppose."

Poor Loup was having heavy weather, it seemed. I kept out of my apartment for a day or two, coming furtively in for cards and letters. I find another card from Shelby—"My little friend with the big tusks is suing me for that note. When can I see you?"

The evening of the fourth day I was in my parlor and heard a furious ring. I squared myself to meet Cabell. But little Loup came tottering in. He was about to fall on my shoulder. I moved aside and he collapsed into an arm-chair.

"It is barbarous and savage, Monsieur, your debtor. I have execute your vows; but, *mon Dieu*, at what costly cost!"

He began to grow fearfully rhetorical and involved. I said, "Mr. Loup, your English is perfect, but a trifle too artistic for purposes of business. Please tell me in French what you have accomplished!"

This did not take long. The furious and blood-thirsty Cabell was in Clichy since noon. The process, though deeply interesting to Mr. Loup, would lack interest to the general public. I paid Loup his fee with a thankful heart. He went away, after expressing his firm intention, first, to *box* Cabell (whom he called Buveur de Sang) on the public streets; second, to fight him in the Bois de Boulogne, if Buveur de Sang could find a person *comme il faut* to serve as witness; third, to drag him before the Police Correctionnelle for assault and battery, with intent not to pay his debts. All this, when the Honorable Monsieur Har-r-r-dang should be graciously pleased to let the blood-drinker out of jail.

I was almost happy that evening. I was sure of Cabell for a week or two, I thought; and I hoped to bring him to listen to reason before I released him. I had made up my mind to return to America if I could induce him to go with me. I felt so excited at the successful termination of my stratagem that I was too restless to stay at home. I looked at my cards, and saw that it was Madame de Rostainville's evening "at home." I went there. Madame was charmed to see me, and called me by the thirteenth name she had invented for me since our acquaintance began. I took it as a special attention until I learned that the Rostainville's *fort* was forgetting people's names.

The first group I saw was ranged around Madame de Bellechasse in various attitudes of adoration. I was lounging by, when she gave the word of command, "*Halte-là*." I assumed the position of the soldier.

"Private Harding," she said, "will escort the Commandante to the lemonade. The Commandante is perishing with thirst."

But before we reached the buffet the Commandante forgot her thirst. Her infirmities assumed another shape. She was ready to sink with fatigue. Mr. Harding would lead her to a causeuse.

I was tempted to break my rule and fling myself at her feet. It would have been like

the hundred millionth wave at the foot of Teneriffe, I know. But she was almost too bewitching for fallen human nature that night. Her eyes were dancing to a measure that Strauss would have lost his breath in attempting to follow. Her cheeks were ruddy as a child's. An impish spirit of mirth lurked in every dimple and curve of her lips. Her hair, which was trained down to the perfect brows, added to the effect. The great lady and the clever woman were gone on an indefinite leave of absence; nothing was left but the fresh, sparkling, intoxicating beauty.

Her first word startled me a little.

"Now hold up your head and answer; loud and distinct; you can't deceive me: what did you put your friend in jail for?"

This brought me back to serious matters "with a round turn," in nautical phrase. The thousand seductions which were wooing me to make a fool of myself sank into the background.

"For his own good?"

"How long are you going to keep him shut up?" The brown eyes were dancing like mad.

"Until I can persuade him that a man can be happy and useful in this world, even without the smiles of Madame de Bellechasse."

This young girl was always a mystery to me. But to-night she was more sphinx-like than ever. What was she smiling at so strangely? What mirthful goblin was capering in the depths of her eyes? She wore that evening, over a robe of "illusion," out of which she seemed escaping at the top, a broad, bright cherry-colored scarf, tied like a belt so loosely that while one side of it was fastened at the slender, serpentine waist, the other side hung half-way to her feet. She frequently indulged in these graceful originalities, whose art lay in their apparent artlessness. She reached to the lowest point of this trailing cestus, and took from a pocket concealed there a letter, which she handed me, saying, "Read; and the next time you try to excite mutiny among my subjects, come to me, and I will give you some valuable hints."

This is the letter I read; Adèle's inscrutable eyes watching me, a dozen French eyes watching her, and the music wailing an air from the *Traviata Infelice*:

"DEBTOR'S PRISON, CLICHY.

"MADAME,—You once told me the best thing I could do was to go home. I was about to take your advice and leave Paris when I was arrested to-day for a small debt, at the instance of my friend Harding, who does not wish me to go. My preparations were all made, my means thus all exhausted. This debt is not just, but must be paid before I can go home. I owe one large debt, but can pay that after I am released.

"Please send me 300 francs by the bearer.

"Also,

"To-morrow, when you return from the Bois de Boulogne instead of coming into the Place de l'Etoile by the Avenue de l'Impératrice, I beg that you will turn off at the Rue de Presbourg and approach the Arch of Triumph by the Avenue de la Grande Armée. I will be where I can see you once more before I start on my journey.

"I ask of you these favors because I love you, and wish to be under some great obligation to you.

"You will grant them because you do not want my love, and will be glad to see me cured of it.

"Yours, even unto death," SHELEY CABELL."

"You understand this," I said.

"Perfectly. The man has a lucid interval, and is going back to Kentucky to 'reconstruct' himself. You have been frightened by his wild talk, and have put him under lock and key."

"You will not do what he asks?"

"Yes and No."

"You will not send him the money?"

"No, I will not," with laughing emphasis.

"But I will make the whimsical détour to-morrow that he requests."

"He will not see you from the windows of Clichy."

"My poor dear friend, you are so delightfully stupid this evening. I said I would not pay him out, because I have done it already."

"Cabell is free?" I gasped.

"As free as you are. Freer, because you are with me, and I suffer no liberties in my presence."

This was said with a smile and a glance that would have brought the Stylites from his pillar.

"Madame de Bellechasse," I said, "I fear you have done to-day an irreparable wrong. I beg you will not complete it by keeping that rendezvous to-morrow."

"Mr. Harding, you are growing tiresome. A gentleman as cool as you are in love-affairs should know that men don't slay themselves for honest women nowadays. I believe your friend Cabell loved me a little. I am grateful for it. I am glad he has recovered from his fancy. So I got him out of the Donjon-keep to-day, and I shall bow to him to-morrow with my best manner, as I roll in solitary grandeur up the Avenue of the Great Army. You will oblige me by calling les gens de Madame la Marquise de Bellechasse."

She passed out of the salon, nodding and smiling to the favored ones.

I hurried over to Cabell's quarters. Of course he had not returned. His concierge told me he had left the house in the morning, with a man of the law, and seemed high in wrath. I passed my night plotting and confessing that plotting was useless. In the morning I determined to try the Police. I should fail, I knew. I should be laughed at, and if Cabell chose, I should be in greater danger of being caged as mad than my imperturbable friend. But I hoped to gain a day or two of time, and now that Cabell seemed out of my reach my head was full of the most unanswerable arguments against suicide. If I could see him I would overwhelm him with my powerful and novel reasoning. I obtained from the Commissioner of Police two sergents de ville, and in the afternoon we went to the Arch of Triumph. I gave them an accurate description of Cabell, and went with them to the top of the monument. He was not there. We descended, groping our way through the vast dark chambers, from one staircase to an-

other. "How many doors are open to-day?" I asked the guard. "Only this." I placed my two sentinels on duty, and prowled around the vast monument, more at ease than I had been for many hours.

It was five o'clock, and already the reflux tide was pouring down the Avenue from the Bois. I was standing outside the great arch, on the western side, looking through the gathering haze to Neuilly, nestling on the right among the willows of the Seine; on the left the highlands stretching from St. Cloud to Mount Valerien, displaying its enormous bastions against the rosy sky. A paper pellet struck my hat and fell at my feet. I picked it up. It was a crumpled card. I read:

"Good-by and God bless you! I was in the dark chamber at the foot of the second staircase when you passed. I wanted to shake hands, but circumstances over which, etc. Give my love to the Bear Creek Boys. Her carriage has turned down the Rue de Presbourg."

I looked up. He was standing on the verge of the monument. He bowed and smiled.

I shouted to my policemen, "*Le voilà, là-haut!*" They rushed at the stairs. I turned and saw the Daumont of Madame de Bellechasse flashing and clattering into the Place de l'Etoile. Adèle started from her languid attitude in the cushions and nodded graciously, with a smile like a burst of sunshine. I saw the smile fade into an expression of horror. She fell back, covering her face with her hands.

I heard a rush and a splashing crash behind me. I saw that my boots were sprinkled with blood.

MRS. ROTH'S BRIDAL TOUR.

I.

THE good-bys were said; the family carriage returned with the parents to their home in West Fourteenth Street; and Spencer Roth was riding out of New York at the close of a day in June, in a sleeping-car of the Hudson River Railroad, with his new-made bride sitting beside him.

There were a few mild tears yet gleaming in the eyes of the beautiful girl-woman who a few hours ago was Miss Effie St. John—who was now Mrs. Spencer Roth. Very happy at heart was the petite wife, as she sat by the side of the true-hearted man whom she had given her deepest love—"My own darling husband now and forever," she whispered to herself—and those mild tears were but a daughter's tribute of filial love. Tears very easily forgiven by the fond husband, on the occasion of a first separation from the parents who had cared for her so tenderly these eighteen years, surrounding her with every good that wealth can bring.

But there was no occasion for serious grief, as Effie well knew. It was to be but a two-months' absence, this bridal tour of the newly married; and then they were to return to New York and live quite near the paternal residence—in the same street, in fact. And the tour was

not even going to take them out of their own country.

It was near the close of the month of June. The programme of the tour lay for three or four weeks among their friends in different Western cities. And in the latter part of July they intended going to the cool and delightful regions of the Lake Superior country. Spencer Roth had spent one of his bachelor summers there, and he was naturally anxious his wife should enjoy that which he knew from experience to be so very enjoyable. He had often pictured to her the weird beauties and the novel experiences of the region; its wide-expanding fresh-water sea; its desolate yet beautiful mountain wastes, where the foot of man had never yet trodden; its picturesque mining towns climbing the sides of thickly-wooded hills; its whirling canoe-rides in the rapids of the Saut Ste. Marie.

"And shall I really see wild Indians too?" asked the little wife, with childlike interest.

They were conversing anew on the never-wearisome theme, as the cars bore them through the long hours of the Westward ride.

"How wild those Indians will be whom you will meet," was the reply, "will depend on our chances. The Indians the ordinary tourists see are possessed of a certain air of civilization, slight though unmistakable. Some peculiar opportunity may show us Indians of a more savage nature."

"Oh, I hope so!"

"Yes, I hope so too. Still you will see real Indians—those who perhaps a dozen years ago were quite savage in their mode of life; and in fact they still retain so much of their native wildness as to present a spectacle of deep interest to me, and to all city-bred people, I fancy. The true savage nature is in them yet. The glosses of civilization which cover the outside, so to speak, of their characters, do no more than that. Among themselves they are pure savage, with the ghastliest superstitions and idolatries."

"Do they worship idols?"

"Yes; they worship Lake Superior, in many instances, and have in their wigwams material idols, taken from the waters of the lake—bits of 'formed' copper as it is called. Other tribes hold to the commoner Indian superstitions about the Great Spirit and the Spirit Land. I saw an Indian funeral party that summer that I was there, who buried the dead man's accoutrements with him, and killed his dog upon his grave, that he might not be companionless in his long journey to the Spirit Land."

"How beautiful!" cried Effie.

"Very—in a poetical sense; but in a religious sense quite the reverse."

Mrs. Roth's mind was very much occupied during the whole of the month they were traveling among their Western friends, with the subject of their Lake tour. Her eagerness to "see Indians" might have led to an earlier start, but Mr. Roth knew that the trip would be much pleasanter in July and August, when the weather off the lakes is at its hottest.

Still this first month was a very happy one for the wife. Every where that they tarried expectant friends greeted them with holiday welcomes. And when, near the close of July, they finally left Chicago on the voyage up the lakes, some half a dozen of these friends went with them—namely, Dr. Burton and his wife, his mother-in-law, Mrs. North, her daughter, Jennie North, John Silversmith, and his sisters Kate and Julia Silversmith.

The long ride by steamboat was full of delights. By day a constant succession of novel scenes greeted the eye. The cool, delicious evenings were made happy with dancing and merry-making in the long cabins, and moonlight promenades on deck. The good *Saturn* plowed steadily on her way, freighted with a little world of humanity, from cities in every part of the United States; through wide Lake Michigan; through pleasant Huron; through silver-bosomed little St. Clair; and at last for days and nights through mighty Superior, with its ocean-like expanse of pure, cool waters.

It was in the curious-looking region that bears the name of Portage Entry, that the attention of our friends was first forcibly drawn to the behavior of a gang of half-breeds attached to the boat as deck-hands, who were continually pulling ashore with a heavy cable. This narrow channel is navigable by the steamers only with the utmost caution, being quite shallow as well as narrow, and winding about in a constant series of short curves, in which the long hull of a steamer is often at a loss for freedom of motion. It is only by taking a line ashore, and fastening it about tree-trunks, etc., that so large a vessel can be hauled about and made to pick its way through the devious passage. The half-breeds mentioned, who manned the boat that carried the necessary line, were all of them fine physical specimens of strength, but their faces bore an expression of the grossest stupidity. There was one of their number, however, who differed from his companions in the latter respect. He was a magnificent example of a civilized Chippewa—lithe, dark, and sinewy as the rest, and with a stronger arm, while beneath his forehead were two large black eyes, that shone like the eyes of a panther. He wore no hat, and his long black hair blew about his face with picturesque effect, as he sat in the boat pulling the strongest oar, or sprang ashore with the line and made it fast with a quick celerity that was wonderful to behold.

Groups of passengers sat on the decks watching the movements of these men with curious interest. Among others our friends were there.

"Do look at that splendid fellow without any hat on!" cried Effie; "did you ever see such a striking face?"

"I have had my eye on him for some time," said Roth. "He is a very fine specimen of his kind. But if I mistake not, his is an unmanageable nature. There's a bit too much wild-fire in his eye for perfect subordination, I should say."

This judgment was proved correct by the occurrence of the following day, when the boat was steaming steadily over the broad bosom of the giant of the lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Roth sat on the forward deck, enjoying the inspiring atmosphere, and admiring the beautiful scene, with its smooth, broad field of gleaming waters, and the picturesque shores of Isle Royale in the dim distance. Suddenly sounds of altercation were heard beneath their feet, and Mrs. Roth, alarmed by the loud and angry voices, ran to the hatchway and looked down upon the scene below.

"Curse you!" exclaimed a brutal voice, "I'll make you do it, or I'll break every bone in your lazy skin!"

"No touch me," came the response; and Mrs. Roth saw that it was the bare-headed half-Chippewa of yesterday's boat-crew who spoke. "Too much talk. Big coward!"

The half-breed's eyes were glaring fiercely on the second-mate, a burly, hard-featured fellow with a most ugly look.

"What's the trouble down here?" asked Spencer Roth, descending the hatchway, followed by his little wife, very much alarmed, but feeling safe where her husband was.

"This cursed Injun disobeys orders, that's all," the second-mate made answer. "I ordered him to scrub down this deck, and he says it's clean enough now. What's that to him? I'll show him, burn him!"

With this utterance the enraged mate suddenly turned upon the half-breed, and struck at him a ponderous blow with his brawny fist. If it had reached its aim on the Chippewa's side-head he would have fallen like a clod. But the lynx-eyed fellow was too quick for his antagonist; in his hand he held a heavy broom, and lifting it with a dextrous and rapid movement, he received the blow on the broom-handle. The skin was peeled from the mate's knuckles.

In a burst of rage the mate flashed his long knife from the sheath on his hip, and rushed upon the half-breed with the purpose of stabbing him. Spencer Roth, who was a large and powerful man, coolly but quickly seized the mate's arm in his firm grasp and held him. At the same moment Effie Roth impulsively ran forward to the wondering half-breed with a gesture of protection.

At that moment good-natured Captain Jack Laurence brought his round red face on the scene. He ordered the mate to sheathe his knife, and the order was sullenly obeyed.

"Up to your old tricks, are you, Sam?" said the Captain, turning to the half-breed.

"Mate ugly," said Sam. "Make me work when no use. Deck all clean—see! Been working hard. Up all night at wheel too."

"That's true enough, Sam; but we can't have men on this boat who disobey orders. I told you what would come of it if you cut up any more. We'll put you ashore at Ontonagon."

And with this the easy-tempered Captain walked away.

"Now then, you red imp, I'm quit of you!" said the mate.

The half-breed replied only by a look—a side-long, contemptuous look out of his sloe-black eyes—but it was like fire to the powder of the enraged mate's soul.

"What do you mean by that look, you hound? I'll fix you, burn you! Jackson, fetch handcuffs. I'll fix you for the rest of this trip, by blood!"

"Don't iron Sam!" said the Chippewa. "No use. Sam hurt nobody."

"Mr. Jones," said Roth to the mate, "this seems an unnecessary cruelty. The man is not disposed to harm you or any one—that is plain enough. I will vouch myself for his good behavior the rest of the trip."

The half-breed's black eyes glowed like fire as they looked first at Mr. Roth and then at his little wife, who still stood by. What the look meant it was hard to tell.

"Leave my business alone, will you?" said the mate, in a boorish growl. "I'd thank the passengers on this boat to mind their own affairs and not interfere with mine."

At this juncture the handcuffs came.

"Now, burn you!" said the mate, "I'll cut your rotten liver out if you make any more muss. Put 'em on, Jackson."

But, to the relief and gratification of the bystanders, Sam made no resistance. He quietly put his hands in the irons, with another cool, bitterly contemptuous glance at the chafing mate.

"Go astern!" he roared.

The half-breed was taken down into the steerage and locked up.

Mr. and Mrs. Roth returned to the upper deck. Half an hour later Effie left her husband smoking a cigar by the wheel-house, and went in search of good-natured Captain Jack Laurence. The bluff Captain had a special admiration for Mrs. Roth.

"Any thing to please *you*," said he, gallantly.

So he descended into the steerage and released Sam with his own hands. The half-breed glared upon Effie again when he saw her at the Captain's back. He hitched up his pantaloons, flung back his long hair, and seated himself on a box by the companion-way.

"You'll be quiet now, *won't* you?" said Effie; "that's a good man. I'm sorry you're to be turned off, but I can't help it. Don't quarrel any more, please."

She put a gold piece in his hand. He stared at her as if he would look her through; ran his eye swiftly over her figure, her feet, her hands, as if daguerreotyping every detail on his memory, and pocketed the money with a satisfied grunt that spoke volumes.

It was late in the evening when the *Saturn* reached Ontonagon. The lights were lit, and dancing was under way in the saloon.

The custom of every evening on the present trip of the *Saturn* had been to remove the tables from the long dining-saloon on the main deck,

and dance to the music of a small band of German musicians. The novelty of the surroundings and the wonderful exhilaration of the atmosphere rendered the amusement unusually attractive to its lovers. It was so to-night. Spencer Roth seldom danced, but Effie was fond of the graceful exercise, and her husband liked to see her happy. The pendent tassels swinging overhead with the motion of the boat; the lamps burning brightly; the merry party whirling in the giddy waltz, gliding through the smooth quadrille, romping in the monotonous contra-dance, made up a cheerful scene, in the midst of which our heroine was as joyous as the best.

"We have reached Ontonagon, Effie," said her husband, coming to her side, "and some of us are going ashore in a yawl. It is blowing some, and there is a pretty rough sea running. It is about half a mile to shore; the steamer can't get in any nearer, the harbor is so shallow. Would you like to go?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Roth, radiant with the gentle excitement of the hour; "to be sure I want to go where *you* go."

"Very well. I'll get your hat and cloak. Some half a dozen other ladies are going—the Misses Silversmith among the rest."

But when, a few minutes after, they stood at the gangway of the steamer, from which a flight of portable steps led into the yawl below, Captain Laurence said:

"If any of these ladies are inclined to get sea-sick easily, they better not go. The sea's running rough."

Thereupon the Misses Silversmith held back; they were afraid of getting sick. Mrs. Roth, however, had no fears. She had crossed and recrossed the Atlantic without that ghastly experience. So Mr. and Mrs. Roth, and John Silversmith were the only members of their own little party who went. There were several other ladies and gentlemen.

The yawl went dancing over the rough water in the darkness toward where the lights of the little mining village gleamed in the distance; and in a few minutes they landed and went rambling through the place.

After a stay of an hour or more the party prepared to return. But when they reached the yawl one of the ladies cried out that she had lost her diamond pin, and thought she must have dropped it in the parlor of the hotel. They were all in the boat now except Spencer Roth, who immediately volunteered to run up to the hotel and look for it. While he was gone the man in command of the yawl—it was the second-mate, Jones, whom Roth had incensed by his interference in the half-breed's behalf—declared he would wait no longer, and accordingly pushed off.

"But my husband!" cried Effie; "you must not leave him!"

"We can come back after your husband, ma'am," said the man, gruffly; "the yawl has got to come back any how after those stores.

It won't make no difference to him. It's no use to lose time, for there's a gale comin' up."

True enough, the wind was blowing quite stiffly by this time, and the extreme danger menacing small craft in these waters, no matter how near to the sandy shore, is well known to those familiar with Lake Superior. In a storm on a lee-shore, almost inevitable destruction awaits any small boat that is caught out. The peculiarly deep and combing sea that was now running awakened great apprehensions in the mate's mind. The result proved that these apprehensions were all too well founded. A sudden squall struck the yawl and she went over.

One moment the little boat was dancing bravely over the rough waves, the next she was capsized, and her precious freight cast into the bitter cold waters—cold as the wave of an arctic sea, even at midsummer—and darkness all about them.

In the healthful exercises of Radley School, on the Hudson, where Effie had graduated, she had become quite an expert swimmer, and had perfected herself in the art in summers at the sea-side; but in this rough water—with its icy coldness—her little strength was very soon exhausted. One look at the bright lights of the steamer gleaming in the distance, where the dancers yet were reveling—one murmured "Good-by, darling," as she thought of her husband, (safe! that was a blessed thought)—and then, in utter exhaustion, her eyes closed in darkness and oblivion.

Ten souls went down to death that hour.

Meantime Mr. Roth had returned to the shore and found the yawl-boat gone.

A couple of men stood on a heavy scow that bumped against the wharf to which it was made fast, keeping watch over a large basket of bread and some other stores for the steamer. They informed Mr. Roth of the action of the second-mate, but assured him the yawl would be back speedily after these provisions.

Sam, the half-breed, who had been put ashore at this point as agreed, came loitering across the scow to the group.

"Big wind comin'," said he. "Big sea. Bad for yawl be out such night."

"I know it is dangerous," said Roth. "I hope she will get safe to the steamer."

His voice trembled as he said this, thinking of Effie. For the second trip of the boat—in which he should later embark when there was greater peril—he had no thought. All his solicitude was for his wife.

The group waited there a long, long hour in silence; but no yawl came back. The wind grew fiercer. The lumbering scow tossed roughly at her mooring. Still they lingered, late into the night—till the rain began to pour in a drenching torrent; and at last they sought the shelter of the hotel in the village.

With the first light of the morning, the storm having subsided in the night, Captain Laurence sent a fresh yawl ashore. Spencer Roth stood on the wharf waiting with an anxious heart.

"Is—is every thing right, Mr. Christie?" he asked of the first-mate, who came in charge of the yawl.

"I'm afraid not, Sir."

"The party that went off to the boat last night—" he uttered, eagerly.

"Not a soul of them seen, Sir. No boat came in."

"My God!"

II.

Three days the *Saturn* lay at Ontonagon. The dead bodies were picked up one by one. John Silversmith's was the last found. The body of Mrs. Roth was still missing at the close of the third day.

"We shall have to start on the return tomorrow morning early, Mr. Roth," said Captain Laurence. "Shall you go back with us?"

"Certainly not," said Roth. "I shall stay at Ontonagon for the present."

The half-breed Sam made his appearance on board the *Saturn* half an hour later, inquiring for Mr. Roth. His words were few but fit.

"Come along 'o Sam," said he. "Find little wife by-'n-by."

One look into his eyes convinced the husband that there was hope in that direction. He went ashore with his baggage that night. Early the next morning he started out under the guidance of the half-breed.

Sam explained that he was born and reared in an Indian settlement back of Ontonagon, on the Three-Flint River, and that he was thoroughly acquainted thereabout. In roaming about the vicinity the past three days to "see what he could see," as he expressed it, he had come upon the deserted wigwam of one Red-arrow, a noted Chippewa desperado. From certain indications there beheld he believed that Red-arrow had in some mysterious way rescued the drowning wife, and had carried her away up the Three-Flint, where it was known he had before taken stolen goods. The deserted wigwam was so situated that it was nearly inaccessible by land. The two took a canoe and crossed over the harbor to the spot. Here Sam showed Roth a faint impression in the sand.

"That wife's foot," said he. "I know."

But this was not all. He produced the carefully-preserved remnants of a cooked salmon, which he had found there and hidden, and, showing it to Mr. Roth, remarked,

"Little woman bite that and throw him away. Big Injun never bite so. Swallow such lump all one mouth. That wife."

"Let us waste no time, Sam," said the husband, now confident that Effie was indeed alive, but fearful as to the rest.

"I know," said Sam.

They re-entered the canoe and started for the Three-Flint settlement. Sam knew his way, and followed it swiftly. They soon left the waters of the lake and entered the Three-Flint. Paddles were of no avail here; the water was too swift; the canoe was urged on by "poling."

At an early hour in the afternoon they reached the Indian village.

Sam went ashore, leaving Mr. Roth to guard the canoe, and made his inquiries. Red-arrow had a family there; indeed there were two squaws together doing the honors of his household and living quite peacefully together; but they declared positively that they had seen nothing of their lord and master for more than a week. Sam, believing that they lied, laid his case before the chief of the tribe, and the result was, it was ascertained that Red-arrow had been seen there the night before at a funeral pow-wow.

The question now was where had he secreted his prize? They no longer doubted that they were on the right track.

Sam, using his knowledge of the region with a wise discretion, finally resolved that their best course would be to examine the shores of the river in the vicinity. The stream at this point was wide and still. But to venture out in daylight would give the cunning Red-arrow all the advantage. Hence they were forced to lie idle till nightfall.

They could now move about on the water in their canoe with a degree of boldness. A few strokes of the paddles brought them out into the middle of the stream. Suddenly Sam spoke:

"See light?"

"Where?" said Mr. Roth.

"There!" and he pointed to a certain spot in the dim outline of the shore.

"I can see nothing," said Roth.

But the half-breed's eyes were keener.

"Light there," said he. "I see him. Red-arrow there. Git him."

With cautious strokes they neared the shore, but it was not till the canoe grated gently on the sand that the untrained eyes of the city resident detected a faint glow among the thickly-set forest trees.

"Pull boots off," whispered Sam close at Roth's ear.

Then they drew the canoe ashore noiselessly and crept barefooted toward the light. It was the light of a fire within a wigwam of birch-bark. A low opening in front enabled the husband to see this. But presently his eyes, straining eagerly through the darkness, saw more: Poor Effie, with white, white face, lying asleep on a blanket, and a burly Indian smoking his pipe near by.

The Indian heard something—a breath—a footfall. He put his pipe slowly down, listening.

A fierce bound forward, and Spencer Roth was in the wigwam. Red-arrow sprang to his feet with a howl of dismay, and rushed toward his foe, only to feel his copper-colored neck grasped by a hand of iron, that lifted him till he stood on tip-toe, and then flung him backward in an inglorious heap.

As Mr. Roth turned to take his wife in his arms the Indian gathered himself together for a second spring, but he was confronted by a pistol in the hands of the half-breed.

"Red-arrow, lie down 'gin," said Sam. "Keep still!"

Effie, half-conscious, feeling the tender kisses of her husband on her lips, opened her eyes, fastened them for an instant on his face, and then closed them again, without a word, and drew her husband down upon her breast.

"Effie! you have suffered so much. You are ill."

"Yes; but *you* have come!" was her answer, infinite content smoothing all the pain out of her features.

How they returned to Ontonagon in safety; how Sam was well rewarded; how Effie's bloom came back to her face; and how they journeyed, a happy pair, home to New York again, I will not relate at length. Mrs. Roth has her story yet to tell. It may easily be believed that for some months this lady was the sensation of the hour in a large and fashionable circle; and that she related this portion of her bridal tour very often to eager listeners.

And these are the words in which she told it, from the point to which I have told it in my own:

"When I recovered my consciousness I found myself in a low wigwam, alone with a monstrous Indian—one of the Chippewa tribe, Spencer says—who was sitting cross-legged by me, smoking a pipe with a grotesque stone bowl.

"At first I thought I was dreaming. Then I was bewildered. It was still night, and the light in the wigwam was but dim. I brushed my eyes with my hands, and winked them hard; but all I could do at best was to gaze about me in silence at the hideous, copper-colored face that stared so stolidly down upon me—at the birchen roof over my head—at the fishing-nets in the corner, and the few Indian trinkets hanging about. At last I remembered the boat-ride, the storm, the capsizing of the yawl-boat, my efforts to swim, and the oblivion into which I sank.

"I raised myself quickly on my elbow then.

"'You brought me here?' said I.

"He nodded.

"'Where am I?' was the next question. I hoped I might be near enough to the village to return there easily with daylight.

"'Wigwam,' grunted the Indian.

"'I see,' said I; 'but *where*? How far from Ontonagon?'

"'Big way,' said he; 'hundred mile. No git there.'

"'You saved my life,' said I, and tears of gratitude actually filled my eyes. 'You shall be well rewarded, after you have returned me to my friends.'

"He made no reply at all to that, but puffed away serenely at his curious pipe.

"'But how could you save me?' said I. 'I don't understand at all, and I want to know.'

"'Red-arrow got long eyes,' said he. 'See in dark. White squaw float. Red-arrow see. Go out in canoe. Bring here.'

"That was the longest speech the Indian

made during all the time I was with him. He wasted very few words on me.

"I soon found out that the savage had determined to carry me away from my friends instead of toward them. He said he wanted a wife, and that the Big Water gave me to him. I tried to coax and tempt him first, and then I told him he would be found out and severely punished if he carried me off. But nothing produced any effect on him. 'Go sleep,' he grunted.

"'Take me to my friends, and I will give you more money than you ever saw in your life.'

"'Go sleep!'

"So when I found how useless words were, I lay down again and fell asleep quickly, for I was quite exhausted. I slept soundly, without dreaming; and when I awoke it was from the Indian shaking me by the shoulder. He bade me get up, and I did. How anxiously I looked about me no words can tell. It was a wild spot, hemmed in on every side by high rocks, except the side that was open to the water. It was in a cove, and the green waters murmured on the pebbly shore like music—but it was very sad music to my ear.

"The Indian went down to the shore, where lay a pile of fish that he had evidently caught before I was awake. He took a great salmon-trout in his left hand, and dressed it with a few dextrous passes of his knife. Then he produced a bit of tough yellow tinder and rubbed it with a stick till he got a light, and built a fire on a smooth rock close by the wigwam. (There is a piece of the tinder now on the what-not in my bedroom; Spencer got it; he says it is a fungus that grows on the trunks of birch and maple trees.) Then he cooked the fish on the fire, and tore off a great piece and bade me eat. I could not eat, I felt so unhappy; but he compelled me to take the piece. I was anxious not to make him angry, for his face was a frightfully ugly one, and he was evidently in his most gracious mood at that time. So I ate what I could, and flung the rest away. It was as tasteless as water to me.

"The Indian, as soon as the meal was over, went around a big rock and dragged out his canoe from where it was hidden. It was nothing but a great water-tight basket, though as graceful in shape as a fairy boat. He motioned me to enter, and I obeyed. Then he gave a long running push, jumping into the canoe like a gymnast, and it shot far out upon the smooth water.

"But oh! imagine my emotion when, as we paddled out of the sheltered cove, I beheld in plain view the steamer *Saturn* lying idly on the water, and the village of Ontonagon just beyond! A thrill of hope shot through my heart, and I sprang to my feet with eager joy, my face flushing hot.

"'You are going to take me back?' I cried, pressing my hands on my beating heart.

"The only reply he made was to paddle rapidly away in an opposite direction. What I uttered

in that moment of dreadful excitement I hardly know. I stretched out my hands toward the boat, and tears rained down my cheeks. Probably I tried to spring overboard, for the Indian caught me rudely by the shoulder and pushed me down upon the bottom of the canoe.

"Squaw, be still!" he cried. "Think swim there? Deep water! Look!"

"And I did look, for every word this man uttered was a stern command, not said for effect, but to be obeyed; and through the translucent depths I saw the pebbly bottom shining, far down below.

"Every body seems to wonder why I did not faint at that moment. Instead of fainting it seemed as if I became suddenly filled with the keenest life. It was as if I gathered all the resources of my nature to meet the emergency put upon me. I resolved I *would not* think of Spencer and of home. I determined to keep my thoughts as busy as possible with the objects to be seen as we rode along. I found this a great help in stilling my emotions and diverting my mind from the real horror of my situation. Every thing I saw from that time forward became stamped indelibly on my memory. Lying crouched on the bottom of the frail canoe, I rested my head upon the edge and looked down into the water. It was so marvelously clear that, as I looked down, it seemed almost as if the canoe was floating upborne in the air. Though the water was very deep, every pebble on the bottom was visible; and hundreds of fishes were swimming all about, just as plainly seen as the fish in my aquaria.

"By-and-by we came to the entrance of a little river that poured its sparkling waters into the lake, and the Indian entered this river. The current was quite swift and the water very shallow, and the Indian laid his paddle on the bottom of the canoe and used a long pole to push along the stream. It was slow work, and after an hour or so we came to a waterfall. How he would manage now I wondered greatly; but he stranded the canoe and bade me get out. Then he lifted it easily on his shoulders, and tramped along till we had passed the fall some distance.

"When we took to the water again the river was much wider and deeper, and the current very slight. The Indian used his paddle again, and we presently reached a lakelike expanse, where the current was scarcely perceptible. The shores were low and sandy, and a dense forest stretched away on every side.

"At last we came to a point where I thought the journey would end. It was the first spot I had seen thus far that was not covered with trees. It was but a few rods in extent along the shore, but how far back it reached I could not see, for in the fore-ground there rose three huge earth-mounds, the central one a little back of the others, which shut off the view completely. But I saw a line of smoke rising up from behind the mounds, and concluded there was an Indian village there. But though the Indian paddled nearer the shore he did not stop here, but

went on for about half a mile further, where the forest was again unbroken. Here he ran the canoe ashore. It glided half its length out of the water upon the smooth sands, and the Indian, who sat in the lower end, motioned me to get out. He hauled the canoe out of the water and started off with it into the wood, driving me before him. A few steps brought us to a birchen wigwam, which appeared to have been long untenanted. He pointed me to a corner, and bade me lie down and go to sleep. I told him I was hungry, and he took from a pouch at his side a cold cooked salmon—one of those he had caught in the morning—and gave it to me without a word.

"Oh, the dreary watch of that long, long night! I did not sleep; I could not. I heard the Chippewa snoring where he slept in the gloomy darkness. The first faint streaks of the morning light entered the wigwam, and I was still awake. The Indian slept; and as my eye fell on the long knife he wore in his belt I felt a dreadful temptation to seize it and plunge it in his heart. How glad I am now that he awoke before I had attempted to commit the fearful deed!

"The most of that day the Indian spent in patching up the dilapidated wigwam with fresh pieces of bark and in mending the fishing-net that he had brought from the other wigwam. Late in the afternoon he came up to me, and for the first time bent on me a steady, prolonged gaze of observation. I wondered what that boded; my heart beat very fast. At last he uttered two words—'Stay here'—and went down to the beach, and pushed off in his canoe.

"I ran to the water's edge, and watched him out of sight. At first I felt only a sensation of freedom. Then I thought of my desolate situation, alone in the deep wilderness, and the darkness coming down. He had left me no food and no fire. Had he left me to starvation, or would he come back? When I thought that I said to myself, 'If he comes back he shall not find me here.'

"But where to go? The woods were deep and dense, and grew close down to the water's edge. But I was sure that behind those strange mounds I had seen there was an Indian settlement. Then I remembered what Spencer had told me about the Lake Superior Indians—how they stood in deadly fear of the white man, and would never offend him if there was the least danger of discovery. Whether this Indian village was inhabited by Chippewas or Ojibways I knew that they would have this feeling in their hearts; and though one solitary Indian might dare to risk white vengeance—just as murderers and robbers in this city risk the vengeance of the law—yet I had strong hopes that these Indians as a community would give me protection. Then I was determined to promise them a great reward; and, on the whole, my hopes were pretty strong.

"So I knelt down and prayed to God to protect me through the dark woods, and started.

Spencer says that I probably trod that night where human foot never before ventured; for the Indians never go much into the woods, because there is no game there, and they subsist wholly by the fisheries and by making trinkets to sell at the mining towns. I can't tell you what I suffered in that dreadful journey. I stumbled over brush and roots in the black darkness; I went knee-deep into the mud and ooze of dismal marshes; I tore my hands and face and neck, and felt the blood trickling from the wounds; but I struggled on, crying over and over again, 'O God, help me! help me!'—through tangled bushes and thick-growing shrubs, smelling strange scents from unseen flowers and herbs, hearing nothing but my own cries and struggles in the dead silence, slipping and falling upon slimy, moss-grown tree-trunks, into dark waters thickly covered with the broad, floating flowers and leaves of great white pond-lilies. It could not have been more than a mile, even with my repeated wanderings from the way—for I tried hard to keep the river-waters in sight as a guide—but I was hours in going that mile, and each hour seemed an age to me. Even with hope cheering me on, that night's struggling toil through the tangled wilderness was the most dreadful part of my experience—impressed my memory most forcibly with its dark horror.

"It must have been about midnight when I heard floating on the night air a mournful human howl that chilled my blood in my veins. I stopped an instant, and then pushed wearily on. A minute more and I saw a lurid light gleaming through the trees and dusky figures moving about. One more effort, and I stood upon the edge of an open place in the wood; and discerning the outline of those huge mounds against the sky, I believed I had reached a place of safety and ultimate deliverance.

"But here was no village, so far as I could discern in the darkness. There was but one wigwam visible. From this a dull light issued through a score of crevices, with clouds of smoke. There was a heap of smouldering embers near the wigwam, indicating a recent fire, but the dusky figures I had seen were gone. There was nobody moving about; so I crept cautiously up to the wigwam, and peered through one of the crevices at the wild, strange scene within.

"The habitation was as full as it could be of Indians of all ages and sexes—lying on their backs, sitting cross-legged, lolling on their breasts. Several of them were smoking—both men and women—and the wigwam was filled with such a cloud that I could hardly tell one from another at first. The place was lighted only by a fire of twigs and bark that burned in the centre of the group. An old man sat cross-legged, with a queer kind of a drum in his lap, that he was beating with a monotonous tum! tum! while he howled a horrible, dirge-like Indian song in accompaniment. His hair was white as snow, and fell in confusion about his dark face. A younger Indian, a perfect

giant in size, sat by his side, beating time in the air with a great tin thing like a big rattle-box. It was a wild, mysterious scene to me, and I was deeply impressed by it. I did not know till afterward that it was a Chippewa funeral pow-wow, and that with these hideous noises all night long the ignorant savages sought to waft the spirit of a dead brave across the dark waters into the Spirit Land. But just as I was on the point of making myself known to these people a great flat hand was placed suddenly and silently over my mouth, and I was thrown over a man's shoulder in the darkness and borne away to the river.

"I tried to scream, but it was useless to try. He kept his hand on my mouth till he had placed me in his canoe, and tied a blanket tightly about my face. I was nearly smothered; but it was only a few minutes before I was released again, and the canoe stopped.

"It was Red-arrow, and he had brought me back to his wigwam.

"'White squaw fool,' said he. 'Be sick now.'

"How sick I was Spencer can tell you. He found me, as you know, and brought me home at last."

This was the way Mrs. Roth usually ended the story of her bridal tour—told, woman-fashion, just as its sights and incidents impressed her.

As to the Indian, Red-arrow, it is believed he was killed outright by his tribe, having perpetrated a series of grave offenses against the whites, whom he hated fiercely, but whom his fellows feared with an abject and cringing fear. Certainly he has never been heard of by the people of Ontonagon since his elopement with Mrs. Spencer Roth.

SLEEP.

WE may fairly apply to the subject of Sleep the well-known theory of Auguste Comte, that each of our leading conceptions, each branch of our knowledge, passes successively through three different theoretical conditions: first, the theological; secondly, the metaphysical; and thirdly, the positive or scientific. It may be doubted, however, whether, in the minds of the many, sleep has even now come forth from the first of these, or at any rate from the second, which is but a modification of the first. The supernatural and the mysterious still envelop sleep and dreams, and men in general, as well as poets or metaphysicians, are far from that knowledge which Comte would have called positive.

In the old days, when there were gods on Olympus, nay, even at an earlier time, before the Titanic divinities fell from their high estate to "wander in vain about bewildered shores," Sleep, the son of Erebus and Nox, gave rest to mortals and gods. Sleep, the brother of Death (*consanguineus leti*), dwelt in his dark cave with Dreams around him, and Morpheus as his minister to guard him from noise. Sleep and Death together bore Sarpedon's body to the land of the Lycians: and at the very vestibule and gate of

Orcus did the pious Æneas see the same twin brethren seated when he visited Pluto's realm. Sleep was as godlike an agency to the nations of old as death itself. The death of each day's life it still seems to us, and men tread softly and speak low in the presence of the dead, as though they fear to wake them from their everlasting rest. "It is that death by which we may literally be said to die daily: a death which Adam died before his mortality: a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point between death and life. In fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without prayers, and an half-adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God."*

Passing from the theological, we come to a stage, where, if sleep be not a divinity, it nevertheless is supernatural, beyond the physical, metaphysical. Something which metaphysicians and psychologists have much pondered and marveled at—something which they have hoped would explain the union of mind and body, and the disunion thereof: from which great men even of to-day think we may learn the mind's independence of matter, its capacity of existence without matter, illustrated by all the wonderful phenomena of dreams. The long succession of images passing through the mind in a moment of time has seemed to prove our independence of time and space. "We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams."† In this metaphysical stage of inquiry dreams, not sleep, are the phenomena to be investigated. But who shall exhaust the subject of dreams, or who shall review the treatises written thereupon, and the speculations they have called forth? All have experience of them; all have marvelous stories to relate, and all have theories to correspond. But "man is but a patched fool" if he go about to expound his dreams, and so I do not intend to examine the metaphysics of them.

Let us approach the positive view of bodily sleep—that sleep, kindly and beneficent, "which covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak, that is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot."‡ This is the sleep which we can really examine positively, as we see it in others, as we see others enjoy it or fade for want of it, as we see it in the infant who passes more than half its whole life asleep, as we see it in the stripling, the sound and dreamless sleep, the *dulcis et alta quies* of healthy vigor, or the sleep of old age, when the inactive brain is either refreshed by short slumbers, or, in its atrophy and second childhood, sleeps away its declining days. For excessive proneness to sleep is a sign of decay and waste of brain. It has been noticed in the wane

of many a once great intellect. It was noticed only the other day in one of the giants of our own time, William Whewell.

Whereas the metaphysician speaks of the soul as quitting in dreams its earthly tenement, and wandering at its will, knowing no laws—the physician looks on sleep as the rest, and the only rest, of the brain, of that portion of the brain wherein reside those functions which we call mind. All parts of our bodies rest at one time or other: they can not always work, but for their rest they need not all sleep. They rest when not in active work, between their work, some more, some less; but the brain proper, that is, the higher mental part thereof, rests only in sleep. It may labor little, it may cease, as many have to cease, from extreme toil; but it only really rests and recruits itself for fresh work when sleep is present: and so in many illnesses, in the fierce raving of delirium, in maniacal frenzy, and the wandering of fever, we know that sleep must come, or death. The other parts of the bodily system, as of the nervous system, are at work during sleep, though with slackened pace. The heart beats slower, the breath comes more quickly and less frequently; but heart and lungs do their work, and are supplied with due nerve-power in sleep as well as in waking. The same with the great organs of alimentation, digestion, and so on. All that are concerned with the vegetative life of the organism discharge their functions during natural sleep. Even the muscular organs are more or less at work: we can sleep sitting in a chair or on horseback, nay even standing. The muscles may be relaxed, the head may sink upon the chest, or fall back against the chair, but the body does not fall as it would were muscular power totally abolished. Even movements may be executed in sleep from reflex action, or mere automatic instinct; but they are not guided by consciousness. In short, we see that, although the body and the bodily functions, muscular and visceral, partake, to a great extent, of the general respite from any thing like hard work, yet they are not stopped, like the higher functions of the brain. The body does not sleep, the higher brain alone does.

What are the higher functions of the brain, and do they all and always lie idle in sleep? Here is matter for much curious speculation. The higher functions of the brain we call collectively "mind," and philosophers are now pretty well agreed to divide mind into three groups of phenomena: 1. Those of intellect or ideas. 2. Those of feeling. 3. Those of the will. These are all of them in abeyance in perfect dreamless sleep; but in the different states or stages between waking and this perfect sleep there is every gradation in the activity or inactivity of them. If it be asked which of the three groups is most completely extinguished by sleep, is least compatible with sleep, we may, I think, at once answer—the will. As sleep steals over us we can neither control our thoughts nor actions. As we fall asleep after dinner the book

* Sir T. Browne. † Ibid. ‡ Cervantes: *Don Quixote*.

or the paper slips from our hands, and we lose control of thought; we can not fix our attention on the page, our ideas wander and get mixed up or confused, and we slide into oblivion, to dream or not—most likely the former. Here, then, volition has come to an end, feeling and sensation will be extinguished, or nearly so; but if dreams are going on, the third, or idea-faculty, will be still active and at work, the others being at rest. Sleep, the rest of the brain, is then imperfect: ideas, memories of old events, of people past and present, long since stored up in the brain-granary and in waking-time forgotten, now course along one after the other, jumbled in fantastic *mêlée*, “the fickle pensioners of Morpheus’ train.” But they do not always excite feeling: we are not always surprised or hurt or grieved or pleased. When they do, when they become more exciting, and we are terrified at the lion or the bull that seems about to seize us, feeling is strongly roused, and we wake. The same with external sensations of cold, heat, noise, or light. Slight sensations we may experience, and still sleep on, but strong feeling or sensation, and sleep, are incompatible. The idea-faculty may be at work in sleep almost throughout; but feeling will be absent, except in a very slight degree, and volition will be quite annihilated; we have no control over our dreams. Volition seems to be that perfect harmony of feeling and intellect which is broken at once by sleep.

The dislocation of these two, whether by sleep or by any brain disease or disturbance, terminates true volition. But sleep, in which the idea-portion of the mind is at work, is not perfect sleep, or perfect rest of the brain. We wake unrefreshed, and say we have been dreaming all night, and if the dreams have been terrific, and great feeling has been excited, the sleep will have been all the less refreshing. Everyday experience clearly proves that the sounder the sleep and the less the mind is at work during it, the greater is the benefit derived. It is an old and vexed question whether we are always dreaming in sleep or not. It was asked by Aristotle, and is asked still, and great names may be ranked on either side of the controversy. Sir Benjamin Brodie and Sir Henry Holland say that dreams are always going on: Lord Brougham thinks the contrary, that we only dream just as we wake. It is a point not capable of demonstration; but we are often awakened out of deep sleep without having the slightest consciousness of dreaming, and if we closely observe a sleeper, we may often see to some extent whether he dreams or not. Dreams can not exist in the sleep of a new-born child for the simple reason that ideas do not yet exist. They have not as yet been laid up in the babe’s storehouse of experiences: its life is one of sensations and feelings, which when repeated and remembered grow into ideas, but time is required before this can happen. Upon the whole, it is most reasonable to suppose that in perfect sleep we do not dream, that our ideas are so reduced

to inactivity, so disconnected one from another, that nothing like a dream goes on. And this only I conceive to be perfect rest of brain. In a state short of this perfect rest ideas start into train and assume shape and sequence, and constitute a dream, and this may become frightful and evoke feeling, and we wake. Further than this I do not wish to discuss dreams: I only mention them to show that, in perfect sleep, dreams, that is, idea-operations, are absent, as well as feeling and volition. The mind, or, in other words, the highest brain-function, ceases to act; nutrition and repair alone go forward in the brain. All animals and all parts of animals require their periodic rest. The heart rests between its beats, the lungs between the respirations, muscles can not always be at work, the stomach can not always be digesting. These are all nourished and revived when not at work, and so is the brain when it rests in sleep.

We may conclude from all this, that conscious feeling is incompatible with sleep. The course of ideas in a dream may be sometimes preserved in memory, and the feeling they excite, if very vivid, may by memory be kept and reproduced for a long period, but during the dream we can not be said to have been conscious of our real and actual existence. And this brings us to consider what that is which either rouses us from sleep, or forbids sleep to fall upon us, which keeps the brain at work, and hinders its repose. It appears to be a certain strong excitation of that function of the nerve-centres, which we roughly call Feeling, whether it be the feeling of emotional excitement, such as the passions or sentiments, or fear of impending disaster, or hopes of much-coveted and eagerly expected good-fortune, or the feeling of bodily pain, or even strong sensations of noise or light. All these may be grouped together under the name of feelings, and any one of them, if sufficiently potent, will prevent the access of sleep or banish it from the sleeper. Let us look at this at somewhat greater length.

Probably the most frequent cause which keeps awake those who enjoy neither the happy carelessness of childhood, nor the apathy of old age, with its torpid and blunted sensibilities, is mental worry, or anxiety of some kind or other. The professional man, whatever his calling, has constantly some important matter on hand, which may turn out well or ill, about which he can not help thinking. The physician has some patient in danger, who by to-morrow will be better or worse; the lawyer has some *cause célèbre*; the artist is thinking whether his picture will be hung at the Academy or rejected; the speculator is wondering whether the funds will rise or fall; each one’s bread and his family’s, his fame and fortune, is at stake; he is over-anxious, he can not sleep. Another has been sitting up late at some brain-work, and though, perhaps, he has no great fears about it, yet he has been working long and hard, and he can not forget it and shake it off, and it follows him after he has laid his head on his pillow, longing

for sleep. Anticipated pleasure, no less than fear, may excite and rouse us and banish sleep. The eve of many a day of keen enjoyment to be marked with a white stone, the first of September, or the long-looked-for holidays, have brought but scanty slumbers to expecting youth. As men grow older they take such things more quietly. The *giorni da festa* are rarer and less gay. They are kept awake more by anticipated pains than pleasures.

Not only mental but bodily causes also may prevent sleep. There may be discomfort of every conceivable kind, from actual violent pain to the *malaise* of dyspepsia after an indigestible meal, or an uncomfortable position, or an ill-made bed. Most of us have been kept awake by pain of some kind, a raging tooth or a gouty toe. And most of us know the uneasiness attending upon indigestion, which, though it may not amount to pain, does nevertheless, by that mysterious process which the old writers called "sympathy," react upon the nervous centres, and stimulates them sufficiently to banish sleep. And in the same way hunger, when there is nothing at all to be digested, will often keep us awake. Cold will prevent sleep; so also will undue heat. Here, too, is discomfort, and besides this, cold extremities bear a certain reference to the general circulation of the blood, which also is affected by excess of heat. Any stimulus of the external senses will prevent sleep, and any thing to which the senses are not accustomed will stimulate them. We most of us need the silence and the darkness of the night to lull us, but fatigue and custom will overcome this habit, and many can in a short time sleep in daylight, or with incessant noise sounding in their ears. And the very withdrawal of this accustomed noise will often act as a stimulus to these persons and rouse them up.

What wakes us up when we are sleeping a healthy sleep? Very little will do it, when we have had a good long refreshing sleep, comparatively slight external stimuli—sound, light, or touch. We are said to wake of our own accord, which means generally that some little incident rouses us from our light morning sleep. It is in the morning, too, that we dream most, which goes to show that we dream in our light, and not in our profound sleep. But if we have only been asleep a short time, it takes a loud noise and a hard push to wake us. But we may be roused by other causes besides external ones: we may be disturbed by bodily pain, or internal discomfort, or by an uneasy posture. Lastly, we are often waked by a vivid dream. The feeling of the nerve-centres is strongly stimulated by something or other, and the result is action, as it is after every excitation of feeling, action either mental or bodily. A certain amount of action may take place without waking: we change our position in sleep if it be uncomfortable, and then we probably sleep on. Nay, we may even be prompted to the action of the somnambulist, or somniloquist, without waking; but if the stimulation be strong, wheth-

er it be pain, or the fright of a dream, or an external sensation, it excites the centre beyond sleeping point, and we wake.

What is the explanation of all this? Why are we prevented from sleeping: why are we aroused? What is the physical condition which favors or repels sleep? This much we may conclude from what has been already said, that, as sleep is the rest of the highest part of the brain, it must be a condition of this part which favors or repels sleep. Healthy sleep presupposes a healthy state of brain, and we must carefully exclude from our notions of sleep all those phenomena which are the result not of healthy but of unhealthy processes going on in the brain, some of which, though apparently akin to sleep, nevertheless depend on an entirely opposite condition of things. Such states as coma, trance, catalepsy, insensibility from apoplexy or pressure, or alcohol or poisons, have only this in common with sleep, that there is unconsciousness: they differ altogether in the fact that from this unconsciousness the sufferer can not be roused. From healthy sleep we can be roused easily.

Recent observations and researches seem to prove to demonstration that the sleep of man and animals depends on the state of the circulation of the blood in the brain proper. One theory, which I mention, but which is now nearly abandoned, is that it depends on the pressure of distended veins. The modern opinion, and I believe the true explanation, is, that it follows a diminution both in the quantity and rapidity of the circulating blood, and that if this reduced rate of circulation be increased by any cause sleep departs. The writings and experiments of Mr. Durham, Dr. Jackson, and others have thrown great light on this subject, and tend strongly to remove all doubt as to this being the true interpretation. As it is clearly of great practical importance that we should know what it is that we want to bring about when we are trying to procure sleep, it will be well to examine the theory briefly. The principal evidence as to the state of the human brain in sleep is derived from the observation of a woman at Montpellier, a case well known and often quoted. She had lost a portion of the skull-cap, and the brain and its membranes were exposed. "When she was in deep or sound sleep, the brain lay in the skull almost motionless; when she was dreaming it became elevated, and when her dreams, which she related on waking, were vivid or interesting, the brain was protruded through the cranial aperture." This condition has also been experimentally brought about and observed in animals, and the same result has been seen, namely, that in sleep the surface of the brain and its membranes became pale, the veins ceased to be distended, and only a few small vessels containing arterial blood were discernible. When the animal was roused, a blush spread over the brain, which rose through the opening of the bone. The surface became bright red; innumerable vessels, unseen before, were now every where discernible, and the blood seemed to be coursing

through them very rapidly. The veins, like the arteries, were full and distended, but their difference of color rendered them clearly distinguishable. When the animal was fed and again allowed to sink into repose the blood-vessels gradually resumed their former dimensions and appearance, and the surface of the brain became pale as before. The contrast between the appearances of the brain during its period of functional activity, and during its state of repose or sleep, was most remarkable.*

These observations entirely contradict the theory that sleep is due to pressure from distended veins, to venous congestion. And further experiments made by Mr. Durham proved that when pressure was made upon the veins, and distension of them produced, the symptoms which followed were not those of sleep, but of torpor, coma, or convulsions. And this view is completely corroborated by what we know of diseases which are accompanied by these symptoms. Common observation, too, confirms it; we must often have noticed when looking at a person asleep, that the face appeared paler than usual, and that a flush came over it on waking; and all are agreed that the general circulation is diminished, as also the respiration, during sleep. A person in tranquil and natural sleep often breathes so slowly and so gently that we are obliged to listen attentively to discover that he breathes at all.

Can we go any further? Can we say why it is that the diminished supply of blood produces sleep and rest for the brain? We may have recourse to one of two theories, but here we can not bring demonstrative proof so easily as we did before. First, we may propound a chemical theory, that oxydation of the brain-substance, being in proportion to the vascular activity, is diminished as the latter is reduced, and then sleep follows. This is true, no doubt, so far as it goes. That the blood in the brain changes from arterial to venous, parting with its oxygen, we know, but there still remains the question, why does the arterial action lessen so as to allow of sleep ensuing? The chemists say that the products of oxydation accumulate, and by their accumulation interfere with the continuance of the process, and act as a kind of regulator, just as a lighted taper is extinguished in a close jar by the products of its own combustion. But we constantly see that this is not the case, that although the brain action be violent in the extreme, and sleep be absent for days together, no products of oxydation put a stop to the process, but it goes on till ended by death. Chemistry fails, as it always does, to explain the whole of any vital process. In the more guarded, though less mathematical, language of physiology, we may say that every thing which *stimulates* the brain to a certain amount of action prevents sleep, and that this stimulus must be removed before sleep can be obtained. The stimulus may arise within or without the bodily

organism. External events influencing the mind, and causing cares and anxieties—hopes and fears; or affecting the body, as heat and cold—may quicken the circulation and drive away sleep. The stimulus, too, may arise from within. The disordered stomach may, by sympathy with heart and lungs, quicken the flow of blood to the brain, and either banish sleep or disturb it, and so bring to us all the horrors of nightmare. That mental emotion does quicken the brain circulation is a fact known to all; whether it be slight or whether it be violent, transitory or permanent, it increases cerebral action. And this acceleration once established does not cease of a sudden. An instant conversion of fear or anxiety into the certainty of prosperity or success may sometimes at once bring relief, and from sheer fatigue sleep may follow, but more frequently the effect of the mental tension is kept up for some considerable time. When we have been working for hours with toiling brain we do not go to sleep the moment we lay our heads on the pillow—sleep comes to us slowly and coyly. The head feels hot, and we hear the rapid pulse beating in it as we lie, and only by degrees does the quickness of this abate.

Why brain-work raises the rate of the circulation, is a question of physiology which, like many others, we can only answer by having recourse to general principles. Whenever any part of the body is actively employed a larger supply of blood is sent to it: as motion warms our hands and feet, so the working brain demands and procures a larger supply of blood than the idle one. And the brain is stimulated beyond all doubt, not only according to the quantity of the blood sent to it, but also according to the nature and quality of it. It is reasonable to suppose that alteration in this must affect the brain-function, and observation and experiments prove that it does. From all this that has been said about the various circumstances which prevent sleep it may be possible to deduce the methods of procuring it, at any rate, on some of the occasions when it appears as if it would never come. Many persons are habitually bad sleepers, and all know what it is to lie awake and be unable to go to sleep, even when they are in ordinary health. We can promote sleep by removing every thing which is likely to stimulate the brain and the brain circulation, and also by reducing the circulation by other means, and lessening the susceptibility and excitability of the brain as far as possible.

First, we must get rid, so far as we are able, of all sources of discomfort which are likely to harass and stimulate the brain. Mental anxiety and worry are perhaps the most frequent of these. But it will be said that we can not remove anxiety. This is too frequently true; and then, if it banishes sleep night after night, and the sufferer is harassed and worried and gets no rest, serious results follow. If the anxiety or grief be irremovable, something ought to

* Durham on the "Physiology of Sleep."—*Guy's Hospital Reports*. 1860.

be done to counteract it, and to substitute other thoughts in the place of it. Change of locality, change of companions, will often break through the dominant and painful idea, and repose and quiet will soon follow. Possibly it may be not over-anxiety, but simply over-work that for nights together prevents us sleeping, and this is more easily dealt with. The late and excessive work must cease. If we have been toiling till midnight, and then with heads full of our subject go to bed to lie down and take no rest, we must give it up or take the consequences. It will not do to lie awake, day after day, till three or four o'clock in the morning. We can not counteract this state of things; the brain is over-worked and over-stimulated, and the stimulus which keeps up the active functional circulation must be removed. Again, if sleep be prevented by bodily discomfort, external or internal, this must be remedied so far as it can. The bed may be too hard, or too soft, or too short; the pillow may be too high or too low. Heat and cold will much affect the circulation in the head. If the surface and extremities are cold, especially the feet, there will be a deficiency of blood in them, and consequently an excess in the internal parts, and in the head. In this way we are kept awake by cold as much as by the actual discomfort arising from it. Heat will directly accelerate the circulation. And although the fatigue caused by heat may in some degree counteract this, yet most people sleep less in the very hot nights of summer than they do in cooler weather. We are both prevented from going to sleep, and roused from sleep, by this cause. Excess of heat and cold are to be avoided if we wish to sleep soundly. Bedrooms must be warmed in winter and cooled in summer; people must get over the old prejudice about opening bedroom windows, and must eschew feather-beds and mountains of blankets. Many a one, if he do this, will sleep better than he has done all his previous life.

Another thing which promotes sleep is the partaking of food. As indigestible food hinders sleep or rouses us from it, so a digestible meal favors it. All know what it is to feel sleepy after a hearty dinner, nay, even a light lunch will often have the same effect if we sit or remain inactive after it. And this is not due to the strong liquids imbibed, for a dinner with water alone may have the same effect. There are different theories as to the cause of our being rendered sleepy by food. One is, that the circulation is affected by the ingestion and digestion of it: that an extra supply of blood is directed to the stomach and digesting organs, and so diverted from the head. The circulation in the head is lessened, and sleep ensues. This idea is probably not incorrect, and partially explains the phenomena, but not entirely. It seems insufficient to account for the sleepiness produced by some kinds of food, and the wakefulness caused by others. One man, at ten o'clock at night, takes a glass of beer, another an equal quantity of green tea:

the one goes to sleep, the other lies awake half the night. Therefore, we must needs suppose that the elements and material of the food taken into the blood alter the composition of it, and lessen or increase its stimulating properties. After a hearty meal the blood which is necessary for keen, clear brain-action is loaded with new material just taken in from the newly-digested food, and is less fitted, on this account, to excite and keep up the functional activity of clear intellect. This theory agrees, I think, better with the facts than that of the diversion of the blood from the head to the stomach by the digestion process. For we may often observe that sleepiness will follow the swallowing of a very trifling quantity of food or drink, as one glass of wine or beer. It is not to be supposed that the process of digesting this will divert much blood to the stomach. It must affect us, therefore, by the material entering the circulation. When a man lies dead drunk no one doubts but that the brain is affected by the alcohol conveyed to it by the blood. It can be collected in the brain after death. And what happens in the case of a large quantity of spirit happens probably in the case of a small quantity of food or drink. Again, if sleep is caused by the diversion of blood in and for the process of digestion, it is reasonable to suppose that the longer and more difficult the digestion, the more blood would be diverted, and the sounder the sleep. But, on the contrary, we know that the more indigestible the food the more sleep is prevented, while quickly-digested materials, which are easily assimilated, promote slumber. A single small cup of tea can hardly be said to require digestion; yet this will banish sleep from many, and can only do so by affecting the nervous centres.

If there is undue excitability of the brain, and the ordinary stimuli of thought or noise are sufficient to keep off sleep, if the nervous susceptibility of the individual of itself keeps him awake, what can be done in addition to the means already mentioned? We must try and lessen this excitability, from which some occasionally suffer till it almost constitutes a disease. This may be done, and often is done, by non-medical methods. In fact, we know that each one has his proper and peculiar recipe for going to sleep. One man counts tens, hundreds, or thousands—counts till he can count no longer. Another repeats from memory Latin verses, it may be, or English poetry. One man fixes his attention strongly on one subject, and tries to exhaust himself upon this. Another does just the opposite, and tries to think of no one thing, but to jumble his ideas into a confused chaos as he finds them wandering when he is dropping off to sleep; and this man probably succeeds the best. Now these plans for the most part are based upon the principle of diminishing the excitability of the brain by means of fatigue. We know that in health fatigue is one of the chief causes of sleep. Fatigue of body and fatigue of head, not calling up anxiety or emotional

excitement, are excellent sleep-compellers, and fatigue, especially of body, if excessive, will so deaden the excitability of the brain that stimuli, even of a powerful sort, will have no effect upon it. This is why men and boys have gone to sleep on a ship's deck in the midst of battle. Many will sleep in any position, even the most uncomfortable, amidst great noise, or even in great dangers, from sheer fatigue. And when excessive and morbid wakefulness is present, it is a very good and natural method of invoking sleep to subject the body to hard exercise; and fatiguing the brain by counting, or the like, may have the same effect, though less surely. If by working our memory till we are tired, we can produce fatigue without calling up any anxious feelings or thoughts, volition at last ceases, and we sleep. But if sleep does not come, is there any other method?

It may be that we lie awake because we are hungry. Hours may have passed since our last meal. Whether we feel hungry or not, it is at any rate a fact that something to eat will often bring sleep. The effect of food has been already mentioned. It is a reasonable plan, but one often neglected, probably from the difficulty of procuring something in the night. There is a popular fallacy abroad that we ought not to go to sleep on a full stomach, a fallacy adhered to in the face of the fact that every animal eats before sleep, that infants almost invariably require a full stomach to send them to sleep; and so, fearing to go to bed with a full stomach, people go with an empty one, and do not sleep. Many would sleep much better with an early dinner and a good supper, than they do with their six o'clock dinner, which allows them to get hungry again before they want to go to sleep. Many have found this out and guard against it, and if they wake in the night they tempt sleep again

by eating or drinking something which has been placed in readiness by their bedside.

If all means fail, and the nights get worse and worse, and the sufferer more and more restless, he needs must have recourse to the physician and his pharmaceutical treasury, and he gets a sleeping potion, which in all probability will be some preparation of opium. Now every one has his views and theories about opium, amounting altogether to what De Quincey calls "the fiery vortex of hot-headed ignorance upon the name" of it. Let him who wants to read the poetry of this drug study the "Confessions." The prose thereof is written in the pages of many medical authors, yet no two are agreed upon the mode of its action, whether the beneficial or the poisonous. Most admit, however, that in small quantities it is a stimulant, in large a narcotic, a poison. Some say that the small or stimulating doses procure sleep, and are alone beneficial, yet this is contrary to the foregoing remarks, which tend to show that stimulation of all sorts drives off sleep. That small doses of opium will keep many awake is as certain as that green tea does. It quickens the pulse in these small quantities, and stimulates the circulation of the brain. A double dose will reduce the circulation and procure sleep. The opium conveyed by the blood to the nerve-centres appears to lessen their force and energy, and to deaden the excitability both of the mental brain and also of the nerve-structures which supply the bodily organs. When the dose goes beyond this it becomes poisonous, and it not only lessens but destroys the excitability, and we have coma, collapse, convulsions, and death. But this is not the place for an examination of this question, nor for an enumeration of all the other substances which the physician employs to "entice the dewy feathered sleep."

THE RUINED CHAPEL.

No abbots now in ghostly white nor sable,
No choir to rival the angelic songs,
No whispering thunder in low organ-notes,
To thrill with heavenly answers kneeling throngs.

The monks have long departed! shadows now
Fall thick upon the roofless porch and chancel;
Long since the raging king drew angry sword,
The charter of this fallen house to cancel.

No priests nor worshippers are left—ah! vainly
Faith, praying, consecrates her special places;
Time is a cruel heathen, and delights
To leave on sacred things its mouldy traces.

But "No," Hope says, for where of old there stood
The altar and God's shrine so loved and treasured,
Comes now the blackbird's ceaseless gladsome hymn,
Poured forth with joy and gratitude unmeasured.

And see, the Elder brings its pure white flowers,
So broad and level, lavish, and so fair,
As offerings to the shattered altar-stone,
That still, though rent and mossy, moulders there.

And still the suppliant wind, its frightened dirge
Moans ceaseless o'er the silent sheeted dead,
Or wails its lingering hymns when winter moons
Are shining cold and brightly overhead.

These little worshippers, the wild-flowers, too,
Sown by the pitying angels, rise and bloom
(Speedwell and primrose) in among the stones,
Nod from the arch, or sway above the tomb.

Nature has pity on man's frailty,
And loves such ruins for their builder's sake,
For the old piety that's gone to dust,
And lies so calmly now beneath the brake.



THE COVENTRY PROCESSION, 1866.

LADY GODIVA AT HOME.

GEORGE ELIOT—who ought to be indicted for not telling the gardens where the rich plums which adorn the heads of “his” chapters grew—quotes over the eighth chapter of Felix Holt the following sentence: “The mind of man is as a country which was once open to squatters, who have bred and multiplied, and become masters of the land. But there happeneth a time when new and hungry comers dispute the land; and there is trial of strength, and the stronger wins. Nevertheless, the first squatters be they who have prepared the ground, and the crops to the end will be sequent (though chiefly on the nature of the soil, as of light sand, mixed loam, or heavy clay, yet) somewhat on the primal labor and sowing.”

This exquisite illustration might be specialized by the substitution in it of “Coventry” for “country.” I mean this in the historical rather than any philological sense, though there be etymologists who might establish a near relationship between “country” and “Coventry”—that is, “Convent-tre,” *tre* being the old word for “town.” Walking about the streets of this old city, listening to its poor ragged minstrels singing and hawking its legends done into doggerel, witnessing the Fair and its pageant, one is at first bewildered at finding these things in the England of to-day, and at length perceives that they are the cropping up, through centuries of English formations, of an old and alien life which squatted hereon in an almost pre-historical era. The quaint and airy gables overhanging narrow streets, the airy build of churches with their cool stone pavements, the frequent use of external ornament on plain houses—so characteristic of southern people, who live out of doors, and so different from the English style, which keeps all

ornamentation indoors—these suggest at every step an old French foundation. With this feeling, but with no positive knowledge of the subject, I resolved to delve among the old records and chronicles in the British Museum and the London Library, and find what I could about the ancient city and the bases of its legends—especially that of Lady Godiva’s ride through it. In this search I have come across some curious facts.

Up to the year 1016 there stood on the site of Coventry a large Saxon convent. This was entirely destroyed by Edric, who, in the year stated, invaded Mercia. From this time the history of the city becomes blended with its patron saint, Lady Godiva. Whatever, under historic scrutiny, may befall the actual existence of Godiva, it is pretty certain to survive any skepticism. That the Countess of Mercia, with whom that name is now associated, was the most distinguished devotee of the middle of the eleventh century Matthew of Westminster, who wrote about 250 years after Earl Leofric, writes:

“In the same year [A.D. 1057], in September, died Count Leofric, of worthy memory, and was buried with honor in the monastery at Coventry, which he and his wife, the devout and noble Countess Godiva, worshiper of God and lover of the Holy Virgin Mary, built from the foundation, out of their own patrimony. And the monastery buildings being erected, they so endowed them with lands and with ornaments that in all England no other monastery could be found with such abundance of gold, silver, and precious gems.”

He then goes on to mention various other towns whose monasteries she, Lady Godiva, founded and endowed. But it is evident that Sir William Dugdale, whose *Antiquities of Warwickshire* was published in 1656, had very thoroughly consulted every record about Coventry.

From him we learn that "Leofric wedded Godeva, a most beautifull and devout lady," and that she was the sister of Therald de Burgenhall, sheriff of Lincolnshire. With reference to the convent, which Leofric and Godiva built in 1044, Dugdale says that Godiva

"Gave her whole Treasure thereto, and sent for skillfull Goldsmiths; who with all the gold and silver she had, made Crosses, Images of Saints, and other Curious Ornaments, which she devoutly disposed thereto. . . . And even at the point of her death gave a rich Chain of pretious stones, directing it to be put about the neck of the Blessed Virgin's Image; so that they that came of devotion thither should say as many Prayers as there were severall Gems therein."

The monastery thus founded had twenty-four Benedictine monks, and the church connected with it was consecrated "to the honor of God, the Virgin Mary, St. Peter, St. Osburg, and all the Saints." William of Malmesbury has incidentally mentioned its extraordinary ornamentation, declaring that "it was enriched and beautified with so much gold and silver that the walls seemed too narrow to contain it; inso-much that Robert de Limesi, bishop of the diocese, in the time of King William Rufus, scraped from one beam that supported the shrines 500 marks of silver."

Leofric is a distinctly historical character. He was the fifth Earl of Mercia, a district which comprised the present counties of Warwick, Worcester, Nottingham, Northampton, Lincoln, Leicester, Derby, Stafford, Gloucester, Chester, Salop, and Oxford. He was, under Canute, Captain-General of the royal forces; took an active part in securing the succession of Harold; assisted in the elevation of Edward the Confessor, and in upholding the monarch against Earl Godwyn. He and his Countess were buried in the great porch of the church of this monastery, of which the Reformation left not one stone upon another.

But while this great monastery remained under such magnificent endowment and patronage Coventry became the centre of French pilgrims and place-hunters. Indeed these swarmed through the Earl of Mercia's realm, so that I find the most ancient laws of the city written in French. With these came the "mysteries," or "miracle-plays," with which Coventry is above all other towns associated. Thus Dugdale writes:

"Before the suppression of the monasteries this citty was very famous for the pageants that were play'd therein upon Corpus Christi day. These pageants were acted with mighty state and reverence by the fryers of this house, and conteyned the story of the New Testament, which was composed into old English rime. The theatres for the several scenes were very large and high; and being placed upon wheelles were drawn to all the eminent places of the citty, for the better advantage of the spectators. In that incomparable library belonging to Sir Thomas Cotton there is yet one of the books which perteyned to this pageant, entitled *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Coventrie*. I mysele have spoke with some old people who had, in their younger yeares, bin eyewitnesses of these pageants soe acted; from whom I have bin told that the confluence of people from farr and neare to see that show was extraordinary great, and yielded noe small advantage to this citty."

In the 15th century it became the fashion to make these plays a leading feature in royal fes-

tivities and pageants. In 1456 Queen Margaret, being at Coventry, saw "alle the pagentes pleyde save domesday, which might not be pleyde for lak of day." In 1575, in the celebrated entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, "certain good harted men of Coventree," according to Lancham's narrative, "exhibited their old storiall sheaw." It is surprising what admirable courtiers the old prophets and martyrs became in the presence of royalty. I have seen, in an old Coventry book, a "gag" used by the Prophet Jeremy in addressing Henry VI. and his Queen, when they were present with their little son, Prince Edward, at the play in Coventry, in which he (Jeremy) says to them:

"Unto the rote of Jesse rote likkyn you well I may,
The fragrant floure sprongen of you shall so
Encrease and sprede—"

The "floure" being, of course, the little Prince.

These courtly speeches by sacred to royal personages indicate a very important phase of the growth of the English drama out of the old miracle-plays. I must sum up in a few words what were a profoundly interesting history to trace. It is generally believed that the first miracle-plays were invented and acted by pilgrims to and from the Holy Sepulchre for their edification. At this time the subjects were exclusively Scriptural. At a later period the priesthood, seeing a means of gain in them, took them under their own charge. The Pope granted indulgences to those who went to see them. In the MS. of the Chester plays in the British Museum [MS. 2124] the author speaks of his having gone to Rome to obtain leave of the Pope to have the "mysteries" done into the English tongue—showing that they were originally in Latin. At this second period, under the priests, there was a large introduction of elements from the Apocryphal Gospels and the Legends of Saints. Toward the close of the 15th century the legend of St. George and the Dragon seems to have been a great novelty in Coventry, and had a great "run." St. George, it must be remembered, was, according to the unquestionable authority of the "History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," born in Coventry, and after his great achievements brought his bride hither:

"Where being in short space arriv'd,
Unto his native dwelling-place,
Therein with his dear love he liv'd,
And fortune did his nuptials grace.
They many years of joy did see,
And led their lives at Coventry."

Percy's Reliques.

When, in the year 1474, Prince Edward, son of Edward IV., visited Coventry, he was first addressed in an octave stanza by one representing Edward the Confessor, and afterward by St. George in armor: a king's daughter stood holding a lamb, and supplicating his assistance to protect her from a terrible dragon. The Champion was placed upon a "conduit" "running wine in four places, and minstrelsy of organ-

playing." Gradually the Scriptural personages, the saints and angels, were put more and more in the back-ground, and the present royal personages more in the front; as, in another kind of art, the Venetian nobility were represented pictorially as Madonnas and Saints by the servile masters. And yet the dramatic Darwin of the future will no doubt trace Shakspeare's celebrations and representations of kings and heroes back to these courtly interpolations on the part of the Jeremys and Josephs for the gratification of their royal patrons. Indeed Mr. Howard Staunton, the well-known Shakspearian editor and critic, has shown me several comparative notes that he has made, indicating that Shakspeare has used various expressions explicable only by reference to the plays and shows of Coventry (a short distance only from Stratford-on-Avon), which he must have seen, and which may have been the original means of kindling his genius. In the time of Shakspeare, however, the "mysteries," or "miracle-plays," had fallen more or less into desuetude, having been replaced considerably by "pageants" and "moralities."* The acting of religious subjects had been originally a real thing, and the people were solemnly impressed by the Bible stories which so few could read, and which were to them literally novels. But when they began to be patronized and appropriated by royalty, it became impossible that all the long speeches should be made or listened to. The characters were dressed up and paraded in costumes and attitudes along the streets when the kings and queens were to pass, or the play was thus transformed into the pageant.

And now came the Reformation, which swept the friars and their plays out of existence, burned vast quantities of "mystery" literature, a leaf of which could now bring any price, but which, after its first fury was past, really left the people of England very much the same as before. The passion for pageants was greater than ever before or since. All through the 16th century the chronicles are crowded with accounts of the pageants which attended every step of royalty. In these many of the personages of the "miracle" and "morality" plays—as King David, Moses, Justice, Truth, etc.—appeared in a kind of carnival. The age of Elizabeth was above all an age of pageants. Warton says that on account of the encouragement given by her to classical learning, the entire ancient mythology was wrought into spectacles for her honor. When she paraded through a country town almost every pageant was a pantheon. When she paid a visit at the house of any of her nobility, on entering the hall she was saluted by

the Penates, and conducted to her privy-chamber by Mercury; in the afternoon, when she condescended to walk in the garden, the lake was covered with Tritons and Nereids; the pages of the family were converted into Wood-nymphs, who passed from every bower; and the footmen gamboled over the lawn in the figure of Satyrs.

The "Lady Godiva Pageant" which still lingers at Coventry, being one of three ancient pageants whose ghosts still haunt the England of to-day, the other two being the Lord Mayor's and the Shrewsbury Shows, is certainly traceable to the "mysteries" I have been describing. I find in a Coventry book, the author's name I do not know, a statement that there is one tradition in the city that when the monasteries were suppressed and the Catholic religion prohibited, the plays and pageants for which the city had been so famous were continued as a mockery. According to this account:

"A Naked Woman on horseback was introduced to ridicule the Sacred Host; immediately after her came a Merry Andrew, to divert the populace with profane jests; he was drawn in a kind of house on wheels, and from looking frequently out of the window, acquired the name of Peeping Tom; but one of these adventurers dying on leaving the house, no one could afterward be found with sufficient hardihood to follow his example, hence Peeping Tom ceased to form part of the Procession. Before the naked lady they placed a man in armor to represent St. George; this gigantic figure was preceded by a group of men, in rusty bits of armor, as mock guards, and the procession closed with a burlesque against the Bishops and Clergy."

This tradition adds: "From this public profanation of sacred things the city of Coventry became so despicable as to give rise to the well-known proverb of 'Sending a man to Coventry,'* which is to say, he is not worthy to be spoken to by men of reputation. As the inhabitants of Coventry have long been ashamed to acknowledge this as the origin of their splendid show, they esteem it more creditable to consider its celebration as a memorial of their gratitude to the Countess Godiva." I give, *quantum valeat*, this theory in which the Roman Catholic interest is very discernible, and which has a suspicious completeness, and proceed to discuss the probabilities in the case.

Only those who have particularly looked into the history of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries can know how much of the trade of England in those days was carried on by means of Fairs. Steam and advertisements have done away with much of their importance, though they are still kept up with much spirit and with considerable profit to the neighborhoods in which they occur;

* "Theatrically considered, 'Mysteries' are dramatic representations of religious subjects from the Old or New Testament, or Apocryphal Story, or the Lives of Saints; 'Moralities' are dramatic allegories, in which the characters personify certain vices and virtues, with the intent to enforce some moral or religious principle. Moralities were of later origin than Mysteries, but they existed together, and sometimes each partook of the nature of the other."—*Hone*.

* The following—which I find quoted without name in a Coventry Local Guide—seems to me a more probable account of this phrase: "The inhabitants of this inland city were formerly most decidedly averse to any correspondence with the military quartered within its limits. A female known to speak to a man in a scarlet coat became the object of town scandal. So rigidly indeed did the natives abstain from communication with all who bore his Majesty's military commission, that officers were here confined to the interchanges of the mess-room, and in the mess-room the term of *sending a man to Coventry*, if you wish to shut him from society, is supposed to have originated."

but in those days they were the means of supplying every country region with the articles it required, and noblemen sent to them for every kind of stock. Among these none was more important than that which was chartered at Coventry in the year 1217 by Henry III., and which to this day annually draws together vast crowds from every part of Warwickshire. The Corpus Christi plays occurred during this Fair, and were an important source of attraction. More particularly, it would seem, did the invariable play of Adam and Eve attract multitudes by its prurience. The destruction of the monasteries and the discontinuance of the "mysteries" was a heavy blow to the wealth and trade of Coventry. Its population was reduced by over twelve thousand, and its Fair was not well attended. The inhabitants had sufficient reason to mourn that the "good Eva" no longer exhibited herself *in puris naturalibus* among them annually; and there is some reason to believe that they for a time tried to revive the attraction in a pageant in which they persuaded some woman to represent Eve on horseback.

Subsequently this pageant was discontinued for at least a century, and Coventry still went downward. Its Fair had lost its fame as an emporium of commerce, and even the Restoration did not improve matters much. Under these circumstances the authorities hit upon the idea of reviving the pageant, and the licentious period of Charles II. enabled them to do so. It occurred in the year 1678. The Mayor and corporation had been always in the habit of going through the streets and proclaiming the opening of the Fair; but they were on this occasion accompanied by the trading companies of the city displaying flags. The city authorities were attended by boys fancifully dressed as pages, who took the place of the angels in the former Corpus Christi pageant; but, instead of Eve, Lady Godiva rode in the procession in a state of nudity, as the local legend affirmed that she had done to obtain the enfranchisement of the city. The ingenuity of the corporation was rewarded; the Coventry Fair became what it had been in its best days, and along with the pageant has been kept in good repair ever since.

The first historian to mention Godiva and her famous exploit was Matthew of Westminster, who has been closely followed by all others who have alluded to it. It is found in the "Flowers of History," and is, by literal translation, as follows:

"This Countess devoutly anxious to free the city of Coventry from a grievous and base thralldom often besought the Count her husband that he would, for the love of the Holy Trinity and the Sacred Mother of God, liberate it from such servitude. But he rebuked her for vainly demanding a thing so injurious to himself, and forbade her to move further therein. Yet she, out of her womanly pertinacity, continued to press the matter, insomuch that she obtained this answer from him. 'Ascend,' he said, 'thy horse naked, and pass thus through the city from one end of it to the other, in sight of the people, and on thy return thou shalt obtain thy request.' Upon which she returned, 'And should I be willing to do this wilt thou give me leave?' 'I will,' he replied. Then the Countess Go-

diva, beloved of God, ascended her horse naked, loosing her long hair, which clothed her entire body except her snow-white legs, and having performed the journey, seen by none, returned with joy to her husband, who regarding it as a miracle, thereupon granted Coventry a Charter of Freedom, confirming it with his seal."

Sir William Dugdale, who wrote before the Restoration, and, I need not add, in the far pre-skeptical era of history, accepts the story unhesitatingly, and supposes the immunity secured by Lady Godiva's ride to have been

"A kind of manumission from such servile tenure, whereby they then held what they had under this great Earl, than only a freedom from all manner of toll, except horses, as Knighton affirms; in memory whereof the picture of him and his said lady was set up in a south window of Trinity Church, in this city, about King Richard the Second's time, and in his right hand holding a Charter, with these words written thereon:

"*E, Norich, for love of the
Doe make Cobentre tol-free.*"

There is no doubt that the city received its Charter, and none that the window and inscription referred to by Dugdale existed in Trinity Church until about the fifteenth century.

The story of Peeping Tom is a much later one. No early historian makes any mention of any proclamation having been made by the lady's herald that

"—as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing."

And indeed such a course would not have been a fulfillment of Leofric's condition that it should be in sight of all the people (*populo congregato*), nor explain his conclusion that her having been unseen was "a miracle." It is quite certain that this was an invention added



PEEPING TOM.

in the reign of Charles II. The effigy of Peeping Tom which was used in the earliest Godiva procession (1678) is still preserved, and is as little like a tailor of the eleventh century as can be imagined, with his military coat and cocked hat and feather. There are several versions about this P. T., one being that Lady Godiva was somewhat moved with compassion for the poor man who alone could not resist her charms,

and who had sacrificed his eyes for them, and took care of him ever afterward!

But dismissing all later additions, what are we to conclude concerning the legend of Godiva itself? I find it very difficult to form a conclusion. There is hardly any legend which would more nicely call into play all the rules and principles of historic doubt and historic belief; and for this reason, apart from the intrinsic beauty of the story, the probabilities are worthy of being briefly balanced.

We have in favor of the truth of the story the facts that Earl Leofric did have a Countess of extraordinary public spirit; that he did, from being very exacting on the people, on a certain day give them the liberal charter which they now preserve; and that in the time of Matthew of Westminster—250 years after the alleged occurrence of the event—the local tradition was so strong as to have been commemorated in a stained window of Trinity Church. To these facts may be added the following probabilities: It is quite supposable that an Earl intending to emphasize his refusal of his lady's request should have lightly said that he would comply if she—or so soon as she—rode naked through the town; and it certainly was in keeping with the chivalry of the time that if she had taken him at his word and complied with the condition, however lightly uttered, the Earl must have stood by his word. Moreover, if there had been any thing in the story essentially out of keeping with the age in which it is said to have occurred, Matthew of Westminster and Ingulph, who record it with evident credence, lived near enough to that age to have at least expressed some surprise at the incident, which they do not.

English historians are tender of local legends, and that concerning Godiva has not yet been reviewed from the skeptical side. Yet there seem to me several points in which it is vulnerable to the historic doubter. There is, in the first place, something very non-English in such an exploit. There is nothing more sacred in England than clothing. It is related that an Irishman once challenged a man to a duel for saying that he, the Irishman, had been "born without a shirt to his back." An Englishman would probably have been ready to settle on the field his claim to having been born in a full suit of clothes. Certainly there could be to the mind of an Englishman no disgrace comparable to that of nudity. The brother of Ophelia speaks as a true Englishman when he warns her that a woman must guard her charms even from the man in the moon. In Landseer's picture of Godiva exhibited in the Royal Academy this year, the Lady's elderly duenna is represented turning her head aside from the nude lady and shutting her eyes tightly. There is a look on this domestic's face which says plainly, "I wash my eyes clean of all such improper conduct; and before I would do such a thing every man, woman, and child in Coventry should be broken on the wheel!" Every one who looks at the picture smiles; but all see in her, rather than

the mounted lady, the representative of the womanhood of England. That an Englishwoman should die for the people is imaginable; but hardly that she should ride through a city naked. But there is evidence, on the other hand, that in the eleventh century Coventry was preponderantly French. And what a difference is there between France and England in this matter! When an Englishwoman uttered the exclamation of her native land to Pauline Bonaparte, with whom she was looking at the picture for which the beautiful French Queen sat undraped—"How could you have borne the exposure!"—Pauline did but utter the reply of France when she naïvely answered, "It was not at all cold, I assure you." While Halliwell and others can not bring themselves to admit, whatever the evidence, that an exact representation of Adam and Eve on the stage could have taken place in England so late as the latter part of the sixteenth century, there is no doubt whatever that Moore, in "The Fudge Family in Paris," describes a spectacle which was drawing crowds to the Theatre Porte St. Martin in the gay capital so late as 1817:

"Here *Begrand*, who shines in this Scriptural path,
As the lovely *Susanna*, without e'en a relic
Of drapery round her, comes out of the bath
In a manner that, Bob says, is quite *Eve-angelic*!"

But one need not go so far back to observe the differences of the two nations in the regard of nudity. Last year, when the Lord Chamberlain was carefully supervising Miss Menken's make-up as "Mazeppa" at Astley's, to see that she did not subvert the English Constitution by an over-liberal display, nearly every theatre in Paris was reviving some old "mystery," and Adam and Eve were reappearing with little more regard for the scruples of the present generation than is implied in "fleshes." Victor Hugo does indeed rather boast of the fondness of the French for nudity as "classic." The French foundation of Coventry, therefore, which has already been taken as explaining its freedom in the miracle-plays, may be regarded by those who believe in the legend of Godiva as sufficient to have rendered her undertaking possible, even though she was an Englishwoman; even as it is now observed that the English leave a good part of their squeamishness behind when they visit the Continent. But the original Frenchness of Coventry in monastic days might equally well explain the character of the legend should it have been an invention, especially when it is considered how nearly it resembles the extraordinary scene in the play of "The Creation."

There is another point that rather seems to indicate its growth out of the Eve of the play. "Eve" was always written in those days "Eva;" and I have found, in looking through many old chronicles, that Godiva was written "God-eva," which is simply "Good Eve." In the year 1494, during some popular agitations in Coventry concerning customs on wool and drapery, there were found nailed on the door of St. Michael's Church some doggerel verses, of which

I have seen a copy, and of which the first verse runs thus:

"Be it knownen and understand,
This cite shoulde be free and nowe is bonde.
Dame good Eve made hit free,
& nowe y^e custome for woll—& y^e drap'ie."

This was incontestible evidence that the patron saint of Coventry was at this period popularly recognized as "good Eve." Was this only a street pun on the name of "God-eva?" Or had a "bad Eva," who had been up to a startlingly late period represented on the stage nude, and bringing woes upon mankind, suggested the invention of a "good Eva," who should bring blessings? Were this taken as pointing to a mythic origin for Godiva there would still remain to be accounted for the peculiarity, not likely to be a pure invention, that she rode on horseback. This may, indeed, have been borrowed from the style usual with the early pageants, in which nearly every character was mounted; or it may, indeed, have been a mere consequence of the fact that no locomotion except on horseback was supposed to be possible to a countess of those days.

I now take leave of antiquarian researches, and come to consider the Godiva of modern years.

There is no doubt whatever that the procession with the nude Godiva inaugurated, or revived from an older pageant, in the congenial age of Charles II., was repeated from year to year up to a period which can not be now fixed, but one certainly far later than would have been tolerated in any other part of Great Britain. This immunity of the Coventry Show was due to its being held up as a solemn act of homage to the heroic deliverer of the city. At length Lady Godiva hid herself from the gaze of (probably) the opening eighteenth century, and only now and then appeared, with rather sorry escort, until the early part of this century, when the procession was revived with considerable state and enthusiasm, with a Godiva clad in close-fitting cambric without a skirt, relieved by a variety of ornaments and a splendid gauze scarf suspended from her hair; she was also furnished with a great quantity of long, flowing hair. She was also, so late as 1829, accompanied by all the city authorities. The representation of that year (1829) produced a considerable revolution in Coventry, which resulted in a complete remodeling of municipal affairs in 1835. The city seems to have elected a reforming mayor in that year, who induced the corporation to a holy zeal, in the inspiration of which nearly all the antique articles which had been contributed by a succession of centuries were sold under the auctioneer's hammer, the effigy of Peeping Tom being alone left. And when, in 1836, the Procession was arranged, the town authorities, led by the mayor, refused to enter into it. So the people substituted for them various characters from history, which rather added to the interest of the Show in the popular estimation. The withdrawal of the town au-

thorities and of some of the old city guilds made the matter over to a class which was not likely to diminish any surviving prurience in the details of the pageant. And, as might be expected, gradually there arose a kind of civil word-war on the subject in Coventry. The dissenting preachers denounced the Show violently; the trades-people, and especially the publicans, maintained with vehemence a pageant which was the life and soul of their Fair, and which never failed to fill their pockets.

However, in the late exhibitions respectability began to show its superior power; and although huge posters scattered through Warwickshire allured the innumerable descendants of Peeping Tom to Coventry by bold promises, they generally found the performances disappointing. The public house keepers and others interested began, indeed, to fear that their show would cease to attract the crowd, and so, four years ago, they persuaded a model of the Royal Academy of London—Madame Letitia—to veer a little toward the old style; but the rain descended on poor Godiva's linen skin, and it became necessary to prevent its becoming a too literal rendering of the legend by raising an umbrella over her, the anachronism of which was a more violent attack on the procession than the combined power of the pulpits could have wielded. Under the rain, the umbrella, and the laughter the handsome Madame Letitia wilted—swooned—and was taken from her cream-colored charger into a house.

Early in 1866 it was announced that there would be another Godiva procession. The Mayor decided not entirely to hold himself aloof from it. The dissenting preachers again began to appeal to the trades-people not to countenance or assist the matter in any form. Nay, this year they went so far as to put themselves in correspondence with her Majesty's Government; so that the Mayor received, one day, a letter from Sir George Grey, saying that he had reason to fear that Coventry was to be, on June 4, the scene of an immoral exhibition. Now it is perfectly true, that, within the circumference of a mile around the office of the Home Secretary in London, there are scores of ballet-dancers who would be hissed nightly if they were as much clad as the Lady of Coventry has been for twenty-five years; nevertheless, the Mayor assured Sir George that he would take care that every one in the procession should be "decently clad," though any advertisement of this contemplated decorum was carefully withheld.

St. Bartholomew's Fair survives now only in the picture George Cruikshank made of its last appearance—a stage covered with riotous, dancing men and women, contained in a vast skillet, whose handle the devil holds, regarding them hungrily as a mess for Tartarus. Mr. Hawthorne saw and graphically described the last Greenwich Fair which the authorities ever permitted to take place. The Croydon Fair has been reduced to half a dozen booths for beer-drinking.

Mindful of the swiftness with which the nineteenth century is sloughing these ancient customs, wishing to see the oldest fair of England and the Godiva procession, which I felt quite sure was on its last legs, I started by the train for Coventry on the afternoon of June 3. It is but three hours at most from London. It was on a clear Sunday, and I found a vast crowd hanging about the station and bridge of the old city, where Tennyson "waited for the train" and "shaped the city's legend." I walked slowly through the streets, and looking at the quaint gables and house-fronts—carved more like those which I have seen in old French cities than any that may be seen in other English cities—I admired the art with which the poet had represented that "overhead fantastic gables, crowding, stared" upon the poor startled lady. Coming to a wall covered with posters I derived, by a careful reading of them all, that during the fair, then in full blast, I might see exhibitions at Latimer's Theatre, the Alhambra Theatre, Maws's Royal Circus, and various displays of wax-work and marionnettes; also Bellamy's Paragon Models. There were also many other taking announcements. I went to the central square of the city, and there seeing the sign of the Castle Inn, put up thereat, remembering



ARMS OF COVENTRY.

that the elephant with a castle on its back constitute the Arms of Coventry. I passed the evening in the hospitable mansion of a wealthy and intelligent gentleman of Coventry, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction.

The ladies of England, although very particular, as I have said, about dress, are the most free-spoken ladies in the world; and during the evening the theme of conversation in which the gentlemen and ladies participated without embarrassment was the improprieties of the last Godiva show, and the degree of nudity which would appear in that of to-morrow. The whole subject of dress and undress was minutely considered. Here and every where else in Coventry the walls bore witness to the profound homage which is felt for the patroness of the city, in whose actuality they all believe, being, indeed, slightly intolerant of skepticism on the subject. Pictures of Godiva on her spotless, cream-colored charger abound; and Tennyson's poem about her woven victoriously into many different forms by the silk-weavers of the city—who are celebrated for doing almost as fine work as the French—and hung up in frames as ornaments.

Next morning many thousands of eyes besides my own looked out of windows sadly, seeing that foe which Godiva processionists fear more than Mayors or Home Secretaries—it rained violently. The gloom which overspread the faces of Coventrians was ludicrous. Nevertheless, at ten o'clock the clouds all vanished and

the glorious sun shone down. Then suddenly the old city blossomed into banners. Vast flag festoons draped the houses and arched the streets, as if evoked by a magic wand, and among them I did not fail to observe that the French tri-color was nearly as well represented as the Union Jack. There were numerous inscriptions, as: "Our City's Patroness;" "Prosperity to our City;" "Peace and Plenty."

But how shall I describe the crowds which poured that morning into Coventry? From north, south, east, west perpetual streams of people flowed in from the surrounding country. They were all in holiday attire, and many were decked with ribbons and badges. They came in all manner of conveyances, but chiefly in old wagons of patterns that I had never seen before, and in carriages which, known to me only in antique prints, seemed to be old saurians of locomotion returned from the fossil-beds of primal eras, in order to be in keeping with a thirteenth century fair and an eleventh century pageant. The calèches of Canada, the marsupial stage-coach of Virginia, were modern and convenient compared with many of the vehicles in which the country-folk of Warwickshire entered Coventry that day. They all went first to pay their respects to Peeping Tom, whose effigy is always given a fresh painting up and a new feather when there is to be a Godiva Show. Where the four chief streets of the city converge there is Peeping Tom, at a small square window in the second story of a shoe-shop. A more hideous being than P. T. it would be hard to imagine; and if this effigy at all resembles that "one low churl, compact of thankless earth," it really seems to me that his desperate desire to see the beautiful would be pardonable. It was evident that the crowd generally felt a generous regard for P. T.—what had we all come to Coventry for?—and a man who showed me up stairs, so that I might examine the ancient figure more particularly, accounted for the fact that its back is all scooped out by declaring that there was a rabid determination on the part of each visitor to get a splinter of the figure, if possible. Not only poor Tom's back, but all of his arms below the elbows have fallen victims to this hero-worship.

Although, as I have said, the most cultivated and aristocratic residents of Coventry admire very much, and adorn their walls with Tennyson's poem of "Godiva," that poet is by no means the minstrel who has sung the fair lady's story in the manner which pleased most the one hundred thousand people who, it is estimated, passed that day in Coventry. For there were minstrels who were singing of the lady in every street, and selling copies of each song for a half-penny each. Some of these were old; but one or two had evidently been composed for the present occasion, and these last were certainly execrable. It was sad for one who has formed his idea of the early singers of the deeds of heroes and heroines from *Sordello* or *Tannhäuser*, to come across a circle of roughs in the street

standing around a coarse man and woman screaming out—

"Come all you buxom lads and lasses,
Old and young, the deaf and dumb,
Cheerily, merrily, fill your glasses
Up with ale and whisky rum;
Coventry is in her glory,
Such a sight we seldom see,
It will be talked of long in story,
When Lady Godiva we did see."

Nevertheless I would be doing Coventry injustice not to say that I saw more people who seemed to purchase a paper headed "The Coventry Garland" (for a penny), which contained a version of the legend not without merit. It is divided into three parts: "The Legend;" "The Pilgrimage;" "The Charter." Part First tells us that

"Earl Leofric was a Baron bold,
A Baron of high degree,
A wealthy Lord of many lands,
And eke of Coventre.
The inhabitants his vassals were,
And he taxed them grievously."

It then proceeds to state the engagement which the Baron entered into with his spouse. In Part Second we read:

"Now forth she came on a milk-white steed,
All radiant and fair;
No covering save her innocence,
And her long and flowing hair:
And thus on her mission of mercy she rode
Through the streets so gloomy and bare.
"And through those narrow and darksome streets
She passed like a vision of light:
A Pilgrim-saint of charity,
Performing a holy rite;
But oh! such a pilgrim who hath seen,
Or a saint so fair and bright.
"And on she rode in solitude
And silence, all around,
A midnight stillness reigned there,
Unbroken and profound,
Save the echo of the horse's tread
That clank'd upon the ground.
* * * * *
"Now Heaven bless thee, Lady fair,
Thy pilgrim-task is done:
Thou hast achieved a noble deed,
And reached thy Castle home;
And thou wilt gain a deathless name
In history and song."

In Part Third we have, among several good verses, the following:

"And now there is joy throughout the town,
With feast and goodly cheer,
For Freedom maketh every home
A thousand times more dear:
It bringeth joy to every hearth,
And sunshine every where,
Of Freedom's victories, oh, how few
Were gained so pure, and bloodless too!"

The procession started at half past eleven from the city barracks. The list of companies and characters is too long to be given here. It fills half a column of the local paper. The procession marched about half a mile when it paused near St. Mary's Hall—the oldest building in Coventry—whose great portals swung open at noon exactly, and as the wondrous chimes of St. Michael's Church immediately over us pealed

a merry music, out rode on a magnificent white horse—Lady Godiva. The multitude pressed forward in great surges to see her, and there was at first a breathless silence, save for the rustling and trampling as the Hussars made with their horses' breasts a lane through the crowd for the Lady. Then came cheer after cheer, and plaudits which, as she passed on, were caught up from place to place, and from street to street, a continuous cheer extending thenceforth throughout the city. Nevertheless, these cheers ever grew feebler, and there were not wanting goodly numbers of the P. T. fraternity, who expressed their contempt at a Lady Godiva dressed up like a rather careful ballet-dancer. The Lady was represented by a Madame Panton, of London, favorably regarded, it was said, by the artists of the Royal Academy, who was a very good-looking lady of thirty, and sat her horse well. She had a bodice of white tulle, her shoulders and arms being bare, a white satin skirt reaching almost to the knees, and silken hose, but no slippers. Her black hair fell loose, adorned with a long, white veil; she bore a bouquet in her hand, and looked meekly down at the neck of her horse. She was, however, evidently uncomfortable, and, I think, fairly earned the ten guineas she is said to have received. Of the other characters the less said the better. The costumes were well enough, but rouge and spangles are dreadful under the full blaze of day. Maid Marian, the little Shepherdess, the Four Seasons, and the little girls who acted as pages, were well enough done; but St. George was a puny little man who was a mere wreck in the heavy armor which he wore, or which wore him. He had not his dragon, but he was surrounded by dragoons, who tried to prevent his drinking a glass of beer which some friend slipped into the procession to give him, but did not succeed. The cars and horses were very fine; and I recognized painted on the former many forms and scenes which I could trace to through a succession of pageants and moralities back to the original "Mysteries" of Coventry.

Entering a residence, where I had been invited to meet a company and enjoy a collation, I found the room filled with ladies who had been gazing on the procession as it had just passed under the window, and were commending very warmly the entire respectability and decorum of the Show. They were especially hearty in appreciating Godiva's skirt, which it was plain they had only seen from the right side of the Lady. Presently, however, it became rumored in the room that the Lady was not dressed in the exact fashion of Rotten Row, and the following series of remarks occurred:

Mrs. A. "That's why all the gentlemen insisted that these windows didn't command such a good view as across the street."

Miss B. "We'll laugh at them well when they come back."

Mrs. C. "I take back all my praise of the Lady's decency; don't you, Mr. D.?"

MR. D. (*with a glance at Mrs. C.'s liberal corsage*). "Yes, Madam!"

At length all the gentlemen returned (rather sheepish), and had to pass a gauntlet very blushing but very sharply arranged by the ladies. I do not know that it was more than a fancy; but I found myself receiving, at various times during my visit to Coventry, an impression that there was an abnormal bravery about the women of that old city. May not traditions, remaining long enough, mould and at length create character? Besides Godiva, there are other memorable and purely historical associations of Coventry with heroic women. When Charles I. was trying to take possession of this city, and Lord Brooke was holding it for Parliament, a part of his garrison was made by the women of Coventry, who organized themselves and bore arms, and were headed by an Amazon who drilled them daily. Mary Queen of Scots was twice imprisoned here. It is possible that the young girls of Coventry would feel the peculiar relation of their sex to the city, and be led by bolder ideals; and it really seemed to me that such was the fact.

In the afternoon every body went to the Fair, which I find to be as indescribable as the Derby. Passing through a long lane, or double lane, where, in fourfold booths, all manner of nick-nacks, ginger-cakes, nuts, pictures, jewelry, etc., are sold; passing through toy-temples and pin-cushion palaces; arrested at every step of these lanes without turning by shop-girls tugging on every side, each shoving her wares into one's face like so many pistols and demanding one's money or coat-skirts; one is at last borne on human surges and stranded on the large open square of the Pleasure-Fair. Recovering my senses after a few moments one sees vast wheels made up of human beings revolving vertically or horizontally. On one side a huge hand-bill and a greasy Stentor are beseeching all to come to his great show of wax-work, the leading attraction of which is "Wilkes Booth assassinating Abraham Lincoln"—and "both puffcock likenesses." Innumerable persons are anxious to have all who wish to see "Lady Godina"—so the country-people insisted on calling her—take a look at their peep-shows. Resisting these attractions one reaches the large space devoted to "Richardson's Shows," Wombwell's Menageries, Circuses, Temples of Magic, and Monsters. For threepence you have the invaluable privilege of seeing the Living Skeleton; one penny is the ruinous rate at which the Hottentot Venus is exhibited, along with the Intelligent Jackass; and twopence is the sesame to the abode of a nondescript Sea-monster—very like a whale—which, the proprietor shouts to the ends of the earth, was captured stone-blind, "which was the cause of his losing his freedom;" three gallant British seamen losing their lives in the adventure.

The people, however, mainly throng the "Richardson's Shows." These are large canvas-theatres with platforms in front, on which the entire stock company of each is engaged

dancing, wrestling, and performing gymnastics. Queen Elizabeth here waltzes with the clown, and the melancholy Hamlet pirouettes with the danseuse. Each has a *corps de ballet* which is striving to outshine the Circes of neighboring establishments, and a red-faced band which would drown with "Slap, bang" the screaming "Dixie" of the next door. Managers stand shrieking through trumpets praises of their own and denunciations of their neighbors' performances. The dress-circles of these shows cost sixpence, the pit threepence. When the tent is full the company goes inside to perform; but very soon after the play is resigned to one or two heavy performers, and all the attractive ones are again on the front platform alluring a crowd for the next exhibition, whither the unsixpenced spectator must follow if he wishes to see the best part of the performances.

Having very soon got enough of this I passed out into the region of the "Cheap Jacks," who are standing on their carts in a row within sound of each other's voices. Each protests that "*he* gives the people their money's worth; *he* does not defraud them of their money like *some others*"—the words being accompanied by looks of utter contempt at the adjoining Cheap Jacks. They are excellent jugglers; they put into a little paper a piece of mock-jewelry, a port-monnaie, or other article worth one or two pennies; they then drop a shilling or a half-crown into it; and offer the whole for a shilling. There is always a purchaser, and he always finds that he has exchanged his shilling for a twopenny article and a copper. It is almost impossible to discover the trick. I looked all along the array of Cheap Jacks to see if there were any one of them who might be a Dr. Marigold; but although their harangues were sufficiently amusing, their aspect was as little suggestive of romance as can be imagined. Yet while I stood and watched the most repulsive of them all—a low-browed fellow, strongly pitted with small-pox, whom I would have brevetted on the moment as "Cut-throat"—there came up to him a little boy of ten years who handed up his shilling for one of the packages the man was trying to sell. The man looked at the boy and his shilling for a moment, then said, "Keep your shilling, young un!" and turned to the crowd, now roaring with laughter, and, I fear, much more pleased with the implied confession of a trick than with the kindness of the action. That fellow, I concluded, would under favorable circumstances turn out a Dr. Marigold.

Here ended my visit to Lady Godiva, and my ramble through the old city in which she dwelt. As I had that day seen her Ladyship vanish under a satin skirt, so did I follow her through the old chronicles until she disappeared in the past almost as completely as in the present; nevertheless, be she a myth or not, I shall ever thank her for having led me in the one case into one of the most interesting by-ways of early English history, and in the other to some of the quaintest and merriest scenes which I have witnessed in the Old World.

SEPTEMBER WOODS.

GIRL round by meadows, wearing shabby weeds
For clover's early death, and sentried by
The tireless locust, with his muffled click
Of secret weapon, at each footfall, stand
The woods.

September, smiling treacherous smiles,
And bearing in his hand a hollow truce,
Which gentle Summer trusts, can enter free:
Oh, fatal trust! Her sacred inner-court,
Of Holies Holiest, the lovely queen
Throws open to the ally of her foe;
By day with sunny look, and gracious air,
He wins her heart, and wears her colors. Night
Beholds him, in his white and gleaming mail
Alert and noiseless, following the dews,
Her faithful messengers, waylaying them
With sudden cruel death, and in their stead
His own foul treason bearing through the realm.
Lured by his guile, green twining vines
Array themselves in parti-colored robes,
And loosely flaunt, unknowing 'tis their death;
The low Bunch Berry her tunic white lays by,
And wearing scarlet satin, decks her breast
With knots of scarlet beads. This sin, oh sweet!
In resurrection of the coming spring
Shall be forgiven thee, and thou again
Shalt rise, as white as snow.

The fragrant Ferns,
And clinging Mosses, to whom Summer kind
Had been, more than to other lowly things,
Are true, and not till they are trampled low
By icy warriors, will they refuse
Their emerald carpet to her tread; and there
In cold white grief will die, around her feet;
The simpering Birch, unstable in the wind,
Is first to break his faith, and cheaply bought
By gold, in brazen vanity lifts up
His arms, and broadly waves the glittering price
Of his dishonor: Poplars next, and Elms
Grow envious of the yellow show, and hold
Their hands for traitors' wages; but more scant
And dim the golden tokens gained by them;
For now disloyalty has spread and grown
More bold of front; whole clans are easy won.
In hostile signal-fires, from hill to hill,
The Maples blaze; the tangling Sumac-trees
Of glowing spikes build crimson ladders up
The wall; ungainly Moosewood strides, and creeps,
And shakes his purple-spotted banner out,
Defiantly: the sturdy Beeches throw
Their harvest down, and bristle in a suit
Of leathern points; all is revolt! and all
Is lost for Summer!

Vainly, now, she showers
By brook and pool her white and purple stars,
And lifts in all the fields her golden rod;
In vain their scarlet streamers sets along
The meadows, and, to Gentian's pallid lips
Of blue, calls back the chilled and torpid bee.
Sweet queen! Her kingdom rocks! Her only
stay
And refuge now her loving Pines, who wait
In solemn grief, unmoved and undismayed
By guile or threats, and to their farthest kin
A haughty and untarnished race, will keep
Eternally inviolate and green
Their sworn allegiance to her, and all
Her name!

Encircled by their arms she dies;
And not the deadliest thrusts of wintry spears,

Nor sweeping avalanche of snow and ice,
Can daunt them from their silent watch around
Her sepulchre, nor, from their faithful hold
Can wrest the babe, who, hid in sacred depths,
And fed on sacred food, and nurtured till
The fated day, shall lift her infant hand,
And, slaying the usurper, take the throne
Next in the royal line of summer queens!

ROBBED OF HALF A MILLION.

SO you want to hear that little story about
How I lost half a million, do you? Now,
to begin with, you must know that I actually
lost half a million. There should not be any
doubt about *that* fact. My report, telling just
how I lost it, is on file in the War Department,
carefully drawn up. The troops in our Depart-
ment were generally paid bi-monthly, according
to the Regulations, but on this particular fore-
noon in the summer of 1863, when I was sum-
moned to head-quarters, four months' pay was
due. For this reason the check handed me was
several hundred thousand dollars larger than
usual. The order read:

"You will proceed, with five other paymasters, without
delay, by the shortest and safest route, to pay the army
lying at, or near—"

"Without delay," said I, folding the order,
"means to-morrow morning, Colonel. But the
army lies three hundred miles from here, scat-
tered along at various points. It is a rough
region, tumbled into wooded hills, mountain
spurs, and tangled ravines, swarming with out-
laws. There are few cavalymen that can be
spared to escort us, and I fear a raid."

"Raids, Sir," said the Colonel, swelling with
the importance of the announcement, "are like
ocean storms. No good shipmaster delays sail-
ing because storms may cross his path. He
fights them out when he meets them, and that's
the way you must do with raiders."

Of course there was nothing to be said against
this display of Grand Tactics.

"But," said I, still anxious to delay, "I don't
see how we are to get the blanks and money
ready. The Sub-treasury clerks say that the
last two millions were in thousand and hundred
dollar notes. We must have at least a million
in as small bills as fifties."

"Yes, they always send us whales when we
want mackerel and sardines," he replied; "but
you must change off large for small bills at the
banks, and with sutlers in the field."

It was hard work, with no time for dinner or
supper, but we got together, from the various
money dens, several bushels of small bills; rag-
ged and rotten, and emitting a very offensive
smell. Some officers counted only large bills,
and took the others for what the packages
were marked; but my clerk, Wooddie, was
very careful and patient, so we counted every
piece of our share.

"Too much money is a 'weariness of the flesh,'
an endless grind and bore," said poor Wooddie,
as he crept into bed. "I hate every thing
under a hundred-dollar bill, and I can't for the

soul of me see how people become so miserly as to hoard up the vile stuff."

He roused up at intervals all night to vent his spleen in similar speeches. I tried in vain to sleep, but the night was feverish, and seemed groaning with internal agony, as if it had swallowed a whirlwind and was trying to throw it up. It was thick, black, and foreboding. The wind came in fitful gusts from the southwest, sounding like the advance skirmishers of a severe storm. No wonder that daylight found Wooddie sick and unable to move; it was some time before I could be convinced that I wasn't down sick myself. But there was no escaping the trip now, so I hastened to the Sub-treasury building.

On the window-sill, inside, looking through the round iron bars, sat old Toby, the watch-dog, and behind him stood Uncle Daniel, his master and companion. They looked exactly alike. Uncle Daniel had been vault-porter twenty years, and had lugged so many tons of gold into the vault and out, and shoveled it up into bags, and weighed and watched it so long that he and the dog had grown very yellow, and that is why I noticed that they were a thought paler than usual this morning. I nodded, but they paid no attention to me. They were looking across the way at a very old building, so I looked too. Its iron blinds sogged heavily on hinges; the walls were black with smoke, and every window was hung with festoons of dusty spiders' webs.

It had been a stanch fire-proof dwelling-house in its day, with marble cornice and carved window-caps, but since its coarse burly neighbors, the business-houses, had encroached on its yard; and especially since a big-throated chimney near by had commenced puffing smoke into its eyes, ears, and nose, day and night, the respectable mansion had fallen into a decline, and gone to entertaining all sorts of characters for money. As the necessary consequence of absorbing so much unwholesome matter, its face had become pimpled with an eruption of signs, and the door-posts had broken out into yellow blotches, inscribed "Rooms to Let." One room, however, was not to be let, evidently, and that was the one at which old Toby and Uncle Daniel were looking. The first thing visible, through the raised window, was a pair of patent-leather boots, and the next thing was the earer, sitting in a chair smoking. He didn't look like a photographer or dentist (half the tenants in such buildings usually are one or the other); besides, *their* days don't begin till about ten o'clock. I had no time to puzzle longer, for the balance of the party had come up; the door was opened, our safes, cots, and chests loaded on the dray, and started for the dépôt.

Uncle Daniel called me behind the door, where old Toby eyed me with grim tolerance, evidently reserving the right (after our two years' acquaintance) to take me by the throat at any time he chose, without violating past pledges.

"Now, Major," said Uncle Daniel, shaking his head, "I'm afraid you'll have trouble."

"What's the matter? Any packages short, Uncle?" said I.

"No, nothing of that kind," said he; "but you start on an unlucky day, and that man over the way is a spy, I think. The city is overrun with rogues. I see 'em walk past here, looking in at the money with their robber faces. The country is full of bushwhackers where you're going. I hate to spare him, Major, but I believe I'll let Toby go with you."

"Thank you," said I, "but I guess it would be a little safer for me to take a basket of torpedoes on my arm as a protection. I'm afraid I'd have to be iron-clad if he was along."

"Oh no," said Uncle Daniel, "you'd get along if I only told him to mind you. He hasn't had orders to mind any body but me yet, you see. Here!" said he to the dog, "go with the Major, *go!*"

Toby followed me out, and the door clanged behind us. I noticed that the window across the way was closed. As I hurried up the street, and turned down toward the dépôt I glanced back at Toby. He was close by and didn't look amiable; it was rather unpleasant, in fact, to see how that dog tried to hold me "with his glittering eye." He didn't act to me like a dog who was conscious of having a master quite so close to him as I was. The farther I went, and the faster I walked, the plainer it became that Toby was guarding me instead of obeying my behests. I whistled to him and he growled; I said "Get out," in a modified way, and he showed his teeth rather closer to my legs than was pleasant. I called him "Good doggie," which he resented as much as a boy resents being called "Bub."

I found him determined to hasten hostilities, and, as I had no iron armor, I went to a tree-box to tear off the top slat for a club. He discovered this overt act, and made such a ferocious attack that I was forced up the tree. Confound the dog! if you've never been treed you have no idea how much he had grown in the last few seconds, and how unnatural his neck looked. It was impossible to coax or compromise. He had misunderstood his master, and only his master could set him right. I should certainly miss the train and lose my money. I called to a German for help, but he turned and hurried down the street for a policeman, under the impression that I was a burglar.

Just as I was getting ready to leap down and take my chances a large man, wearing a slouched hat, came down the street in haste, evidently going to the train. He stopped, greatly surprised at seeing the dog; and old Toby seemed to instantly recognize the stranger as a natural enemy, and started for him. I jumped down, and ran for the dépôt—we all ran—the slouched-hat fellow being just enough ahead of the dog to shut the car door between them. Old Toby licked his lips, looked about, then went and lay down on our safes by the baggage-car, "the monarch of all he surveyed."

The fellow in the slouched hat, having tak-

en a good survey of matters from the window, passed cautiously into the baggage-car, and taking a lasso he threw it over Toby's head, and pulled him up to the door.

"Taken a spite at *me*, eh?" said he to the dog, kicking him. "Perhaps you'll know me next time," snarled the man, still kicking his head; and at each kick old Toby snapped at his boots, and trowsers, and the side of the car—he was so blind with rage. "Perhaps you'll want to follow me up stairs *again*," continued the man, still choking and kicking him. "Perhaps you don't like my looks. Maybe my hair isn't parted to suit you."

"There, I guess that will do," said I, stepping up to him and taking hold of the rope.

"He's a particular friend of *yours*, is he?" said the man, savagely, looking down as if he intended to lasso me too.

"No," said I, "but you needn't kill the dog because he don't like your looks. You are not so handsome that you need be jealous of a dog's opinion."

He looked at me as Toby did when I was up the tree, then walked back into the car, and I told a policeman to deliver the dog to Uncle Daniel.

We were all day riding the hundred and twenty miles, and I had time to examine the passengers' faces. Uncle Daniel's spy was not on board, unless he was the man who wore the slouched hat. I could not believe he was the one. His clothes were coarse and his boots heavy. But I had never before seen such a restless, hungry, leaping eye. A Grand Jury of physiognomists would have found a bill of indictment against him without other evidence than his face. He seemed to know that I knew he was a rogue; and sometimes he looked at me with defiance, and sometimes furtively, as if he suspected I was on his track. I was, and had made up my mind to continue the healthy prejudice against him that old Toby seemed to entertain.

Five o'clock brought us to the railroad terminus—a sea of mud, navigated by six mule-teams and covered army wagons. The sutlers' shops had drifted in irregular rows on to a shoal of oyster cans, and the proprietary Jew inhabitants had red shirts hung out in front as signals of distress. Every body seemed to be away from home and hungry for oysters; but the great and reigning monsters of this miry ocean were the mule-drivers—a vicious, obstinate, and profane race; embodied lawlessness; migratory insurrections; beings about as much like men as mules are like horses. While looking at one of these teams I saw the man with the slouched hat getting into a wagon, and he had a pair of patent-leather boots in his hands. I followed him, clambering over bales of hay, barrels of pork, and boxes of crackers, scattered along the shore of mud, winding about among great, rough-boarded warehouses crammed with army blankets, clothing, boxed arms, gun-carriages, hospital cots, trenching spades, and axes mixed in endless profusion and confusion, to the Quartermaster's office.

"Who is that?" I asked of the Quartermaster, pointing to the man I had seen get on the wagon.

"He's an M.D.," said the Captain.

"An M.D.? What regiment is *he* surgeon of?"

The Captain laughed immoderately. His six clerks looked up from their writing and laughed too, but quite respectfully. "Why, M.D. means Mule Driver," said the Captain.

"You don't pretend to say that he is one of *your* drivers?"

"Yes, Major, I do say just that," replied the Captain.

"But who is he? Where did he come from? Is his character good?" said I.

At these questions every body in the room laughed, and this time without the slightest respect. Asking about a mule driver's character was too good a joke to be resisted.

"We can't be particular, Major," said the Captain, "and the less I know about their histories the better I like 'em. I generally ask two questions: Can you drive? Did you ever get stalled so you couldn't get out yourself and nobody could help you out? If they answer these questions right I hire 'em, no matter if they've got shackles and State's prison clothes on. I believe our best driver is an ex-burglar. He's strong, and takes pride, as most men will, for a time, in doing a new business well. Some of our worst drivers are horse-thieves. You see they naturally like horses, and of course they hate mules and won't feed 'em. Mules *must* be fed and watered, and that's about all *they* want. Now all this is business. When it comes to pleasure, like marrying into this fellow's family; or private matters, like having him for partner in trade, I'd object. I wouldn't like to meet him alone in a dark night. But he knows all this country; the fords, springs, and foraging places, and is on that account very valuable in a train. He calls himself Beaumont. He's off and on, and don't drive regular."

"By-the-way, Captain," said I, willing to change the subject, "my clerk is sick; can't you spare one out of your office?"

"No," he replied, "a good one can't be spared, and a poor one you don't want; but I think you can get a fellow named Hickey—nephew of the post commander at —, right where you are going. He came down on the train with you; was dressed in military clothes. You can talk with him; *that* won't hurt any body."

"Well," I replied, "I will look into the Provost Marshal's office for a clerk, and then come around."

Such an ignorant and hopeless crowd I never saw before. "Nobody among these refugees fit for a clerk, have you?" said I to the Provost.

"No, Sir," he replied, emphatically, "fit for nothing, not even fit food for powder. They don't know how to do any thing, and they are too lazy to work if they did know how."

I met Hickey as I went down the steps, and promised to take him if I didn't hear from Woodie in the morning.

As I sat in the ambulance next morning ready to start, knitting my brows with vexation, trying to avoid my fate, I suddenly raised the curtain, and putting out my head told Hickey to get in. He had been about head-quarters long enough to get poisoned by its bad atmosphere. A perfect flunky is not an American production, but Hickey had all of the natural and most of the acquired qualifications. He was devoid of honor, subservient to power, and merciless to weakness or misfortune. He was not a safe man to help handle half a million of money. I found that he was a Southerner, and had been in the enemy's country till 1863. All these things came out, and all these doubts were raised, before we had gone ten miles. I was thinking of Uncle Daniel's warning, and looking ahead, when I was startled by seeing the eyes of Beaumont looking back at me under his slouched hat.

"Hallo there! Who are you?" said I, in my first surprise. He did not reply, or turn his head. "You driver, there!" I continued, "I mean *you*. Who are you? Where did you come from?"

He made no answer.

"I'd have him arrested," said Hickey.

"You can't," growled an old clerk named Stretcher.

"Can't? I'd like to know why not," said Hickey.

"Because," said Stretcher, "he ain't an enlisted man, and ain't obliged to answer any questions. He hired out to drive mules, and so long as he does that right he's safe."

"Well," said Hickey, "I know the Colonel, my uncle, arrested a driver one day for not saluting him."

"Yes," retorted old Stretcher, who had been for twenty-five years a clerk in the regular service, and consequently despised every thing that wasn't regular—"I suppose your uncle, the Colonel, would arrest a mule for he-hawing in his presence; that's all you volunteers know. Now you might just as well ask the driver to answer a conundrum or a problem in mathematics as ask him where he came from. It don't make any difference where he came *from* if he only goes *to* the right place."

"That's true of humanity generally," said I, to turn the conversation.

"It's true of mule-drivers any how," growled Stretcher.

"But maybe he came from State's prison," said Hickey.

"Probably," replied Stretcher; "but that's no matter, so long as the mules don't find it out and become demoralized."

Hickey couldn't talk much with this splenetic old veteran, and we all fell to discussing the deep fords, heavy hills, and horrible roads. Old Stretcher declared the country wasn't worth conquering, and wouldn't pay for what it cost monthly to scout it over; and as for the inhabitants, they wasn't half so good as we could get by the hundred thousand every year for nothing from emigrant ships.

I noticed that neither Hickey nor Beaumont liked this kind of talk, and I saw also that they seemed to recognize each other. We camped at the mouth of a gorge on the bank of a river that night, and while I sat in a bushy cover overlooking the little valley where we lay Hickey and Beaumont came up to the spring below me for water.

"Don't you know you ought to be arrested?" said Hickey.

"Don't you know you dare not do it?" replied Beaumont.

"I can *have* it done though," said Hickey.

"So I *can have* something done," retorted Beaumont; "but that's no sign I *will have* it done. You let me alone, and I'll let you alone; that's fair for both."

A knot of cavalymen of the escort coming to fill their canteens drove this precious pair away. It was plain that they were a couple of rogues from the enemy's country. So long as they quarreled I was all right.

In the morning we found the ragged skirts of a storm dragging over our heads; the landscape soaked with last night's rain; the trees hanging their arms down hopelessly; and nothing but a canal of mud wending its snaky way over the hills where the road should be. We started up this canal and got stalled; we struggled and fought; we waded on foot along its sides, and finally camped thirteen miles from our last stopping-place. I had noticed that when we got out to lighten the ambulance Hickey had staid in and talked with the driver. That night the driver had Hickey's blanket—they had compromised—and I must look out. Our pickets were driven in, and we stumbled about in mud and darkness getting ready for an enemy that never came, all night.

Eight days of the same roads brought us to the last permanent post, three days' march from the main army.

I had resolved to discharge Hickey, and the Colonel commanding was resolved that I should not discharge him. This patriot divided his duty up into five parts, so he could be sure and attend to it. The first one served was old Colonel Hickey himself. If it was necessary to take all day for that purpose he took it. After Colonel Hickey came his family (he kept a distinction in his own favor there); next followed his friends; then his State; and, lastly, the United States.

Wooddie telegraphed me asking if the roads were passable; and as all dispatches went through the Commandant's hands, he replied that the roads were *impassable*. He did many small things to secure his nephew a place. But late one night Wooddie rode up in a dispatch ambulance. Head-quarters was offended, out of humor, and frowned. A frown from there passes down through a camp or garrison like a pestilence. The Quarter-master was impudent, the escort was glum, the drivers sour, and the very mules seemed more obstinate than ever. I had determined to go alone, with half a mill-

ion of dollars, and pay some regiments lying on the extreme right wing, leaving the balance of the party at the post to figure up the rolls of the main army.

Hickey and Beaumont were the only ones who knew the road, and though I had once determined not to have them, I thought, on reflection, it would be better to keep them with me than have them away plotting. I told Hickey that I wanted him to go, and Beaumont to drive. He turned red, and said he believed Beaumont was sick and out in the country with some friends. I knew that was false, for I had seen them both drinking together an hour before. He returned at noon to say that Beaumont *was* sick, and could not go. Before night he sent word that he was sorry that even he would be unable to go. My only way now was to get a large escort and a guide, and push through at once. I called on the Colonel and asked for 100 picked men and a guide.

"Of course! you Paymasters always want big escorts," said he, testily, "but I can't spare men, and you don't need 'em either. There's nothing on the road to hurt you. You'd understand this if you were in the field fighting. The enemy is getting ready to attack us, and their forces are all drawn in. I wish," he continued, "Government would put none but military men in the disbursing department, instead of appointing from civil life."

"I suppose a few appointments from *uncivil* life would help matters," I replied.

"Yes, Sir;" said he, flushing up and scowling.

"I don't think," continued I, coolly, "that our department could absorb *all* the uncivil office-seekers."

"Adjutant," said he, "have twenty-five men ordered for an escort to start to-morrow; tell the Quarter-master to furnish a guide." And he paced the floor as if he felt the faces of his enemies beneath his boots.

"Thank you, Colonel; good-day;" and I sauntered out.

That night my ambulance axle-tree was sawed off, and it took all next day to fix it; but we were ready for the next morning, and I got up very early. I met old Stretcher hunting for something to drink.

"I can't sleep, Major," he said, "and I must have a thimbleful of something to kill this morning fever-fog. I wish I was going with you out of this filthy hole, only that ain't a very likely strip of country you are going through. It's where the Horse Creek gang used to range. Fifteen years ago a stranger's life wasn't worth sixpence there. I don't believe there ever was a time when it would be safe for a man to ride a good horse through that region. We've got a specimen of the inhabitants. Your driver, Beaumont, came from there, and he ain't a man calculated to call in emigrants, is he?"

"How do you know he lived there?" I asked.

"Because I heard him and Hickey talking about it. I don't know exactly what they said.

I saw Beaumont riding out of town yesterday morning early."

"On which road?" said I.

"North road," he replied.

"North road? All right. I hope he won't stop till he gets to the Russian Possessions," said I, relieved to hear that it wasn't the west road, which I was to take.

The escort was late and no guide could be had. The Quarter-master thought the road was plain; the Colonel had no doubt I could inquire the way; and the commander of the escort didn't apprehend any trouble, so we were off on the west road at a trot, and found every thing the first day as we desired. By the next noon we were at fault, and wallowing along till three o'clock, we came to a better road, which we passed down as fast as we could, anxious to find a good camp. The farther we went the more forbidding the surrounding country appeared.

Along the river bottoms the thickets were almost impenetrable, and the open upland was entirely uncultivated. No houses any where; no fences; no sign of civilization except horses' tracks. Grass grew in the middle of the road, and in many places clear across it. At last we reached a scrub-oak plain, and, passing down out of that country, we came to a ford, trampled by horses, but clear, and beyond that, on a ridge of beautiful timber, where the woods stretched up into a growth of tall trees and there was no underbrush, we found a large log-house with a yard fenced in by rails. One white man and an old colored woman lived here. The man said we were half a day's ride from the right road.

"What is this mud-hole back here?" said I.

"That is Horse Creek, and this is called Horse Creek Crossing," said he, looking as if he didn't expect us to be pleased with the name.

"Is it a good lively country for bushwhackers?" said I, getting out.

"Wa'al, I don't know exactly," he drawled. "I wouldn't be surprised if there was *some* scattered around."

"I wouldn't either," said the commander of the escort, riding up, "but I guess they won't trouble us to-night. We must stay here any how, the horses are tired out."

It was a delicious place; shady and silent, with only a few shy wood birds flying occasionally from tree to tree, high up from the ground, their strange notes adding to the hermit-like seclusion of the forest. Grand rooms these, with extra high ceilings.

Nothing in this quiet nook had been disturbed by the war. The cattle were untouched, the granary full, and the cellar supplied. I was surprised, however, to find so many evidences of woman's presence, but no woman except Aunt Sarah the colored cook.

After supper, in walking about, I noticed that the top rails of the fence, and the trees in the road had been gnawed by horses. I showed these signs to the commander of the escort, and told him I feared we might be attacked. He said he didn't fear any *men* who fought in the

woods. They were cowards, and we might as well laugh as cry; we couldn't do better than wait.

It was a beautiful night, so Wooddie and I put our cots under a large tree in the front-yard.

As the shadows deepened the whip-poor-wills commenced their songs; now startling the listener with their sudden sharp cry near at hand, then calming us with the faintest reply in the distance, sounding as soft as a fading echo. The night-hawks darting above the tree tops sent down their clear, deep voices, saying, "Sleep, sleep!" and the crickets, from every crevice of the log-house, and the leaves in the woods, chirped, "Peace! peace! peace!" as though men knew no more of brimstone than Adam did in Eden. Out of the reach of hunger, and orders, and brass buttons; here in the woods, with the birds, we found the first real rest since we had entered service.

"In such a place as this, Wooddie," said I, "under the shade of melancholy boughs, I would lie down at last and sleep, beneath the roots of these old storm-fighters."

"You'll excuse me," he replied, "but I wouldn't like to enter into the matter so deep as that yet, though I'm awful sleepy: so good-night," and he was soon in dream-land.

I lay listening to the birds, and I thought, after a long time, that I noticed a peculiarity in one whip-poor-will's note, and that the bird seemed to be slowly approaching the camp.

"Wooddie! Wooddie!" said I, shaking his cot, "get up, old fellow!"

"Eh?" said he, sitting up, rubbing his eyes, and looking over—"I dreamed you called me."

"So I did; listen to that whip-poor-will."

"Listen! why," said he, "there's a thousand of 'em. I might as well listen to the rustle of a single leaf in these woods."

"But there is a particular one," said I, "over yond the well, and some distance off."

"I hear the scabbard and spurs of the guard," said he; "and, now I think of it, can you tell me why every guard we have placed over our life has spurs with bells on 'em?"

"Perhaps to keep them awake," said I; "but don't you hear my whip-poor-will now?"

"No; I hear one in the other direction, exactly opposite," he replied.

I heard this, and the two seemed to be answering each other. Wooddie laughed at this, and fell asleep again. The birds had stopped. It was getting past midnight, when two birds in opposite directions took up the song; then all four joined in, one after another.

I had just reached over to wake up Wooddie when the pickets fired their guns; there was a thunder of horses' feet coming each way along the road, a scrambling rush through the trees, and the yard was black with horsemen. I had been knocked down and trampled upon. I remembered seeing Wooddie running toward the well. I wonder now how I could have been so cool, as I crawled up to a tree and sat there with a burning sensation in my back, saying to

myself, as I rubbed my hands over the bruised spot, "This is a bad job—a very bad job, old boy, and you ain't quite equal to it!" Then I fell over on my side, oblivious of this world's tricks upon travelers.

The next thing I knew it was late in the morning; the sun shone, the birds were singing, and I could see the shadows slowly moving to and fro in the woods as I lay on my cot, in the log-house, unable to move.

"This is cool," said I to the post-surgeon, who was present; "but how did it all happen, doctor?"

"Well, the old Colonel got scared about you, fearing that he had not given you enough of an escort," said the Doctor; "so he sent out two hundred men, and an ambulance for the wounded! We got to Horse Creek late, and were just dismounting when we heard firing over here, and pushed on, to find you in possession of four or five hundred guerrillas, who fell back, and our party followed up, leaving me here."

"But where is the money? Where is Wooddie?" said I.

"Brushed and gone," replied the Surgeon; "and there's what's left of the wagon!"

I looked through a chink in the logs and saw a heap of ashes; but among the tires, hub-rings, braces, and bolts, I could see nothing looking like a safe.

"So the hounds have chosen my better part and taken it away, eh? Well, Doctor," said I, "that ruins me!"

"There's nothing that time won't cure," he replied.

The troops came back that day, bringing no safe, no Wooddie, no news.

Alone at last, with the blessed rain pattering down through the high halls of these woods on to the log-house roof. Blessed the delicious night, bringing sleep and forgetfulness! and twice blessed the sunshine and the womanly face that I found bending over me next morning! Maybe she wouldn't have been much of a woman on Broadway; but she was a great deal of a woman there in the woods at that time.

"Are you badly wounded?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Not bodily," I replied; "but I've lost half a million dollars, and that hurts me."

"But," said she, "was it *your* money?"

"No, Madam," I replied, "but a trust-fund from those who relied on my discretion and courage; and though not criminally negligent, nevertheless I am stung with regret that I was not over-careful. I should have staid at the post, and insisted on a larger escort and a guide."

I turned over, conscious that my head was getting light, and awoke to find the insects droning the drowsy afternoon away.

"Who is the lady?" said I, to Aunt Sarah, the cook.

"Missus Adeline I call her," said she. "Missus Adeline Danton is her name."

"Is the man we found here her husband?"

"Bless us, no!" she replied. "He ain't nobody here. He was just staying. He's gone now, sure enough. Missus is a kind of widow."

"A kind of widow!" said I. "What kind?"

"Why, them kind," said she, "where their husbands ain't dead."

"Her husband must have been a great villain to have left her," said I.

"Bless you, chile," she replied, "he's chief of the Horse Creek gang, and she got a divorce from him, or some kind of a paper breaking up their wedding; but he or some of his gang killed the old Judge that wrote out the paper, so they say poor Missus is just the same again as she was afore."

I was smiling at this novel notion when Mrs. Danton came in, glad to see me better.

In two days I was able to have my cot moved under the trees. Of course I thought of the half million. It was the ghost that came out of the woods to haunt me at midnight. I dreamed once of being in prison, and on the black walls of my narrow cell were the figures \$500,000 written in fire.

But while I dreamed in the woods old Hickey worked against me outside. An exaggerated statement of my loss had been telegraphed to head-quarters, and on the seventh day came this order:

"HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT, July —, 1863.

"MAJOR —, having been, as is reported, robbed of a large amount of Government funds, is ordered to report at these head-quarters, in person, immediately.

"By Order," etc.

It took ten men and an ambulance to bring this down. As I could not go in person over the whole road Mrs. Danton wrote a report, in detail, of my loss, and drew up a certificate in due and ancient form, stating that it was impossible for me to report in person without great danger to life, and that this certificate was given because there was no surgeon to certify. I signed these, and they were handed to the Lieutenant commanding, and he started off.

"Do you intend to leave the ambulance?" asked Mrs. Danton, with a look of alarm and distress.

"Yes, that waits for the Major," said he, touching his hat and riding away through the woods, with his men clanking at his heels.

I raised my head, and, sure enough, there was that scoundrelly driver, Beaumont, sitting under a tree smoking. This it was that had so distressed Mrs. Danton—she feared to have me alone in the woods with that villain, after my description of him to her. I tried to console her, but to little purpose. I had never seen her so downcast before. The matter was getting too serious for me to lie there still, so I determined to get up and test my strength.

Toward evening I made my way by aid of a stick to a shady place near the brook where Auntie usually washed, and sat down on a log to watch the minnows play.

"I will do any thing you ask," said a man.

"Then leave me," replied Adeline.

"No, never till I have him safe in my hands," said he.

"You know I can not consent," she replied.

"You must," said he, savagely. "I am a ruined and desperate man, and will not be trifled with. When I leave this spot he must go too. He shall go."

I stood up, and through the branches saw the driver Beaumont. His wig was thrown aside, disclosing a high, white forehead, contrasting strangely with his bronzed cheeks and face distorted with passion. At sight of me his eyes flashed with hate, and springing into the open space where I stood he snapped a pistol at my head. It missed fire, and I managed to strike a stinging blow on his hand with the stick I held, and knocked the pistol down. He turned, and, leaping into the bushes, was gone; and well for him too, for we heard the tramp of horses by the house. Twenty men, booted, spurred, and dusty, brought an order to take me to the post. I was arrested! On what charge think you? Why, conspiring with the enemy, to wit, a certain spy named Beaumont, whereby the United States lost a large sum, to wit, half a million dollars. "Wasn't this a dainty dish to set before a king?" To spice the entertainment Mrs. Adeline Danton was subpoenaed as a witness.

In preparing the ambulance for me with pillows, so I could ride easy, Aunt Sarah found a small water-proof satchel, which she handed me, saying: "These are *his* duds, I reckon."

They belonged to Beaumont, and I put them deep down in a safe corner of my valise, and next morning early a cavalcade crossed Horse Creek going toward the post, and near the head of the procession rode Adeline Danton and the man who lost the money.

The charges and specifications were so long and formal that the reading of them produced a sensation of doubt and guilt in my mind. It took much telegraphing and many orders to get up a court-martial. They are queer contrivances, being good or bad according to the humor of the man making the detail. I had little to hope from old Colonel Hickey, and still less from his tools, composed of the scum which had drifted back from the main army and lodged about his post. He was allowed to manage matters as he pleased.

After four weeks of fussing, one afternoon in August the court convened; principal witness for the prosecution, F. Hickey Esq., civilian. If there was any thing tending to elevate Hickey, or his uncle, or friends, and to depress me and my clerk and friends, that wasn't sworn to by said F. H., it must have been an oversight on his part; "an error of the head and not the heart." I found from his testimony, and the Judge-Advocate's remarks, that my design had been to divide the money, share and share alike, to Beaumont, Wooddie, and myself. He believed I had consummated that plan in part, and that no money had been taken by the enemy. The money would probably now be found concealed

in the woods; perhaps I had left it at the post before starting. In proof he introduced several dozen witnesses who knew nothing about me or my money; and still others who didn't know much about any thing, and a note from Wooddie, which ran thus:

"DEAR MAJOR,—I'm in the enemy's hands. The rations are good, but you know money is almost indispensable to an invalid in the condition I am. To be well I must have delicacies—send some. Please forward this note to my mother. She told me that I must beware of strong drink. I think constantly of her words. Remember me to Mr. Hickey; remember me also to our old driver.

"Love to Adeline.

"WOODDIE."

"Here," said the Judge Advocate, "he asks for money. How can the defendant have money if he has been robbed? If he has money it must be stolen. As to this clerk being remembered to Mr. Hickey, Mr. H. repudiates him; but that he should send his regards to a co-conspirator—Beaumont, is natural, and so with regard to Adeline Danton, who might, for aught he knew, be a conspirator too. He relied much on that letter, and would submit the case on the part of the Government.

I was to put in my defense the next day. I thought Wooddie's letter contained a secret dispatch, and so I took a copy by permission. It was neither blank verse nor poetry. I read every other word, and so on up to every ninth word, which last made this sentence: "Rations indispensable. To please me think Hickey to."

Only one thing was clear; he was living on Andersonville fare, poor fellow! and had feared to say so in his letter lest it should be suppressed. I divided my money and sent him half. The next day I put in my defense. It wasn't much. I was sick and discouraged, careless and impudent. The Court's dignity was offended. I was thought hardened, and found guilty. I was glad to know the worst, and have Mrs. Danton permitted to return to her home. On the morning of her departure I showed her Wooddie's note, and asked her how she came to know him.

"I don't know him," said she.

"But he sends you his love," I replied.

"It must be some more favored Adeline," said she.

"But there is no other in the world that I know," I replied.

"Well," said she, "I'm glad some one loves me, and I can't do less than send mine in return; and if he or you will come to my house again, I hope you'll meet not quite so warm but a much more hospitable reception than you did the first night."

"Well," said I, forcing a smile, "expect us when I have finished my time at the 'Dry Tortugas.' Good-by." She shook her head as the ambulance rolled away, and I saw her handkerchief up to her face—thinking of my sentence, poor girl! It might yet be disapproved, and I restored to duty, so I went back to study over the note. Adeline must be the key. It had seven letters, but every seventh word meant nothing. Finally, I transcribed it into lines of seven words:

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"DEAR MAJOR,—I'm in the enemy's hands. The rations are good, but you know money is almost indispensable to an invalid in the condition I am. To be well I must have delicacies; send some. Please forward this note to my mother. She told me that I must beware of strong drink. I think constantly of her words. Remember me to Mr. Hickey. Remember me also to our old driver."

Eureka! An acrostic dispatch! The first two words, then the first; the first two twice, then the first read: "*Dear Major,—The money is in the well.*" The good and faithful boy had run to the wagon and thrown the safe into the well when the first gun was fired almost, and was captured there. The last words of the last four lines read: "*Beware of Hickey, driver.*"

I showed the dispatch to no one. It was blowing hot through the War Department in those days, and healthy blasts they were too. One of them swept away our old General, and a new one came riding down—a gentleman fit to command. He looked at the epaulets nature put on men instead of the straps of the tailors. I saw him, and he trusted me at once. He said Wooddie should be exchanged; and the next day I was riding down to Horse Creek Crossing with a hundred men at my heels. Adeline looked pale and frightened, then very red and glad when I rode up. I soon had hooks in the well, and an hour afterward the safe was up and opened, showing a mass of pulpy green—a visible, rich green—worth half a million to me. I returned to the post and telegraphed my success. The court-martial finding came back "Disapproved," and I was restored to duty.

Wooddie had returned, and Colonel Hickey had been ordered to the front. Now came my turn. I had evidence sufficient to convict young Hickey of the charge against me; to wit, conspiring with the enemy, one Beaumont, a spy, to rob the United States of half a million of dollars. He was arrested, and the papers belonging to Beaumont (given me by Aunt Sarah), with others found near the house, were put in evidence.

Indeed, Aunt Sarah herself came forward and swore to some very curious and stunning things. Hickey and Beaumont had been engaged in a robbery some time before, and Beaumont having done most of the work claimed most of the money. They had quarreled; Beaumont keeping all the money. Hickey, hearing that his uncle was an officer, had come through the lines to get a place under him. Beaumont had been a doctor and a gentleman. He married Adeline Danton six years before, and they had a boy, the very image of Adeline. The Doctor drank, gambled, and finally became such a villain in many ways that she got a divorce from him, and sent her boy inside our lines. His father was roaming up and down the country as a driver, looking for the child, and picking up booty, when he fell in with a rogue in the city, who put him to watching the paymasters from the old, dingy building where I first saw him. He found Hickey. They made up the old quarrel

on the road with us. They agreed to rob me and divide the spoil; but as Hickey got no booty he thought Beaumont had been false again, and accused me of conspiring with him as a spy—thus revenging himself on Beaumont and injuring me. It came out that Hickey had actually furnished Beaumont the pass, stolen from his uncle, to go outside our lines and gather a band the day previous to my leaving; that Hickey was the one who sawed off the ambulance axle-tree; and that Beaumont was close by when I was attacked. Hickey was sentenced to imprisonment during the war.

Beaumont roamed the woods—a fiend incarnate—with an outcast and desperado gang, ready to do his bidding. He was sworn to kill a great many good and loyal citizens of the United States, and, among others, myself. This, of course, he was to do “at sight,” as all such oaths ran.

Well, in the merry month of October, I went down into the Horse Creek region with plenty of money and plenty of men. We smoked, we shouted, we sang, and reveled in the sunshine and bracing air like boys let loose from school.

Not two hundred rods from Horse Creek Crossing we were popped at from the bush. In a moment after a powerful black horse bounded into the road ahead of us and disappeared. His saddle was empty and bridle broken. We searched the woods and found where the horse had stood under a tree, and not three rods off lay Beaumont with his neck broken. His head had been dashed against a lower limb when the horse started. We buried him where he lay.

The fences about the old house were burned, and the ground trampled into mud by horses' feet. It looked gloomy enough. Adeline had gone North.

“See here,” said the Major, who had been relating this story, pointing to the garden behind his office, “*The Sequel.*”

There was Aunt Sarah, and the handsome boy, who looked so much like his mother; and the beautiful bright face of the woman who used to be Adeline Danton was turned toward the office. Wooddie was junior partner, in the front-room smoking, with old Toby under the table as deaf as a *post*—military or otherwise.

THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA AGAIN.

THE article on the Burning of Columbia in the August Number of *Harper's Magazine* was evidently written by an officer who was desirous of telling the truth, but who has fallen into some errors which ought to be corrected. The writer of *this* was a citizen of Columbia, and, like the author alluded to, an eye-witness of that unhappy event, and most cheerfully bears his testimony to the general truthfulness of the narrative. But as there are some inaccuracies which would readily be admitted by the author if he were here, so there are others

which are the result of deductions from unsound premises.

After General Sherman had promised Mayor Goodwyn that “the people and their houses should be respected,” it would indeed be making him out a deliberate falsifier of his word to charge him with the burning of Columbia. It is not to be supposed that a gentleman educated at West Point, accustomed to the society of American army officers who have been proverbial for their high sense of honor, and who had visited much in the best families in Carolina, could have assured Mayor Goodwyn (as he unquestionably did) “that the town should be protected; that he might retire to his bed, and rest quietly after the fatigues of the day; that he [Sherman] would take care of the city, which was much safer in his hands than it could be in the hands of the Mayor,” and then give orders to turn and pillage the very city he had promised to protect. To suppose this of General Sherman is too monstrous a libel on human nature, and we must find out some other hypothesis on which to base a probable solution of this vexed question.

And yet there are citizens of Columbia who believe Sherman capable of this enormous baseness; who believe that he treacherously lulled them into a false security by his promises of protection, and then fired the town to give his soldiers an excuse for plundering the burning buildings. They believe that the soldiers had been promised the pillage of Columbia from the time they left Savannah; and that General Sherman knew the feeling which existed, and of their intention to take ample vengeance on the inhabitants of the capital of South Carolina. They believe that certain rockets (I saw them myself), which were sent up from the neighborhood of head-quarters about 8 o'clock of the evening of the 17th of February, were the signals for the burning and plundering to begin. They believe that many of the officers, who had been profuse in their assurances of safety and protection, suddenly changed their tone on the appearance of these rockets, and warned many of the inhabitants of the approaching ruin.

Without being able to account for these rockets, or to explain their purpose (which has never yet been done, so far as I have heard), I still cling to the belief that General Sherman intended to protect the persons and private property of the citizens, and that both he and his officers, who so repeatedly assured the citizens of their intention to protect them, were honest and sincere in their promises; and General Sherman himself, and many of his officers, labored hard to fulfill the assurances they had given; but from causes which he and they were unable at the time to control the town was fired and plundered by the soldiers of Sherman's army; and that, when the fire (which was begun in many places at the same time) had gotten fairly under way, no human power could have stopped it—not all the men of Sherman's vast army could have checked that raging fire during that tor-

nado of wind which swept over our devoted city from 5 o'clock of the evening of the 17th of February to 5 o'clock of the morning of the 18th. There was no need for any burning flakes of "cotton lint, and tinder" to ignite the dwellings of Columbia, when "burning boards and shingles" were carried in a perfect shower of fire from square to square, spreading the terrible conflagration beyond the power of mortal man to arrest it.

The author of the article in question is certainly wrong in saying the wind was from the south, and that the southwestern portion of the city was destroyed. This error is easily accounted for. Columbia is situated on the eastern side of the Congaree River, which forms the western boundary of the corporate limits of the city. The general course of Sherman's march was toward the north, and as the army crossed the river about two miles above Columbia the faces of the soldiers were turned south when they entered the city, and any one might have easily mistaken the points of the compass from this reversal of the line of march. There were but three places within the city of Columbia where there was any fire during the whole of Friday, and for many hours after the occupation of the town by the Federal Army. These were the Charlotte Railroad dépôt, on the extreme eastern side of the city; the Charleston Railroad dépôt, on the extreme west; and in the main street near the State House, where some bales of cotton had been fired about 11 o'clock in the morning, it is thought by accident. The only importance which attaches to this error consists in the fact that, as the wind was from the north instead of the south, it was utterly impossible that the northern part of the city could have ignited from fires in the southern portion, with the wind blowing a gale from the north.

There is no exaggeration in the author's eloquent description of this terrible fire: "The northern and western sky was not only all aflame, but the air was filled with myriad sparks and burning brands. They fell upon the wooden house-tops; they dashed against the window-panes, lurid with reflected light; they fell in showers into the garden and among the trees; they mingled with the eddying dust which whirled along the street. It was the rain of fire, which is so sublimely expressed in music, in that grand oratorio—'Israel in Egypt.'" Such was the terrific force of this furious wind that it was not possible for the conflagration to have spread in any other direction than from north to south. And in this direction the city was doomed, no matter what efforts were being made to save it, so long as the wind prevailed and there were buildings in its path.

But what had General Hampton to do with the burning of Columbia? All that General Sherman alleges against him is that he distributed combustible materials—"cotton lint, and tinder"—about the city, which spread the fire after the burning had begun.

There were many hundreds of bales of cotton

stored in various parts of the city when Sherman's army approached Columbia. To prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy there was an order issued for its destruction. But to prevent the burning of the cotton from destroying the buildings in which it was stored a great part of this cotton was taken out of the various store-houses and piled in the middle of the streets, which are every where 100 feet wide. As before stated, one lot of this cotton was placed in the main street, not far from the State House; and this cotton was fired, and the fire put out, about 11 o'clock in the morning. The rest of the cotton was not burned until the evening; and some of it, which was a little out of the line of the fire, was not burned till Sabbath morning.

At 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon there was not a vestige of fire remaining within the limits of Columbia, save, perhaps, at the two dépôts before named, and they were so situated that no wind from the north could possibly spread the flames. At this hour I saw the smoke and flame from two large buildings about a mile from the city, and on inquiry found they proceeded from the dwellings of General Hampton and George A. Trenholm, the Confederate Secretary of the Treasury; and a short time after the beautiful residence of General Hampton's sisters, called Millwood, was burned to the ground, with all its valuable furniture and numerous works of art. It was not until nearly 8 o'clock in the evening that the general conflagration began, and at that time General Hampton was twenty miles from Columbia.

About the same time that General Sherman's advanced column marched down the main street I saw General Hampton, at the head of a detachment of his cavalry, ride down the Asylum Road, which leads toward Winnsborough, while another detachment, headed by Colonel Rutledge, filed off toward Camden. This was, as near as I can remember, about half past 9 or 10 o'clock on Friday morning, fully ten hours before the burning of Columbia had begun.

But why should General Hampton be charged with "adding a deeper shame to a dishonored name" because he has sought to relieve his name from the deep disgrace of having destroyed his native town? General Sherman had sought to throw this responsibility upon him, and surely he had a right to exculpate himself, and put this responsibility upon the proper persons.

Is there any such difference in the standing and character of these two gentlemen that one of them may do what the other may not do without "dishonoring his name?" General Sherman says, in his "well-considered and remarkable report:" "Without hesitation I charge General Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia, not with malicious intent, nor as a manifestation of 'Roman stoicism,' but from folly and want of sense." And this, according to the article in question, is to be "the verdict of history."

In his "well-considered and remarkable" let-

ter to the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, General Hampton charges the burning of Columbia upon the *soldiers* of General Sherman's army. And surely, when impartial history comes to be written, it will be much easier to put the responsibility of the destruction of Columbia upon the General who commanded the army which captured and occupied the town than upon that other General, who merely distributed combustible materials, which would have been entirely harmless but for the high wind on that fatal night and the igniting torches of General Sherman's soldiers.

I have no disposition to detract from the very great merit of General Sherman. His memorable march from Atlanta to Savannah, and from Savannah across the State of South Carolina to Fayetteville, did most unquestionably put an end to the war. It is true General Lee surrendered to General Grant, but it is equally true that it was Sherman's cutting off his supplies which compelled the surrender. Nor does our author relate a tithe of the courtesies and kindnesses shown by General Sherman to those families in Columbia with whom he had previously been acquainted, nor the many instances of perilous exertion made by his officers, and occasionally by his privates, to save our women from insult and our property from destruction. Among these honorable men let me mention the names of Colonel Stone, Captains M'Queen and Symonds of Iowa, Captain White of Indiana, and Guthrie of Michigan. There were many more, and I greatly regret that their names have faded from my memory—men whose humanity kept pace with their patriotism, and who did not believe in this warring upon women and children, old men and maidens. These gentlemen were mortified and distressed beyond expression at the apparent want of good faith, after their repeated assurances that no harm should happen to persons and private property.

General Sherman has himself declared that his policy and his duty required that his march through South Carolina should be with fire and sword, and that a stern military necessity made it his painful duty to burn and destroy what his army could not carry away. This policy was carried out from the hour he crossed the Savannah River till he reached the boundary line of North Carolina. And after having burned the village of Grahamville, and indeed every planter's house in the rich district of Beaufort, nearly all of the villages of Bamberg, Barnwell, Lexington, and Orangeburg, it does seem passing strange that he should wish to throw the responsibility of burning Columbia on General Hampton.

But who did burn and pillage Columbia? It was done by the soldiers of General Sherman's army, aided and abetted by some of the escaped prisoners, who had concealed themselves in the Asylum yard when their main body had been ordered to Danville. I have been assured by many of the most respectable men and women

in Columbia that they were present and saw the torch applied to their own dwellings by the soldiers of General Sherman, and in some instances they were led on by men whose garb indicated that they had escaped from the prisoners' camp.

I can not believe that General Sherman was cognizant of their intentions, or winked at their insubordination, or, least of all, *ordered* the burning and sacking of Columbia, after having volunteered to the Mayor his powerful protection. This would have been such a miracle of baseness and treachery, such a stain, not only on himself but upon the American character, that it may be set down as simply impossible.

One remark of the author of the paper in question has much force, and merits a passing observation. Many a Confederate gentleman, glowing with patriotism, boasted of the sacrifices he *would* make when the Yankee invader put his foot on our "sacred soil." In the author's language, "they would immolate themselves on the ruins of their homes," "yet when the Federal army did appear these personages were as eager to preserve their homes and household *lares* as any Jew or Scotchman among them." It is not from loud-mouthed and blustering patriots, either North or South, that we may look for great self-sacrifices. Men who boast much are always slow in their performances; and it will hold good at the South, as well as every where, that those who promise "to die in the last ditch" are seldom to be found when the last ditch is reached. It is mortifying that Southern gentlemen could have been so unwise as to boast of their "immolation." It is more creditable to their "second sober thought" that, when all hope of success was gone, they should have striven to save from the universal wreck such of their household goods as General Sherman's desolating march had left to them. At the same time it can not be denied that no people ever made greater sacrifices for the cause they had espoused. They have suffered entire ruin for this cause, and proved their devotion to their principles by a heroism which has few parallels in history.

The author of the August article has alluded to "Mr. Wade Hampton's dishonored name." When and where was General Hampton's name ever dishonored? If the author simply means that every name connected with "the Great Rebellion" is dishonored, then nothing more need be said. The same stigma which rests upon Kossuth in Hungary, upon Robert Emmett in Ireland, on Russell and Sydney in England, all unsuccessful rebels, rests on Wade Hampton. The same dishonor, and no other, which would have rested on the venerated names of Washington and Hancock, had the American Revolution been a failure, rests now on the names of Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, and Hampton. The disgrace which attaches to their names would win for them the highest consideration in any foreign country, and in one-third of our own land.

If the author means any thing else, he surely

has not informed himself of Wade Hampton's position in his native State. Here in Columbia he is known as the quiet, unpretending gentleman, the good master, the good citizen, the good man — courteous, kind, considerate, and brave. His escutcheon is untarnished, his good name a household word, his reputation the common property of our citizens. Without having been an original secessionist, he sprang into the saddle when his country demanded his services, and devoted himself, his sons, and his fortune to the Southern cause. A believer in the doctrine of State Rights and State Sovereignty, he knew no authority but the State in which he lived, and such government as she chose to institute. Being in the vigor of manhood he

could not escape military service, and he must do battle for or against his native State.

I do not intend to enter upon the discussion of the "vexed question" as to where a man's allegiance is due. This question has been discussed on many a battle-field, and it has been decided at the point of the bayonet and at the cannon's mouth; and General Hampton, in common with the great mass of his countrymen, submits to the settlement. He has literally beaten his sword into a plowshare, and with his former slaves (now freedmen) he has become a tiller of the ground. Let no man attach dishonor to his name. His record up to the present time is made. The future depends upon himself.

The foregoing paper, by James McCarter, Esq., of Columbia, South Carolina, is designed mainly to corroborate, but partly to supplement and partly to correct, the account of the burning of Columbia by Major Nichols, contained in this Magazine for August. A personal acquaintance of many years with both of these gentlemen warrants us in vouching that neither of them is capable of making any intentional misstatement of facts. We think, however, that Major Nichols, being a member of Sherman's staff, and on active duty during the day, had better opportunities for observing, and that upon the few points where they differ his account is to be received.

Mr. McCarter undertakes to correct Major Nichols as to the direction of the wind on Friday the 17th of February. Nichols says it was a "southern wind," not necessarily directly from the south, but from a southerly point. McCarter says that it was "blowing a fierce gale from the north," and offers as an explanation of the manner in which Nichols was led into error, that Sherman's column had, without noticing it, changed its direction of march from north to south. We can not accept this explanation, because Sherman in his Report says expressly that he approached Columbia from the north. Nichols being on his staff could not but be aware of the direction of this advance, and he could not be mistaken as to whether this fierce gale was blowing upon his back or in his face. He says, also, that in the afternoon "the air was filled with dust and twigs and smoking flakes of cotton flying over our heads," which could not have been the case if the wind was from the north. Moreover, every account which we have seen represents the wind that day to have been from a "southern" direction. Thus the *Columbia Daily Phoenix* contained an account of the "Sack and Destruction of Columbia," which was afterward republished in pamphlet form. It is written in a spirit of bitter hostility to the Union army. This account says: "The winds had been high throughout the day, and steadily prevailed from southwest by west, and bore the flames eastward." This discrepancy is of some importance, because if, as stated by Mr. McCarter, the gale was from the north, a conflagration from the cotton which was burning in the southern part of the city could not have spread to the north, as the fire certainly did, and therefore must have arisen from fires set to the north of this burning cotton. We explain the error into which we think Mr. McCarter has fallen by supposing that he writes from recollection of what he

observed during the night, after the conflagration had fairly got under headway. Then the heated air would rise upward, and the air would rush in from every direction to supply the vacuum thus created. To one stationed north of this centre, as we presume Mr. McCarter was, the wind would come from the north; to one south, from the south; and so through every point of the compass. But the light burning material, whether cotton or shingles, borne upward by this ascending current, would, when released from its influence, fall in every direction, and so spread the flames to every quarter; the prevailing direction being that of the main current of the gale, which was from the southwest, as stated by the *Phoenix*, to which, says this account, "we owe the preservation of the portions of the city lying west of Assembly Street."

Mr. McCarter also seems to us to be certainly in error when he says that, with the exception of the two railroad depôts, the burning of which he affirms had nothing to do with the general conflagration, there was but one place "where there was any fire during the whole of Friday, and for many hours after the occupation of the town by the Federal army," this place being in the main street, near the Capitol, where "some bales of cotton had been fired at about 11 o'clock," the fire, as he afterward says, being "put out at about 11 o'clock." That is, it lasted only a short time. But Major Nichols, during the day, saw the air filled with "smoking flakes of cotton, catching in the branches of trees already white with cotton, or falling upon the shingled roofs of houses," and late in the afternoon, but before evening, he "passed through the main street of the city, and observed that the smoke still ascended from Wade Hampton's cotton bales." So Sherman saw, as he entered the city, "some of these piles of cotton burning, and especially one in the very heart of the city, near the Court-house, but the fire was partially subdued by the labor of our soldiers." The truth seems to be that during the whole day the fire in these bales of cotton, only "partially subdued," was still smouldering. Fire in a tightly compressed bale of cotton is almost unextinguishable. It will smoulder for hours after it appears to be put out, and then will suddenly burst into flame. With the air thus filled with flakes from the opened bales, many of them burning and lodging upon trees and roofs already white with cotton flakes, it is incredible that during this whole day there should have been no fires except this one, which, according to Mr. McCarter, was extinguished at about 11 o'clock.

That there were others is shown by the *Phoenix's* account. "At about 12 o'clock," says this, "the jail was discovered to be on fire from within.... The fire in the jail had been preceded by that of some cotton in the streets. Both fires were soon subdued by the firemen. At about half past 1 that of the jail was rekindled, and was again extinguished." How these fires arose is another question. The *Phoenix* supposes that the jail was set on fire by some of the prisoners. At all events it is clear that through the day there were fires, and that they were subdued as they arose until the approach of evening, when they broke out again in many places almost simultaneously. How could it be otherwise with the streets filled with loose cotton and the air white with flakes driven by the fierce blast?

According to this same account, "Among the first fires of the evening was one about dark, which broke out in a filthy purlieu of houses of wood on Gervais Street, occupied mostly as brothels." Now, as recorded by the *Phoenix*, there was at daylight on this Friday an explosion at the South Carolina Railroad dépôt which had been broken into by a band of plunderers of all colors and both sexes belonging to the dregs of the city population; there was considerable powder there, and this became ignited; the result being that from 17 to 50 persons lost their lives. Soon afterward "the commissary and quartermaster's stores were thrown wide, the contents cast out into the streets, and given to the people. The negroes especially loaded themselves with plunder. Wheeler's cavalry," continues the account, "also shared largely of this plunder." This body, as is shown by Major Nichols, did not content themselves with plundering public stores, but robbed private houses. Hampton's cavalry, according to the *Phoenix* account, remained in Columbia until 10 o'clock, an hour after the city was formally surrendered by the Mayor; and "scattered groups of Wheeler's command hovered about the Federal army at their entrance into the town." "At about 11 o'clock the head of the Federal column reached Market Hall on Main Street," near which the cotton bales were burning; so that *this* fire, from which we think resulted the conflagration of the evening, could not have been caused by Sherman's troops; whether this resulted from "accident" as Mr. McCarter supposes, or was the work of Wheeler's men who were "hovering about" will probably never be known. It is indeed hardly worth while to inquire, since General Hampton, as we shall soon see, expressly denies that "any cotton was fired in Columbia by his [my] order." We give full credence to this denial, for this was a matter of which he was personally cognizant; and he affirms that not only was no cotton fired by his order, but that he "gave a positive order, by direction of General Beauregard, that no cotton should be fired." But his further denial "that any cotton was on fire when the Federal troops entered the city" is certainly unwarranted; for the Federal troops reached the central part of the city about 11 o'clock, and at that time, as stated by Mr. McCarter, not only had cotton been on fire, but the flames had been put out. Of this General Hampton was doubtless ignorant, for at this time he was some miles away.

Mr. McCarter's special object in his paper is to vindicate General Hampton from the charges of having burned his native town of Columbia; and then of having endeavored to "exculpate himself, and put this responsibility upon the proper persons." But according to Mr. McCarter's own belief, repeat-

edly expressed, General Hampton, while exculpating himself, has not put this responsibility upon the proper persons. Mr. McCarter certainly fails to represent fairly the charge brought by General Hampton. He says that Hampton "in his well-considered and remarkable letter to the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, charges the burning of Columbia upon the *soldiers* of General Sherman's army," especially italicizing the word "*soldiers*." Now the exact words of General Hampton upon this point, in that letter, which was read in the Senate of the United States on the 18th of May, are these:

"I pledge myself to prove....that he [General Sherman] promised protection to the city, and that in spite of his solemn promise he burned the city to the ground, deliberately, systematically, and atrociously."

Sherman's charge against Hampton, as given in his Report, and indorsed by Major Nichols, is:

"I charge General Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia, not with a malicious intent, or as the manifestation of a silly 'Roman Stoicism,' but from folly and want of sense in filling it with lint, cotton, and tinder."

That Hampton's charge against Sherman is unfounded Mr. McCarter affirms. As a truthful man he could not do otherwise. All the evidence shows that Sherman, when about to take possession of Columbia, gave orders "to destroy absolutely all arsenals and public property not needed for our own use, as well as all railroads, dépôts, and machinery useful in war to an enemy; but to spare all dwellings, colleges, schools, asylums, and harmless private property." This was the protection promised by him to the Mayor of the city. That he took all measures which seemed necessary to insure the execution of this order is unquestionable; and that when the conflagration broke out he and his officers exerted themselves to the utmost to check it is beyond question. Mr. McCarter affirms this quite as strongly as does Major Nichols or General Sherman. So that, upon the admission of his voluntary advocate, the charge made by General Hampton in his letter to Senator Johnson can not be substantiated. Whoever was guilty of the burning of Columbia it was not, as General Hampton asserts, General Sherman.

The part which General Hampton bore is, we think, clearly susceptible of proof. He ordered the cotton—"many hundreds of bales," says McCarter, "thousands of bales," says Nichols—to be "taken out of the various buildings in which it was stored and piled in the middle of the streets;" and "to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy there was an order issued for its destruction." This destruction could, in the nature of things, be effected only by fire. Cotton tightly packed is almost incombustible. It was prepared for the flames by cutting the rope and bagging. Now "many hundreds" or "thousands" of bales could not be burned in a street, even though a hundred feet wide, under the most favorable circumstances, without rendering a conflagration almost inevitable.

This was the situation in which General Hampton deliberately placed his native city. But he asserts in his letter to Senator Johnson that "I gave a positive order, by direction of General Beauregard, that no cotton should be fired." We do not question his veracity upon this point. He does not state when he gave this order. If it was before the order directing the destruction of the cotton, it was of course superseded by that. We can not suppose him capable of such a palpable *suppressio veri*, and as-

sume that the order forbidding the firing was later, and so superseded that for the destruction. Then what he did was simply this: he placed the city in such a condition that, if his order was carried out, its conflagration was certain. Not of his own accord, but "by direction of General Beauregard," he reversed the order for firing the cotton, still leaving it to the mercy of chance whether the torch would not be applied, by accident or otherwise. It was applied, and Columbia was burned.

General Hampton indeed asserts, in this same "remarkable and well-considered letter," that "not one bale was on fire when General Sherman's troops took possession of the city." But the positive data furnished by Mr. McCarter and the *Phoenix* show that he was in error. We do not charge this upon General Hampton as an intentional misstatement; for he himself was miles away, and could have had no personal knowledge of the facts. Whether the fire that was set to the cotton in the main street, which, apparently extinguished in the morning, still smoldered through the afternoon and broke out in the evening, was the result of accident, as Mr. McCarter supposes, or was lighted by some of the returning Confederates, acting either in violation or in ignorance of the order given by direction of General Beauregard, forbidding the firing, no man can say. It is certain, however, that it could not have been the work of the Union army. That "army," using the word in its proper sense, saved from destruction what was saved of Columbia. We can not, therefore, except with great modification of the term, concede to the opinion of Mr. McCarter, that "the town was fired and plundered by the soldiers of Sherman's army."

Yet we are constrained sorrowfully to believe that, in the wild tumult which ensued after the breaking out of the conflagration, there was burning and pillaging committed by men who belonged to the Union army. This is admitted by General Sherman in his Report, by Major Nichols in his article in this Magazine, and in his "Story of the Great March." Sherman, after telling how it was necessary to bring in a whole division to combat the flames, and saying that he "was up nearly all night, and saw Generals Howard, Logan, Wood, and others laboring to save houses," adds:

"Our officers and men on duty worked well to extinguish the flames; but others, not on duty, including the officers who had been long imprisoned there, rescued by us, may have assisted in spreading the fire after it had once begun, and may have indulged in unconcealed joy to see the ruin of the capital of South Carolina."

Major Nichols says the same thing in effect in his Magazine paper; and still more fully in the "Story of the Great March:"

"I am quite sure that the fire originated in sparks flying from the hundreds of bales of cotton which the rebels had placed along the middle of the main street, and fired as they left the city. . . . There were fires, however, which must have started independent of the above-named cause. The source of these is ascribed to the desire for revenge from some two hundred of our prisoners who had escaped from the cars as they were being conveyed from this city to Charlotte; and with the memories of long sufferings in the miserable pens sought this means of retaliation. Again it is said that the soldiers who first entered the town, intoxicated with bad liquor, which was freely distributed among them by designing citizens, in an insanity of exhilaration, set fire to unoccupied houses."

Whether the houses of Mr. Trenholm, General Hampton, and his sisters were "unoccupied" we are not informed; but there is certainly sufficient rea-

son to believe that they were set on fire by the Union prisoners; for they were directed by General Sherman to go to his head-quarters, which were in the eastern part of Columbia, and these dwellings were about a mile to the east of the city.

We have no disposition to call in question the justice of the eulogium which Mr. McCarter passes upon the personal character of General Hampton. We admit that it was unstained save in the matter of his active participation in the "Great Rebellion;" and in respect to that no dishonor rests upon his name which does not rest in just the same manner and to a greater extent upon the names of Lee, Johnston, Beauregard, and hundreds of others; for they, unlike Hampton, had entered the military service of the United States, and taken the *sacramentum*, or military oath; and if, as we are willing to admit, the political opinions in accordance with which they acted relieve them from personal dishonor in taking up arms against the Nation when called upon to do so by their States, the same admission must certainly be made in the case of General Hampton.

Nor do we at all question his right "to endeavor to relieve his name from the deep disgrace of having destroyed his native town." We admit that he has done this, so far as showing that he did not intentionally "cause the destruction of the city." But we can not admit that he has succeeded, to use his own words, in "fixing upon the proper author of that enormous crime the infamy he richly deserves." General Sherman, in his Report, says: "I disclaim on the part of my army any agency in this fire; but, on the contrary, claim that we saved what of Columbia remains unconsumed." And still more explicitly in his letter, quoted by General Hampton in the Reverdy Johnson letter, "I gave no orders for the destruction of the city; but, on the contrary, the conflagration resulted from the great imprudence of cutting the cotton-bales, whereby the contents were spread to the wind, so that it became an impossibility to arrest the fire." Yet in the face of these emphatic assertions Hampton charges, and pledges himself to prove, that Sherman, in spite of his solemn promise to protect Columbia, "burned the city to the ground, deliberately, systematically, atrociously." Mr. McCarter believes with us that this charge is untrue; and it seems to us, therefore, that he is shut up to the conclusion that General Hampton, in order to relieve himself from the specific charge brought by Major Nichols of having dishonored his name "by his renewed efforts to hold General Sherman responsible for the burning of Columbia and its terrible consequences," must either fulfill his pledge to prove the accusation, or must retract it as publicly as it was made. This he can do without dishonor by declaring that the charge was brought upon mistaken information as to the facts in the case.—*Ed. Harper's Magazine.*

THE FREEDMAN'S STORY.

[I have thought that a plain, unvarnished account of a servant's trials in his efforts to secure his freedom might not be uninteresting. It is given as nearly as possible in his own words. Oby is now with me, my dining-room servant. He has learned to read himself what I have written.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA.

M. S. DE V.]

MY name is Oby; they say it is because my father was an Obeah man, when he lived down South in Florida and drove a stage. I

have heard him say, to the contrary, that he belonged, at the time I was born, to a man by the name of Overton, and that that is my true name. So when I went down to town the other day, and the Provost-Marshal asked me if I could sign my own name, I boldly wrote down "Mr. Overton Paragon."

I was raised at this place, by people who were ever so kind to me as long as I can remember them; but that was not very long, for they were poor white folks and could not keep me, or my mother, or my father either. So we were hired out to a very good master, who took good care of father especially, because he had hired him for more than twenty years, and I was living with them in his house, though I could not do much work, being rather weakly and, I am afraid, lazy too. One fine day master comes down stairs and says to father: "Uncle James, you have served me faithfully these ten years, and you know I only bought you because I did not want your master to set you in your old days to hard work. But I do not like to own you, and you are free. You can go whenever and wherever you choose. I can not give you your freedom in any other way, because the laws of the State do not permit me to do so, and we all have to obey the law; but you must understand that you can stay or go as you choose."

Father could not say much, for he was not handy with his tongue, but he told master that he did not want to leave him as long as he cared to keep him. But when master had gone up again, he comes in and tells mother, and Uncle Henry, who was there, tells him he had better go across the line and live at the North. Father had been there when master sent him all the way to Boston with a fine horse—his name was Topaz—and they tried very hard then to make father stay. But he did not like their ways; he said they were not genteel at all like our old family servants, and he came back and was mighty glad to be again in Old Virginia. So father staid, and mother staid, and I was taken up to the dining-room, and mistress taught me to wait, and to wash the china and the glass.

I was nearly grown—I may have been about nineteen or twenty years old—when the Yankees came right down upon us. We had been expecting them often before, and many is the time Uncle Henry came running in where mother was and cried out, "God be thanked, they are coming, they are coming!" And mother asked him, "Who are you talking about?" and he would say, "Our deliverers, the Yankees, whom God sends to make us all free!" But mother did not like his ways at all, and when he was gone she would take me and brother Henry by her little stool close to the fire and say: "Now, boys, don't you think you'll be so much better off when you are free. Folks have to work every where, free or slave, black or white; and it's much better for you to be with genteel folks, and go to church, and have nothing to do with poor niggers, than to be way off, where you have not any body who cares for you."

Mother was mighty good to us, and I know she meant it all for the best, but, to save my life, I could not help thinking of what Uncle Henry said, and what a fine thing it would be to be free, and to have twelve dollars a month and nothing to do. So I went over to Colonel Wood's Aleck and we talked it over behind the wood-pile, where nobody could hear us, and he told me how he knew a plenty more who would go away as soon as ever the Yankees came. He said they were fighting for us, and if we wanted to go we need not run away by night, like a poor three-hundred-dollar nigger, but we might ride off on a fine horse, in the middle of the day, and our masters could not say a word against it for fear of the Yankees. So I promised I would join him, and when we heard that General Sheridan was coming this way, with a hundred thousand men, we knew that the Confederates could not stand before him, and we agreed we would go off all together.

I remember it well; it was a dark night, but the stars were all out and the mud awfully deep, when all of a sudden Uncle Henry comes rushing in by the side gate, quite out of breath, and tells us that General Early has been beaten all to pieces, and that the Yankees are coming across the mountains. They did not know any thing of it in town, and I had heard master say at supper-table that we need not be afraid; the Yankees would again go up the Valley to Lexington and pass us by. But we knew better, and mother would have told mistress, whom she was mighty fond of, but Uncle Henry would not let her, and mother was terribly worried about it. He told us that we must all put on our Sunday clothes, and be very polite to the soldiers, because they were coming to make us all free, and we were just as good now as they. Father was very uneasy about us, for he did not believe half of what the others said, and shook his head and groaned as he sat before the fire and smoked his pipe; but he said nothing, only now and then he would look up, and when mother looked at him at the same time, he would shake his head and sigh, until it made me feel quite badly, and I did not know what to do.

At night, when the white folks had all gone to bed, we, Aleck and I, took an ash cake and a piece of middling, and we ran up the turnpike, miles and miles, until we came to the top of the long hill, where Doctor White's house stood before it was burned, and there we sat the livelong night, and watched the camp-fires against the dark mountain side, thinking what the Yankees were doing up there, and why they did not come to help us all. It was very hard to trot back again in the morning early, and to go to work splitting wood for the cook before breakfast, but Aleck and I thought if we could but once see the bluecoats coming down the hill, and their horses standing by the side of the lake, we would be perfectly happy.

And so it did come about one fine, clear morning. On Monday a man in gray had come racing up the turnpike, looking right and left un-

der his broad-brimmed, slouched hat, and gone into town. Uncle Henry had met him as he came up, and shook his head and said: "Now, I should not wonder if that was a real Yankee." They all laughed at him, and asked him if he did not see the Confederate gray and the ragged hat the man wore. But he shook his head and said: "Now, I'll tell you, boys, it may be so, and it may not be so; but that man there did not ride like one of our folks, and he had his eyes too busy and his hand too near his revolver to be one of our soldiers." That morning early there came two, and three, and at last a whole number of these graycoats, and somebody said in a whisper, as we were standing at the stile close to the turnpike, "Those are the Jessie Scouts, you believe me!" But we looked at the old man who said so, and as nobody knew him we did not believe him. It was all the same true; it turned out afterward that they were Jessie Scouts, as they called them from General Fremont's wife; and there had been a dozen of them in town all day long, and nobody had known them. We knew how little our soldiers cared about spies and that sort of men, and so it was not very difficult to come in and find out every thing.

But on Tuesday, early in the morning, as soon as master had had his breakfast, we all slipped out and went down to the road, where we found a great many people standing about and talking of what the Yankees were going to do with the house, and the servants, and the town itself. Down by the lake, where the road from the house comes into the turnpike, and not far from the little lodge, stood a heap of gentlemen, who had come up from town to beg pardon of the General, and to ask him not to burn them all out. They were mightily scared, and Mr. Fowler, the tailor, who is a great goose, as we have heard it said often and often, looked quite and shook in all his limbs. It could not be from the cold, for although the rain had stopped overnight, it was quite mild in the morning. Alongside of them, but a little apart, stood master and some of his friends; I don't know if they had come too to ask the Yankees to spare the house. Soon one man came flying down the hill, and then another, and then three or four together, galloping right by us without stopping, and just crying one after another, "They are coming! they are coming!" I slipped up close to where master stood, and I could hear them say that it was a mighty hard thing to stand there and not to know whether they would have a house over their head next night or not; and what would become of the big ones and of the little ones. One I heard say distinctly, "Oh, gentlemen, we'll all go up before night, sure enough!" William Gibbons, who preaches down in the big bath-house every Sunday, said the gentleman was very wicked, but if God would take us up we must all be ready any time; and he, for one, was quite willing to go to heaven.

Every now and then somebody would cry out,

"There they are!" and we all looked up to the top of the hill, behind which the road was hid, and when a man slowly rose over the brow and it turned out that he was on horseback, we thought sure enough there were the Yankees. So we stood hours and hours, and just when we thought they would not be coming that day, two men rode up the hill and down again slowly, then three more, then a dozen or more all in a body, with flags in their hands; and at last the whole turnpike was blue, and we knew for a certainty they were come. We just looked at one another, and I felt mighty queer; but Uncle Henry and all the others, who stood way down by the stile, looked exactly as if they were going to shout to the sky and to jump out of their skin. Aleck looked at me too, and winked, and shut his eyes, and shook all over, till I could not help myself, and I laughed, and they all laughed, and it set the others down at the stile a-laughing, and we held our sides and did not mind master and his friends looking at us as if they did not like it at all.

When the first officer came up to where Mr. Fowler stood, he rushed forward and came near falling between the horses' feet, and they all cried out together, I don't know what; but the tailor had the biggest mouth, and he talked loudest. So I suppose they heard him, and one of the officers said something about private property being spared, but public property must be given up.

Just then master walked up himself, like a real gentleman that he is, and although he was on foot and had not even a spur on his boot, he looked as good a man as the big officers on their fine horses. One of them told him he was not the General, but he would send up a guard as soon as they got into town. Then they moved on, and such a sight! They looked very different from our poor Confederate soldiers, with their sleek horses and bright swords, and there was not a ragged jacket or a bare foot among them all. They had, every one of them, a pile of good things strapped up behind and before their saddles, and a good many had a fine horse by their side with all sorts of packages and parcels strapped upon their back, ever so high, but nobody in the saddle. But I thought, what wouldn't I give if I could but ride one of those fine horses and be a soldier and as good as any white man! I looked at Aleck, and I saw he thought so too; and what is best about it, it did not last long, and it all came true, sure enough. We stood there and looked and looked until we were tired, for there was no end to the horses, and the big guns, and the wagons, and oh, they had every thing so nice and so whole, though they were bespattered from head to foot; I did not think soldiers could look so well. At last they were nearly all gone, and I and Aleck went back.

When we came to the other side of the lake we saw Miss Mary and some of the other young ladies standing by the window up stairs, and some of them were crying; but Miss Mary

waved a little flag, such as our soldiers have, right in the face of the Yankees. But master looked up and gave her such a look! Miss Mary went away from the window, and when they sent for her to come down to dinner, she told Flora to tell master she had a bad headache and did not want any dinner. Soon after the bell rang, and when I went to the front-door there stood a big Yankee officer, with his sword by his side and the mud all over him, and he asked in a very soft voice if master was at home. I did not like much his talking of my master and he a Yankee, but I knew I must be polite to strangers, and I asked him to please walk in. He said he wanted to see master, would I request him to come to the front-door for a moment. I can't tell exactly what it was, but there was something in the officer's voice, and in the way he spoke to me, that made me feel a big man, and as if nobody ought to call me Oby any more. Master is mighty good to me, but he always talks to me as if I was a little baby and had not any sense at all. Now the officer spoke right sternly, though his voice was so soft, but somehow it did not hurt me in the least, and I felt all the better for it. I ran in and told master, who came out at once, not at all flurried but like a grand old gentleman, and he begged the officer very politely to walk in. But he would not come in, and merely told master that he was on General Sheridan's staff, and that he wished to know where he should place the guard. I wanted badly to hear what they were going to say to each other, but master sent me down stairs to tell Aunt Hannah to cook a big dinner for the soldiers. We had done that often enough when our poor Confederates came by, and there was not much left in the smoke-house; but when the folks in the kitchen heard it was for the Yankees they were going to cook they set to work with a will. Aunt Hannah said she would sit up all night to work for them blessed Yankees, and Flora laughed and cried out that she hoped there was a handsome captain coming to take her to Boston.

Now I did not like that at all, for Flora was a mighty sweet girl; she was not one of your mean black niggers, but quite light, and had the most beautiful hair I ever saw in my life, and a waist—why she could wear Miss Mary's dresses, who is not bigger than a grasshopper, and they were still too large for her. So I sat down angrily, and turned my back upon them, and whistled to myself. All of a sudden there comes a hand and shuts up my mouth, and a voice says to me: "Why, Oby, you are not at all gallant to-day!" Up I jump and make her a fine bow, and say, "Oh, Madam, I did not know you was here, I hope you are well." She did not say a word, but looked at Aunt Hannah and looked at me, and then she burst out a-laughing and cries: "Oh, Mr. Paragon, you must look sharper, or one of these days Miss Flora will bloom in another garden." They had spoilt her mightily, and told her that her name meant "Pretty Flower." The young ladies on whom

she waited gave her quantities of nice things, and when she went down on Sunday to church she looked every bit as pretty as a lady, and prettier too. Colonel Wood's Aleck was very sweet on her, and he and I had had many a fight about it—who was to escort her to preaching, and who was to hand her into supper, when Aunt Betsy's daughter was married. She went more with Aleck than with me, and many is the cry I have had about it; but then she would look so sweetly at me, and say with such a soft voice: "Get along, you handsome nigger!" that I could not help myself, and all the money I ever got went to buy her ribbons and candy.

I went up to her and said: "Now, sweet angel, don't you be angry with me, and you shall have that big red shawl that hangs out at Mr. Abraham's store window;" and I put my arm around her and was just going to—when there came such a pull at the door-bell that I jumped up and thought the Yankees were breaking into the house.

I ran up the stairs as fast as I could, and as I was trying to unlock the door—we did not use to do it, and so the key would not turn very quickly—somebody rang and rang until I got frightened out of my wits. When I opened the door there stood Miss Polly, as red as a peony, her dress all in tatters, and her hair hanging about her as I had never seen a lady do in all my life, and rushes by me to master's study. Master had just come out to see what was the matter, and she ran nearly over him. Then she began telling him to come, for God's sake, to her house; how the Yankees had come there and broken every thing to pieces, and were misbehaving shamefully. I did not believe a word of it, for they had been very polite to us all and to master too; but he did not say a word, put on his hat, gave Miss Polly his arm, and walked right off with her. I followed him, for I thought he might want me, and I heard Miss Polly rattling away like a water-mill, telling him how the soldiers had come to the house, and first broken into the kitchen and eaten all the dinner that there was, and then came into the sitting-room and asked for whisky. Her brother, who had been shot in the Valley and was lying with a broken leg on a couch, had gotten very angry and called them names. The Yankees did not like that, and went to work smashing every thing in the house. So she ran over to our house to get help.

When we crossed the road—it was knee-deep in mud—we saw Miss Emma, with her three little children, sitting on the big oak stump right by the house, crying bitterly, and in the house all the windows and doors smashed, and such a row as I have not heard in my life. Master puts Miss Polly down by her sister's side, and tells her to sit quiet, and then he walks as boldly up to where the Yankees were as if he were General Sheridan himself. I was afraid to go after him, so I staid by the ladies, who, I thought, wanted somebody to protect them, and they were so full of the misfortune they told me

every thing. All the silver was gone, and all the china was broken, and the pictures cut to pieces, and the books thrown out of the window; and as they were telling me the soldiers came out. Some had a pillow-case full of flour, another a tureen filled with meal, and still another had two big gold watches in his hand. At last one came out with a silver cup in his hand. When Miss Emma sees him she jumps up and catches hold of it, and says, "You sha'n't take away my poor baby's cup!" "But I will," says the soldier—a great big fellow with a sword by his side. "But you sha'n't!" cries Miss Emma again, and the big tears ran down her cheeks. And there they pulled, she on one side and the gentleman on the other side, and I thought she was going to fall down, when master comes out and very quietly puts his hand upon the soldier's arm, and says, "You will surely oblige the lady and let her have the cup." The Yankee looked quite bewildered, but he had let go, and Miss Emma ran back to her seat with her baby in her arm; and the baby held the cup with her dumpy little fingers, as if she knew what she held, and master looked pleased and said: "I am glad, Sir, you can act so handsomely." I thought the soldier had a great mind to tell him he did not want any of his praise; but I know most men were rather afraid of master, he looked so stiff and so stately; and he went slowly away. Then master called out in a clear, loud voice: "Mike O'Rourke! Mike O'Rourke!"

I was half frightened, when all of a sudden there stepped out from behind a big oak-tree a great red-haired Yankee, with a sword, and a carbine, and a pistol in his belt. "What do you want?" says he. Master answered, "Were you not placed here as guard, Sir, to protect this house?" "Well, I believe I was." "And when these marauders came, and the ladies begged you to protect them, you ran away and hid?" The soldier looked as if he did not like at all being talked to in that way, and perhaps he had not a very good conscience; so he said, in a sulky tone: "I could not stop all those fellows; they were too many for me!" Master said, very quietly: "You know very well that your orders are to do your duty, and to shoot down the first one who breaks the safeguard." The Yankee looked rather taken aback; but then he cried out very angrily, "I don't know what all this is to you, Sir, but I would have you know that it is very hard for a man whose house has been burned over his head, down in Pennsylvania, by these beggarly rebels, and whose old father and mother have been driven out by night and ruined for life, to stand here and protect people who, for all I know, may have been the very ones to do so to me." With that he turned on his heel and walked to the house. I don't know what master thought; but he looked rather puzzled, and went up to Miss Emma and began talking to them in a low voice.

Soon after the Yankees made a great uproar in the house, and then they came out, one by one, the red-haired man shoving them out with

a laugh and a curse, until the house was clear again. I had been watching them, so that I did not hear what master said to the ladies, but just as the last one went down the hill I heard Miss Polly crying bitterly, and saying: "And would you believe it, Sir, one of these wretches told me I was the ugliest woman he had seen in the Confederacy; and as for Emma, she was too ugly to live?" I looked hard at master, to see what he would say to that, but I thought he was trying all he could not to laugh. Then he smiled and gave his arm to Miss Emma, and asked her when she had heard from her husband, and they all went back to the house.

The red-haired man came out and sat down on the bench in the veranda; and when he sees me standing there, he says, "Come here, man, and bring me some water; and, look here, bring me some whisky too, or I'll cut your head off!" I was certainly afraid he would do it, too, so I ran as fast as I could to Uncle Tony close by, who I knew had some apple brandy, and telling him that it was for a Yankee soldier he gave me some. I ran back to the Irish gentleman—for I knew him to be Irish, because we have so many of those folks around us, working on the canal—and brought him the whisky. I was running for the water too, but he called after me, and said he was not thirsty now, I need not go for water. So I sat down on the grass by his side, and looked up at him, and got hold of his sword, and made the little wheels on his spurs play as fast as they would go.

All of a sudden he looks at me and says: "Hallo, Cuffee, how would you like to have a fine horse and ride along with us all?" My heart jumped when I heard him make such an offer; but I did not know if he was in earnest, so I only laughed and laughed until he could not help himself and had to laugh too. But after a while he looked very sober, and said: "Nonsense, Cuffee, nonsense; don't laugh that way, but tell me soberly would not you like to go with me and become a soldier?" When I saw that he was really in earnest I jumped up and said, as loud as I could, "Yes, Sir, that I will, and I have long waited for the day; God be thanked it has come at last, and I shall be a free man!"

He told me then to follow him, and we went over to Burr's Hill, where the General had his head-quarters, and the red-haired man's regiment had their camp. When we got there I found out that he belonged to the artillery, and the whole wood was filled with guns, and wagons, and horses, and all about the hill were fires lit, and the men were sitting around them eating their supper. I felt all of a sudden as hungry as a rattlesnake, for there they had coffee, and white sugar, and lemons, and all the good things we had not seen at our house for ever so long. We went past them all, until we came close to the house, and there I saw a great number of colored gentlemen standing around in a circle, and in the middle were some Yankee soldiers. Just as we came up I heard one of them say,

"Here is another fine lot; what's the bid?" I felt as if I was turning to stone, when I found out that he held Bob, my second cousin, by his right ear, and pushed him forward in the bright light. I thought sure enough it was all the old story over again, and we were not free yet, but to be sold just as we were before. Somebody cried out, "I'll give a ham!" and another, "I bid a loaf of sugar!" Now I wondered more than ever, for Bob was a powerful fellow, and could plow better than any man on the plantation, and that was no price at all, even in Confederate money. But I soon found out that they were only offering something for the right to choose their servants, and that we were really free, only we could not choose our masters, but they chose us.

When I understood that right, I turned round and said, very politely, "Master, I wish you would not offer me to any body but keep me yourself. I would rather be your servant than any body's else." He seemed to be quite pleased at being called Master, and slapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Well, Cuffee, if you wish it, you may do so." I did not like to be called Cuffee, which is not respectable for a nigger who moves in good society; so I said, "Master, my name is Oby; and if it is the same to you, I would rather you should call me by my name." I don't think he heard me, for he said nothing for a while, and then he showed me his horse, a fine big bay, and told me to rub him down: "But mind you do it well," he said, "or you will be bucked." I did not know what he meant by that, for the boys had often called me a "Buck," and I had always taken it for a compliment. I soon found out however what it was, for Jack, the doctor's boy, who was up here too, and who had refused to cook supper for his new master, because he was so tired from doing all they had made him do ever since dinner-time, lay not far off, bound up in the most curious way I have ever seen, and was hollowing most awfully.

My bay did not give me much trouble, only he had an ugly way of kicking, when you touched him at a particular spot; and he was so quick at it that I got one or two kicks against my shins before I was aware of it. I disliked it mightily, for I did not know then that his kicking was to save my life when nothing else could help me. They did not offer me any supper that night, so I ran home and told Flora all about it, how the soldiers said I was free now, and how I was to have a fine horse and become a sure enough soldier, and have my fifteen dollars a month, all to myself.

She was not half as glad as I thought she would be, and asked me if I thought it was better to be the servant of a Yankee than to serve a gentleman like master. I did not like her saying so at all, for I could not tell her why I liked it better; and still, I knew it *was* better. I had thought I would ask her to come along with me and become my wife, when we got to the North. But somehow I had not the courage,

she looked so wicked out of her eyes; and then Aunt Hannah stood by, and although she made-believe she was busy with her pots and plates I knew she had heard every word I said. But I could not help looking at Flora, and just to say, "Oh, Miss Flora!" and I thought she looked as sweet as a rose-bud, when she cast her eyes down and picked at the pretty belt I had given her the Sunday before, and seemed to think very hard.

Just then Aleck came up, and asked me when I was going away. That put me in mind, that last week master had called us all up into the hall and told us, if we wanted to go when the Yankees came, we must be sure not to sneak off like a parcel of runaway niggers, but to come up like men and tell him, and he would see to it that we had some clothes and something to help us on the way when we went. I thought it was my duty to go up stairs and tell him that I had made up my mind to leave. I pulled off my shoes and went up softly into the veranda, where I knew he would be sitting. And so he was, in his old arm-chair, with Maida right across his feet and Miss Lucy sitting by his side, reading to him out of the big old Bible he uses at prayers, when we come up in the morning and the evening. She read so low I could not hear where she was, but I made out that it was something about God being our rock and a very present help in trouble; and when I looked at master I saw the big tears were coming down his white cheeks slowly, one by one. I knew then he was thinking of young master, who lay dead and killed way off in Spottsylvania, and nobody knew where. When I saw that I could not go up to him to save my life, so I slipped down again, and did not know what to do.

Master had always been mighty good to me, and I had never wanted any thing on this earth but he had given it to me; and I knew as long as I staid with him, and he had any thing to live on, he would provide for me. But I wanted badly to be a free man, and I knew I could never earn fifteen dollars a month, as I could at the North; and perhaps they were going to give us each a farm, and we would not have to work any more. It was a bad night for me, and my head turned all around in a whirl; now I wanted to stay, and now I wanted to go. But when the red streaks came out over the mountain, and then the big sun rose right behind the old cherry-tree at the tobacco patch, I remembered what William had said, when he preached to us at Uncle James's funeral, about the rising of the Sun of Liberty, and our going to glory here upon earth, by the word of Mr. Lincoln, and I ran as fast as I could to Burr's Hill, and told them all that I had come to be free.

My new master showed me a beautiful horse that I was to ride, and when the light came through the trees and I could see every thing clear, I saw it was Master William's great big stallion. I did not like to get on him, because every body about here knew him, he had stood so often down in town, but I was told to take

him down to water, and I did not like to be bucked like Bob. I went down to the spring, and I could not help thinking he was the handsomest horse I had ever laid eyes on, and it would be a great thing for me to ride alongside of all the gentlemen on such a fine horse. When I came back to the fire they showed me a quantity of bags and bales, all nicely fixed in white cotton sheets, which I had to strap on the horse; there was just enough room left between the pile in front and the pile behind to get into the saddle. They did not give me any breakfast either, but I did not mind that much, for soon the bugles sounded—it made me feel like a gentleman to be called by a bugle like all the others; and my new master, who was a corporal or a major, had some other gentlemen under him, and when the guns were all ranged in beautiful order, the Colonel came out and looked at us, and off we marched with the music at our head.

First came the Colonel and some officers, then came the music, with all sorts of instruments such as I had never seen before; after them came men who bore a number of flags, which I knew nothing of, and after them, before all the regiment, came we colored people, about fifty of us, all on fine horses, and the happiest boys ever you saw in your life. It was glorious. But when we got to the corner by the tobacco-house, where the gate has been out of order for many years and the lane is quite low and narrow, they all stopped and we could not go any farther. The mud was awful, and the horses could not pull the heavy guns and the wagons.

Just then who must come up but master. I felt mighty badly, but I could not run away, and I looked for my new master to stand by me and let them all know that I was free. When master's eye came slowly down the line and at last fell right upon me, I thought I was going to sink into the ground. It made me feel sick. When I looked up again he was making his way through the horses and the cannons right up to me, and did not mind the mud, and the way the soldiers all looked at him, and the horses that wanted to kick him. When he came up to where I sat on my horse, he just said, "Oh, Oby!" and before I knew what I was doing, I was out of the saddle and standing right before him, with my new cap in my hand. He said, in his quiet way, "Oby, you know you are not strong enough to sleep out in the open air; you have not even a blanket, and it is not three weeks since you were sick with pneumonia. Come home, my boy, and don't distress your father and your mother. You know it will kill them!"

I knew that what he said was but too true; but then again, when I looked at the fine horse was on, and all the gentlemen around me, I felt quite undecided. Master said again, very quietly, "Come home, Oby!" and I followed him, I did not know why. But just as we were getting out of the crowd, on the side of the road,

my new master came dashing up to where we were, and with a terrible oath told me to mount my horse and be ready to start. I was so frightened I did not know what to do. Master never said a word, but just looked at me as if he pitied me from the bottom of his heart, and I could not stand that; I did not think of father and mother at home, nor of Flora, nor of the nice times we had had together in the fields at night, but I just looked at master and went away with him. But the soldier was not satisfied yet; he came straight up to us, and swearing worse than ever, he said to master, "How dare you, Sir, force that man away? Do you not know that he is free, and has a right to go where he will?" Master changed color; I knew he was not accustomed to be spoken to in that way, and I wished I had never thought of enlisting as a soldier. But he said nothing at all, and although the soldiers all turned around, and my new master pulled out his carbine and cocked it, he made his way between the horses and the guns, I following him close by, until we came out on the other side of the column, and then he said very quietly, "Now, Oby, go home and tell your father not to distress himself about you any farther." I was just running up the road, when I heard somebody galloping up, and as I turned round I saw it was a great officer, with a sword in his hand, who rode up to master and asked him what was the matter. I could not hear his answer, but the officer said, "We do not force servants to go with us, and if your boy wants to stay, let him stay."

When I came home I found father and mother, Uncle Henry, and all of them in mother's room, and when they saw me they all cried out, "Oh, Oby, what have you been doing?" Well, it made me right angry to be treated thus like a baby, and I went out into the yard. There stood Flora, and what must she do but come up to me in the prettiest way of the world and drop me a little courtesy, and say in a little lisping way, "Oho, Mr. Paragon, you had not the courage to go with your friends? Don't you look like a little whipped boy? Shall I ask Miss Lucy for some candy for you?" It made me mad to hear her talk so, when she had all the time been telling me that I ought to stay, and not run away like the poor stupid field-hands.

I turned round without looking at her, and ran over to Uncle Bob, to ask him what I ought to do. He was not in, but Aunt Betsy was there, with the children about her, packing up all her things. I wondered what she was doing, but she would not give me any answer, and I was too mad to go home again; so I staid and waited for Uncle Bob to come home again. They had some nice middlings that day, and goody-bread with the sweetest cracklings I ever ate, and we all laughed, and talked, and I danced a jig for Aunt Betsy, and others came in until the house was full.

Late in the evening Uncle Bob came home, and such a sight he was! He had a double har-

ness hanging over his shoulders, and a saddle on his head, and his hands full of bags and satchels, and a big gun under his arm. He looked very tired, and threw it all down; then he opened the door again and laughed, and when we went out there to see what it was, we found a nice carryall and two good, strong horses fastened to the fence. I knew the carriage well; it belonged to old Miss Mary Fitch, and the horses were Uncle Bob's master's. I did not like his goings on much, but he was an old man and I had no right to say any thing to him. When he had had his supper he lit his pipe and looked around him, and when he noticed me he opened his eyes wide, and said, "Why, Oby, I thought you had gone with the Yankees!" I felt mightily ashamed. I had to tell him all about it, and when I had done he called me out and whispered to me, "Now, look here, Oby, don't you make a fool of yourself, but come along with me to-night and be a man." He talked and talked, and before I knew exactly how it was, I had promised to go with him. He had a way about him that few could resist, and when he wanted you to do any thing he was sure to get you to do it.

It was a dark night, the moon was behind the clouds, and at times you could not see the hand before your eyes. Uncle Bob had hitched up and put Aunt Betsy and the four children inside the carryall; he sat on the box, and every corner behind and before was stuffed full with bags and parcels. I do not know why they took so much; but Aunt Betsy would take every thing; and there was her spinning-wheel, and her split-bottomed rocking-chair, and the cradle for the baby. Then there was Colonel Wood's Aleck, and Dr. White's Jimmy, and I. We walked pretty fast, and listened with all our might, for we thought we might meet some gentleman and he might stop us. But there was nobody about that night; every body was afraid of the Yankees, and kept very close. Besides, the roads were awful, and Uncle Bob's horses could hardly pull the carryall at a snail's pace. Every now and then they would stick fast in the mud, and then we had to take rails from the fence and put them under the wheels and help Uncle Bob. It was not half as pleasant as riding on a fine horse among a crowd of gentlemen, or even sitting at home in mother's room and having a nice supper. After a while Uncle Bob became angry, and the next time the horses stalled he pitched Aunt Betsy's wheel into the road; then went the chair, and the cradle, and a great many other things. Aunt Betsy did not dare say a word, but she groaned and groaned. It sounded awful in the dark night and in the black woods where we were. At last we could not get any further, and just then we saw a light through the trees, and when we whipped the horses on both sides to get nearer to it we found an army wagon in the middle of the road, with the mud over the hubs of the wheels, and one of the mules half-dead and half-buried in the mud. The drivers and some of the escort had

made a roaring fire in the woods, and we joined them. I was so sleepy I fell down where we stopped, and did not know what happened any more.

I was just dreaming of my young master's calling me to saddle his pony when somebody touched me on the shoulder. I could not wake up at once. It always went hard with me to wake in the morning, and then I heard somebody call my name. It sounded very sweet to me somehow, though I did not know where it came from, and when I got my eyes open at last I thought I was dreaming still. For there was Flora standing by my side, looking up at the top of the tree, as if she did not know I was lying right before her. After a while she turned her eyes all around her, and when they came back to me she cried out, "Why, Oby, if that is not you! Where on earth do you come from?" Now that was a nice question to ask me; so I just jumped up and laughed heartily; and then she began laughing too, and before I knew what I was doing my arm was round her waist and I had kissed her twice. She pretended to be very angry, but I only laughed the more, and at last she told me how she had heard from Uncle Bob's son, who stays at master's mill, that I had gone along with him. Then she had made a little bundle of her nicest clothes and had followed us all the way, never saying a word, until she felt so cold in the morning she could not stay away any longer from the fire. When I asked her what she had come for, she said: "You would not have me let Aunt Betsy go away with all those babies and no one to take care of them? And then, might not somebody have come and frightened Mr. Paragon out of his wits and sent him home again crying?" At first I did not know how to take her, but there was something funny in her voice that I knew well enough from of old. So I jumped up, as quick as a squirrel, and before she knew what was coming I had my arms around her once more, and kissed her as hard as I could. We must have made some noise, for all of a sudden there was a crowd around us, and all cried out upon Flora and wanted to know how she got there and what she came for.

We were still talking and laughing in the jolliest way, as if there was no trouble in the world, and we were down at a corn-shucking, when bang went a shot, and another, and before we knew what was coming the wood was full of smoke that could not get out fast enough through the branches of the pine-trees. We all stood still, and my heart beat fast enough, not that I was much afraid of the shooting, but I thought it might be the gray-jackets, and if they should catch us and carry us back! I would not have minded the going back so much, for I knew they would not have punished us, but I could not have stood before master and seen him look at me again, as he did when he wanted me to come home with him from among the artillerymen. I did not stand long idly there, but I just took Flora's hand and told her to come along, and

then I pitched Aunt Betsy and the little ones into the carryall, and all the bundles I could find. I was as in a dream, but it was not long before the horses were put in, and Uncle Bob was cracking his whip, and we were running after them as fast as we could.

When we were a little more quiet again we looked around, and then we found out that we had left our friends the Yankees, and were quite alone by ourselves. There were about five or six colored ladies with us, some of them had babies on one arm and a big pile of clothes and such things under the other; then there were one or two elderly men who looked scared and did not know, I believe, what they were doing, except that they must go on, on until they got to the North; and lastly, there were three or four little children who were just running along with the rest of them for the fun. After a while I began to feel hungry, and when I looked at Flora in the bright daylight I thought she looked hungry too; at all events she was very pale and drooping, and I saw she had no shoes on, and could hardly walk. I went to help her, but she tried to hold up, and said it did not matter. I saw, though, it would matter pretty soon, for we had not a mouthful of bread nor meal among us, and, except Uncle Bob, who was rich enough, there was not one among us who had any money. And here we were alone, left by our natural friends and protectors, and not likely to be received on any plantation.

It seemed that all of our party felt the same way, for no one said a word. Every now and then one of the children would begin to whine and be told to hush up. Then some girl would laugh right out and suddenly stop short, as if she was frightened at the sound of her own voice. Uncle Bob, who knew best, had his hands full to drive his tired horses and to pull the carryall, with its heavy load, through the awfully bad roads. I walked steadily on, Flora right behind me, Indian file, and what with the cold, drizzling rain, wetting us to the skin, and the roads of mud that stuck to our feet, and the heavy thoughts that weighed on our minds, we did not make a very merry couple. I thought, every now and then, what a glorious time I would have at the North. I knew I could make as good a shoe as any white man, and I thought of a nice little shop I might have in Cincinnati, where Peter Hite went when he was made free, and of Flora being my good wife, really married, and the beautiful things I was going to buy for her, so that she might look a real lady. But in the midst of my thoughts I stumbled against a big, old root, or Flora sighed behind me, and then I coughed a little to put me on a false track, or asked me some question, to show that she was not sad at all, and my dreams were gone in a moment, and I saw all our troubles clear before me again.

We tramped on until late in the evening, when we met an old field-hand, with a bag of potatoes on his back, who told us we were still eight miles from the canal, and that he had seen

no Yankees any where. We asked him to let us have his potatoes, but he said he did not want to have any thing to do with runaway niggers, and was going away to leave us, when Uncle Bob came up and asked him what he would take for them in greenbacks. When he heard us speak of greenbacks he became very polite at once, and sold them for ninepence to Uncle Bob, who made him promise to bring some fat middling and some corn-meal up to the old tobacco house, where we meant to spend the night. We all went in there, and it was a nice enough place for us to get dry in; there was some hay in a lean-to on one side, and I made a nice little bed for Flora; but we did not dare make a large fire for fear they might see it at the house and send the overseer down to turn us out. Uncle Bob got his middling, and Aunt Betsy cooked all they had for herself and her children, asking me and Flora to come up and help ourselves. I did not like much going there, when there were so many others who had nothing at all to eat, but Uncle Bob told me to make no hesitation—he always loved big words—and to partake of his victuals. I took Flora by the hand and pulled her along with me to the fire. Aunt Betsy looked at us, and I thought she was going to have a hearty laugh, but somehow there was none of us that night could laugh heartily, and we ate just to satisfy our hunger, but it did not taste good. Then we had a chew of tobacco, and Uncle Bob proposed we should sing a psalm about the mansions in the sky, and hallelujah, but we broke down pretty soon, and then we all lay down, one here, one there, as we were sitting. I was tired enough, but I could not sleep; the thoughts would come into my head. I could not drive father and mother out of my head, and every time I saw them in my mind they looked so sad it made me feel very badly. Then the children cried and moaned and asked for something to eat; and some of the old ones groaned too, and cried out: "O Lord, O Lord a-mercy!"—it was very hard to hear it all and not be able to help them in any way. So I was right glad when the mist broke in the morning and the sun rose, first red, like blood, and looking as if it were angry at us, and then clear and bright, like the dayspring from on high.

I ran down to the spring, where there was a plenty of water, to wash, and when I came back I saw Flora talking very anxiously to Aunt Betsy. They hushed up when I came near, but I could see well enough that Flora had been crying, and that somebody had given her an old pair of shoes that were twice as big as her feet. She did not have big splash-feet, like a field-hand nigger woman, but hers were nice enough for any white lady. I felt mighty sorry for her; she was not accustomed at all to rough work, and down at home she had hardly ever been sent out of the house. I knew she could not stand it long, and I was determined to make her go back. I did not mean to speak to her directly. I knew she would not listen to me if she once had made

up her mind; but I thought she would mind what Aunt Betsy would say to her. I took the old lady aside, and told her all about my fears and troubles, and she promised at once to talk to Flora and to persuade her to go home again.

I went behind the big oak-tree, lest she should see me, and I noticed Aunt Betsy going up to her and talking to her very friendly and very soberly. But I must have been too curious, for no sooner had she ended than Flora comes straight up to where I stood and said: "And of all men, Oby, that you should want me to go back!" and with that she broke out into such sobs and sighs that I did not know what to do, and just had to beg her to stay and to go along with us. I told her I would stand by her as long as I was alive, and she could trust me now and forever. In the meantime they had all gotten ready to start, and as there was not much over from last night for breakfast, we were soon on the tramp again.

It was an awful time, though, we had; the road was worse than ever, for Sheridan's men had been right ahead of us, and they had trampled the mud knee-deep, and if the carryall once got into the ruts the army wagons had made, there was hardly any way to get it out again. We were soon left behind, for we had to pull the horses out when they stuck fast, and to mend the harness, that was all the time breaking, and take the rails from the fence and pry the carriage up to let the poor starved horses pull it out again.

At last we came to a sandy stretch in the pine woods, where it was a little better, and as we turned round a corner, there, right in the fence, lay Aunt Phoebe, and by her side two of her little babies, the one three years old and the other about nine months, and never a word did any one of them say. I went up to Aunt Phoebe and shook her, and asked her what was the matter. At first she would not answer at all; at last, when Flora came up and whispered into her ear, and begged her to speak to her, she said, very faintly, that she could not possibly go a step further, and that she had not a drop of milk left for her baby. Aunt Betsy came down too, and when she saw what was the matter, and turned the children round and found them look ashy pale, she called for Uncle Bob and fell to crying bitterly. He came up slowly, and looked at them all without saying a word. Then he pulled the mother and the children together into the fence-corner and put a quarter, a silver quarter, into the hands of Aunt Phoebe and left her there. We all followed him back to the carryall with our hearts ever so heavy, but what could we do? I asked Uncle Bob if he thought she would die? He did not look at me at all, but just said in his beard, "I don't know; maybe she will, maybe she won't; perhaps it's better for her to die than to live on as she has done."

After that we were sadder than ever before. Poor Flora lost her big shoes every other step, and most of the ladies had to throw away their bundles, and even then they could hardly get

along. Whenever we met a colored man we asked him how far it still was to the canal, for we knew we would meet the Yankees there sure enough, and they would not let us starve, but give us all rations. It seemed as if we were never getting nearer to it, for every time we asked it was still some four or five miles, maybe six. We met some white gentlemen, too, on the road, but they just looked at us with stern faces and rode by. Once we came to a little bit of a house by the way-side, and saw an old lady sitting by the door, with a cat lapping up the milk in a gourd she held on her lap. I could not stand seeing that, so I walk up to her and make her a polite bow, and say, "Oh, Missis, I see you are a mighty good lady, won't you be so kind as to give me a little of that milk for a poor girl who is half dead over yonder?" The old lady looked at me and then at Flora, who was standing at the gate, staring with her big eyes at the gourd as if she had never seen milk in her life. After a while she said, "Well, I don't care; take it if you want it." I was just taking the gourd by the handle, being careful not to spill a drop, when a great big man in a gray uniform and a large revolver in his hand comes out of the passage, and swearing at me, as they did in the army, says, "Now, you rascal, you clear out here or I'll shoot you down like a dog!" I felt so mad I would have liked to run up to him and snatch the pistol out of his hand and shoot him myself; but I did not have the courage, that is the truth of it, and I knew also I must not get my friends into trouble before we got to the soldiers again. When I came back to where Flora stood I saw she had dropped down upon a big rock they used to get on horseback by, and when I spoke to her she said she could not get any further. That finished me, and I swore to God Almighty I would have something for her or take a man's life. But just then something came between me and her, and when I looked up there was the old lady with the gourd in her hand and a piece of corn-bread I had not seen before, and she said: "Never mind my son, boy; he is in bad humor because all our servants have left us in a body yesterday and taken our horses with them. Poor child, what is the matter with her?" And then she took Flora's hand in hers and rubbed it, and told her to sit up and eat and not to cry any more. I talked to her too, and after a while she did set up, and the way the milk and the bread went! It would have been a pleasure to me to see how she enjoyed it; but I was terribly hungry myself, and I counted every mouthful she took and every gulp that went down. When she had done, she stood up and looked much better, and then she thanked the old lady, as she had learned to do from Miss Lucy. The old lady had big tears in her eyes and looked mighty sad; she said something about God's Providence, which I did not understand, and about somebody's being ground between the upper and the nether millstone, which, I think, is somewhere in the Bible.

We had to walk fast enough to overtake the

others, who had gotten far ahead of us, and it was late in the evening when we saw them all standing in a crowd together on a high place. The sun was just about setting, and the sky was golden, and as we looked at them we could see every ray of their clothes and every hair on their head. They all talked very loud, even Uncle Bob, who seemed to be very angry. We came up slowly, for we were terribly tired, and Flora could hardly drag one foot after the other. When we came up to where they stood, we saw we were on the side of the canal, and there on the tow-path sat Aunt Hannah, crying and screaming all together, and the others stood around her and looked as angry as could be. We pressed close up to Aunt Betsy, and I asked her in a whisper what was the matter. "Oh, Oby!" she said, "just think of it, Aunt Hannah was the first to see the canal, and she walks right up to where we now are and takes her poor little baby—it was not more than two months old—and before we knew what she was about she had thrown it into the water, and there it lies now. Oh, Oby, these are awful times! God have mercy upon us!"

I could not say a word. I had never seen or heard of such misery in my life. Flora went quietly down to where Aunt Hannah was rocking herself, weeping like a child, and then screaming out aloud, and sat down by her and tried to take her hands and to soothe her. But Aunt Hannah would not be soothed; she cried out: "Leave me alone, you! leave me alone! You don't know what it is to have a baby and to see it die on your breast. She is happier down there than she could ever have been in this world. I only wished I was there too. Can't you leave me alone? or give me something to eat? I have not eaten anything since day before yesterday, not a mouthful. Oh, my baby, my baby! She was the sweetest child I ever had!" And with that she began screaming again, as if she were distracted. I could not stand it any longer; so I touched Flora and told her to come along, Uncle Bob was going and we must try to get something ourselves, or we would be starved too, or get mad like poor Aunt Hannah.

Flora got up and followed me, but she did not say a word. The tears were just running down her cheeks, and she did not mind it in the least. Uncle Bob was driving along on the tow-path, and we all followed in a long string, very slowly. At last we came to another turn, and there, right before us, lay a big mill, and behind it the town. On the mill-race stood a soldier in blue, and I could have shouted aloud, for now I knew our troubles would surely be at an end. I do not know what made me so bold, but I walked right up to the soldier and asked him if he did not know somebody that wanted a really good servant. He looked at me and then at Flora, who was standing behind me, and said: "You mean two good servants, don't you? I can't afford keeping a servant, but there is the sutler; I heard him inquire a little while ago for a han-

dy fellow, who understood horses and knew how to make coffee and such things."

I hardly let him finish, for that was exactly what I was good for, and Flora made beautiful coffee. I just asked him where the sutler was, and when he showed me some way down the street a splendid team of four gray mules, standing before a large, fine house, and said that was the sutler's wagon, I took hold of Flora's hand and ran down as fast as I could. But when I came between the mules and the house I saw a whole crowd of servants standing around the door and crying out: "Take me, master, take me!" I thought it was all over, and I had lost my first and last chance, when Flora suddenly let go my hand and fell down like a log of wood, right between the wheels of the wagon. I tried to lift her up, but there was such a crowd, and the mules began to kick, and I thought she was going to die right away. Just then a man who had been inside the wagon popped his head out, and seeing Flora lying there, he asked: "Hallo, what is the matter, my man?" I told him as well as I could, and begged him for mercy's sake to help me, for Flora was sure enough dying. He laughed and stepped down leisurely over the swingle-trees, with a piece of hard tack in one hand and a bottle in the other. He poured some out of the bottle into his hand and rubbed her head with it, then he poured some down between her teeth, and when I could see next, she was sitting up with her head leaning against the wheel, opening her eyes as if she had been fast asleep, and munching a little bread in her mouth. I thanked the gentleman for having saved her life, but he only laughed the more. Then he asked me if I was not hungry too; and before I could say a word he pushed a whole pile of crackers into my hands. When Flora was all right again, he asked us what we were going to do with ourselves, and we told him as fast as we could, for we were both mighty grateful to him for his kindness. Then he told us that he was the sutler himself, and that if we promised to do well and be faithful servants to him he might find something to do for us both. He called to his clerk, who was in the house, and told him to see to it that we got a place to sleep in and some supper. When I looked a little around me I saw they had a beautiful flag flying from the top of the house, and that was the first night I slept under the Stars and Stripes, a free man.

THE UGLY TOAD.

"**U**GLY as a toad," has come to be a proverb in many languages. Shakspeare will have it that the toad is "venomous" as well as "ugly." Now although one "Learned Theban" has endeavored to prove that the great dramatist was profoundly versed in legal lore, and another that he was "well up" in medicine, and several that he had fathomed the depths of theological science, no one has yet, as far as we know, attempted to show that he is to be accept-

ed as authority in Natural History. As to toads, he is clearly wrong, saving the one point that they are indisputably "ugly." Yet if the proverb, "Handsome is that handsome does," were literally true, the Toad should be considered most comely; for there is not, as far as mankind is concerned, a more well-behaved, harmless, and useful creature upon earth. What bugs and insects would say of him, could they speak and write, is quite another question.

Toads, considered from the human point of view, are quiet, unobtrusive, and disposed to keep out of every one's way. They engage in no turmoils; rarely collect in numbers to constitute a social community; nor are they disposed to set at defiance any of the regulations of mankind. They delight in cultivated grounds, but never to the disadvantage of the proprietor. In the daytime they are rarely seen, unless an old log is rolled from its bed, a root wrenched from its place, or a stone is upturned which had been undisturbed for years. With extreme sobriety of deportment, a never-failing appetite, and unsurpassed digestive powers, they have been compared to aldermen, who are facetiously said to grow fat at the expense of the taxpayers. Like street-watchmen, sleep through the day, but at dark take position for a beat. If undisturbed, they sometimes occupy the same cozy residence under a door-step or some similar retreat, from whence there is a communication with a garden, or any other equally agreeable foraging spot, for years in succession.

Their longevity is uncertain; but if it is true that they are occasionally found boxed up in the solid wood of immense trees, from whence they were incidentally liberated; or stranger still, discovered hermetically sealed in firm, compact stone, brought from deep excavations in the bowels of the earth alive, it is morally certain we have no data for determining their duration of life.

Somewhere in the records of Natural History reference is made to a toad that was known to have resided thirty years in the same inclosure. Contrary to his usual custom, attracted by the sun's genial rays, he ventured out upon a grassy eminence near his hole. A tame crow belonging to the same establishment pounced suddenly upon the unsuspecting patriarch, presumed to have been wrapt in contemplation, and unluckily picked out one eye. After that misfortune, being no longer able to catch food, in consequence of a disturbance in the focal axis of vision, about to be explained, the poor creature was supposed to have died of starvation.

From the revelations of geology the fact has been demonstrated that there was a time when the globe was in the complete possession of reptile monsters of gigantic size. They dragged their huge bodies through lacustrine swamps, under a torrid sun—rioting in universal slaughter among themselves. At that early condition of the earth's surface the batrachian family was there, as large as a house. Such a declaration would be considered as ridiculous and incredible

as Gulliver's description of Brobdingag and the Lilliputs, were it not true that the actual fossil remains of those mammoth reptiles were on exhibition in various cabinets, an undeniable evidence of their former existence. Our present representative of a great antediluvian ancestry are but diminished shadows of an ancient lineage.

The Pipa, a huge toad of Surinam, a foot or more broad, is a wonder in its way. Each wart on the back is really a cell, into which its eggs obtain a lodgment after extrusion, by assistance of the male, where they are hatched, and the young ones are carried about by the mother, with their heads out, enjoying the prospect, as she hops over field and moor.

Toads, as well as frogs, subsist exclusively on living insects, as flies, bugs, worms, slugs, etc., caught when out of their hiding-places. Nothing is more curious in their nature than the well-established fact that they universally refuse to feed on any thing that does not give to them ocular evidence of being alive. They were predestined to keep down the too great multiplication of insects. If, therefore, they were to depart from the instinct that governs them, and feed indifferently on dead materials, nature would fail to accomplish the design contemplated.

Such is the fact in regard to serpents. They only feed on living prey. Their eyes may be deceived, and sometimes they may make a mistake, as in the case of a boa-constrictor which swallowed a woolen blanket in Boston, a few years since, and subsequently voided it unimpaired.

In consequence of this instinctive appetite for living insects, a rapid digestion and capacious membranous stomach, capable of remarkable distention, toads are incalculably useful to the gardener, by protecting his tender vines from their nocturnal predations.

Tree-toads carry on precisely the same useful function in the tops of fruit and forest trees. Each toe is a perfect air-pump, enabling them to hold to a twig with extreme tenacity, as they leap from branch to branch in pursuit of game. The top of the head of the remora, a marine fish, is constructed upon the same principle. They fasten to any passing fish they choose, and ride *ad libitum*, like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, while there is pleasure in the excursion.

Neither chemical compositions nor mechanical appliances, however ingeniously contrived, are to be compared with toads in the destruction of every kind of leaf-destroying, flower-gnawing, and fruit-biting bugs, flies, and their progeny. By an inherent predisposition, no better understood than why fishes or birds annually migrate, or the law by which a tortoise unmistakably finds its companion at the distance of miles in a locality it never saw, or where the mate was never before confined, the toad knows just the haunts of its prey. If openings are left under fences they will ultimately find them, pass into the garden noiselessly, and commence operations.

If the place is satisfactory, and they are unmolested, their excellent services may be depended upon through future successive seasons.

Immediately after an evening shower they might be collected in baskets and transferred to the turnip-lot, the cucumber, melon, cabbage, and squash yards. No educational preparation is required. If the picking is good they manifest no desire to leave. In one night a single toad, taking his position by the vine-hill, would destroy more bugs than thirty active men in twice the number of hours. There is no overstatement of their powers in this commendatory notice of their beneficial efforts.

Toads and frogs catch their prey with the point of the tongue. It is a marvelously constructed organ—occupying but little room just within the tip of the under-jaw—appearing like a small fleshy eminence on prying open the mouth. It is singularly elastic, and may be projected at the pleasure of the animal, from one to six and eight inches, and perhaps more. Unlike the tongue of other animals the point is directed toward the gullet. The projectile force is exerted with the quickness of a flash of light. An extremely tenacious secretion exudes from it, so sticky that the slightest touch with the object to which it is thrust holds it firmly, while the contraction of the fibres instantaneously delivers the struggling captive exactly at the opening of the fauces, where it is taken off, as our teeth detach a morsel from the tines of a fork. The muscular tissues of the tongue of the ant-bear, the snout of the tapir, the cleft upper lip of the camel, the tongue of the giraffe, and the trunk of the elephant, are similar in their anatomical composition. Each serves as a sensitive, prehensile finger.

Again, there is a peculiar prominence of the eyes in the batrachians. The globes seem to be fixed quite outside the skull instead of being confined within bony orbits. This gives them a wider range of vision—full two-thirds the arc of a circle. It might be adduced as a splendid illustration of Divine care in making ample provision for securing to the individual the means for providing for its necessities, although a singular departure from an apparently normal plan in respect to the visual organs in other animals. It sees its prey from all directions at the same instant, and calculates accordingly. In chameleons with a similar prominence, the eyes move independently of each other—hence they actually look two ways at once.

The visual axis, or point where both eyes meet on the object, is exactly at the distal extremity of the extended tongue; and so it is with the eyes of birds—the focus of distinct vision being at the tip of the bill—thus they see to pick up very small particles. But the poor toad of whom we have spoken, whose eye was picked out by a crow, on being tempted by a struggling fly on the point of a needle, invariably missed the hit; and as though reflecting upon the cause of the mishap, turned about an inch to the right and struck again, each time falling short about

the same distance. The experimenter who adjusted the dainty morsel purposely to ascertain whether the hungry unfortunate had reasoning elements, came to the conclusion that the difference between instinct and mental action are not within the ready grasp of philosophers. In seizing a fly, for example, on the floor, within an inch of their nose, the tongue resembles a red narrow leaf as it is thrown out—scarcely an inch long. Perhaps the next insects may be taken seven inches distant. Thus the distance is measured with an accuracy exceedingly surprising. It never goes by the object, or falls short.

Both toads and frogs extrude their ova in still water, to be hatched by solar heat. Toads drop their eggs in water, ordinarily in those stagnant places occupied by frogs, but the young leave and never afterward return to it, as soon as their tadpole transformation is finished. Sometimes a string of eggs one or two yards in length may be seen. Frogs' eggs are mixed up in mass of gelatinous matter; hence it is easy to determine to which they belong.

When tadpoles leave the shell they breathe by gills, and feed at first on the gelatinous mass in which long strings of eggs are entangled. Nearly ninety days are represented to be necessary to bring about a change in their respiratory apparatus to make them air-breathing. In the mean while four limbs are gradually developed, which existed from the beginning in an embryotic form. First the hind legs appear, and next the arms, which protrude through natural openings in the skin—as a gentleman slips his arms through hemmed slits in his cloak. And finally the tail is gradually absorbed. At once they emerge from the water, the lungs are inflated, the gills close, never again to move, and the toad and frog thus become ever after air-breathing, carnivorous reptiles.

Neither of them are amphibious, as vulgarly supposed, inhaling either air or water, as most convenient. They breathe exclusively through minute nostrils till the mouth is distended, when by acts of the will it is forced into the membranous lungs—the whole mouth performing the office of a bellows. On imparting its oxygen to the blood, the air is expelled by a contraction of the muscles of the abdomen.

Such are some of the singular metamorphoses those apparently insignificant, harmless reptiles undergo. It is said by some authorities that four years are required to give a perfect development so that they are capable of propagating the race.

They have a single heart and cold blood. Their vital tenacity is such that the oxygen taken into the circulation by a single breath will suffice to maintain life for months in succession. In diving, therefore, it is merely suspended respiration. On rising, however long they may have been submerged, oxygen is demanded again.

Water must be introduced into the system to dilute their food, and yet they can not drink by the mouth. It is imbibed by cutaneous absorp-

tion. Thus it reaches the stomach to facilitate digestion. In showery weather, in summer, shoals of young toads are hopping about in great glee. The object is to be refreshed with pure water, which, pattering on their backs, is rapidly appropriated within. It is by that singular cutaneous provision for absorbing fluids that they may have survived for centuries, if life with them is thus prolonged, by absorbing vitalizing properties from the atmosphere, through minute crevices in apparently solid rock, or the capillary tubes of mammoth trees.

Those unsightly excrescences which stud the backs of old toads particularly, are not cells for secreting a poisonous fluid, which they can eject. Shakspeare gave currency to a prevailing prejudice on that account, common in his day, which has been transmitted to ours. But it is an error made classical.

We are taught by these investigations that even the insignificant toad may be turned to practical account. Unobtrusive, positive in character, never interfering beyond his appointed sphere, it accomplishes the business for which it was intentionally designed, viz.: to keep insects within reasonable bounds of control, that their excessive multiplication should not operate to the permanent disadvantage or extinction of tender plants or other races. In various ways they subserve the best interests of the farmer and garden. They are as important in one specific direction as the birds in another, when unmolested and allowed to act out their own instinctive disposition.

• COST OF A HOME.

IT is all very well to talk about the opportunities—the *enjoyments* which young unmarried men have within their reach. But libraries and model coffee-shops don't sew on buttons, nor is it without the help of the most lively imagination that a clerk, or indeed any other sensible person, can perceive his beau-ideal of a little household angel in the green spectacled females who preside at the dingy lecture-room just around the corner. As applied to unmarried men in general, and to clerks in particular, to all the associations and societies which have for their aim the amelioration of the condition of such people—to all such societies that fail to furnish a *home* for a man, we have one grand objection to offer: It don't pay. As far as expression goes, the term is very vulgar; but it is telling—it is true. To be informed that one never misses that which one has never possessed is small consolation for a homeless man, because, in his case, the assertion is false every time that he is impressed with the comparative conditions of life; and such impressions are of hourly occurrence. And if this were not the case, it would require the liveliest imagination conceivable in order to discover *home life* in the fashionable arrangement which determines his birth, marriage, and death to take place within the walls of a boarding-house.

The problem to be solved, is to ascertain the pecuniary minimum that will serve as an assured basis of a private household, or *home*; or, in other words, to enumerate the items commanding our attention, and with the synthesis to present the reader with a form not only rational but comprehensive as a treatment of the most remediable ills of the class of men and women whose cause we are advocating.

Giving our observations a direct application, let us assume \$2000 to be the income of a man desirous of enjoying life in the true sense of the word, and let us likewise suppose him, through rigid economy, to have laid up that amount during the eighteen months previous to his marriage. He will then desire to invest his money in a manner calculated to render him, in time, independent of the precarious condition of householders in general, to say nothing of the *unproductive* demands which are annually made upon his income in the form of house rent. The possession of even a modest building site in a city gives a man the air of substantialness that justly belongs to owners of real estate; and possessing a lot in a respectable neighborhood, free from all liabilities, the proprietor will experience no difficulty in finding persons willing to advance \$2500 on a mortgage upon the lot and upon the house which is to be built. Along some of the car routes of Brooklyn, within an hour's ride of the city of New York, lots of 25×100 feet can be purchased for the cash price of \$500 per lot; and granting the house owner to spend \$1500 on furniture (such as is denominated "cottage furniture"), the following statement would be an exhibit of the outlay of his \$2000 and of the money raised for building purposes:

Cash paid for building lot.....	\$500
“ “ “ furniture.....	1500
Mortgage on house and lot for 5 years, renewable for 3 years.....	2500

This statement shows the entire property to be worth \$1500 more than the mortgage calls for, should the furniture be included; and inasmuch as \$400 per annum is regarded as a rent so low that many persons are anxious to take a lease for a considerable number of years upon a dwelling at this figure, it is most reasonable to apply the same amount toward the canceling of the mortgage suggested—which, indeed, can be very nearly accomplished within the time above specified. The schedule of payments on the following page involves the principle suggested.

According to the rule there employed it is evident that the canceling figure will be \$191 56 in excess of the previous yearly sum of \$400, or, in other words, \$591 56 will be the amount of the final payment upon the mortgage.

To a foreigner newly arrived in the city of New York, and ignorant of the domestic evils that reign in this land of plenty, it must appear highly absurd that a man enjoying an income of \$2000 per annum should be forced to apply extraordinary ingenuity in the decent mainte-

nance of his family. In London, in a healthy and respectable neighborhood within thirty or forty minutes' walk of the commercial portion of the city, \$300 per annum is regarded as a very respectable rental. Living in general is not high; so that a man with a yearly salary of £300 can afford to keep house and to enjoy some of the luxuries even of life. But in the city of New York, under the present system of management, the equivalent sum of \$1500 goes no distance at all toward the support of an establishment. But this condition of affairs can not exist forever. The yearly increase of buildings in the city of London, even relatively considered, is quite equal to that of the city of New York—a fact that goes to show that, while there appears to be no ordinary prescription to the growth of a city, the maximum valuation of real estate, in a given locality, is speedily reached, and that a subsequent inflation in its rate of value is but a temporary evil. The fact likewise shows that the magnitude of a city depends not upon a positive and absorbent wealth of its denizens, but upon enterprise founded on a *partial* money basis. Leaving the present extreme inflation of prices entirely out of the question, it is fair to presume that, eventually, the valuation of real estate in New York will be coincident with that of London to-day, and consequently the average of every description of rates will correspondingly decrease.

To have a home without a majority of unnecessary luxuries is called, nowadays, a sort of offense against *society*. And yet we do not think a man will greatly err in braving Mrs. Grundy and seeking his terrestrial heaven in a neat, substantial frame dwelling twenty-five feet front by thirty-five or forty feet in depth. The house would be small, but large enough to fall under the title of being respectable; and the fact of its being of wood does not prevent its being the abode of refined people, who, rather than to let Happiness shiver on the broad stairs of ideality, are sensible enough to seek, in a Christian spirit, a reasonable amelioration of their condition, and to surround themselves with the blessings of domestic life.

Whatever care children may require, until they shall have reached a considerable age, they demand but a small figure of the domestic ex-

pense. Thus, for the first few years, the reasonable annual outlay for the necessities and the comforts of life can be rated at an aggregate sum of \$1500 per three persons, and about \$500 per each extra couple of adults that might be added to the family circle. As regards food, fuel, and a moderate indulgence in the luxuries of life, the military *tables of subsistence* furnish us an excellent guide to the rule of quantity; and if to these we add an acknowledged judicious outlay upon wearing apparel, we can not greatly err in our estimate of cost of the entire responsibilities entailed upon domestic life. We here offer the reader a fairly estimated table of the quantity of provisions (and their prices) necessary for the sustenance of three persons during a single week. The rule of quantity is founded upon "The Revised Regulations of the Army of the United States (pages 277, 279, 280): Philadelphia, 1861." We have based the prices upon what tradesmen term "a wholesale purchase" of all imperishable articles of food, and the perishable articles are rated at the retail prices demanded for first-class provision.

Inasmuch as prices are *variable*, while the official titles of given quantities are *invariable*, the rules of relative quantity, and consequently of price, can always be predetermined by the following table, which we give from *The Revised Regulations, etc.* The only precaution to be taken in calculating the various quantities is to deduct one-tenth the weight or measure from each item, as the military excess allowed for wastage.

Rations for one Person for a single Portion of any given common Article of Food.

Description.	Pounds.	Ounces	Gills.
Pork } either	{ ..	12	..
Beef }	{ 1	4	..
Flour	1	2	..
Beans } either	{	$\frac{3}{4}$
Rice }	{ ..	1.6	..
Coffee	$\frac{3}{4}$..
Tea	$\frac{1}{4}$..
Sugar	2	..
Vinegar	$\frac{1}{2}$
Salt	$\frac{1.6}{100}$
Dried potatoes	1 $\frac{1}{2}$..
Mixed vegetables	1	..

The results here obtained show the average of table expenses for three adults to be about \$2 41 per day, if the provision be properly pur-

Payments on Interest and Principal of Mortgage on \$2500, dating from May, 1867, to May, 1875.

1867-1868.....	\$2500 00	interest due (7 per cent.), 1868....	\$175 00		
Payment, May, 1868....	225 00		215 00	equal to a rent of....	\$400
	2275 00	"	"	1869....	159 25
" May, 1869....	240 75	"	"		240 75
	2034 25	"	"	1870....	142 40
" May, 1870....	257 60	"	"		257 60
	1776 65	"	"	1871....	124 37
" May, 1871....	275 63	"	"		275 63
	1501 02	"	"	1872....	105 07
" May, 1872....	294 93	"	"		294 93
	1206 09	"	"	1873....	81 43
" May, 1873....	315 57	"	"		315 57
	890 52	"	"	1874....	62 34
" May, 1874....	337 66	"	"		337 66
	552 86	"	"	1875....	38 70
" May, 1875....	361 30	"	"		361 30
	191 56				

not in itself the *ultimatum* that is within their reach. To this class of beings appears to be intrusted the duty, the privilege, of maintaining an *intellectual home*. Possessing all the susceptibility to refinement that characterizes the majority of people born in a more fortunate condition of life, and yet flung, as it were, upon the very edge of a class that has want and vulgar poverty for its companions, the people whose cause we are advocating stare the misfortunes of the latter class in the very face, and are thoroughly alive to the benefits, the *social education*, which their more fortunate fellow-creatures are able to *buy*. But if one is to borrow trouble, is it necessary that the children of parents in narrow circumstances should receive but a wretched primary education; or because it is a rule followed by the greater portion of the wealthy classes, is it obligatory upon clerks to trust an expensive school with the inculcation of those moral and æsthetic refinements which are most properly acquired at the mother's knee? The instant we make *home influence* and (even a partial) *home education* the foundation of family government, the question of domestic life assumes a light wholly differing from that in which it is commonly viewed. And with regard to people so immediately connected with the extremes of the whole community, so considerable in number, and so impressible as the class to which we have dedicated our article, their establishment in the *domestic* scale of life, and the infusion of such principles throughout the body, must unquestionably affect in a beneficial manner the entire chain of society. For the present we must conclude with the remark, that while something remains to be done for this numerous class of individuals, much remains to be *undone*. It ought to be an empty regret for us, if the sister of our *belle idéale* chooses to marry the rich Smith, or if Miss Jones, who is "such a *perfect* lady," disdains to live in a cottage, or indeed in any thing short of a boarding-house, "a *large* one, where there is plenty of *society*." There is no dearth of *sensible* Miss Smiths, and *la belle idéale* will find that all the men are not geese. The truth is, that there is so much real misery in humbug, and such thorough humbug at the bottom of our little miseries, that it is a subject for wonder why

sensible men and women have not called a convention and tumbled the betinseled deity down the back stairs of society. And especially when humbug is involved in the subject under consideration, in nine cases out of ten, if a man and woman have just cause for mutual love, they are fools not to be happy together under merely tolerable circumstances, instead of living separate in the tinsel of a condition not far removed from that which they appear so heartily to dread. And if it will superinduce the overthrow of the god HUMBUG from his pedestal in the hearts of such men and women, we assure them that their determined *status* in the domestic condition will be immeasurably more respectable than the flimsiness with which they envelop their stilted, unreal course of life, the veil of which is penetrated by every body except themselves. The fiat of a self-constituted OPINION has promulgated laws as groundless in justice as the claim by which it sways the silly multitude. A false and irresponsible order of society brands us with a peculiar term of its own invention, and we tremble as though the thunders of Truth had been hurled against us. We *will not* be happy because we *can not* afford to torture ourselves with the criticisms of envious neighbors. It is the old story of "the man, the boy, and the ass," rehearsed in broadcloth and cheap finery; but with "The Moral" left out. It is so *comme il faut* to smother "The Moral" under gingham and home-spun; to say nothing of lugging into the presence of *refined society* such vulgarities as the being who travels nightly to his haven of rest, the welcome voices that greet his return, the conviction that the word *home* sounds no longer like a mockery in the ear—the quaint adage, that "home is home, be it ever so homely."

Life is but an imperfect labor if it does not involve the highest duties of its state. Like a butterfly, we may flutter along the surface of the social state, and paint our wings with a thousand hues; but we gather no treasure in our summer day, and an after-season will sweep us beneath the dead leaves, an unsightly, nameless worm. The man who can be happy at a cheap price is a fool to pay roundly for the certainty of being miserable; and those who *will* be fools must suffer the penalty.

STRANDED.

FLUNG out, a poor waif, on the Stream of Time—

The rushing river of Might and Mind—

She rests where Old Trinity's sweet bells chime:

A young girl, helpless, poor, and blind.

A spray of bead-work her fingers hold,

Which she fashions to trinkets fine and small:

Oh who shall guess what prayers are told

As she counts her beads by the church-yard wall!

Little by little, and tier on tier,

She builds as a wild-bird builds her nest;

While unfledged hopes and nameless fears

Flutter out from her brooding breast.

O'er her cheeks the flickering sunlight glows;

Hot tears on her thin hands sparkling fall;

While the throbbing city ebbs and flows

Past the maiden that weaves by the church-yard wall.

Six pretty globelets of pearly white,

With one of gold—and the mesh is made;

In the Dead-Sea waves of her endless night,

Netting—how vainly!—for daily bread.

Wan thoughts, like birds o'er a sunset pool,

Dimple her features, thin and small,

While the human tide whirls on to its goal,

Blind to the woe by the church-yard wall.

Alas! for the Blind that will not see!—

Alas! for the Deaf that will not hear!—

While want and woe and misery

Darken the daylight and stun the ear.

More hope for the Heathen, with never a creed,

Who basks in God's sunlight, that shines o'er all,

Than the Christians that pass in the hour of need!

The poor that starves by the church-yard wall.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE hope that none of our British cousins were disposed to smile at our enthusiasm over our royal visitor, Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands. True wisdom, the philosophers tell us, is to make the most and the best of what you have. Of course our British brethren, who have the privilege of maintaining royalty of the very first order—who keep a Queen and Princes and Princesses, and royal Dukes and Duchesses and Highnesses at an enormous expense—who pay for royal palaces and castles and seats at discretion, besides exhibiting a royal crown under a glass case in the Tower—will think, in their own expressive phrase, “small beer” of our raptures over her Sandwich Majesty. They have bought the right to be critical in such matters. But our monarchical critics should remember that most of us never saw a Queen, and we have been carefully taught that we must be very good indeed if we expect, even when we die, to go to Paris and see a real Emperor and Empress; while, perhaps, superior and prolonged virtue may carry us so far as beyond the Rhine to behold an actual Serene Highness of Schlippen-Schloppen, or a Grand Duke of Pumpernickle, in the flesh. But these are visions of ecstasy—the possibilities, merely, of another and a higher sphere.

The truth is, that our moderate and unsophisticated tastes in royalty would be satisfied by a King of the Cannibal Islands, if we could do no better. We had, indeed, a few years since the opportunity of contemplating a living Prince of Wales; and of the large crowds with which New York greets every fresh spectacle that which waited for his coming seemed to be the largest. It filled doors, windows, roofs, steps, sidewalks, lanterns, posts, awnings, trees, railings, and was as good-humored and well-behaved a throng as the sun ever shone upon. A large part of those amiable spectators had seen the mermaid, and the Albinos, and the fat woman, and the stuffed elephant at Barnum's, for twenty-five cents, and here they were—such is the benignity of Providence to a model republic—about to behold a living royal Prince gratis. The faithful historian will record that they were worthy the high privilege. As for the elect damosels who afterward danced with him, and broke down in his august society through the impromptu floor of the late lamented Academy of Music, they preserve the incident doubtless in sacred family tradition, and the memory will be transmitted to the ultimate generations of their houses as a precious heir-loom. Indeed there are matrons comely and gracious still to be encountered in the most perfumed circles, who have the air of peculiar darlings of fortune, and bear themselves with a mien of affable superiority to all contemporary events, but the secret of whose beatification is not comprehended until they are pointed out with awe as partners of the Prince de Joinville at Mrs. —'s famous ball of a quarter of a century ago. Did any of those mild matrons, who might have been at Washington four years since, recognize in a very quiet, very deaf old gentleman, who went about modestly peering into every thing, the royal and gallant sailor Prince of that earlier, rosy time?

The British brother who feels that he has an undivided thirty millionth part of interest in the remotest Plantagenet or princely Tudor, was doubtless inclined to smile at the idea of a grand-daugh-

ter of more or less honest John Young, a British Jack tar, appearing as a queen, and graciously giving audience to the special ambassador of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the United States respectfully inviting her to become the guest of the nation. But the same brother would kneel, tingling with delight at the overpowering condescension, if the Empress of France should proffer him her lily hand to salute. And why not the grand-daughter of John Young as well as Miss Montijo? Nay, did not Victoria, Defender of the Faith, descend the grand staircase at Windsor Castle, and offer her ineffable cheek to the oscular salutation of Miss Montijo's husband? That was not only right, but right royal, by the etiquette; yet who was that husband but the nephew of a Corsican lieutenant of artillery?

That is only saying that the most umbrageous oak springs from an acorn. All royalty has a beginning, good British brother. Kings first crown themselves, as the Corsican lieutenant did with the iron crown of Lombardy at Monza. Indeed, only those who are able to crown themselves found royal lines, and “King by the grace of God” really means only king by the grace of an ancestor's right arm or cunning brain. That grim jester, Count Otho Von Bismarck, who has been turning Germany and Europe upside down, says with a fine feudal air, “Prussian monarchs have received, not from the people, but by Divine Grace, a practically unlimited power, a portion of which they have voluntarily granted to the people.” Felix Holt would treat the Herr Count's remark with exactly the respect it deserves by saying, “Grace of fiddlestick! He gets his power from the elbow grease of the old Counts of Brandenburg.” And when we have come so far, why is not that original ointment of royalty as respectable in a British sailor as in a German man-at-arms, or a Corsican lieutenant?

In a late admirable letter from Paris we read, with ardor and satisfaction, that the ruler of France has usually one or two kinds of soup, a bit of fish, a plate of roast, and a chop, at dinner, with a light pudding and perhaps a crumb of old cheese by way of dessert. But we confess reading with an equally respectful awe that the dowager ruler of the Sandwich Islands “partook heartily of gumbo soup, chicken, green pease, succotash, and all the other delicacies of the season.” Our kind Parisian informant, writing to the papers, also described the country costume of the Corsican lieutenant's nephew. He wears high boots, it seems, of convenient material and form, when he rides to hunt in the park at Compiègne—a domain which is kept for him by the people of France in gratitude for his great public services. But Mr. Jenkins, our amiable fellow-citizen, conveys no less gratification in informing us that “Her Majesty wore for the drive in the Park a black and steel-gray grenadine dress, of small pattern, with a Japanese cloak of the same material, trimmed handsomely, and a black velvet jockey hat with black and white feathers. Also dark kid gloves, and a single jewel of unusual brilliancy fastened in the collar of the dress at the throat.” Mr. Jenkins reserves the following fact as a *bonne bouche*: “Her visiting cards have a mourning border, in memory of his late Majesty, husband of Queen Emma, King Kamehameha IV., now dead.” Mr. Jenkins, of Paris, does not speak

of the visiting cards of his Imperial personage; but they too, without doubt, have a mourning border in memory of the fellow-Frenchmen of his Majesty who died suddenly of grape-shot in the streets of Paris on the 3d and 4th of December, 1852, and for those who more lingeringly perished at Cayenne and elsewhere.

As for the public services of the two potentates, Her Majesty the Queen, as Mr. Jenkins further states, being a dowager, "and not having any affairs of state to engross her attention—she being a sincere Christian, as above stated," is a member of the Episcopal Church, and is engaged in raising money for the propagation of Episcopal Christianity in her soft and sunny realms. In England Her Sandwich Island Majesty was honorably received by Her Britannic Majesty, and obtained about fifty thousand dollars for her pious purpose. Her imperial cousin of France is also engaged in propagating his gospel of Cæsarism by the pen and otherwise, both at home and abroad. He has undertaken, on the one hand, a mission to the barbarous Mexicans, and, on the other, he is striving for the conversion of savage Republicans, and the gay and gallant nation, more used than we to such luxuries as kings and emperors, foots the little bills.

The British brother and cousin may smile; but her Majesty in steel-gray grenadine, and busy, in her Japanese cloak and black velvet jockey-hat, with black and white feathers, in teaching High-church Christianity to the soft Pacific Islanders, has quite as satisfactory a patent of royalty, if not quite so ancient and dusty, as the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, the Braganzas, or the Bonapartes. As for the Guelphs their representative is also a Queen, honored and beloved, and there shall be no comparisons. But the *mot* of the old statesman is more than ever the motto of modern conviction, "Your Majesty's self is but a ceremony." If the British and other foreign brethren prefer to maintain it at its necessary expense, of which the money is the smallest part, we will not quarrel. We are wholly content to indulge in the ceremony no further than in following with attention Mr. Jenkins's graphic account of the royal progress of her Sandwich Island Majesty at her own cost.

A GREAT historical event has occurred since our last talk, and it has been received almost as a matter of course. The distance between Europe and America has been practically annihilated; the Atlantic ocean has been abolished; steam as an agent of communication has been antiquated; we read every morning the previous day's news from London or Paris, and there is no excitement whatever. Scarcely a bell has rung or a cannon roared. Not even a dinner has been eaten in honor of the great event, except by the gentlemen immediately concerned; and the salvo of speeches which usually resounds upon much inferior occasions from end to end of the country has been omitted. Indeed, the first thing was caviling and sneering, and an insinuation that the ocean telegraph was no "great shakes" after all. Persons of a cynical turn, however, observed that the defamatory strain proceeded from the newspapers, upon which the success of the enterprise imposed a heavy outlay. For the insatiable public must have all the news at the old expense; and experience has demonstrated that, to the public, no news is worth more than three or five cents.

Indeed, the possible results of the immediate

union of the two continents are so incalculable that all the commentators have avoided speculation. They will be so rapidly developed that we can well wait. The first and inevitable consequence has been the sweeping away of the old and intense general interest in the heading of "Three days (more or less) later from Europe," which has so long heralded the arrival of the ocean steamers. The steamers bring the cream no longer. That is shot electrically under the sea, and the ships suddenly convey only skim milk. They are yet young men who remember the arrival of the *Sirius* and the *Liverpool* and the *Great Western*. Their coming was the occasion of a thousandfold greater excitement than the laying of the cable. Yet if some visionary enthusiast had said to his friend as they watched with awe the steaming in or out of those huge ships, "Before we are bald or gray we shall look upon these vessels as we now look from the express train upon the slow old stage-coaches," he would have been tolerated only as a harmless maniac. But this kind of maniac is very apt to prove the only wise man. The sole folly is in setting limits to the scope and results of invention.

Of course, there will be something very tantalizing in hearing only the central and important fact of important news. The details are often essential to intelligence as well as satisfaction, but the cost of sending messages is so great that for the present the explanatory details must be often omitted. Thus at this very time of writing the telegraph has just said that Louis Napoleon has asked of Prussia an extension of the French frontier to the Rhine. Under what circumstances and upon what conditions we do not hear, and we are left a prey to boundless speculation. But this is a difficulty which will correct itself, and the transmission of news will become a science.

The name which will be always associated with this historical event is that of the man who has so patiently and unweariedly persisted in the project, Cyrus W. Field. With an undaunted cheerfulness, which often seemed exasperating and unreasonable and fanatical, he has steadily and zealously persevered, no more dismayed or baffled by apparent failure than a good ship by a head wind. We remember meeting him one pleasant day during the last spring in the street by the Astor House in New York. He said that he was going out to England by the next steamer.

"And how many times have you crossed the ocean?"

"Oh," he replied, with the fresh enthusiasm of a boy going home for vacation, "this will be the twenty-second voyage I have made upon this business." And his eyes twinkled as we merrily said good-by. We heard of him no more until we saw his name signed to the dispatch announcing the triumph of his blithe faith and long labor.

A PARAGRAPH in the papers announces that Dr. Stone of Washington has been commissioned to make a marble statue of Alexander Hamilton, to be placed in the Capitol. Of the merits of Dr. Stone as a sculptor we are wholly ignorant. Indeed we do not remember to have seen his name before. Nor does it appear who has commissioned him. But there can be no doubt that it is a work worthy to be done. There is a statue of Hamilton in Boston, carved by Dr. Rimmer, in Quincy granite, by a private order, and admirably placed in Commonwealth Avenue. But Quincy granite can not make

an expressive statue, and whatever the skill of the sculptor may be, the effect of the sculpture is not satisfactory. It is to be hoped, therefore, that Dr. Stone is an accomplished artist, for as the work is worth doing it is worth doing well.

Indeed, if the money that has been spent upon Persico's performances and upon sundry pictures—let us name, not invidiously, Mr. Powell's *De Soto*—had been devoted to a series of simple statues of the great fathers of the Union, placed either within the Capitol or upon the spacious terraces around it, we could contemplate the national expenditure for works of art with more satisfaction than is now possible. Among the chief of these fathers would stand Alexander Hamilton—a man who has been ardently idolized and reviled, but whose truly appreciative life has never yet been written. During the late war an Englishman, by the name of Riethmuller, published a brief biography, very much made up from Mr. George Ticknor Curtis's *History of the Constitution*, in which the amiable author, who was of the Spence school among his countrymen in his view of our politics, zealously attempted to show that we were in a trouble which Hamilton had foreseen, and for which he had declared there was no remedy. It was a new thing to find Alexander Hamilton quoted as justifying a war for State sovereignty in the Union; but it appeared that the author's view was that the trouble sprang from the very defects which Hamilton tried vainly to remedy; but having vainly tried, and the defects being left in the instrument, there was no remedy. It was a very great pity, but the only Constitutional fate for the United States was total ruin.

The book was evidently written for the purpose of setting forth this pleasing truth, and the biography was incidental. It was not republished in this country, although one house, at least, announced it; and the loss is not great, for although it was a clear and fluent narration, it was merely an easy compilation, and of no value as an appreciation of the character and power of Hamilton, or of his relation to the events of which he was so conspicuous and illustrious a part. The Honorable Fernando Wood, also, when he was Mayor of New York—a position to which that honest patriot was invited by many of the most "Conservative" gentlemen in Wall Street and elsewhere in the city—went to Richmond, in Virginia, and delivered a discourse upon Hamilton. It was reproduced in the papers, and so the world is not deprived of Thersites's portrait of Achilles. The work of John C. Hamilton is valuable as a collection of Hamilton's writings, but the proper, just biography is still wanting.

Alexander Hamilton was undoubtedly the mastermind of his time in our history; and although the Constitution was not what he would have made it, no man more sincerely accepted it as the best thing attainable, infinitely better than the old Confederation, and nobody labored more zealously and successfully than he for its adoption. Undoubtedly he believed its defects were serious, if not fatal; but unquestionably he anticipated that the Union would so vindicate itself that amendment and improvement would be gladly and peacefully made. He said to Josiah Quincy, in 1802, that he thought the Union as it was might endure thirty years. But he could not foresee, as no man could, a development and a discovery; the development of nationality, and the invention of the cotton-gin. It was the consequences of this development and this invention which produced the war; and the tendency which

has saved the Union, and which will modify the Constitution, is that which he always favored.

Hamilton was no less faithful to human rights than Jefferson. In the great debate which immediately preceded the Revolution he was too young to take a very conspicuous part. Yet in his earliest writings there is the most glowing and eloquent assertion of the rights, written "as with a sunbeam" upon the soul of man. He loved the English precedents rather than the French, because he believed progressive liberty was surer under Anglo-Saxon than under Celtic guidance. Much of the general popular impression of Hamilton is derived from those who bitterly opposed him, who were his political and party enemies; and no man should presume that he knows what Hamilton was until he has faithfully studied what he wrote, and has carefully considered his public career.

A noble statue of him in the Capitol of the Union of which he laid the corner-stone would be a truly national ornament and inspiration.

A FOREIGN correspondent says that Jenny Lind was lately hissed at a concert because her voice was so much gone. If it were a Parisian audience the story may be true, because Jenny Lind always treated Paris with disdain, and Paris retorted by calling her a pretty ventriloquial singer. But if it were an English audience we should be very slow to believe the report, for Jenny Lind always commanded so much respect as a woman as well as admiration for her wonderful artistic power, and she was so peculiarly honored in England, that it would be the basest ingratitude and indecency to insult her in the way described. It is the more unlikely to be true of England, also, because when Grisi sang in London during the spring, she was informed by expressive silence only that her spell was powerless. If it were not for the cruel streak in the Anglo-Saxon, the old Bersekir who sometimes shows himself, we should think it impossible that Jenny Lind could be hissed any where in England because she did not sing with the same voice as formerly.

Yet it is very hard for any actor or singer who has once drained to the bottom the foaming cup of enthusiastic popular applause to relinquish its hold. They are like women who have been belles and who can not abdicate, or buckish youth who can not consent to become older and to dress more soberly. We have seen a woman who at the age of seventy still wore a low-necked dress and bared her arms to the shoulder. We know a gentleman of the days of George the Fourth and of John Quincy Adams's Presidency who still wears the costume of that period. He was a buck then; he is a Guy now. But if we look kindly upon such fond tenacity, how much more generously and regretfully should we regard the reluctance of a great artist who has seen the delighted world at his feet, to believe that his power is gone and his spell outworn.

Of course we must not expect of the public refinement of courtesy and feeling. We, for instance, who remember Pasta in her prime, or the young Grisi, or Malibran—we old gentlemen and ladies who stepped stately quadrilles before ever waltzes were, forty and fifty years ago, must remember that the audience of to-day, like the dancers of the German, are of another generation. They do not see with our eyes nor feel with our hearts. When Pasta sings, it is not the magnificent lyrical queen whom they see and hear with their memory who is before them, but an old lady with a cracked voice.

Yet for her traditional glory they will silently tolerate what they can not applaud. Fifteen years ago Pasta sang for the last time. It was in London, at a morning concert at "Her Majesty's" Opera House. The Easy Chair stood in a corner and looked on. It was a very painful spectacle, except that the old habit of command and the noble method still remained. It was impossible to applaud, but the silence was full of respectful sympathy. The old spinet which Handel played upon would be a very doleful thing to hear, but who could laugh at it?

So in Paris the Easy Chair heard Duprez. His voice also was gone; but he, too, could not believe that he had lost his power. He sang at the Grand Opera, the scene of his old, nightly triumphs. The throng was immense. His reception was enthusiastic, for the audience honored in him the exquisite skill and the touching grace of "a day that is fled." Had he passed across the stage silently bowing, he might have had some thrill of the old feeling. But he tried to sing and he could not. His voice broke. It was thin and sharp and false. Sometimes no sound would be heard, and then suddenly a single clear sweet note rose out of the ruin, and charmed every heart. The next moment all was chaos again. There could be no enthusiasm, no affectation of pleasure, and the curtain came down, chilly, upon an uncomfortable audience, and upon an artist stung to the heart with mortification and shame. The army will applaud to frenzy the superannuated General as he rides along the line clad in the remembered glory of great deeds. But if he assay to conduct the battle, the enemy will ask no other favor.

Surely for a singer the silence, and, if necessary, the smallness of the audience will be enough. Hissing is an insult to every one who has truly honored the artist. Grisi sang but one evening in the spring—and no one would feel so deeply as Jenny Lind herself the failure of her voice. If she has been hissed in Paris, which did not hiss Duprez, it was because of the old resentment at her refusal to sing in Paris in her prime. If she has been hissed in England it was a disgrace to the people.

THAT the cholera has not stricken the country with panic is mainly due to the thorough discussion of the subject and the ample preparation that was every where made. Yet the resistance of various kinds offered to the operations of the New York Board of Health has been a mortifying illustration of the want of a truly generous public spirit. Instead of aiding in every way the strenuous and essential efforts of the Board they have been opposed by protests, injunctions, and slanders, as if they were a despotism aiming at oppression and injustice. "The public is an ass, my son," said a sententious old philosopher; "but don't treat it as such, or it will kick you."

The gentlemen of the Commission, however, who have so faithfully and efficiently labored to save the city, and so far the country, from pestilence, have the immense satisfaction of knowing that, in spite of every kind of jealousy and hostility, they have had the sympathy of all sensible men. Unfortunately, however, sensible men have not the authority to enjoin injunctions, and their sympathy has, therefore, not been so practically serviceable as was desirable. But the fact seems to be established, that it is possible to keep the city of New York tolerably clean, and no Commission has existed in vain which has proved that.

WE saw lately in the *Round Table* a vigorous and humorous assault upon the insolent ill-manners of the attendants at railroad stations and in the cars. The picture of official discourtesy was very vividly but upon the whole not falsely drawn; for although the pleasant exceptions arise in the memory of every frequent traveler in the cars, the surly style of railroad manners is unquestionably the type. The critic of the *Round Table* is, however, a terrible fellow. He is for unsparing measures. He will have the heroic treatment. When the laws of behavior are violated in a car the passengers are then and there to restore the majesty of law by the most summary processes. We are afraid that public opinion will still lag behind this commendable alacrity. The American is an easy-to-be-imposed-upon citizen of the world. Every day confirms the wisdom of the sage who had had much experience of travel and of mankind, and who said after observation of life upon Broadway, "What a pusillanimous people! Nobody dares to complain of the thirteenth man in the omnibus!"

But how John Bull would complain! How "Aristides" and "Viator" and "Cato" would thunder in the *Times* if the sacred right of one undivided twelfth part of one omnibus seat were unlawfully infringed! Let us honor him for it! The service of John Bull to travel is immense. He has carried the tea-pot to the ends of the earth. He has established washbowls, sheets, and blankets in the most German of remote villages. He is the great non-conformist of travel. British toast, British eggs, and British tea, if he dies for it! Thanks to him, it has dawned upon the Italian and French mind that people sometimes want to wash themselves, and don't always want to have their food smothered in garlic. The picturesque tourist has often forgiven the clumping Englishman, with the insolent round eye-glass imbedded in his rosy moon of a face, staring and stammering and stumbling through the scenes most sacred to sentiment—St. Peter's at twilight, for instance, or the Fountain of Egeria in a tender sunset—when he reflected that this round-faced starrer and stutterer was the queer good genius who had secured for mankind upon its travels so much solid comfort in lands whose language could not express the idea.

Since John is the apostle of comfort, how pleasant it would be if Jonathan would only be the apostle of courtesy! But he has certainly not yet entered upon that mission. It is a melancholy fact that, if the manners of the ticket-agent and the baggage-porter and the conductor and the other *personnel* of a railroad are distressing to the sensitive soul, so the manners of the passengers to whom these agents minister are also far from the ideal. Upon both sides it appears that there is degeneracy. If the jovial coachman is no more, the polite passenger has disappeared. "Origen," a philosopher of experience and of venerable years, writes the Easy Chair upon this very point, and he wings his delicate darts at the breasts of the baser sex. The *Round Table* tells us of the enormities of conduct in the officers of a railroad. Listen, then, to the experience of "Origen" concerning those of the male passengers.

"Good manners in the men are, I may say, too often the exception rather than the rule. Invariably they monopolize the best seats in the cars, *those particularly on the shady side* and near the middle of the car, which are the easiest to ride in. The moment the car doors are opened men, unattended by

ladies, rush to these seats, and leave to the weaker sex either none at all or those which are the least comfortable. They plant themselves at the window side of each seat, and there they remain immovable, compelling ladies to sit where they are separated from their husbands or children or the friends who are with them, in seats where there is no support for the weary head, or access to fresh air, so much more important to ladies than to men, and often by the side of a man so besotted with alcohol and tobacco as to be disgustingly offensive." Here is a Dutch interior, in style. But our Teniers is sketching American boors. "Origen" proceeds to speak of the decay of public good manners.

"I traveled much before railways were introduced. Invariably during the period of post-coaches it was the custom—and a very proper and commendable custom it was—to allow ladies to be first seated and to choose their seats; and such is now the custom where post-coaches are used." This custom, he contends, warming with the genial theme, "has conferred upon women the absolute right to seats in preference to men when there are not enough to accommodate all. A custom so obviously proper and just, so long established and so universal, in the absence of any express enactment to the contrary, is Law." He then speaks of the late case in Buffalo, where a conductor was fined five hundred dollars for ejecting a man from the car because he refused to give up his seat to a woman. Has this case fallen under the observation of the Cato of the *Round Table*? "Origen" contends that such a decision was a disgrace to American jurisprudence. "The conductor," he asseverates, "would not have done his duty to the railway company and the public had he not compelled the fellow—I can not call him a man—to relinquish his seat to a lady." The ejection, he grants, may be a doubtful point; but the reasonable assumption is, that, as he refused to give his seat to a lady, he was in no fit condition to be tolerated in the car.

Here seems to be the dawn of a beneficent compromise, a luxury for which the American is thought to have a peculiar relish. If, as the *Round Table* exhorts, the passengers are to teach the conductors manners, and the conductors are to teach the same to the passengers, why not appoint in every car some "through" passenger to be *Arbiter elegantiarum*, who shall point out the polite path both to passengers and conductors in every disputed point?

Every sensible traveler must be glad that the subject of railroad manners is exciting so lively an attention. Let us all bravely persevere, and we may soon reach the millennium, in which men will not cling to their seats under all circumstances, like saints in peril cleaving to moral principle, and women will acknowledge with a smile and word, which incalculably compensate, the courtesy which offers them a seat.

THE wonderful events of the time upon the peninsula give a remarkable historic value to a most delightful work by William D. Howells which is just published under the title of "Venetian Life." Mr. Howells went as United States Consul to Venice half a dozen years since, and lived there for two or three years, and he did not lose his opportunities. After seeing and hearing and studying, as it were saturating his mind and imagination with Venice, he has given us the most vivid, accurate, and poetic description of life in Venice that we recall. To one familiar with the city Beckford's few touches are

more satisfactory than the detailed accounts of more stolid and prosy observers, but in Mr. Howells's book, while no local charm or characteristic spell of romance is wanting, the daily movement and habit of the place are photographed with pathetic fidelity. No one who is not somewhat familiar with the city and its life can tell with what extraordinary skill its peculiarly forlorn and unique character is imparted to the reader by this book.

Indeed, its information is so copious under the gayest and most graceful air of loitering observation, that it is sure to become a gondola companion. The lover of the strange old city will repay the debt he owes her for enriching his life and imagination by enabling her beauty to be more wisely seen and her character more truly appreciated. He can not indeed, for his book is truthful, paint the Venetian as honest, earnest, and industrious; but he describes his indolence and frailty so sagaciously, he discriminates between the north and northwest aspect of falsehood so dextrously, that, despite the author's modesty and doubt, we can see a Venetian studying the book like a looking-glass and smilingly confessing the amusing veracity.

Like every competent observer of Venice Mr. Howells is a man of poetic imagination, mingled with perfect good sense. His admiring appreciation, therefore, does not become tiresome with rhetorical raptures, but a delicate and airy humor keeps every thing in its place. It is so easy to be extravagant and sentimental about Venice, and to blur your picture by the washes meant to soften it, that Mr. Howells's truthful touch, which leaves the charm natural and unexaggerated, is all the more admirable. It is, however, the life of Venice which he describes, and the pictures, the monuments, and the history are all subordinate in his treatment to the main object; and whether it is that the aspect of the subject which he selects has been usually omitted, or that his fresh and original observation invests an old theme with the fascination of novelty, the impression is that of an entirely unhackneyed topic. Most English and American tourists go to Venice with Childe Harold and Rogers's Italy in their minds and hands, and are pleased in the degree that what they see confirms the conception they bring. But Lord Byron is neither a hero nor a historian to Mr. Howells, and he very quietly tells the truth about the Bridge of Sighs and the *Piombi*, without, however, the least intimation that, because the tyranny of the Republic may have been misrepresented, the old times of Venice were a little heaven below.

The book, indeed, although, as we said, gay and graceful in form, leaves the reader with two very grave thoughts; that the present paralysis of Venice is in great part the result of Austrian rule, and that a population so long dead to noble aims, and unused to self-respect and energetic industry, will not be regenerated by the mere fact of regaining an acknowledged Italian nationality. Yet this is somewhat relieved by what we learn from our author of the political and social ascendancy of the intelligent professional class, to which Daniel Manin belonged, and which must furnish the leadership of the national union movement. It may console those who are disposed to despond of our own condition to compare the difficulties of Italy, as of every other country in the world, with ours, *Ci vuol pazienza!*—Patience, patience! It is a contest of tendencies every where; but he ought never to have lived to this time who does not see the day breaking all around the horizon.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 1st of September. It embraces some important political movements at home, and the conclusion of the European war, which has in a measure remodeled the map of Europe.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

The "National Union Convention" met at Philadelphia on the 14th of August. This Convention has special importance from its being the formal inauguration of a party to sustain the policy of the President, in opposition to that of the majority in Congress. Delegates were present from every State and Territory. General John A. Dix of New York, was appointed temporary Chairman, and delivered a brief speech, the purport of which was that we were not now living under the Government ordained by the Constitution, because ten out of thirty-six States were not represented in Congress. The President, not acting under any Constitutional power, had proposed conditions for the admission of the revolting States to the exercise of their functions as members of the Union. These conditions had been complied with; and the exaction of new conditions as proposed by Congress was "unjust, and a violation of the faith of the Government." The amendments to the Constitution proposed by Congress could never receive the sanction of three-fourths of the States, and "to insist on the conditions they contain is to prolong indefinitely the exclusion of more than one-fourth of the States from their right to be represented in the Legislative bodies." The President had done all in his power to correct this wrong, and General Dix hoped that the Convention would confine its action to this point.—From several States more than one set of delegates were sent, and some difficulty was apprehended in settling their conflicting claims. Moreover the previous course of several of the elected delegates had been such as to render them obnoxious to the great body of the Convention. Prominent among these were Fernando Wood of New York, and Clement C. Vallandigham of Ohio. These, however, declined to present their credentials, and the Convention was organized without difficulty. The delegations from Massachusetts and South Carolina, headed by General Couch and Governor Orr, entered the hall arm in arm. The Convention was formally organized by appointing Hon. J. R. Doolittle, Senator from Wisconsin, as permanent Chairman. He made a brief speech, endorsing all that had been said by General Dix. Apart from these, there was no speech-making in the Convention, its action being embodied in a series of ten resolutions, forming a "Declaration of Principles and Purposes," and in an "Address to the People of the United States," submitted by a Committee, of which Senator Cowan of Pennsylvania was Chairman. Both were, however, drawn up by Hon. Henry J. Raymond of New York, editor of the *Daily Times*. The following, much abridged, is the Declaration of Principles:

- I. We hail the end of the war and the return of peace.
- II. The war has maintained the authority of the Constitution unabridged and unaltered, and has "preserved the Union with the equal rights, dignity, and authority of the States perfect and unimpaired."
- III. Representation in Congress and in the Electoral

College is fundamental and essential to the existence of our republican institutions; "and neither Congress nor the General Government has any authority or power to deny this right to any State, or withhold its enjoyment under the Constitution to the people thereof."

IV. The people of the United States are called upon to elect to Congress "none but men who admit this fundamental right of representation, and who will receive to seats therein loyal representatives from every State in allegiance to the Union," subject to the right of each House to judge of the qualifications of its own members.

V. The Constitution of the United States is the supreme law of the land, and among the rights by it reserved to each of the States is that "to prescribe qualifications for the elective franchise therein, with which right Congress can not interfere. No State or combination of States has the right to withdraw from the Union, or to exclude, through their action in Congress or otherwise, any other State or States from the Union. The Union of these States is perpetual, and the authority of its Government is supreme within the limitations and restrictions of the Constitution."

VI. Amendments to the Constitution may be made only in the mode prescribed by the Constitution; "and in proposing such amendments, whether by Congress or a Convention, and in ratifying the same, all the States of the Union have an equal and an indefeasible right to a voice and vote thereon."

VII. Slavery is abolished and prohibited, and there is nowhere any desire or purpose to re-establish it; "and the enfranchised slaves in all the States of the Union should receive, in common with all their inhabitants, equal protection in every right of person and property."

VIII. All obligations incurred in making war against the Union are wholly invalid; and the National Debt is sacred and inviolable.

IX. It is the duty of the National Government to meet promptly all its obligations to Federal soldiers and sailors, and to extend generous and considerate care to those who have survived, and to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen.

X. Andrew Johnson, the President of the United States, "has proved steadfast in his devotion to the Constitution, the laws, and the interests of his country," and in him the Convention "recognizes a Chief Magistrate worthy of the nation, and equal to the great crisis upon which his lot is cast; and we tender to him in the discharge of his high and responsible duties our profound respect, and assurances of our cordial and sincere support."

The "Address" is an elaborate argument in favor of the "Principles" above set forth. Speaking of the policy pursued by Congress, the following language is used:

"No people has ever yet existed whose loyalty and faith such treatment long continued would not alienate and impair. And the ten millions of Americans who live in the South would be unworthy citizens of a free country, degenerate sons of an heroic ancestry, unfit ever to become guardians of the rights and liberties bequeathed to us by the fathers and founders of this Republic, if they could accept, with uncomplaining submissiveness, the humiliations thus sought to be imposed upon them. Resentment of injustice is always and every where essential to freedom; and the spirit which prompts the States and people lately in insurrection, but insurgent now no longer, to protest against the imposition of unjust and degrading conditions, makes them all the more worthy to share in the government of a free commonwealth, and gives still firmer assurance of the future power and freedom of the Republic."

The present position of the people of the Southern States is thus described:

"They accept, if not with alacrity, certainly without sullen resentment, the defeat and overthrow they have sustained. They acknowledge and acquiesce in the results, to themselves and the country, which that defeat involves. They no longer claim for any State the right to secede from the Union; they no longer assert for any State an allegiance paramount to that which is due to the General Government. They have accepted the destruction of Slavery, abolished it by their State Constitutions, and concurred with the States and people of the whole Union in prohibiting its existence forever upon the soil or within the jurisdiction of the United States. They indicate and evince their purpose, just so fast as may be possible and

safe, to adapt their domestic laws to the changed condition of their society, and to secure by the law and its tribunals equal and impartial justice to all classes of their inhabitants. They admit the invalidity of all acts of resistance to the national authority, and of all debts incurred in attempting its overthrow. They avow their willingness to share the burdens and discharge all the duties and obligations which rest upon them, in common with other States and other sections of the Union; and they renew, through their representatives in this Convention, by all their public conduct, in every way and by the most solemn acts by which States and Societies can pledge their faith, their engagement to bear true faith and allegiance, through all time to come, to the Constitution of the United States, and to all laws that may be made in pursuance thereof."

The practical action recommended by the Convention is this:

"We call upon you in every Congressional district of every State, to secure the election of members, who, whatever other differences may characterize their political action, will unite in recognizing the right of every State of the Union to representation in Congress, and who will admit to seats in either branch every loyal Representative from every State in allegiance to the Government, who may be found by each House, in the exercise of the power conferred upon it by the Constitution, to have been duly elected, returned, and qualified for a seat therein."

Several speeches were made, not in the Convention, by Southern delegates to that body. The most notable was by Governor Orr, of South Carolina, before the Johnson Club. He said, as reported:

"He and his audience had been brought up in widely different political schools. He had been taught that the States were supreme: they that the General Government was supreme. His section had demanded its supposed privileges; the North had denied them. The South claimed the right of secession; the North denied the existence of any such right. The South seceded, and with the North appealed to arms, and finally both sections threw down the gauntlet to settle their dispute upon the field of battle. The war ended in the defeat of the South. The South had appealed to arms—the last and highest earthly resort—and the decision had been against them—a decision far more complete and final than any which could come from the highest judicial tribunal. The question of the right of secession had been settled completely and forever, and the results of the war had decided that the General Government was supreme. In this decision the Southern people, and he among them, acquiesced in all sincerity; and he came here on this first opportunity to say it to a Northern audience—to declare that the South renounced the right of secession, and accepted in good faith its allegiance to the General Government.... And I, a participant in this rebellion, come here to-night to say that I renounce the right of secession, the right of an appeal to arms, and acknowledge the supremacy over me of the Government of this Union. And the South, too, now that it was once more a part of our common country, had an interest in the national debt. That debt was created by the war, but it was created by his country as well as by the country of those whom he addressed. He, as a citizen of the Union, had an interest in its payment equal to that of other citizens, and he could say, on behalf of the Southern people, that on their part there was no intention to repudiate. They recognized it in all its force, and nothing was further from their intention than to repudiate the debt of their common country.... The South is a part of the country, and should have its just share in Congress; yet their representatives had been for eight long months knocking at the door of Congress, and, by the ruling of that power, had been refused admittance. He asked that privilege for none but loyal men, but contended that loyal men should have it. Those Representatives do not profess loyalty merely to obtain admittance, so that afterward they can throw off the mask and endeavor to imperil or overthrow the Government. They do not ask admission merely to create discord. They come and knock, and ask it in order, in all sincerity, to aid the legislation for their common country, to enjoy that right the Constitution grants them, and to help to make laws for a Union they love equally with the people of the North."

RESTORATION OF TEXAS.

Texas has been for many months the only State governed by military authority or by a Provisional Governor. This State was specially excepted in

the President's proclamation of April 2, 1866, declaring that armed resistance to the Government had ceased, and that the authority of the Union was restored. This exception was annulled by a proclamation bearing date August 20, 1866. After reciting the several acts of the Government bearing upon the case, the proclamation concludes by declaring that "the insurrection which heretofore existed in the State of Texas is at an end, and is to be henceforth so regarded;" and that "peace, order, tranquillity, and civil authority now exist in and throughout the whole of the United States of America." Previous to the issue of this proclamation an election had been held in Texas at which J. W. Throckmorton was chosen Governor by a very large majority. The inaugural address of the Governor was delivered on the 9th of August. He had been opposed to the secession of the Southern States, and had in the Convention of Texas voted against it. But, he says, "while I regarded secession as impolitic and ruinous, I looked with scarcely less dread upon that doctrine which asserted an undefined and unlimited power in the General Government to use its military force against the States of the Union. When the appeal to arms was made, however, I pursued what seemed to me the path of duty. I followed the majority of my fellow-citizens, and shared with them the fate of the conflict." He says that "the President has extended to the people of the South liberal terms of restoration;" that he believes the great mass of the Northern people wish to see the South restored to all the benefits of the Government; and that it will be the chiefest of his duties to "inculcate among our own people the necessity of so demeaning themselves that the breath of suspicion shall not sully their reputation for fidelity to the Government, and in this regard shall labor to remove any erroneous impressions that may have been made as to a want of good faith and sincerity on the part of the people of the State."—On the 11th of August the President notified Mr. Hamilton, the Provisional Governor of Texas, that the time had come to remit the Government of the State to the authorities chosen by the people thereof, and informed Governor Throckmorton that the Provisional Governor had been relieved, and that the authority of the Government was placed in the hands of the elected Governor. This dispatch closed with the assurance that the co-operation of the Government of the United States would be tendered whenever it might be necessary to effect the permanent welfare of Texas. Governor Throckmorton in response "assures the President of the appreciation entertained by the people of Texas of the just policy, and hopes to convince the most skeptical of the fidelity of the people to the General Government."

GENERAL GRANGER'S REPORT.

General Gordon Granger, having been in May sent on a specific mission to the South, was also directed "to examine carefully into the disposition of the people of the Southern States, through which he might pass, toward the Government of the United States." He reports that he found no symptom of organized disloyalty to the General Government; that Northern people who came to the South to develop the resources of the wasted country were welcomed; that he heard rumors of secret organizations for the renewal of the rebellion, but upon investigation he could discover in them nothing but charitable institutions, chiefly for the relief of the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers. He says that

the people of the South may be divided into two classes: (1.) The industrious class, who are laboring to build up what has been broken down, and mainly occupied in providing food and clothing for themselves and their families. This class forms the great majority. (2.) An utterly irresponsible class, composed of the young men who were the "bucks" of Southern society before the war, those who remain being the disturbing element in the community, and doing much mischief; but they are an insignificant minority, and are "actuated not so much by a feeling of opposition to the Government as by a reluctance to earn their own livelihood by honest labor and individual exertion." The cases of individual outrage, apart from those committed by this lawless and dangerous class, are, according to General Granger, few and far between, and are no indication of the general condition of Southern society. Wherever lawlessness and turbulence have manifested themselves out of this loose class, it has been owing to some local or specific cause. "Chief among these," he says, are bad government, pillage, and oppression. For five years the Southern people have been the subjects of gross misrule. During the war their government was a military despotism, dependent upon the dictum of a single individual; since the war they have been left in a more or less chaotic state—their government semi-civil, semi-military, or rather a division of rule between the military, the Freedmen's Bureau, and the Provisional Governments." The Report of General Granger speaks severely of the action of the Freedmen's Bureau and of the Treasury Agents of the United States in the South. His general conclusions are: that the people of the South "had universally complied with the conditions granted and accepted at the final surrender of their armies and cause;" and that "what is needed to restore harmony and prosperity to the entire country, both North and South, is closer and better acquaintance with each other." He says: "The broad lands of the fertile South are now lying almost waste for the want of means and capital to cultivate them, when every acre of the beneficent soil might be a gold mine to its possessor, were the political relations of the people better understood and acted upon."

SPEECH OF GENERAL BUTLER.

General B. F. Butler made an elaborate speech at Gloucester, Massachusetts, late in August, in opposition to the policy of the President, and especially the admission of Southern Representatives to Congress. He said: "In 1861 the Representatives in Congress of the present eleven insurgent States, aided by some others, left their seats in the Congress of the United States for the purpose of destroying this Government. I am of those who believe that they now desire to return to their seats for the same purpose." When the South was captured the people were "public enemies, captured in war, surrendered by the surrender of the armies which they had raised to uproot the Government of the United States; and when we captured them we captured every thing they had. We captured men and property, their slaves, their rights, constitutional and otherwise. All were conquered." He criticised in severe terms the whole policy of the President, and the principles laid down by the Philadelphia Convention. With respect to the admission of Southern Representatives, he said:

"We see by the tone of the papers that these people are not ready for reconstruction. There is a mass of overwhelming evidence upon the subject. I for one do

not believe that any portion of this country is ready to participate in the government of the country until any man of any part of the country has equal rights with every other man. And until that can be done in every portion of the United States, that portion is not ready to be admitted as a portion of the United States. The Southern man, whether arrived at the common age of man or not, knows that he can go to any part of the North and speak his sentiments freely, and I do not want any part of this country represented in Congress until you and I can go and argue the principles of free government without fear of the knife or pistol, or of being murdered by a mob. And when men ask me how long I would keep these men out, I say, Keep them out until the heavens melt with fervent heat, until they will allow free speech and free press throughout their land. And if it should not come in this generation, we will swear our sons to keep them out till they become fit for a republican form of government."

He was equally emphatic in respect to Negro Suffrage:

"The true Democratic principle is equal rights to every man, and there is no such thing as having an exception in favor of or against the negro. Come back to the true principles of justice for all—equal rights for all men. Away with the idea that this is 'a White Man's Government.' It is God's Government. It is made for white men, black men, or gray men—all men, and all men with a perfect equality."

The corner-stone of a monument to Stephen A. Douglas is to be laid at Chicago on the 6th of September. The President, a portion of the Cabinet, General Grant, Admiral Farragut, are to be present at the ceremony. The Presidential party left Washington on the 28th of August, reached New York on 29th, and on the 31st were at Auburn, the residence of Mr. Seward. The President made speeches at several of the principal places on the route; the most elaborate being at a banquet given to him in New York. He defended the general line of policy which he had adopted, the main point being that the Southern States were entitled to be represented in Congress. "I do not wish them," he said, "to come back into the Union a degraded and despised people. If they come back so they would not be fit to be a portion of the great American people. I want them to come back with all their rights and privileges." He animadverted in very severe terms upon the policy pursued by the majority in Congress. General Grant, when he took the field in Virginia, declared that "he would fight it out on that line;" "I was with him," said the President, "and did all I could, and we whipped them on that line. I am now fighting these men on the other end."

FOREIGN.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* the general current of intelligence seems to indicate the approaching downfall of the Imperial Government of Maximilian. The revenues at the utmost are hardly equal to half of the necessary expenses of the state. The mission of the Empress Carlotta to Europe is said to have been a failure, so far as the effort to induce the French Emperor to grant direct pecuniary aid is concerned. It is said, however, that Napoleon consented to postpone, from November until January, the departure of the French troops, and would furnish Maximilian supplies from the French magazines in Mexico, and would give him a French general to command the Mexican forces organized by him.—Maximilian had some time since issued a decree declaring that "the port of Matamoras, and all those of the northern frontier which have withdrawn from their obedience to the Government," were closed to foreign traffic, or, in other words, to be blockaded. On the 17th

of August the President of the United States issued a proclamation declaring that this blockade by "the Prince Maximilian, who asserts himself to be the Emperor of Mexico," was null and void, not being maintained by any competent military or naval force; and that, being in violation of the law of nations and of treaties existing between the United States and Mexico, "any attempt which shall be made to enforce the same against the Government or citizens of the United States will be disallowed."—The feeling of the Government of the United States is clearly indicated by what took place at Auburn, New York, on the 31st of August. Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, introduced Señor Romero, the "Minister from the United States of Mexico," adding that he hoped "by next November our sister Republic would be delivered from the last vestige of foreign invasion;" and General Grant gave a toast "To the health of Señor Romero, and the cause which he represents."

The war on the *Plata* appears to have come to a stand-still. The allies, Brazil and the Argentine Republic, having advanced a little beyond the frontiers of Paraguay, find their progress by the river checked by the strong fortifications at Humaita, while the entire absence of roads precludes any further advance by land.

EUROPE.

Our European intelligence, received by mail, comes down to August 18; telegraphic dispatches bring it to August 31. Taking up the thread of the narrative where it was dropped in our last Record, we find that on the 22d of July the remnant of the Austrian army had fallen back close to Vienna, apparently in a condition to make a strong defense of the capital; while the Prussians had followed on so closely that their advance was fairly within sight of the spires of Vienna. On that day a sharp encounter took place near Presburg; a considerable town some 40 miles from Vienna, whither a portion of the Austrian force had retreated, followed by two strong divisions of the Prussians. This action, in which both sides claim the advantage, the Prussians apparently with the more justice, was interrupted by tidings of the armistice agreed upon the day before. This armistice, at first entered upon for only five days, was subsequently extended to await the progress of negotiations, which at length took the form of a definitive treaty of peace. The preliminary stipulations were arranged on the 26th of July, the negotiators being Count Bismarck for Prussia, Count Karolyi and Baron von Brenner for Austria. The full text of the treaty has not yet been published. The preliminary treaty consists of nine articles, which we abridge as follows:

1. The Austrian territory remains intact, with the exception of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. The Prussian forces to be withdrawn from Austria.

2. Austria recognizes the dissolution of the Germanic Confederation, and assents to a new organization, from which Austria is to be excluded. The States to the north of the Main to form a new Union, under the guardianship of Prussia; those south of the Main to form a Union, the relations of which to the southern Union are to be settled hereafter.

3. Austria gives up to Prussia all the rights which she has claimed in respect to the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein; but North Schleswig may be re-united to Denmark, if the people desire.

4. Austria pays to Prussia, by way of indemnity for the expenses of the war, 40,000,000 thalers (about \$28,000,000), from which is to be deducted one-half, which the Prussians had already received in various ways.

5. The kingdom of Saxony is to remain as at present; but Saxony is to settle with Prussia as to what she shall pay for war expenses, and as to the place which Saxony is to hold in the new Confederation. Austria to recognize the new Confederation which Prussia will establish in the North, with the territorial modifications consequent thereon.

6. Prussia guarantees that the King of Italy shall agree to the treaty of peace, as soon as Venetia shall be made over to him by the Emperor of France.

7. Ratifications of the treaty to be formally exchanged within two days.

8. When these ratifications have been exchanged, plenipotentiaries to be appointed to arrange the details of the peace.

9. The armistice to be extended, upon their application, to several of the minor States—Wurtemberg, Baden, and Hesse Darmstadt, "based upon the present military state of possession."

This last article is, perhaps, the most important of all, for upon it is based very important territorial acquisitions gained by Prussia. No mention is made of the kingdom of Hanover, which was wholly in the possession of Prussia, the permanent absorption of which by Prussia seems to have been considered as a settled fact. This kingdom contains a population of nearly 2,000,000. Bavaria will also be required to give to Prussia 1,000,000 of population, and several minor States more, in all 5,000,000. At the opening of the war Prussia had a territory of 109,000 square miles, a little more than that of the States of New York and Virginia, with a population of about 19,000,000. The acquisitions now made are about 42,000 square miles, a little less than the State of Pennsylvania, with a population of about 7,000,000, 26,000,000 in all. The great States of Europe, in respect to population, now rank in round numbers about as follows: Russia, 70,000,000; France, 39,000,000; Austria, 32,000,000; Great Britain, 30,000,000; Prussia, 26,000,000; Italy, 25,000,000; Turkey, 16,000,000; Spain, 16,000,000. But Prussia will practically wield the power of all Germany, excepting the German part of Austria, with a population of fully 35,000,000; and, considering her admirable military system, may be considered fully a match for either France or Russia.—The treaty of peace was formally ratified by Austria and Prussia on the 30th of August. The treaty with Bavaria has been approved by the Bavarian Chambers, where a motion was also made that a close union between Bavaria and Prussia was necessary.

It is said, apparently upon good grounds, that the French Emperor, in view of the great territorial acquisitions made by Prussia, demanded that the French frontiers should be extended to the Rhine; this was peremptorily refused by Prussia, and Napoleon withdrew his demand, stating that it was made only because it was imperiously demanded by the public sentiment of the French people. The French Emperor has made over to the King of Italy the province of Venetia, ceded to him by the Emperor of Austria; and he has formally denied that he had any design to annex to France any portion of the Belgian territory.

The British Parliament was prorogued on the 10th of August. The Queen's speech touched upon the Continental war. It was, she said, a contest in which neither the honor of the crown nor the interests of her subjects demanded any active intervention. Her Majesty gracefully recognized the friendly action of the Government of the United States in the late Fenian irruption into Canada, and said that the suspension of the habeas corpus act in Ireland must continue for the present.

Editor's Drawer.

COLONEL B— was of the genus "Mohawk Dutchman." He was a wealthy farmer, who lived in S—, in the central part of the State of New York, and who loved his *rye* and his *gelt* "like *never vas*." He came into the store where my friend was book-keeper, and having called for him, began to converse on the state of the country and the crops, occasionally asking the use of certain agricultural implements the like of which he had never before seen. Of a sudden he stopped his talk, turned his back to my friend, and looked with drunken amazement toward a "meat-safe," whose appearance evidently struck him with great astonishment. Steadying himself as best he could, he slowly lowered to his hands and knees, then looking up from the bottom he scrutinized the "safe" in every part. Evidently failing in his purpose, he raised himself carefully by holding on to the counter, and turning to the book-keeper, who could scarcely "contain himself," he asked: "Where in [hic!] do the *bees* get in?"

MAJOR B— and Mr. H— went fishing in a boat together. Mr. H— having but poor luck, left the Major, and taking another boat rowed off several rods, and some time after was observed to rise in the boat, beat the air wildly with his hands, and fall backward into the lake. His body was at length recovered, and his funeral was attended by a large and sympathizing group of neighbors and friends. Mrs. H— was relating the circumstances of his last appearance to "Aunt Polly," a tea-loving matron of the village, who listened with extended mouth to the story. "Do tell!" she exclaimed, as the narrator closed; "how terrible! But, tell me, Mrs. H—, *did he catch any fish?*"

THE late Judge B—, of Vermont, had a good horse. One day C— came to his office with a very fine-looking horse. C—'s horse had the heaves, but did not show it, on account of being "out to grass." Judge B—, admired C—'s horse, and finally exchanged with C—, giving him a large sum to boot. Judge B— soon discovered the horse was worthless, and sued C— for damages before Justice W—. C— appeared and defended his own case before the Justice. The Justice gave the case to Judge B—, with a small sum in damages. C— paid up, and then turned to the Justice, in the presence of Judge B— and his neighbors attending court, and said:

"I honor your decision."

"How is that? I have decided the case against you."

"I know that," said C—; "but after paying your judgment I have now cheated Judge B— more than one hundred dollars!"

DEAR DRAWER,—There is probably no class of men in existence who are made the butts of more ridicule than country editors. Our village boasts of several geniuses of this persuasion, and among them is one possessing more brilliancy than generally falls to the lot of these unfortunate individuals. Billy L— is known throughout his section as one of the most important (in his own estimation) of men in the county; and being publisher and financial agent of the only Democratic paper in the place,

is, of course, entitled to wear the honors which are lavishly heaped upon him. Billy is not as familiar with the English language as was Noah Webster, and knows nothing of French. One day during the late war he picked up a daily paper, and, glancing over the telegraphic dispatches, happened to notice the arrival of Hooker's corps at Nashville. A look of surprise overspread his features, and remarking to a by-stander that Joe Hooker was dead, read as follows: "General Joe Hooker's *corps(e)* passed through Nashville yesterday." The person to whom he read the dispatch doubted the fact, and requested to see the paper. Ye editor raised it to his friend's eyes, and said, with a knowing look, "There it is: 'General Joe Hooker's [spelling out the word and pointing to it with his finger] c-o-r-p-s—(corpse) passed through Nashville yesterday!'" Those around smiled slightly, but said nothing to dispel the illusion; and to this day Billy L— believes that Hooker's corpse passed through Nashville, and is now "mouldering in the ground."

OPENING the "Dear Drawer" in the month of July just past, a "good thing from over the water" reminded me of a similar occurrence this side:

Several years since, having just installed ourselves in a new boarding-house, I had occasion to call upon the chamber-maid (who officiated as waitress also) for some *nut-crackers*, never thinking it possible that she would not know that I wished to crack nuts. She returned soon to my room with a *plate of small crackers!* saying, "We has none unless these 'll do!" I gravely explained what I wished for, and did not laugh until she was quite out of hearing.

BUT longer ago than that, when I was a very small girl, living in the country, a recently-imported Irish girl, seeing a huge black snake that my brother brought home as the result of an afternoon's gunning, exclaimed, starting back in horror from it: "Indade, Masther William, did ye shoot the ugly baste a-flying?"

FROM Nashville, Tennessee, an old soldier sends the two following:

When the army was at Tampa Bay, Florida, much drunkenness existed. Scarcely a day passed without fifty or sixty men being brought in from the numerous grog-shops around in all stages of intoxication, from a little high to dead drunk. The usual remedy to sober them was a pint of salt and water, administered internally, a quantity of it being kept mixed for the purpose in a bucket. It was a severe remedy, but never failed in a single case. One day an Irishman was brought in and reported to the officer of the guard as uproariously drunk.

"The usual dose, Sergeant!" said the officer, and Pat was handed a tin cup of the universal remedy.

"Drink!" said the Sergeant, going through the motion.

"What! wather?" said Pat, gazing contemptuously into the cup.

"And salt," said the Sergeant, grinning.

"Salt and wather! did mortal man iver hear of such a thing on illigant whisky? Here! take the cup, man—I'll not do it!"

"Drink!" reiterated the inflexible Sergeant.

"I tell ye I'll not!" persisted Pat.

"It's *his* order," said the Sergeant, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to the officer of the guard.

"His'n, eh? did you say it was *his*?" inquired Pat, with his head on one side. "Well, that's another matter; why didn't ye say so at first? and here's to his health, whoever he is, and [winking at the Sergeant over the cup] may he niver have a better—pshaw! I mane a worse, dhrink!"

So Pat drank off his dose. In a few minutes he was very sick, and shortly afterward "settling up."

HERE'S another: Lieutenant Britton commanded a Company stationed at Tampa Bay during the Florida war. B. always kept a horse and an old soldier, named O'Donohue, to groom him, who would get drunk whenever he got the chance—which, on an average, was about once a day. One night O'Donohue went to B.'s quarters for the stable-lantern, which always hung up in the passage. It had been broken that day, and B. had mended it by the temporary expedient of a wire across the face of the glass through which the light shone. Ignorant of this, O'Donohue lighted the candle, closed the lantern, and stepped out on the piazza, when there, before his eyes, in the bright light of the lantern, was a log of wood lying on the piazza. Balancing himself for a moment, O'Donohue took a flying leap and passed the obstacle; but as he came down there lay another log precisely like the first. "Souls!" he ejaculated, "some divil has brought the wood-pile here for the Lift'nant to break his shins over, and be hanged to 'em! Here, ye varmint!" continued the old soldier, clearing the second impediment in handsome style. B., hearing this wardance on his piazza, came out of his room to see the old soldier taking another leap.

"What's the matter there?" he asked, in surprise.

"Have a care, Lift'nant!" cried O'Donohue, in his saltatory exercise. "Some inimy has brought the wood-pile here for your Honor to break your shins upon! Ah! yi! haven't I suffered!" and O'Donohue rubbed his shins in great agony.

"The wood-pile!—where?" demanded B., angrily.

"Look at that big one!" said the old soldier, lowering the lantern, and pointing to the *shadow* of the wire across the glass.

"Why, that's a shadow, you fool!" said B.

"A shadow!" said Pat, stooping down and examining. "So it is, be jabers!" and O'Donohue walked off, muttering something about the horrible climate affecting his eyesight.

STEPHEN C— was a jovial soul, and hesitated not to play a trick on any one. Among his acquaintances was a young lady and a young man, both of whom stammered very badly. They were not acquainted with each other.

Bob F—, the young man alluded to, was quite sensitive, and to think that any one was making fun of his defect made him frequently fly into a passion. It was Stephen's fortune to meet both of them at a party, and he soon determined on a joke.

"Miss Sue," said he, approaching his lady friend, "may I have the pleasure of introducing you to one of my acquaintances, a worthy young gentleman?"

"Cer-cer-cer-certainly, Sir."

Away he started for Bob F—.

"Bob, old fellow! here is a nice girl I want to introduce you to. Come on!"

"Does she taw-taw-talk?"

"Yes—like blazes!"

So off they started, and approached the seat of the lady. Stephen introduced them, and immediately drew to one side that he might see how they would manage each other, when his ears were greeted with the following conversation:

"How are you en-joy-enjoying yourself th-th-this evening, marm?"

"Th-th-thank you, pleasantly. But it is ra-ra-rather warm."

Bob's brow contracted; but he restrained his feelings, and continued:

"I pre-pr-pr-presume you are acquainted with most of those pr-pr-present?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, Sir; with all, I be-be-believe," said she, smiling.

But that smile ruined her forever in Bob's estimation, for, hastily rising, he exclaimed:

"By th-th-thunder! ma-ma-dam, if that is the way you make f-f-fun of a f-f-fellow's infir-fir-fir-mities, you may go to gr-gr-grass!"

Stephen laughed immoderately all the time, and was subsequently called to account for the trick; but his good-nature drove away all bad feelings.

A MERCHANT writes as follows (and the story is none the worse for having appeared in the *Drawer* years ago):

The art of dunning is not reckoned among the fine or polite arts. Indeed there are no rules on the subject, as each cause may be tried by itself, the success of various expedients being very much "as you light upon chaps." At times a lucky accident brings the money out of a slow debtor, after the manner following:

One of our merchants, nervous and irritable, received a letter from a customer in the country, begging for more time. Turning to one of his counting clerks, he said:

"Write this man at once."

"Yes, Sir. What shall I say?"

The merchant was pacing the office, and repeated the order: "Write him at once."

"Certainly, Sir. What do you wish me to say?"

The merchant was impatient, and broke out:

"Something or nothing, and that very quick."

The clerk waited for no further orders, but consulting his own judgment wrote and dispatched the letter. By the return of mail came a letter from the delinquent customer inclosing the money in full of the account. The merchant's eyes glistened when he opened it; and hastening to the desk, he said to the clerk:

"What sort of a letter did you write to this man? Here is the money in full."

"I wrote just what you told me to, Sir. The letter is copied in the letter-book."

The letter-book was consulted, and there stood, short and sweet, and right to the point:

"DEAR SIR,—Something or nothing; and that very quick.—Yours, etc., ————."

DEAR DRAWER,—Company B of the Ninety-ninth Illinois was in camp at Salem, Missouri. It was quite common for the boys there to go out of nights and kill "Missouri bears." One night, while it was raining and the darkness was too dark to see, Ceph Vertrees and one or two more went out with fell intent against the afore-mentioned animals.

We stumbled on a while through the mud, and finally Ceph shouted to us that he had found a nest of the ferocious beasts. The guards were plenty, and the great object was to hit the hog on the head a sure blow, so that it would not squeal, and thus betray us. As I have said, it was awful dark, and cautiously Ceph proceeded to do his work. Thinking he had the matter all right he aimed a huge blow, and down went the axe with all the vigor that a strong arm could give it. Much to our dismay the hog squealed, and we found out that Ceph had hit him *on the wrong end!*

DEAR DRAWER,—There was a little spontaneous incident, or accident, last night that I think would not disgrace you.

A party of us were discussing the "state of the country" in very animated style, when one of the speakers by a magnificent gesture plumped an attentive listener square on the nose, which strike was promptly responded to by a cry of Murder! We "dropped" the country and "picked up" the offender, and instantly arraigned him on a charge of murder in the first degree. Two were selected to plead the case *pro* and *con*; L— for the country, and G— for defendant. We certainly should have hung him *à-la-mode* moot; but G—, in his exordium, so overcame our prejudice that—but here it is, with the result:

"Gentlemen of the Jury—Conceit is not faith. And though the one may level the mountain with the plain, the other will not raise the plain to a mountain. The craving for exaggeration has become so great that, in order to view an elephant, you must look at it through a magnifying-glass. Gentlemen, the only way to get a correct idea of the real magnitude of any object is to look at it with the naked eye, and I would have you look at the case you are trying through the naked eyes of truth, and not through the exaggerating eyes of imagination and buncomb. Gentlemen, I have seen a silk bag that was carried in a basket suddenly grow as big as a house when filled with *gas*; and this simple case of passion has been *blown* to a profundity of crime which would shame a Borgia.....Gentlemen, I think I see you giving assent to the fact that the case is not *murder* but *passion*. And what is the law for the punishment of passion? Not hanging! No, gentlemen! The majestic justice of the law awards the punishment for passion to be a *fine of a supper for six, and the culprit to be dunked three times under any town pump!* Gentlemen, my client submits to law and justice."

CLIENT. "No, no; I—!"

Half an hour after a young man might have been seen slinking up Tenth Street appearing to have been out in all last Saturday night's storm.

Not a hundred miles from Utica, New York, lives one Jim T—, who loves a joke about as well as he does "old rye," and is always getting one off. Right opposite Dr. B—'s there is a mud-hole, which has remained in the same state since my earliest recollections. The other evening, among a group of the citizens collected on the steps of Eugene R—'s store, was Jim T—, all engaged in discussing the weather, crops, etc., when along came the Doctor's son, driving his old nag, and without trying to avoid the mud-hole, drove through the middle of it. George H— spoke up, and wanted to know "if that hole would ever get filled?" "Yes," replied Jim, at the same time ejecting a copious supply of the extract of tobacco, "next winter, when it snows!"

A WESTERN friend sends the following:

We have in our town a good-hearted and well-

meaning man, who sometimes, in endeavoring to be profound, "gets off" some very queer savings. Among other good qualities he has an implicit confidence in Providence, which he once qualified in this way. He had just returned from a long and tedious ride on a wet and cold winter's day. Sitting down by the fire and warming himself, he remarked to a friend: "Peter, I really believe if it had not been for the blessing of a kind Providence and *these thick pants* I would have caught my death of cold!"

At another time, when looking at the refraction of light through a prism, he produced the following sage remark: "I do not see why these beautiful colors could not be *extracted* from the light, and used for painting and dyeing!"

In September, 1860, the electors for Tennessee were addressing a mass meeting at Nashville in favor of the Presidential candidates. Governor Neill S. Brown delivered one of his most flowery speeches. Colonel P— was next called. He stepped upon the platform, raised his hands to an angle of forty-five degrees, and said: "Now, gentlemen, I will show you my position on this great national question." And taking a step back, seemingly to get room to spread himself, he went over flat on the ground! Shouting is no name for the applause.

A NEGRO came to Green Bay, Wisconsin, to keep a barber's shop. Soon after he opened a Western speculator presented himself to be shaved. His charge was asked; the barber said 25 cents. The customer named several cities he had been shaved at, and all for less money. The negro straightened himself up, and said: "Do you suppose I am going to leave good society in the East and come here among you backwoodsmen to shave men for ten cents?"

LONG and LYNCH kept a law-office in Salt Lake City, and over their door had their names on a large canvas sign, and underneath, "Attorneys at Law." They dissolved partnership, and Lynch continued practicing by himself, merely cutting his former partner's name out of the sign. The first-named gentleman, not liking to be cut out in that style, retaliated, during the absence of Lynch for a week in the country, by engaging a scape-grace to further deprive the sign of the words "Attorneys at," thus leaving it to read LYNCH LAW.

SOME of the best things in the Drawer are said or done by the clergy. Here is an example:

An old minister, who was out making pastoral calls, with his gray mare, was met recently by a *dandy*, or fast fellow. The old man's whip was a little the worse for wear. The dandy, with a supercilious air, shouted as he drove up: "Hallo, old cove! what will you take for your whip?" "*Your back!*" was the quick reply. The dandy drove on rapidly.

HERE is another, rather at the expense of "the cloth," from a Western city:

Some months ago a country clerical friend of an M.D. here came to the city, and was invited by the Doctor to go home and stay with him over night. After supper the guest was shown to his room, the gas lit, and he left to retire. Some two hours after the Doctor "smelt a mice," and soon discov-

ered that gas was leaking somewhere about the premises. His first thought was of his country friend, and so to his room he went. Sure enough the gas *was* leaking. The gentleman, upon being awakened, asked what was the matter? He was informed that the gas had not been shut off, and had been leaking. With an air of sorrow he rose up and looked over the foot of the bed at a spot on the floor under the burner, and asked, with great innocence: "Did it spoil the carpet much, Doctor?"

Mr. L——, an elderly, blind gentleman, better known as "Blind L——," used to travel round with his guide to do his own trading. He was subject to short convulsive fits; and was once feeling of some pants, preparatory to purchasing, but not having the right size the clerk had gone to the warehouse for a fresh lot. During his absence the old man was overtaken with one of his fits, and the clerk, ignorant of the fact, was returning with the pants, when he was asked by the "boss"—who was in the office, and could see the old man's contortions—"if he had got a fit?" "Well, Sir," said the clerk, "within half an inch! he wears 31×31 , and the nearest we have is $31\frac{1}{2} \times 31$, but I can scratch out the $\frac{1}{2}$, and he won't know the difference!" The affair caused lots of laughter, in which the old man himself joined when he had recovered and was told of the clerk's misconstruction of the word *fit*.

THERE are so many smart children that they can't all get in the Drawer at once. Here are a few as a specimen of many:

Some weeks ago, during a severe thunder-storm, a lady friend was telling the children not to be afraid; that God held the thunder in his hand, and would not let it hurt them unless He thought it for the best. She had hardly concluded when a very loud clap was heard. "There, now!" says a four-year-old, "God has let go of it, and gone home out of the rain!"

THERE appeared in a late Number of *Harper* a Christmas story, entitled, "What Hope Bell found in her Stocking." Thinking to amuse the little ones, who were turning the leaves with me, I suggested to the children assembled that we guess in turn what the contents of said stocking might be. But Jamie, the youngest, not yet four, put an end to all surmising, by saying, "She found *her leg*!—what do you s'pose?"

A YOUNG friend of mine, aged five years, asked his aunt "if he ought to mind his mother?" "Certainly," replied the aunt; "you should always obey your mother." "Well, then," said the prodigy, "she told me to ask you to buy me a *fiddle*!"

"PA," said little Channing to his paternal ancestor, holding up a Sunday-school picture-book, "what is that?" "That, my son," gravely replied the father, "is Jacob wrestling with the angel." "And which licked, pa?" innocently continued the young hopeful.

IN the early days of Michigan the County Courts were presided over by a Chief Judge and two associates, who were called Side Judges.

At a term of Court held in Allegan County, a few years ago, on the assembling of Court one morning, a lawyer named Smith said to his brother attorney, Jones, "We have the most expensive judiciary in

this county of any place in the State." "How so?" said Jones. "Why, we are maintaining a hundred Judges on this bench at every term of court." "A hundred Judges!" said Jones; "how do you make that out?" "Well, there is Judge R—— is *one*, isn't he?" "Yes, but where do you get the balance?" "And the other two side Judges are mere ciphers. One and two naughts make a hundred, don't they?"

At a term of Court in Kalamazoo County, under the same organization of the bench as above, a decision had been given by one of the side Judges in violation of all law, and in opposition to the testimony in the case. Lawyer B—— arose, and in no very measured terms denounced the Court as grossly wanting in knowledge and common-sense. Judge R—— interposed, and wished to know if the counsel intended to include the whole bench in his remarks? Mr. B—— instantly replied: "No, Sir. May it please your Honor, only one corner of it!"

IN the Circuit Court at Vicksburg a negro girl, testifying in a criminal case, developed a boldness of invention which, if it did not *achieve* success, certainly *deserved* it. She testified that she saw the prisoner *find* the \$10 bill which was alleged to have been *stolen*. The whole case hinged on the truth or falsity of this statement. After standing a rigid cross-examination to disprove it, as a last resort three \$10 bills were put in her hands, and she was told to tell the jury the value of the different bills. After several minutes' profound study, amidst the breathless attention of every spectator, she held one up in her hand. The question was asked, "Is that a \$10 bill?" "No." "What is it then?" "It's a \$9 bill!" The spectators collapsed, and so did the defense.

A WASHINGTON correspondent says:

I was a passenger on the same train with Lieutenant-General Grant as he was returning home from his late trip West. As the train stopped at Martinsburg, Virginia, lively cheering was heard. An old lady who had just got on the cars, and was ignorant of the General's presence, inquired the cause of it. On being informed that it was in honor of General Grant and "suite," she replied, "Sweet, sweet, sweet! Oh yes, I know now; sweet means his wife! I'd really like to see her!"

A NEW YORK correspondent sends a couple of specimens of stupid children, as a kind of set-off to the many smart ones that appear in the Drawer:

One of the scholars in a celebrated boarding-school in the town of W—— was taken sick with congestion of the lungs. The teacher sent Al. B—— (another scholar) for the doctor. On his way he stopped to tell the boy's aunt. She asked what the matter was. Al. replied, "He is very sick with *digestion on the lungs*." This Al. was sixteen years old.

A WHILE after the teacher sent Al.'s brother (a lad of twelve years) to a neighbor's for "Butler's Analogy," when the boy astonished the neighbor by asking for "Butler's Neuralgia," or, as he called it, "Neuralgy."

A QUEER story is told of the device which a couple of pious ladies adopted to avoid the sin of swearing. A certain Spanish abbess and one of

her nuns was proceeding on a journey, which it was a matter of life and death to complete with the utmost speed. The man who drove the mules of their carriage was urging his beasts to speed with the usual profuse oaths and blasphemies which are in vogue with Spanish muleteers in general, and the pious ears of the two nuns were so shocked at what they heard that they insisted upon the man's abstaining from the offensive words. The mules, not hearing the accustomed objurgations, speedily slackened their pace, and the driver informed the ladies that nothing but strong swearing would make them move quickly. The nuns were at their wit's end. Every half-hour was most precious; but, on the other hand, their consciences revolted at the idea of authorizing such blasphemies as they had been hearing. At length a happy thought struck them. The most odiously profane phrase is, of course, made up of words which, if taken singly, may be of a perfectly innocent description. They therefore agreed to divide the muleteer's cursings into their component parts, and so, by assigning one word to the abbess, another to the sister, and a third to the muleteer, and pronouncing their series in their proper order, the complete anathemas were made to reach the ears of the mules, while not one of the speakers could be considered guilty of uttering any thing wrong.

This is a sad example of the contagious influence of bad company even upon asses and nuns!

AN ex-major writes:

DEAR DRAWER,—As I see military stories are not quite out of date yet I send you the following from New Orleans:

In the spring of '64 I was a Captain, and stationed at Port Hudson. My Second Lieutenant, George B—, was celebrated for his dry humor. One evening, about 11 o'clock, I, being regimental officer of the day, made the rounds, and came to a sentinel who was stationed very near the Lieutenant's tent. After going through the usual formula with the sentinel I heard the Lieutenant sing out, "I know what the countersign is, Captain." Knowing that I had not spoken it loud enough for any one but the sentinel to hear, I said, "I'll bet you don't. What is it?" Says he, "It is 'correct'; I heard the sentinel tell you so."

A FRIEND of mine, an ex-officer of the army, while in the employ of the "Bureau," was stationed in a certain parish in this State. Calling one evening on a young lady, she amused him by playing on the piano. After banging away on a piece for about half an hour he professed himself highly delighted, and asked what it was. "Why," said she, in a tone of mingled surprise at and pity for his ignorance, "That's 'Bonaparte's retreat from Boston!'"

PEOPLE who wish to obtain favors from others ought to write their requests in a legible hand. Many ludicrous blunders have occurred from a neglect of this caution. A good story has been told of the way in which the Duke of Wellington once made himself a laughing-stock by the unpardonable chirography of a lady:

Mrs. J. C. Loudon, widow of the celebrated landscape gardener, took a great delight in prosecuting the favorite studies of her husband's life. On one occasion, wishing to make some researches in the department of arboriculture, she wrote the Duke

of Wellington for permission to see his Waterloo beeches—the celebrated avenue planted on his estate to commemorate his greatest victory. Mrs. Loudon's chirography was none of the most legible, so that when the Duke read her letter he mistook "beeches" for "breeches," and supposed the epistle a request for the inspection of that indispensable garment worn by him on the field of Waterloo. At the signature he was again deceived. The *u* in Mrs. Loudon's name he took for an *n*, and accordingly read the whole signature "J. C. London," which was none other than that of the Bishop of London himself. Accordingly, though much astonished at such a desire on the part of a grave dignitary, he wrote him in answer a note, which we may imagine created equal astonishment in the recipient:

"My Lord,—My valet tells me that the breeches I wore at the battle of Waterloo were long ago given away to Mr. Benjamin Robert Haydon, for the purposes of his historical painting. Regretting deeply that I have not the breeches to show your lordship, I remain

"Your Lordship's very humble servant,
"WELLINGTON."

A PHILADELPHIAN writes:

We have in our store a son of Erin who is sometimes very green. He was preparing to close the store one rainy night, and, taking off his coat, was about to go outside, when I asked him why he went out in his shirt-sleeves in all the rain. "Sure," says he, "don't I want a dry coat to go home in?"

JOHN SMITH affirms that these stories have never been published, but the Drawer will not allow that statement to be made any longer, and therefore sets them up here for its readers:

An individual by the name of M—, of the town of B—, State of Michigan, is well known to be not overstocked with brains. Some years since he connected himself with the Methodist Church. He was very forward, and liked to tell his experience in class-meetings. On one of these occasions he said: "I have been seriously thinking, my friends, what duty calls me to do, and have finally decided to study for the ministry, and then *ride a circus*." Charitable hearers supposed that he intended to "ride a *circuit*," but he is better fitted for the ring than the pulpit.

Not many years since there resided in the southern part of Michigan a well-to-do farmer that had moved there in an early day, when the country was new and times were hard. But for all that his eldest son thought it was time to get married. So preparations were made, the minister came, the knot was tied, and a bounteous table was spread out. The guests had assembled around it, and the bridemaids came to escort the bride to the table. "Well," says the bridegroom, "there are so many at the table I guess I'll wait."

A CANADIAN incloses these stories to the Drawer. The Drawer is glad that they can find amusement even in a Fenian raid:

Three years ago, while stopping at a hotel in the worn-out town of B—, not many miles from Toronto, there came along a photographer and his wife, and engaged rooms to "secure the shadows" of the people. In furnishing the "gallery" the happy couple got into some dispute, which quickly drifted into a regular fight. The noise soon attract-

ed the guests, who came just in time to see the gentleman beat a hasty retreat, leaving his *better half* in possession of the field. In coming among us, bruised, short of breath, and shaking his head, he said: "Gol! if it hadn't a been a woman I'd 'a fit till I died!"

AFTER the Fenian battle of Limestone Ridge several ladies volunteered to go to the front, at Port Colborne (whither the Volunteers had retreated), to attend to the sick and wounded. Among them was a Mrs. S——, wife of one of our leading clergymen. After looking among the red-coats she came to a wounded Fenian, and addressed him: "Why do you come over here, robbing, wounding, and killing us? We have nothing to do with Ireland. What have *we* ever done?" Not being able to give a very plausible answer, he glanced at her, and seeing a green tie around her collar, said, "I like the color of your ribbons, ma'am." She immediately left to look after the wounded boys in scarlet.

ON Sunday, the day after the "battle" with the Fenians, all was excitement, and people gathered about the *Times* office waiting for the next "extra." At last a few were thrown out of the window. One was caught by a big, red-faced Englishman, who was troubled with irregularity of *h's*. For the benefit of the crowd about him he read it out. He soon came to this: "The fight was witnessed by thousands on the American side, who cheered the Fenians on to victory." This seemed to make him fairly boil, and he yelled out, "Hi'll warrant you, hi'll warrant you those Hamericans are 'elping them h'all they can! Where hare our Regulars? That Colonel will get sent 'ome to the 'Orse Gards and get court-martialed."

SOME twelve years since a bridal party, returning from their wedding-tour, stopped at a hotel in the town of F——, New Jersey, for the night. Their baggage was placed in one of the halls of the hotel. During the night one of the trunks was taken out and carried a short distance from the hotel, to a low piece of ground, broken open, and rifled of its contents. The parties engaged in the affair were seen carrying the said trunk by a person who was out rather late, but thought nothing of it until the following day, when the story became generally known that a robbery had been committed. Then he stated that he saw some three or four colored individuals carrying a trunk at a late hour in a certain direction, and named two of them; the others he did not recognize. Warrants were accordingly issued for their arrest. The officer proceeded to carry out his instructions, and after a short search he found the parties named, in company with three or four others, conversing. Among said number was a noted individual of color named Adam J——. He was accordingly arrested with the others upon suspicion, but afterward released, with the understanding that he was still a prisoner. Adam was a noted individual, from the fact that he had for several years "graced" the offices of our lawyers, and also of the banks, in the capacity of sweeper and fire-builder in chief, and nothing *black* ever shone upon his character, if it did upon his skin. Upon the investigation before the Grand Jury it was clearly shown that Adam had nothing to do with the affair, and was perfectly clear of even a suspicion. Still, he was a good subject for a little sport, and

he felt terribly affrighted lest he should be indicted. Upon the adjournment of the Grand Jury Adam was told that he was indicted. The trial of two, who were really indicted for the offense, was set down for a given day, and upon the arrival of said day Adam was also in attendance. Judge N——, who presided upon the bench at the time, was a man who heartily relished a joke, and was always willing to aid in carrying one on. During the trial of the guilty ones a recess of ten minutes occurred, during which the Judge, upon seeing Adam in court, called out:

"Is Adam J—— in court?"

Adam at once stood up and made known his presence.

The Judge called him up before the bar, and in substance said:

"Adam, the Court is surprised and pained to see a man in your standing before them. Adam, it has been shown by evidence that you had nothing to do with the robbery alleged against you; still, Adam, you were found in bad company, and therefore arrested. Now, Adam, let this be a warning to you to keep out of bad company."

Adam was overwhelmed with joy at the glad news of his acquittal, but felt a little sore upon being found with the guilty parties, and thought that it was but just that he should apologize, which he did as follows:

"Most 'on'able Judge—Sar—de fac' am, dat *good* company and *bad* company looks so much 'like now-days dat you can't tell de difference till you git in 'em."

A perfect roar of laughter followed Adam's remarks, in which the Court took a full share.

A CONTRIBUTOR sends the following from Wisconsin:

DEAR DRAWER,—There is a good story of our present Bank-Controller, General R——, which I must tell you. In the good old days before the war the General was the genial Boniface of the Buck-eye Hotel, in the village of V——, in Wisconsin. He fed and lodged the weary traveler (and 'tis said he did it well), and purchased supplies of the surrounding burghers.

We knew less of military matters then than now, and instead of "General," we all called the landlord "Jeremiah," or more frequently "Jerry." In the same village, on the outskirts, lived the Methodist preacher old elder B——. The elder was subject to all the weaknesses of great men, and would, when especially provoked, get very angry. He did so one day while trying to drive an unruly old sow belonging to him out of his garden. The elder succeeded in cornering her, and in making a very impressive gesture with a fence-stake broke the old torment's back. She was long, lean, lank, and leathery, but in her lifetime had represented a certain number of almighty dollars, and to lose her was too bad. So when the elder's temper had somewhat cooled he turned the matter over in his mind to find some way to turn the defunct porker to account. Finally he hit upon a plan. He butchered the hog in due and ancient form, and proceeded forthwith to the Buck-eye, where Jerry, having in mind a *bonne bouche* for his guests, bought the pork. In due time some of it was cooked, but never eaten. It was too tough for ordinary grinders. Soon the story of the unfortunate and tragic manner of the old sow's death came to the ears of Jerry, whose wrath knew no bounds thereat, and he spoke of

vengeance. He declared "he would punish the elder if the law would let him." Soon after there was a camp-meeting close by, and the elder, as was his wont, took a very active part. He was in the middle of his sermon, his audience was large, and he had made a proposition which he was quoting authorities to sustain. With much vehemence and terrific gestures he interrogates himself with "What did Hosea say?" and then he tells what he did say. "What did Ezekiel say?" "What did Jeremiah say?" At this point one of his auditors—Joe S——, a long-limbed, stoop-shouldered, red-headed fellow—rose about half-way up, and leaning forward, with his dexter finger pointed dead at the elder, answered the question, in his own peculiar, drawling, nasal twang: "He says, by mighty! you'd better settle up that old sow scrape mighty soon, or you'll git sued—that's what Jeremiah says!"

The elder's sermon was finished. He *did* settle with Jerry, and with his congregation too, and it was his last sermon in V——.

THE following comes from Iowa:

Away out here, in our beautiful, grove-embowered city, lives one of the everlasting Smith family, who piques himself not a little on the quality of his dinners, but at table invariably bores his friends with out-of-place apologies and far-fetched excuses because the viands—sumptuous though they may be—are not better, etc. Now it happened that on a certain day Smith got up an elegant feast for a newly-married couple and their friends, but a heavy rain setting in they sent a big, bungling, matter-of-fact brother of the groom's to tender their compliments, and communicate their deep regrets that the unfavorable weather would prevent their participation in the enjoyments they knew were awaiting them beneath his hospitable roof. Smith, although disappointed, received the brother graciously; the repast was served, and the proxy of the absent friends, with the family, sat down to discuss it. Smith's old malady was upon him, and, grace over, he commenced slandering the good things before them, and at last brought up by apologetically expressing to his guest the mortification he felt that he "had nothing better to offer him." "Well," blurted out the fellow, "I guess I can stand it one meal, if you can all the time!"

A WISCONSIN friend, who values the Magazine, and especially the Drawer, sends the following:

Not long since, in conversation with a lady, she gave me the afflicting information that there "had been discovered in the Lake Superior country an inexhaustible mine of *lumbago*!" We made up our minds at once never to farm it in *that* country.

A "CONSTANT READER" should become also a constant contributor, if he can send more like the three following:

In the town of St. Albans, away down in the State of Maine, lived, a few years ago, an old fellow by the name of Jim, who was drunk fully half of the time, and, as the result, was everlastingly in some kind of scrape. One dark, wet night, while on his way home from a neighboring town, where he had been to get his jug filled, he drove his team into a ditch, making a perfect wreck of it, and burying himself in the mud. The next day he stumbled over to the village tavern, the "head centre" of all the loafers in the place. Among the number collected on this occasion was a spruce young lawyer

who prided himself on his wit, and took every opportunity to show it. Here was a rare chance, at the expense of a poor old drunkard.

"Jim," said he, "I understand you was out late last night."

"Umph! b'lieve I was."

"And met with an accident, I heard."

"Well—yes."

"Held one rein tighter than the other, I suppose?"

"No—wrong there," says Jim; "'twas because I didn't hold it so tight!"

EVERY one in the Army of the Potomac has heard of General P——, that sturdy old veteran of Florida and Mexico, whom years of service had made brown and grizzled, and years of discipline stern and inflexible in his ideas of duty, but whom neither years, service, nor discipline could make any thing but the faithful soldier and Christian gentleman. The General has a voice of immense power, a piercing eye, and a grimness, not to say sternness of manner, which made him a veritable "terror to evil-doers." Withal, a kinder-hearted man never breathed, nor a more genial when among his friends. He has, too, a deal of grim humor, which frequently displayed itself in the means he adopted to maintain discipline, and if not often showing itself in laughter, certainly caused it often enough in others.

On one occasion a sergeant belonging to one of the regiments of the General's brigade was picked up by the rear-guard for straggling, having been discovered milking a cow in a field near the road, and, for want of a pail, catching the grateful fluid in his mouth. At night he was duly reported to the General, and ordered to approach the dreaded presence, which he did in fear and trembling, the loss of his stripes being the mildest of the visions which danced before his imagination. Now the General's knowledge of his men was almost as minute as Cæsar's, and he knew the sergeant to be a good soldier, and seldom guilty of any infraction of duty. Perhaps, too, he appreciated the temptation; at any rate, fixing his eye on the culprit, he thundered:

"So you are the man who sucked the cow, eh?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You great calf, go to your regiment!"

THERE was one regiment in the brigade, the —th New York, the officers of which were never contented unless they were doing things differently from any one else, and not a little trouble had their propensity caused the General. One day, when in battle, the brigade was ordered to support a certain battery, for which purpose they were marched to the slope of the hill on which the battery was posted, and in its rear, and ordered to lie down. Now, to fully appreciate the situation, you must know that the battery was then engaged in a lively artillery duel with the enemy, and the air thereabout was full of shot and shell, and while men were comparatively safe lying down, standing up was unpleasantly hazardous. Of course the General's order was obeyed with alacrity by all but the —th, whose officers, seeing that the General had not dismounted, thought to gain credit for their regiment by declining the proffered safety, and kept their men standing. The General sat on his horse studying a map, as unconscious of fire as in his quarters, but looking up after a few moments, called out: "Lie down, —th!" and went on studying. Looking up again, and seeing his orders not obeyed, he again cried: "You had better lie down, —th!" But still

their pride kept them up. Just then, however, a shell struck in the midst of the regiment and burst, knocking over half a dozen poor fellows, and causing the rest to "hug the ground" in ludicrous haste. Looking up in grim satisfaction, the General saluted them with: "There! Now I guess you'll lie down!" That regiment never "put on airs" again.

THE General could see a joke even when the point was turned the wrong way. The —d New York was once in his command, and a great source of trouble it was, too. The officers gambled openly in their tents, and the soldiers could not reasonably be expected to do any better—so the result was a noisy, ill-disciplined regiment, and a perpetual "thorn in the flesh" to the order-loving General.

One night, hearing a "row" of unusual dimensions in the camp of the —d, he dispatched a squad of the head-quarters' guard to make a raid on the camp, who returned with a brace of the offenders, whom they had caught gambling. In the morning they were paraded before the General, who sent to the Quarter-master for an empty shoe-box, which he placed just in front of his tent; then procuring a greasy pack of cards and a pint of beans, he seated one man each side of the box, divided the beans equally between them, and set them to playing their favorite "draw poker," the "pot" being limited to six beans, that the supply might last. He kept them at it until dark, the necessary time for meals only being allowed. Next morning they were "put on" at daylight, and kept steadily at work (or rather play) until night. On the third day the same performance was commenced; but, near noon, one of the incorrigibles, seeing a sergeant of his company near, called out to him: "Sergeant! please give my compliments to General P—, and ask him if if he won't release me? If he won't, tell him he'll have to send this other fellow some more beans, for *I've got him scooped!*" The man was released, and the General gave up trying to reform that regiment in that way.

EVEN the grave and potent church courts sometimes furnish incidents that are provocative of laughter. No one that was present when the following scene took place will ever think of it without what Mrs. Partington calls a "heart-felt smile."

The Synod of Kentucky was in session. The subject of raising the salaries of certain professors was under discussion. The Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, D.D. (of whom his nephew, the new Vice-President, said, "If uncle Robert had been appointed to a command in Mexico they would have been fighting to this time!") was on the floor, making a speech in opposition to the measure. It had been said that ministers of high standing and large means, clothed in fine linen and faring sumptuously every day, did not sympathize with those whose salaries were small. To this Dr. Breckinridge was replying. He scouted the idea that ministers live for money, or desire the luxuries of the world. As for himself, he challenged any man to say that he lived more frugally than himself. Drawing himself up to his full height, and standing six feet high at least, he displayed his proportions, and exclaimed: "As to the fine linen, if there is a man on this floor who dresses more plainly than I do, I offer to exchange clothes with him this moment."

Directly in front of the Moderator, and in sight of most of the members, sat the Rev. Mr. Hopkins,

one of the planting clergy—a short, thick-set, and rotund brother, whose circumference exceeded his altitude—and in this respect no man in the house presented so strong and striking a contrast with the tall and courtly Kentuckian. But the proposition to swap clothes had hardly escaped the lips of the speaker before Hopkins wriggled himself out of his seat and on his feet, and cried out:

"Mr. Moderator, I'm his man!"

The effect was instantaneous and tremendous! The image of Breckinridge, with his long arms and legs protruding from Hopkins's toggery was up before the eyes of the Synod. They could see nothing else—think of nothing else—and for a while they gave way to uncontrolled laughter, in which no one joined so heartily as the discomfited speaker.

THE following christening anecdote comes from an English clergyman who is fond of telling a good story:

The rector of a parish bordering upon my own was once requested to baptize a *male* infant by the name of Vanus.

"Venus!" cried he to the godfather, very sharply, for he is of a choleric temperament, although as kind a soul as breathes—"stuff and nonsense! In the first place, Venus is not a man's name at all, but a woman's; and, secondly, it was the name of an infamously bad woman. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to wish that any Christian child should be so named!"

"Grandfeyther was christened Vanus," returned the sponsor, doggedly.

"Your grandfather was christened Venus, Sir! Impossible! Is he alive? Where is he?"

At these words an exceedingly ancient person, looking as little like Venus as can possibly be imagined, tottered slowly forth from the congregation, for the christening was taking place during the afternoon service.

"Is your name Venus?" inquired the clergyman.

"Well, yes, Sir; they always calls me Vanus."

"And do you mean to say that you were christened by that name?"

"Yes, Sir; at least I believe they write it out *Sil-vanus*, but they always *called* me Vanus."

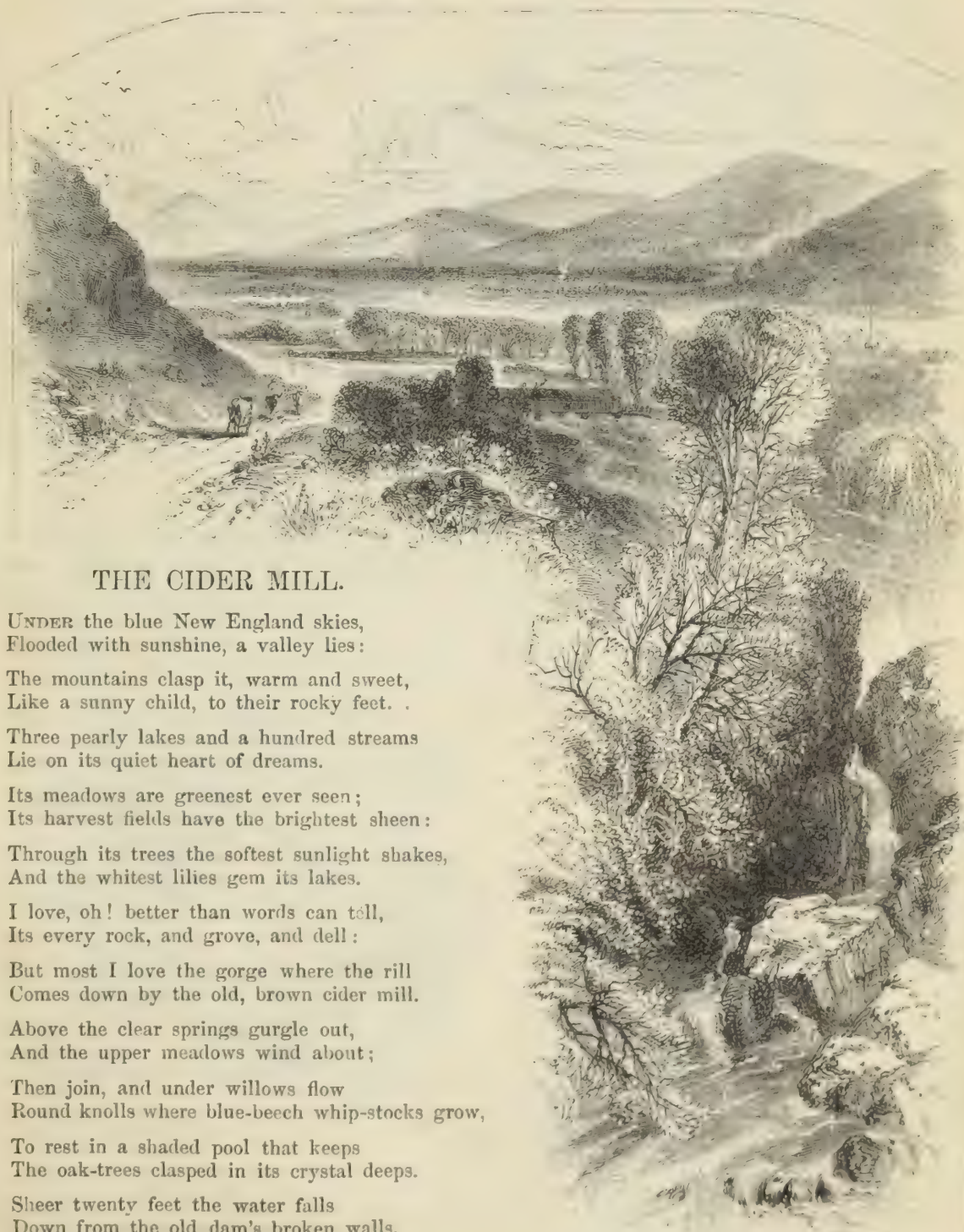
At the charter election of one of our cities a man who was notoriously intemperate was a candidate. On all ordinary occasions he was passably drunk, but on this particular day he had outdone himself. In the evening, while the votes were being canvassed, "old Rot" was there, and the crowd became noisy. On their being requested to keep quiet and not disturb the Board, "Rot" exclaimed, in a thick, pathetic whisper: "Y-yes, keep still! Y-you'll defeat me!" It was necessary to request the crowd a second time to keep quiet.

A NOTED character is Jack M'Gill. He delights in (mis)quoting words out of the sphere of his learning. Some years since his house took fire from a cooking-stove. After it was extinguished he was delivering himself of the pent-up wrath generated thereby, and concluded by saying: "Confound the man that first *convented* a cooking-stove any how!"

Having a difficulty with a neighbor which was likely to terminate in a suit at law, he thus proposed to his opponent: "Now, A—, I am willin' to leave this matter to three *interested* persons, and bind myself to *divide* by their *incision!*"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXCVIII.—NOVEMBER, 1866.—VOL. XXXIII.



THE CIDER MILL.

UNDER the blue New England skies,
Flooded with sunshine, a valley lies:

The mountains clasp it, warm and sweet,
Like a sunny child, to their rocky feet. .

Three pearly lakes and a hundred streams
Lie on its quiet heart of dreams.

Its meadows are greenest ever seen;
Its harvest fields have the brightest sheen:

Through its trees the softest sunlight shakes,
And the whitest lilies gem its lakes.

I love, oh! better than words can tell,
Its every rock, and grove, and dell:

But most I love the gorge where the rill
Comes down by the old, brown cider mill.

Above the clear springs gurgle out,
And the upper meadows wind about;

Then join, and under willows flow
Round knolls where blue-beech whip-stocks grow,

To rest in a shaded pool that keeps
The oak-trees clasped in its crystal deeps.

Sheer twenty feet the water falls
Down from the old dam's broken walls,

Spatters the knobby boulders gray,
And, laughing, hies in the shade away,

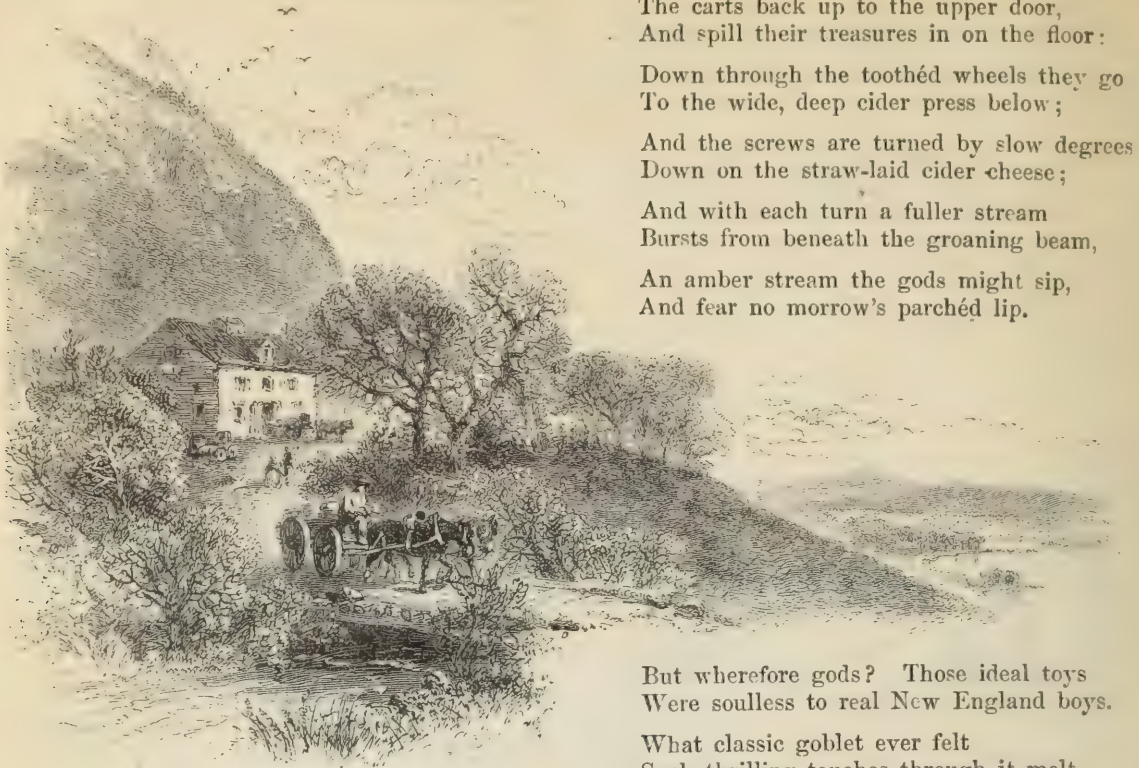
Under great roots, through trout-pools still,
With many a tumble, down to the mill.

All the way down the nut-trees grow,
And squirrels hide above and below.

Acorns, beechnuts, chestnuts there
Drop all the fall through the hazy air;

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 198.—Z z



And burrs roll down with curled-up leaves,
In the mellow light of harvest eves.

For ever there the still, o'd trees
Drink a wine of peace that has no lees.

By the road-side stands the cider mill,
Where a lowland slumber waits the rill:

A great, brown building, two stories high,
On the western hill-face warm and dry:

And odorous piles of apples there
Fill with incense the golden air:

And heaps of pumice, mixed with straw,
To their amber sweets the late flies draw.



The carts back up to the upper door,
And spill their treasures in on the floor:

Down through the toothéd wheels they go
To the wide, deep cider press below;

And the screws are turned by slow degrees
Down on the straw-laid cider cheese;

And with each turn a fuller stream
Bursts from beneath the groaning beam,

An amber stream the gods might sip,
And fear no morrow's parchéd lip.

But wherefore gods? Those ideal toys
Were soulless to real New England boys.

What classic goblet ever felt
Such thrilling touches through it melt

As throb electric along a straw
When boyish lips the cider draw?



The years are heavy with weary sounds,
And their discord life's sweet music drowns;

But yet I hear, oh! sweet, oh! sweet,
The rill that bathed my bare, brown feet;

And yet the cider drips and falls
On my inward ear at intervals;

And I lean at times in a sad, sweet dream,
To the babbling of that little stream;

And sit in a visioned autumn still.
In the sunny door of the cider mill.



THE WORK-HOUSE—BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

THE WORK-HOUSE—BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

DRUNKENNESS and small thefts are two of the main qualifications for a residence in the institution which forms the subject of this article. The writer, therefore, has been prevented from emulating an English brother of the pen who created no small sensation by his treatment of a similar theme. He has not become an inmate of the Work-house for the sake of a novel experience and the desire to give a vivid description. He may premise, however, that he has had advantages far from common in eliciting information concerning it, and that "our artist" was on the spot when the accompanying sketches were made.

The Work-house is the most recently established of the institutions upon Blackwell's Island. Previous to the erection of the present building the classes that now fill it were distributed among the District Prisons, the Tombs, the Penitentiary, and the Alms-house. It was originally recommended, "for the employment of able-bodied inmates of the Alms-house," by a committee from the Board of Aldermen. As

such the proposal was adopted by the Common Council in 1849, and passed by the Legislature in 1850. The corner-stone was laid in November of that year. The architectural plan of that date exhibits many features not seen in the structure as completed. The engraving at the head of this article shows that it comprises two wings, the one extending northerly, the other southerly, from an extensive centre building. A third wing, projecting immediately back of this, is also to be described in the original plan, as well as four outhouses of considerable architectural pretensions situated on the corners of an inclosure in which the main structure was to stand. None of these have been erected.

The northern wing contains the female wards, the southern the male. They are similar in exterior and interior construction, and the presented view of the galleries and rows of cells in the northern wing gives a fair idea of the appearance of each. In the middle of the further extremity will be seen an altar-like structure,



INTERIOR OF THE NORTHERN WING.

containing a mammoth reflector, which at night illumines the entire avenue. There are three stories to the edifice, to which exceptions, however, exist in the cross buildings at the end of each wing; these comprise four with a loft besides. In them are the work-rooms, the offices, and the reception-rooms. The centre building contains the apartments of the warden and physicians, the kitchens, the laundries, and the church auditory. Contiguous to and back of it, a small outbuilding with the usual tall chimney, is the engine-house, whence steam is generated for the whole institution as well as the Retreat, a structure now pertaining to the Lunatic Asylum, but which formerly belonged to the Work-house.

Like that of all institutions upon the Island, the edifice is constructed of blue stone rubble masonry, the materials obtained from the insular rock. There are also several wooden outhouses belonging to it, a stable, a carpenter shop, a blacksmith shop, and a boat-house. The last contains not only the boat and crew of the Work-house Warden, but those of the Resident Physician of the Asylum as well.

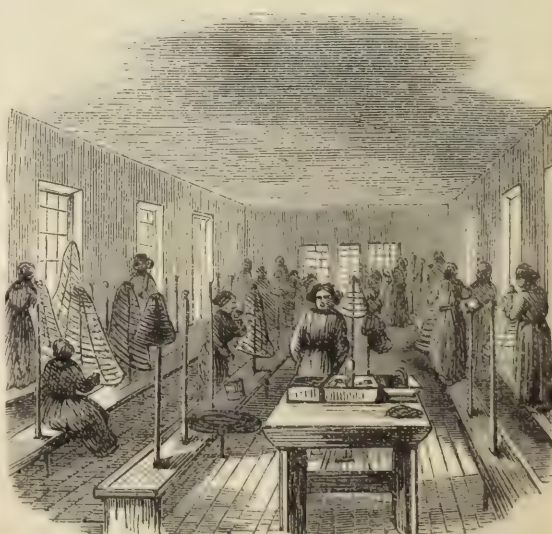
The grounds of the institution comprise about ten or twelve acres, which, carefully cultivated by certain of the prisoners, afford fair yearly returns in a variety of vegetables. They are consumed by the institution. The paid officials of the Work-house number some thirteen, of whom the highest in rank is the Superintendent or Warden. Next in order come the Clerk, then the Engineer, the Keepers, and the Matrons. The Bellevue Hospital furnishes two physicians from its staff; which staff also fills the medical departments of the Penitentiary, the Alms-house, and the Island Hospital, its members taking turns in serving at every place.

It is supposed that it would be possible to crowd two thousand prisoners into the Work-house, although it can not be strictly said that there are accommodations for them. In the female wing are some one hundred and thirty cells, each of which contains four beds. The

male wing is not so regularly divided into small cells, some within it holding twenty-five beds, but its general capacity is doubtless the same. The largest number ever at any one period incarcerated within the walls has been 1700. This happened at the time of the riots in the city concerning the draft during the late war of secession. In 1855 the number of inmates was 200; in 1856 the daily average was 625, upon which, from that year to 1860, the annual increase was about 100, the daily average being, in 1860, 1208. Since that date there has been a gradual decrease, although in a fluctuating manner. For the past three years the daily average has been from 700 to 900. The expense to the city of each inmate is about fifteen cents daily, sometimes a trifle more, sometimes a trifle less.

The utmost economy prevails, and the labor of the prisoners produces no inconsiderable amount of money. This labor, contracted for by manufacturers in the city, has in times past brought as much as \$6000 to the institution in a single year. The manufacture of cigars was then carried on in a somewhat extensive manner. The receipts from contracts fluctuate not a little, the principal cause being the occasional suspension of a manufacturer. In the past year the receipts were only \$2975, to which sum the Hoop-skirt Factory contributed its quota. There have also been cap and stocking contractors. Garments for United States troops were made here during the war.

The greater proportion of work, however, done by the prisoners is consumed by the institution and the various other departments under the control of the Commissioners. Carpenters, coopers, boat-builders, blacksmiths, wheel-wrights, tinsmiths, etc., are all employed at their respective branches, and their products, as may be required, are sent to the Alms-house, Bake-house, Bellevue steamboat, Bellevue Hospital, City Cemetery, Island Hospital,



HOOP-SKIRT FACTORY.



WORK-HOUSE SHOEMAKERS.

Lunatic Asylum, Small-pox Hospital, Penitentiary, City Prison, Commissioners of Emigration, and Randall's Island.

The carpenters are mainly employed in making coffins for the use of the above-named institutions and the outdoor poor; from 700 to 900 are constructed yearly, of various sizes. The tailors do all the repairing and making required by the Work-house in coats, pants, vests, and caps, and also that needed by Randall's Island in boys' clothing. The women of the department are largely employed in the Sewing-room upon stockings, socks, dresses, under-garments for both males and females, shrouds, and mittens.

Latterly the Work-house women have been greatly used as help in other Island institutions as scrubbers, cooks, washers, and ironers, the Lunatic Asylum being well furnished with them. Including patients to the Island Hospital, the number of transferred inmates to other institutions as help during the year 1865 amounted to 1329 males, and 3336 females. These numbers, it will be understood, refer to different commitments merely, and include those sent up for a term of ten days as well as those for six months or a year. The daily average of inmates was 772. The males have been mostly employed in the grounds in tilling land, digging excavations for cellars and foundations, wheeling dirt, breaking stones, leveling, etc. Not a few wooden structures have been lately erected by the Commissioners, and Work-house mechanics have been largely used. The Penitentiary convicts appear to be employ-

ed in occupations requiring greater strength either of body or mind. They blast the rocks of the Island and hew the stone, the larger proportion of masons and house-carpenters coming from their ranks. The more fatiguing work is evidently apportioned them. A large quarry engages them continually.

The number of deaths in the Work-house, considering the population, is very small. Of over 12,000 commitments during the past year, 1865, only eighty died. The number of elopements is, however, not so minute, over 400 having escaped in the same period. This is owing in a great measure to the scattering of the inmates among the institutions.

It will be found interesting to examine the history of the Work-house, for a casual glance will determine that it is not now exclusively used for the reception of the classes for which originally it was erected. The inquiry can not be held tiresome, for it embraces a period of but sixteen years. We learn from a report of distant date, emanating from the Superintendent of the Alms-house, that a majority of the inmates of that edifice had always been accustomed to idleness, and did not care for nor feel shame consequent upon pauperism. It was adjudged that a great point would be gained if there could be some line drawn, some distinction made—which could be impressed upon the feelings of the poor themselves—between those reduced by uncontrollable circumstances and those of a lazy, shiftless disposition. It was urged that the establishment of two institutions might tend to draw the line of

this separation. It was asserted that the Alms-house should be a place of comparative comfort, liberally though economically maintained, a refuge from the evils and miseries of life—in fine, what the poor-laws contemplated. The Work-house, on the other hand, should be a place of hardships, of ample though coarse fare, and administered with strictness and severity. It should be as repulsive as is consistent with humanity, it being evident that humanity is far more concerned in using every method to incite the laboring classes to depend on themselves rather than upon charities for support.

Upon such principles the institution which forms the subject of this paper was originally founded. It was to be a kind of House of Industry, one of its main objects to impel the decrease of pauperism. With this intention, in the first two years of its history the Work-house people were paid a small amount for their labor. In 1850 they received, according to their class, 50, 40, and 37½ cents per day. But in 1851 the scale was reduced 15 cents on each sum, because of inmates merely looking forward to a few dollars to spend in a drunken debauch in the city. Payment in money was shortly after abolished altogether, and the institution being still regarded as a connection of the Alms-house those reasons were given:

“When the industrious man can with difficulty obtain subsistence it is most unjust, as well as most detrimental to the moral well-being of the individual, to encourage him in idleness by the gratuitous offer of a better, at least a sufficient subsistence. We feel for the old, infirm, sick, all who are providentially afflicted, and are anxious that every attention should be extended to them to make them comfortable and happy; while the able-bodied, who are paupers from choice and capable of work, should not be allowed benefits without conforming to rules and giving an equivalent in labor.”

The Work-house began to be regarded now more as a purely penal institution. Study of the history of Blackwell's Island can not fail to impress one with the progress that has been made in the management of the various departments, and with the belief that improve-

ments are to succeed. Under the Board of Ten Governors the Penitentiary exhibited a spectacle that was to be deplored. The Island Hospital at that period was a branch of it, the patients being necessarily prisoners. Their cures effected, they served a certain term in the Penitentiary as payment. The Warden's report conveys the idea that the prison was a perfect Pandemonium. Diseased prostitutes, with their victims and associates; drunkards and vagrants of all kinds, lame, maimed, and blind; wretches half-idiotic through debaucheries; thieves, rowdies, and ruffians; children without parents, and old and hardened offenders, are by him enumerated as comprised within the walls. In cases of pauperism inefficient magistrates seemed to send, *ad libitum*, to the Alms-house and the Penitentiary, poverty being adjudged a crime by certain of them.

With the changes that we have already noted as having taken place in the Work-house it is easy to see that it would soon absorb a large class formerly sent to the Penitentiary, and such now is the case. To state the matter concisely, court prisoners are sent to the Penitentiary, while police prisoners are sent to the Work-house. The charges in Work-house commitments are drunkenness, vagrancy, and disorderly conduct. Small thefts are also punishable by the Work-house, although petit larceny is a Penitentiary crime.

Doubtless some little of the confusion that once existed as to the proper place of punishment for certain offenses yet prevails. Careless officials not unfrequently send up quite innocent persons through some unfortunate circumstance of time or place; and it occasionally happens that the policeman himself is more deserving of punishment than the individual committed upon his charge. Drunkenness “covers a multitude of sins,” however, in the case of a majority of the prisoners. They may well be thankful it is the only charge that can be proved against them. With these facts in mind, it is gratifying to know that destitute

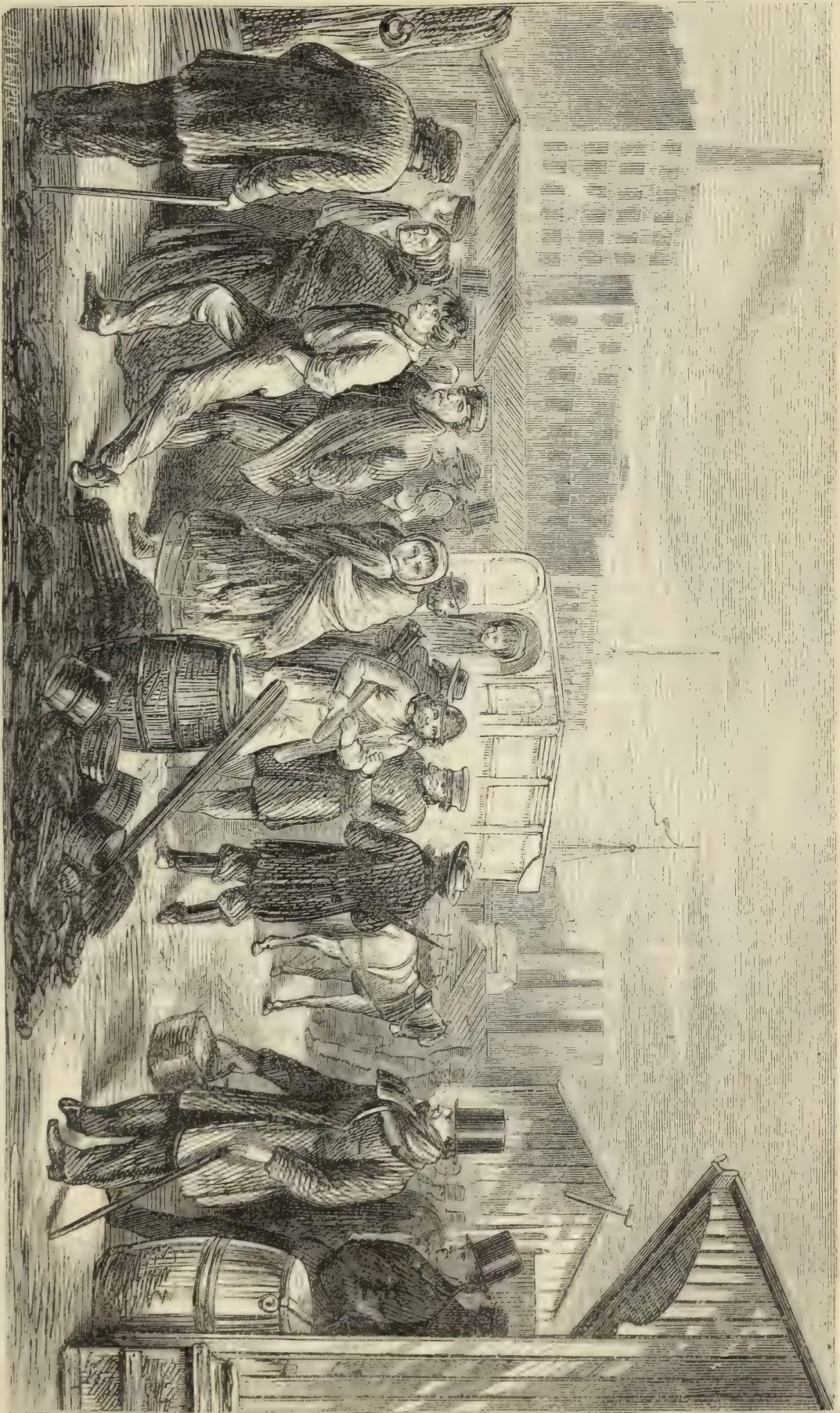
boys are no longer kept here until indentured to a master, as some three or four years ago they were.

For an insight into the variety of characters and professions that find their way to the Work-house, the reader will please take his stand on the dock at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River, just previous to the starting of the steamboat *Bellerue* for the Island. The prisoners, while actual inmates of the institu-



SKULKERS FROM WORK.

THE STEAMBOAT DOCK.



tion, present, in accordance with its regulations, such a uniformity of costume that a very close examination, and indeed conversation, is necessary before one can determine, with any degree

of certainty, their previous rank in life and occupation. Concerning any woman, however, it is generally a safe guess that she is a thief and a prostitute; and concerning any man, that

he is a worthless drunkard, a vagrant, and a villain. There are many who do not fall under all of these rules, as will have been seen from previous remarks; but of more, what I have written serves ill to express the depths of depravity to which they have sunk.

But the sour-looking policeman who has charge of the Bellevue Dock opens his gate, and we are freed from odorous and unpleasant contiguity to the crowd that presses before it. Retreating to the storehouse, farther on, we await the arrival of the "Black Maria," or prison omnibus, the passengers of which are to be our study. While so doing we can not refrain from wondering glances at the motley mass from whose ranks we have made our exit. Who are they journeying to the ill-famed isle? A well-dressed gentleman, accompanied by three ladies, proclaims by the air of refinement which hangs about his party that he is a visitor merely, animated like ourselves by curiosity concerning the public buildings of New York city; though less fortunate than we, he has not succeeded in giving the sop to Cerberus. Close by him sit three decently-attired female personages, attendants in the Alms-house or the Lunatic Asylum; all seem to be of Irish extraction, though American-born appears the long-bearded individual conversing with them, a keeper in the Penitentiary. Upon the countenances of every member of the remainder of the assemblage either disease or vice is stamped most legibly; and upon them all the watchful eye of the one-legged guardian of the visitors' receiving-room is ever cast.

Quite a philanthropist is that man; and one well-versed in the ups and downs of human life—somewhat of a philosopher too. A philosophical tone is given, indeed, to the minds of many of these retainers of the Commissioners. It arises from the nature of their duties and the many impulses to reflection continually received. To the school of Cynics they, however, mostly belong. The object of our gaze arises and examines tickets presented to him by two pretty girls who have not reached, apparently, eighteen years. They are rather well attired; but an impudent look is stealing over a once modest front, and denotes them to be of the class of the unfortunate and erring. They are for the Island Hospital, and many of their frail sisters, less fair, stand about them, accompanied, in several cases, by flashily-dressed, heavily-mustached, and low-browed young ruffians, their so-called "protectors." Examine them well; they are of the order that recruits the Work-house.

A few years more, their good looks gone—male and female—their pestiferous existence draws to a close. Drunkenness and theft, with other continued debaucheries, drag them lower and lower—they are in the Work-house or the Alms-house. Some more enterprising run the gamut of all the Institutions. Their greater abilities and bolder flights grant them occasional incarcerations in the State Prison or

the Penitentiary; then follow the Hospital and Work-house, and the Insane Asylum may perhaps see the end of their career.

The most amicable understanding apparently exists between the girls and their "men." Albeit their life of shame is known to all on-lookers, they chat pleasantly and laugh gayly with each other; and yet that contusion round the eye, borne by yonder pale-faced young woman, was doubtless given her by the brutal, foppish youth by her side, upon whom she smiles so sweetly. Insult and abuse are her portion in life. What little heart she has is bestowed unreservedly upon him, base enough to share her degradation. Curses and blows she expects. Yet he is kind sometimes—that sullen, execrable wretch—and the tribute of her whole soul is his due. She knows no better fate, and in her ignorance can hardly conceive of natures superior to her own and his. A degraded Miranda, she loves her Ferdinand! Another party of her frail sisters arrives, the mirth increases, hands are shaken, and jests are freely exchanged; but of what character we may fairly judge, from the fact that countenances about them wear a shocked expression, and the before-remarked gentleman hastily withdraws his companions. The one-legged watchman hurries up on his crutch, and a decorous stillness prevails.

Who is that shabbily-attired woman in black, carrying a large basket? The mother doubtless of some young thief confined in the Penitentiary; honest herself it may be, and suffering concealed agony. That man beside her, with such a look of wan despair? A pauper journeying to the Alms-house; his armless sleeve helps one to surmise the cause of his destitution. From the gate of the yard of Bellevue Hospital now emerges the attenuated figure, and ghastly, emaciated countenance of a Chinaman. His parted and parched lips, his upturned vacant gaze, seem pointing at mortal pangs. Two men support his exhausted frame. For the hospital he, undoubtedly. Will he live until he arrives there?

A rumble of wheels, the crowd parts, and our reflections are cut short by the coming of the prison van, which rattles over the planking and stops before us. The whistle of the Bellevue steamboat at the same moment startles our ears, and its black hulk creeps along the wharf. Its upper and lower decks are densely covered by some three hundred medical students—a wild, hilarious multitude, just arrived from a "clinic" at the Island Hospital. Like a flock of frightened sheep they plunge pell-mell from the boat and hurry to the lecture-room of their college.

The captain is ready to receive his passengers for the return trip, and the driver of the "Black Maria" dismounts from his perch and unbolts the door of his vehicle. A singular structure that; not unlike the menagerie cars containing the cages of wild beasts. No windows are visible, ventilation being supplied by

apertures near the roof, fitted with three slats of fixed window-blind.

"Come out, there!" The hand of the driver rudely grasps the arm of the nearest occupant, and arouses her from a drunken stupor. A mass of rags and filth gradually discloses itself. Can it be that the creature before us is a human being? A torn shoe on one foot, a man's boot on the other; bare, bruised, and begrimed legs visible to the knee, through the wires of a battered crinoline picked from an ash-barrel; a short petticoat above this, foul and discolored with the garbage of New York streets, and fringed with its own rags; a scanty shawl alone covering the upper portion of the shivering and swollen frame; the face bloated, inflamed, distorted; its deep-sunk eyes encircled by a hideous black *aureola*. Can this brutish monster, casting malevolent side-glances as it sluggishly and painfully descends from its den, be or have been a woman? Not only that, but once, perchance, a beautiful and a lovable one. It seems difficult, nay impossible, to realize it; yet naught but seduction and the consequent career may have wrought this awful effect. Not the least lingering trace of education is visible on her features; yet forty years ago her conversation may have possessed a magic charm in the social circle, and she have been the delight of fond parents. Such reflections appear far-fetched as we gaze upon her; and so in truth they are; but none the less are they allied to fact. Her present station is alone thought of by the jeering spectators. We question a policeman as to whence she comes.

"What, that old bummer? Oh, from some vile den in Cherry Street; she has served a term of six months, and was liberated yesterday; got on a spree; raised a row, and is back again to-day for another term. She's a hanger-on of one of the lowest dance-houses; drinks all she can get, and pilfers what she is able."

Used to such sights though he be the speaker's countenance indicates disgust as he conveys his information.

A certain great thinker has said that he never heard of a crime that he could not himself have committed; one of those paradoxical sayings that are to be taken with many reservations. In its real meaning Shakspeare was pre-eminently a man who might have declared the same. It is well-nigh equivalent to an assertion that the state of mind of the doer of the deed was fully comprehended, and to a confession of one's consciousness that he is human, and, under certain circumstances, with merely the same degree of knowledge others possess, would do as they have done.

Yet the author of that singular declaration could never, at the time he spoke, have entertained an idea of the loathsome profession of the wretch now hurried to the steamboat, or he would have little wished to startle his auditors by its enunciation. It is too vile to hint at. "Drunk and disorderly" is the charge which has sent him up this time. He, like

most of those now showing their faces from the recesses of the car, are old acquaintances of the prison authorities.

The Work-house has its regular *habitués*. There are many who may be said to live there, with occasional excursions to the city, lasting from one day to a week. It is nothing unusual to see thirty women leave the institution on Monday to be all brought back by Saturday.

An exception, doubtless, to this general rule is the hatless youth who springs from the vehicle with greater agility than is shown by his companions. He is distinguished from them also by having in his countenance no such look of utter abasement as they exhibit. Deep-seated shame is there, not careless indifference. It is the first time that public chastisement has been visited upon him. His garments, though soiled, have a somewhat fashionable cut. A stranger to the city, his anxiety "to see life" has led him among bad associates. Too much loose change and a reckless, idle spirit has purchased a swift descent into debauchery. The intoxicating cup, a bar-room fight, an inroad of police, the station-house, the Tombs, a sentence of six weeks' imprisonment in the Work-house, are some of the most prominent items in his recent history. Experience is a dear school-mistress. Let us hope that in his case she is a good one too, and has taught him an effectual lesson.

There follows close upon his heels a wild-eyed German, of a large and bony frame. His clothes are torn and in great disorder; his expression is haggard and imbecile. Handcuffs are upon his wrists. One of the boat's crew takes him in special charge. He is a lunatic *en route* for the Asylum.

And now emerges a girl of not uncomely countenance, holding before it her faded jockey hat and feather. "Not altogether shameless, then," is our thought, when a cynical observer mutters, "She don't want to spoil her future prospects." The charge against her "vagrancy," most likely.

The remaining occupant of the car pushes her bold front into sight. "A born thief!" would be our ejaculation, did we not know the warping influences of poverty and evil association. A more incorrigibly vicious creature in appearance it would be difficult to conceive. Her furtive glance, her thin and compressed lips, her low brow, denote ignorance, rapacity, and cunning.

"How many have you there?" asks the driver, referring to a paper in his hand.

"Eight," responds the Captain.

"All right; there are ten more coming," and the speaker closes and bolts the door of his vehicle. Another like it takes its place, and the same scene is repeated with variations. A bloated and rough over-coated individual, with a collection of rheumatic umbrellas under his arm, is the first to descend. Of Jewish extraction evidently, his appearance is so swinish that we must believe his society is tabooed by his

tribe at least. To the rag-picking fraternity he is closely allied. Vagrancy and drunkenness are written in letters of fire on his lurid visage.

"One of the roughs—a 'Cosmos,'" is the next to appear. With his red shirt, black pants, and slouched felt; his tobacco-stained lips, swaggering walk, and insolent expression, he is a characteristic sample of the rowdies who infest the corners of the Bowery. "Hi! hi! there's Joe!" shouts a voice at the gate. It proceeds from one of the gay companions of the flashily-attired girls.

"How long you're in for?" continues the speaker.

Joe casts behind him a defiant grin of recognition and responds: "Ten days," adding, enigmatically, "Be sure you're there when I'm out." A rude grasp on the shoulder from an attendant policeman hurries him forward.

A painted, emaciated cyprian, with torn finery, follows. She seems exhausted, and with painful steps joins the gang. A broad-shouldered, pug-nosed, thick-set young ruffian, creates a small sensation as he shoves his bulk into view. There is a muttered chorus from a crowd of juvenile dock-loafers and pickpockets at the gate. "That's him, isn't it, Bill?" "Yes; he's a case—a jolly cove." Inquiring elicits the information that the renowned worthy is the hero of a recent prize-fight, in which "Black Mike" was badly "punished." The spoils of war, some twenty-five dollars, have been spent with the plainly visible effect. A female "sneak thief" and a 'longshoreman now appear. That haggard, and yet regular-featured wretch, the intellectual sparkle of whose eye is not entirely lost through liquor, has been a noted counterfeiter and served a long term in the State Prison.

Most of those whom we have seen have committed crimes for which the Penitentiary is the fitting place of punishment, though vagrancy, with disorderly conduct, is the only charge that can be positively proved against them in the courts. The Work-house gang is completed by the addition of a rum-eaten creature, even now so overcome with "stimulant" that she has to be supported by two of the boat attendants. The way to their proper receptacle on the steamboat is cleared, and the dingy, ragged gathering is marched forward, some twenty persons in all. Following, we see them disappear, single file, into the hold, through a door behind the engine-room in the centre compartment of the vessel. Although it is regularly cleaned, a noisome den must be that *dépôt* for so much filth, disease, and vice. We have no inclination whatever to ask to be allowed to examine its interior.

Now that we are upon the *Bellevue*, it is worth our while to employ our curiosity upon an institution which is so prominent a feature in the history of the criminal. Its name, *Bellevue*, is an euphonious title given (*lucus a non lucendo*) from a greater appreciation of sound than sense.

Though a new boat, its appropriately funereal garb makes it a dismal sight as to its exterior, harmonious with the wretchedness to be described within. The poetic designation given it by Island residents is somewhat more true, a "Tub of Misery." It has another claim to recognition in this essay, from the fact that it is mostly manned by Work-house prisoners, whose faded and patched jackets are every where obtrusive. A stigma is plainly fixed upon them, in the name of the institution to which they belong printed on their backs. A sullen crew are they; a cringing, slave-like expression upon the countenances of two or three; yet at times much gayety is observable among them. Like most specimens of degraded human nature they, as a rule, possess little kindness of feeling, even in respect to each other, and their sport frequently consists in tormenting one of their number more imbecile than the rest. Used to scenes of extreme suffering, their hearts have become hardened, and they look with lazy indifference upon that which causes a pang in the ordinary man. Were it not for the officers over them, the agonized Hospital cases would often fare badly in their hands; and they appear to regard with especial disgust those sent to the Island upon the same charges upon which they themselves have been committed. A drunken woman falling helplessly upon the deck would be there left to lie but for a command; and an aged though dissolute cripple might again and again entreat assistance, it would be denied him. Many of them feel little or no humiliation in their ignoble station. They have never known much better. The world visits upon poverty and ignorance the same contempt which it adjudges to crime, and to that contempt they have been all their life used. It is their normal state. One or two, as is to be expected, possess a fair share of intelligence. They were doubtless good mechanics until drink overthrew them. Keen remorse will sometimes assail these, but they summon an ignoble philosophy to their aid; they acknowledge themselves mastered by their passion, and supinely make no struggle against its influence.

There are some four or five Work-house women employed on the steamboat in keeping the vessel clean. What they are the reader has been already told in the general survey of the character of the inmates. They seem good-humored creatures (though the Ishmaelite expression is to be seen in their eyes), and conduct themselves with great decorum.

It is well known that crime, though a great leveler, has yet its aristocracy, and it may amuse the reader to learn that the Penitentiary prisoners look with disdain upon their fellows in the Work-house. Being the greater criminals, they in so far show more ability in running counter to the laws. Smartness and pluck, by those acknowledging no moral virtues, are of course the qualities most to be commended; hence doubtless their feeling of superiority.



ON BOARD THE "ELLEUVUE"—ARRIVAL AT THE WORK-HOUSE DOCK.

As a class they are, indeed, much more noble-looking beings. Drink destroys the body, mind, and heart; selfishness, the main-spring of crime, exercises its debasing influence upon the heart chiefly, the intellect, though warped, losing none of its energy. The Work-house man is more harmful to himself than others; the Penitentiary prisoner one whom society may more justly fear. In truth, not only by themselves, but by a large proportion of the smaller Island officials, are the Penitentiary people the more respected; nor need it excite surprise when it is considered that they but think it in strict accordance with the code of worldliness, itself founded on pure selfishness. To the ordinary Work-house case there is naught in the future; but the Penitentiary convict may reasonably aspire to much. Brutishness reigns in the Work-house; a demoniac spirit in the Penitentiary. Demons are more respected than brutes.

In that "cleanliness is next to godliness" we see another reason why the Work-house prisoner is so much despised. The memory of that proverb explains the feeling prevalent in the boat on which we are; a comparatively decent set of men were those descending into the hold through that gangway in the bow of the vessel—thieves all, convicts for the Penitentiary.

Accommodations for Hospital cases are to be found in a side cabin in front of the paddle-box; where, too, the patient for the Lunatic Asylum is brought. Alms-house paupers may

sit at pleasure on the lower deck. That blind old man, with his countenance covered with blue specks, is one of them. A gunpowder explosion occasioned his deformity and loss of vision. If we mistake not, we have seen him, and that little girl beside him, as beggars in the city street no long time since. That tearful woman in black near by, so thinly clad, is a companion in misfortune, destined to the same abode.

"Charity Hospital and Penitentiary!" shouts the Captain.

We have arrived at our first landing. There is a delay of ten minutes, in which we see the prisoners from the bow of the boat, arranged two abreast, under charge of the Penitentiary keepers, and marched to their place of punishment.

It is the close of winter as we glide by the Island, and although some of the buildings thereon attract a pleased vision, it possesses little of that picturesque charm which the foliage of summer lends it.

"Alms-house, Work-house, and Lunatic Asylum!"

We have reached our destination, and in company with other visitors disembark, the author stopping for a short period to take a sketch of the prisoners emerging from the hold. While so doing he notes a spectacle that did not strike him before—a woman with an infant in the midst of the imbruted group. Hers is the last stage of the drunkard's career. Her rags, her pallor, her bruises, hint at all the most dire effects of drink. Yet, as we learn, she has claim to the two sacred titles of wife and mo-

ther, though sacrilege it seems to call her by them. Wifely feelings, it is easy to surmise, she has entirely lost. Her own husband preferred the charge which has sent her into six months' imprisonment; a reptile he himself, rioting in some lodging cellar. Does she possess ought of maternal tenderness? Not one jot; she suckles her young as would a beast; would throw it in the gutter to grasp a glass of gin. We are thankful to know that her offspring will be taken from her while she is serving out her sentence, and sent to the Foundling Hospital of the Alms-house.

A gray-bearded individual in Work-house garb marshals the prisoners on the wharf, separating the sexes. He is an old habitu  of the institution, thoroughly acquainted with its whole management. His excessive demerits are in a certain sense beneficial to him, he becomes a sort of non-commissioned officer through his knowledge of the tactics; and thoroughly posted as to ways and means, gets many a luxury that his brethren in misfortune are deprived of. He is interrupted in his employment of counting the party and referring to a list in his hand by a shout.

"Hi, there! Take care of that man!"

Shrieking with extended arms, and fingers spasmodically clutching the air, his eyes distended in a frightened gaze, his blue lips quivering and his whole frame shaking with terror, an emaciated member of the gang backs toward the edge of the wharf.

"Catch hold of him, he'll drown himself!"

He is speedily seized by two of his companions and kept in the ranks.

"Ha, ha! he's got the horrors, worst kind," laughs one of the women.

"What did yer see, old Flibbertigibbet—old Sooty?" asks another.

"Yer ain't there yet, old boy; yer time ain't come," enigmatically sneers a third, and the whole party indulge in merriment at the expense of the victim of delirium tremens.

He, poor man, lost in a world of frightful imaginations, makes no response, and doubtless does not hear. But the frosty air cutting the ill-clad limbs of many, and unpleasant anticipations of what is in store for them, soon silence all mirth. We watch the dismal procession plodding wearily along until the female part disappears in the further extremity of the northern wing of the Work-house.

The bath-room now awaits those who need it; and what member of the party we have seen does not? The clothes upon them are exchanged for the coarse uniform of the institution, and, made into a compact parcel, are docketed and deposited in a place of safety, there to remain until the owners have fully served their periods of imprisonment.

And now let the writer introduce the disagreeable pronoun I, excusing it on the plea that it is necessary to the interest of the narrative. When, therefore, I started on my excursions in and about the Work-house I was

accustomed to fill my pockets with carefully-dissected plugs of tobacco, that being, as soap once was in Texas, the current coin of the realm. At its appearance woebegone countenances brightened, content drew near, and confidential histories were unfolded. The male prisoners, almost without exception, are devotees of the weed, while the institution to which they belong considers it a luxury and does not furnish it. Upon my first stroll through the building the value of my foresight was made manifest.

"I say, boss!" was my greeting in an excited under-tone from a haggard individual peering through the iron-latticed window of a cell, "Got any tobacco, Mister? I haven't had a chew for a week."

"Yes, I can oblige you, I believe. How comes it you're not at work?"

"Thank you;" the piece of plug went to the fevered mouth with great rapidity, and his features lost much of their pained expression. A gleam of light had stolen into his dungeon. "Why ain't I at work? You see my eye, don't you? If I go out the cold will inflame it and make it worse."

He exhibited a discolored optic, which had evidently received a severe injury, the epidermis about it was cut and abraded to a considerable extent, while his countenance elsewhere showed contusions.

"So you don't prefer staying here to working, eh?"

"Of course not; being shut up all day and night in a cell is a hard lot. If I was well I wouldn't be allowed to do so either."

"What sent you up?" My face wore the expression of a man who sees another deeply wronged.

"Oh, a confounded fool of a policeman. You see I was returning from my work—I am a printer by trade—and as I crossed the Bowery I was attracted by something in the street, turned to look, and a Third Avenue car ran into me and knocked me down—hurting me as you see. An M. P. then rushed up, collared me, and said I was drunk. So I was committed here."

"Yours is a sad case," I rejoined, and, turning on my heel, renewed my inquiries concerning the charge against him by addressing a keeper.

"Oh, that fellow, he's an old customer. A fight in a disorderly house brought him here this time, along with several others, men and women. Knives and clubs were used as well as fists. He's a hard nut."

My curiosity was excited respecting the dismal inhabitants of other cells, and addressing a heavily-mustached, pale-faced man of some thirty years, I asked him how long he had been shut up.

"Oh, I came in at noon. I'll be put at work to-morrow."

"Have some tobacco? So you know something about the institution then; been here before?"

"N-no! What makes you think so?"

"Why, you seemed to know the programme pretty well; spoke of going to work—"

"Well then, yes, I was here four years ago for the first time, though of course I ain't proud of it;" and he smiled a sarcastic smile. He seemed a good-natured individual, more weak than villainous. I continued my inquiries.

"How long are you in for?"

"Six months, with a thousand dollars bail."

"Phew! that's pretty steep," I observed, adopting the style of language to which I supposed my *vis-a-vis* was accustomed. "What rumpus did you get into?"

"I'll tell you how it was. I had made the acquaintance of two Spaniards at a hotel I was stopping at, and we went to the theatre together. Returning from it late at night we were stopped by a policeman, who arrested us. I had a string of keys in my pocket belonging to boxes and rooms I owned, some cheaply made like skeleton keys, and the policeman said I was a burglar. That's the reason of my heavy sentence."

"Well, that's singular—I'm sorry for you;" and I walked off in apparent indignation at the abuse of power shown by officials; but the reader shrewdly surmises my cogitations were not entirely of that description. His story was hardly of the character which inspires belief. It is not wise, however, to discredit all the narratives given by the inmates; for although prisoners are not as a rule willing to confess their sins to an outsider, and lie persistently and even ridiculously, there is no question, as has been already noted, but that not unfrequently those are committed to the Work-house who do not properly belong there. In cases of insanity, particularly, this is even common. The rapid manner in which the magistrate of a police court receives depositions (from oftentimes ignorant persons) and examines prisoners is one cause of this. It is difficult to detect casually whether a person disorderly is so from liquor, evil inclinations, or lunacy.

As I continued my walk a physician from the Insane Asylum appeared in the ward, and, with a keeper, entered a cell to examine into the state of a supposed madman. It sometimes happens in the Work-house, and more frequently in the Penitentiary, that prisoners will "play crazy" for the purpose of being transferred to better quarters. They, however, seldom succeed. The madman in the case now presented was a *bona fide* specimen, and, involved in his strait-jacket of canvas, was soon escorted to the hospital for mental diseases. In the year 1864 thirty-six persons were thus transferred; but the number annually is often much greater. Sometimes almost two a-day for weeks will be sent over. An attaché of the Work-house informed me that most of the inmates who became thus afflicted were from the ranks of those employed about the sinks. He seemed to have established a theory that their occupation had somewhat to do with the

misfortune; but in his statement that those selected for such purposes were the lowest, physically and mentally, of the prisoners, may, I think, be seen the true reason.

A procession of some dozen young men, white and black, attracted my attention before I left the ward. They made their exit from the bath-room, and had all just donned the dull gray, patched kersey garments furnished by the Commissioners. Each one carried in his hand the dirty bundle of his own clothing tied with a string, to which a wooden ticket was affixed. They were escorted by a prisoner to a large cell on the second tier, and there locked up.



JUST LOCKED UP.

Being somewhat interested in the state of their minds, I followed, and establishing myself opposite the grated door, smilingly regarded them, endeavoring by my demeanor to convey the impression that I was a "Hail fellow, well met," with the group of thieving vagabonds I confronted. My urbanity was not without its good results; they soon treated me as an equal, though more fortunately situated.

"What they going to do with us?"

"Why! haven't you been here before?"

"No; we don't know what's going to turn up—do we?" responded a well-featured youth of some twenty years, addressing the group.

He seemed to be the leader of the party; the others basing their line of conduct upon his. One of them appeared to have the utmost admiration for him, watching his face for signs of approval, and gaining courage from his reckless aspect. This leader laughingly replied:

"No, Bill; we're in for it now;" and drew closer to his companion, who placed his arm caressingly about his neck.

I felt compassion for the young vagrants. The pitiable results of ignorance, want, and vile associates were before me.

"What have you been up to?"

"Oh, we were in a dance-house in Water Street, when the police came and cleared us all out."



WORK-HOUSE TAILORS.

"Well, well; young fellows will get into scrapes. By-the-way, I am something of an artist, and would like to sketch your pictures."

I drew from my vest paper and pencils. There was a muttered chorus, "He's Harper's Artist," and a hasty departure from sight was made by the troop. The "leader" of the band alone maintained his position, exclaiming:

"What yer 'fraid of? Yer scared, all o' yer;" and the young ruffian, to illustrate his own hardihood, pressed his face close against the bars. His "manliness" soon brought to his side the remainder of the gang, and a comical variety of expression was before me. My air of *bonhomie* gradually departed as I proceeded with my drawing, and in view of my serious aspect he became convinced his friendship had been gained on false pretenses. I was made the subject of animadversions of a disagreeable character, and at one time he was considering aloud the propriety of spitting in my face. He mollified, much, however, as I finished, and asked to see the sketch.

Ascending the iron staircase to the third tier I proceeded along the gallery and entered the shoemakers' room, where some twelve men were industriously employed. The "boss" leaned back in his chair at the further end of the apartment and lazily smoked a pipe, while the most complete order prevailed. Curious glances were directed toward me as I produced my drawing materials, and silence for a few minutes reigned; then, fully assured of my innocuous nature, one of their number recom-

menced a narrative of his luck in business outside, the customers he had had, the amount of work he had performed. His stories seemed to contain a good deal of "brag," and chuckles were not infrequent among his hearers, while he was interrupted continually by jokes and sarcastic utterances. They seemed all to be of the best class the Work-house furnishes; habitual drunkenness was doubtless their offense. In the year 1865 this shop produced some 855 pairs of men's shoes, 1318 pairs of women's shoes and slippers, besides other articles. It also repaired 1153 pairs of children's shoes for Randall's Island, and 1356 boots and shoes for the Work-house.

In the tailoring shop opposite I discovered some fifteen or twenty personages sitting, squatting, or lying upon a platform which ran the whole length of the room, and was supported by common carpenter's benches. All these worked in sullen silence upon pants and jackets of Work-house cloth. They seemed to be repairing rather than making. I finished my sketch of oddities among them without exciting any interest save that the master left the room for a moment to consult with a keeper as to the propriety of my intrusion. Without wishing to be indelicate, I would state that mending such garments as I then saw must involve certain tribulations, as one of the party divided his time pretty equally between attentions to his own epidermis and the work in hand. During the year 1865 a great quantity of goods was manufactured here, including 334 kersey jack-

cts, 984 kersey pants, 1118 boys' jackets, 1185 boys' pants as well as many vests, over-coats, etc. Repairing was also done upon 7896 pieces of boys' clothing, and 2827 pieces of men's apparel.

Retracing my steps I now proceeded through the long narrow gallery to the centre building, in which, before passing through it to the female wards, I made a drawing of the Sewing-room which is located in the church auditory. My entrance produced no little snickering among the two or three hundred women assembled, which was considerably increased by my taking a seat near the altar, directly confronting them as they sat in long settees busily plying the needle. In the sea of faces upturned before me there were few that could be called even comely. The ages ranged from sixteen to seventy. The younger wore an expression of gay recklessness, the older a stolid look of debased indifference; yet among these latter I occasionally descried quite a motherly countenance. The history of the individual owning it might, however, have told me that it was merely an aspect of brutish good-nature. I recognized many faces I had seen on the Bellevue dock; but dressed now in the clean, yellowish white uniform of the institution they little resembled their former selves. A quiet air pervaded the gathering—an air even of content. I wondered at the order maintained amidst such a lawless set, superintended by a single matron, a slight woman in black, who occasionally promenaded the aisle; until I thought of

the dark cell, the only punishment in vogue at the Work-house, but which is dreaded in proportion to its isolation. Insolence was sure to be rewarded by incarceration there.

A large table near me was presided over by a prisoner, an elderly and even respectable-looking woman, who examined the work submitted to her as finished by her companions. The nature of many was plainly exhibited as they did this, and were thus brought under the special observation of "Harper's Artist." The opportunity to give a display of hardihood was not to be lost, and comical were the grimaces and extravagant the gestures that one woman especially made, to the great delight of her fellows. They were then mostly employed in knitting and darning stockings. This department of the Work-house turned out last year nearly 2000 pairs of women's stockings and 1000 pairs of men's socks, about 1500 dresses for women and girls, etc., etc.

As my eyes rested on interesting countenances among the workers, I could not help believing that one or two of them owed their presence there to injustice, and I called to mind an anecdote communicated to me by a worthy clergyman who has long been connected with the Institutions on the Island. It is amusing on the surface, though saddening in its depths. A German prisoner related to him her story, which he afterward proved to be true. She lived at Spuyten Duyvel Creek, and having been shopping in New York city, by some means got delayed beyond the hour of evening in



THE SEWING-ROOM.

which it is usual for unprotected females to appear in the streets. Hurrying, then, to the ferry, she was rudely stopped by a policeman, who asked where she was going. With indignation and broken English she rapidly informed him she was going to Spuyten Duyvel.

The astute officer instantly adjudged that she was swearing, arrested her, and had her sent to the Island as a vagrant given to disorderly conduct. When my friend met her she was a most miserable woman; her wifely and motherly feelings were stirred to their inmost recesses; a husband and three children awaited in agonized ignorance her arrival at their fireside. He proved her case, and she was released from duress vile. The consummate hypocrisy of many inmates prevents, however, as a rule, credence to such tales. I may add, that my personal experience inclines me especially to be skeptical.

A fair-haired young Englishman, of some twenty-four years, being transferred from the Work-house to be assistant to the clerk of the Lunatic Asylum, was brought specially under my notice. His intelligence struck me, and his story won my sympathy. He was a civil engineer by profession, and, as he said, was connected with George Francis Train at the time that dignitary was engaged in city railroad affairs in London. He manifested the greatest admiration for the acuteness of his principal, and his anecdotes concerning his method of business were full of interest. A frolic of a rather extravagant nature had sent him to the Island. He had arrived in New York with pockets full of money, having just resigned a situation as engineer on a Southern line of railroad, and, while looking for something to turn up, had yielded to the wild spirit of youth and become involved in dissipation. His abilities and manners won him many friends during the period of his incarceration. Upon its conclusion he went to the city for a day or two, having borrowed a few dollars, and returned saying he had secured a situation as civil engineer in a company about starting for Switzerland. The next day he again went to the city to settle some matters in connection with his proposed scheme, and the weather being somewhat cold he induced a gentleman resident in the Asylum to lend him a fine over-coat. He borrowed a few small articles of wearing apparel as well as money from other persons, and then, although he had stated he would come back to the Asylum that same evening, neither he nor his plunder was ever seen there again.

As I entered the female wards I was desirous of examining the dark cell so strongly presented to my imagination as I sat sketching in the Sewing-room. A keeper politely conducted me to its location on the ground-floor of the building, and I descried some six of them side by side. They were merely empty stone apartments with heavy double doors, the outside one of which had the appearance, to a casual glance, of the door of the ordinary cell. Closer inspection,



THE DARK CELL.

however, showed that its grate-work was merely painted, and that it was thoroughly impenetrable by light. With both shut and bolted the blackest night must reign in the dungeon, and to an evil conscience given up to itself therein, with the attendant demons of ignorance, imagination, and superstition, it must indeed seem hideous.

"Is there any one confined here now?" I asked of the keeper.

"Yes, one. Would you like to take a sketch?"

A clanging of iron and we were admitted into No. 80. What resembled a bundle of clothes lay on the floor in a corner, but as my eyes became accustomed to the dim light I recognized the crouching figure of a woman, her head between her knees, and her hands clasped about it.

"Get up there!" was harshly commanded.

The creature, throwing back her disheveled hair, shiveringly arose, and placing herself awkwardly against the wall, gazed upon us with frightened aspect.

The keeper regarded her with a cynical air of triumph; and if there had been aught of rebellion in her she was thoroughly mastered—there was no question about that. Compassion fairly stung me as I looked; I hastily turned away. Hard as were her features, depraved as had been her life, her complete humiliation was most pitiable.

"How long has she been there?"

"About six hours."

"What was her offense?"

"A matron had her shut up for insults and continual insolence."

I was now invited to see the women at dinner. The hour was fast approaching, and as I was absorbed in making a drawing of the interior of a cell with its occupants, two savage-looking Amazons, bearing between them a large tin vessel of soup, struck against me in their impetuous march, and considerably disturbed my equilibrium. I soon regained it and my sketch-



MESS-ROOM.

book, however, and with unmoved visage finished my task.

"What are they in there for?" I asked, addressing some stragglers through the hall, and indicating the dismal group whose figures I had drawn.

"Ha! ha! they're just off the streets—look blue, don't they?"

They did indeed wear the saddest expression of any about me. Mortifying reflections seemed devouring each one; in dogged silence they sat, their eyes fixed on the floor. Their appearance afforded the utmost amusement to the hilarious prisoner who had answered me; but my occupation also interested her, and calling to a woman passing by she exclaimed:

"Hi, Sal! don't you want your dagrytype taken? Here's your chance; get it done cheap!" There raged a desire among all the inmates to have every body's portrait taken except their own.

The dinner-bell sounded, and from the cells soon appeared a large body of women, who, forming themselves into single file under the eye of a keeper, advanced with great decorum along the hall and up the narrow staircase to the mess-rooms. The different work-rooms also sent forth their processions, which streamed along the various galleries. It was a novel and instructive sight; the discipline maintained was evidently most effectual. The sober air which pervaded all, the whitish uniform of the females, the long corridors, with other details, presented many of the features of a nunnery, and I was lost in an imaginative reverie to

be rudely disrupted by—"Take care of yourself there; you'll get the dark cell, my lady!" in the harsh voice of the keeper.

On the narrow tables, scarcely a foot wide, were placed at regular and close intervals pans of soup, in addition to which each individual received a good-sized piece of bread meted out to her upon entrance by a prisoner selected for the purpose, who presided over a large box. The meal was eaten in perfect silence—the negro portion of the assemblage forming a select circle. Enough was provided, but I could see many would have eaten more; and when, as sometimes happened, a rather smaller piece of bread than usual was delivered, it was received with an enraged sniff. The two mess-rooms seated, I should judge, some four hundred. Upon the conclusion of the meal the keeper, who had all along manifested great interest in my drawings, proposed to add to my repertory two fine samples of the prisoners. The first brought before me was a light-haired woman of forty years, who acted much as would a little girl called from the nursery for the delectation of a grave visitor of her parents. Her tongue wriggled about her lips, and both hands were occasionally pressed upon her cheeks, the fingers entering her mouth as she fidgeted upon her seat, gazing now into my eyes with a scared and mystified smile, and then casting side-glances at her amused companions, while a giggle ever and anon shook her frame.

"She's crazy, isn't she?" I asked.

"She crazy? A more cunning creature never came to the institution."

"Well, she's silly, then?"

"Yes, sometimes."

While finishing her portrait I was confronted with the second sample, whom the keeper

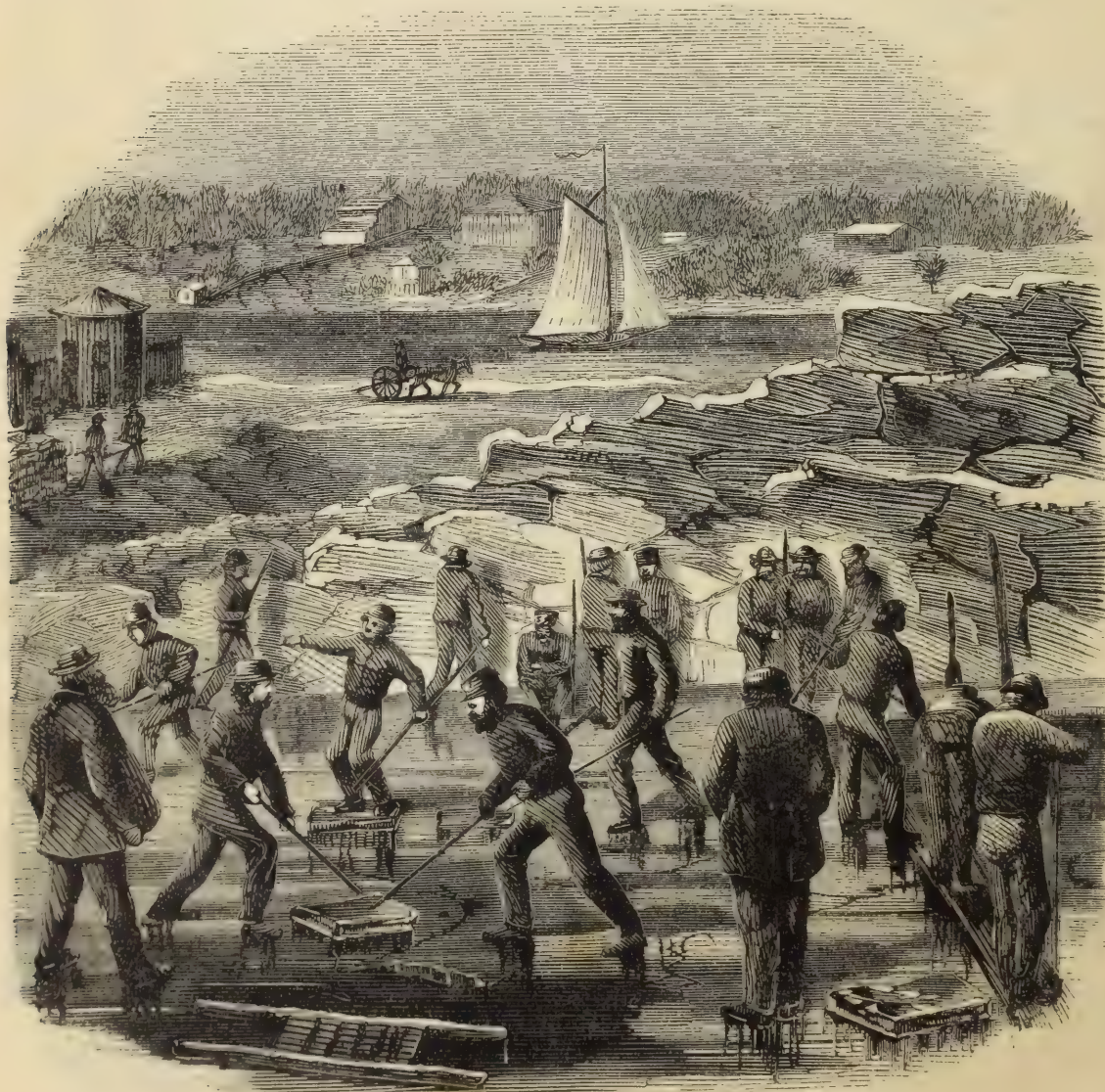


INTERIOR OF A CELL.

had taken much time and care in selecting. She was, in truth, a Work-house case from head to foot; her scarred lip and bloated countenance indicated many a scene of riot and debauchery; but the presentation of her likeness spares me further description. As she came before me, she wore her gown over her head, which, it seems, was contrary to the laws, and the keeper put it down with more rudeness than I thought necessary; but I soon forgave him, for as she arose to go away, and I with much suavity was thanking her for her motionless sitting, she made a muttered remark to attract my attention, and then thrust out her hand for my watch-chain. I saw the action before it was too late, and she proceeded to her cell without having perpetrated the delicate little robbery.

In the third story I found the Hoop-skirt Factory as well as the apartment in which the manufacture of cigars had once been carried on. The contractor for the latter had just suspended business. The Hoop-skirt Factory exhibited some twenty-six women at work. They were presided over by a stout male keeper as well as a forewoman. The latter, salar-

ied by the contractor, would fare hardly amidst the reckless gathering were it not for her masculine protector, who strode about slapping his thigh with a light cane. I learned that few, if any, of those employed knew the trade before entering the Work-house, but that a knowledge of it was easily acquired, two weeks sufficing for a very ordinary intellect to master all the details and manipulation. A pressing machine was situated in a separate room, and was used to securely fasten the circlets of the skirt upon wires, crossing them at right angles, tin clamps being employed. Two of the youngest women I had seen about the institution were here at work. One of them was even pretty, with a black, bright, and malicious eye, and a thick shock of dark hair. This flying in all directions and bristling up from her forehead, gave her a very weird look, of which she was conscious, striving to intensify it for my amusement by spreading her locks more wildly. The keeper leaving the room, she at once stopped working and advanced toward me, fixing an ardent gaze upon me. I was flattering myself with the conviction that I had inspired love at first sight, when more careful observation in-



WORK-HOUSE PRISONERS GETTING ICE.

duced the belief that my watch, not myself, was the attraction. The keeper now returning, she resumed her seat and made vigorous efforts to gain my admiration by apparently swallowing the tin clamps which lay about her in abundance. These were also used to administer to that feminine love of ornament, as noticeable and common in prisons as elsewhere. Her fellow-laborer had woven them into a net which glistening confined her back-hair.



BUILDING SEA-WALL.

My first sketch about the grounds of the Work-house was made in the middle of winter. A large party of men were engaged on a pond in cutting and transporting ice for the use of the institution. With spears they fished the sawn ice from the water and pushed it over the frozen surface to their fellows, who carried it on wooden barrows to the proper place of deposit. The Work-house spirit was seen everywhere. Those who could rested at once from their toil, and, collecting in groups, lazily smoked and talked; some of the younger men, however, seemed to enjoy the sport of jumping

on large cakes, to which they had given impetus, and gliding sledge-fashion over the ice.

I have often been amused by the method of working shown by the prisoners. While the foundations for certain buildings erecting for the Lunatic Asylum were being dug some twenty men were employed in wheeling earth. They started off in a procession, each with his barrow filled, and then turning a corner were out of sight of the keeper, when instantly the whole line stopped, each man seating himself upon his vehicle. This was always done with the regularity of clock-work. One soul ani-



BREAKING STONES.



THE SWILL TUB.

mated the gang, only inspired to exertion by the appearance of the officer. This lazy feeling is indicated in the sketch of the prisoners building sea-wall. Of course, seeing that no remuneration thereunto accrues, no one expects them to work with much gusto, still it is to be believed that an energetic man could not from habit refrain from being industrious in the task given him.

The picturesque, and indeed comical, aspect of a party breaking stones near the river attracted my attention. The weather was somewhat chilly; although the sun shone brightly a cold wind made the thinly clad feel uncomfortable, and as protection against this, several of the men had ensconced themselves in old baskets lying about. I discovered in the overseer of the gang an individual who had been employed at the Asylum in the more congenial occupation of writing. Drink there procured had rendered him insolent to the Warden of the Work-house, and he was in consequence reduced to his present position. The gift of a cigar established us on familiar footing, and he became quite communicative concerning his fellow-prisoners under him.

"What's that man tied his pants tight about the ankles for—that man who keeps walking up and down?"

"Oh, the poor devil hasn't any stockings; he wishes to keep the wind off. He's quite a smart old boy in his way—has an invention connected with a steam-engine he means to patent and realize a fortune from."

"You have clever men up here, then?"

"Yes, sometimes. You see that grizzly-headed little fellow with the bright black eye, he's one of them. Commenced life as a clerk, I believe—took to drinking, wrote poetry for the Sunday papers, delirium tremens—has been to several Lunatic Asylums. In one he wrote a novel depicting life therein, rather scandalizing the institution. It fell into the Physician's hands, who burned it up. He escaped sentence for forgery in Massachusetts by a plea of insanity. Has been engaged in lecturing and

in giving concerts. He can get off a good thing, too. Up there at the Asylum, where he was for a time, there's a watchman named Cordial, who had occasion to carry him forcibly back to the 'Lodge' in one of his freaks. As he was rather roughly handled, he exclaimed, 'This is what I call a Cordial reception!' Not bad, eh? Then, too, being rebuked by an official, who told him he wanted none of his impudence, 'Of course you don't, my

good Sir, you've got enough of your own.'"

"Look at that man!" I exclaimed, interrupting the recital, and pointing to an individual who, having laid aside his hammer, had produced from his hat a beet, a carrot, and some crusts of bread, involved in a dirty handkerchief, and then unbuttoning his vest revealed a larger stock of refuse vegetables, including potatoes, which he proceeded leisurely to munch.

"Look at him, I think he's awful!"

"*Offal*, of course he is; he went to the dogs long ago. No amount of victuals will satisfy that fellow. As soon as he with some others come out to work in the morning, they strike a bee line for the swill tubs of the Asylum and stuff their jackets, pants, and hats with greasy beets and pieces of bread. They're used to it, the gluttons; it's the way many of them supported life while in the city."

"Don't the institution feed them well?"

"It feeds them; they get as much as others, of course; but they always complain of feeling hungry."

Near by these stone-breakers a gang of some fifty Penitentiary prisoners were engaged in blasting rocks, and I may as well state here for the benefit of visitors to the Island, that the Penitentiary men are to be distinguished from others by their uniforms of whitish material, striped horizontally with dark brown.

I have rarely observed Work-house women employed in outdoor work save in that intimately connected with feminine pursuits, such as the hanging of clothes to dry. Yet at one time I used to remark a couple of stalwart females on the steamboat dock, who busied themselves in lading and unlading a cart, which drove down from their prison. The odd situation of these Amazons, as they "chaffed" with the men around, their bold and confident looks, their apparent delight in their masculinity, fastened them securely in my memory. I have since learned they were connected with the Cigar Factory. Occasionally, as the cart was about starting on a return to the institution, one of them would bound upon it, and rushing



THE CART-WOMAN.

up to the driver, amidst laughter, would throw him aside with her brawny arms, and seizing the reins, incite the horse in Jehu-like fashion.

I propose to take my leave of the Island in the barge of the Work-house Superintendent. While waiting in the boat-house for the hour of going let me descant upon the crews about me, for they deserve more than a passing glance. These men differ from other prisoners in being mostly self-committed. I presume, however, there are those employed elsewhere who have done the same. They commit themselves from a knowledge of their own weakness in combat-

ing their passion for drink, and the consequent difficulties and diseases in which it involves them; though some from inaptitude for work, and fondness for a comparatively easy time—a life free from care. Many of them have lost a leg. The number of maimed in the institution is plentiful.

"We get better feed, we boatmen, than the others," said to me a man who bore about him unmistakable marks of being "constitutionally tired." "We get roast meat quite often." And the fellow licked his chops and grinned, as though the savory viand was before him.

"You rather like it here, I guess," I returned.

"Yes; I'm found, and have easy work. Next summer, when my time's up, I shall go to Pennsylvania and get on a canal-boat. I've cooked on 'em often." He lolled back in his chair and gazed up in my face with a cunning gleam in his stupid eye which seemed to say, "You think I'm a fool; but I'm a knowing un, I am."

Some three or four possessed the average share of intelligence. Among them was a thickly-bearded, heavily-bodied man, whose forte was politics; the state of the country continually occupied his attention. Quite a philosopher, his remarks were often humorously sarcastic; but he was decidedly an Epicurean, and, though true to his school, his thoughts were not very profound.

A few surly visages were present, but the majority exhibited an easy tone of mind that was indifferent to trouble. Genuine shame at their degraded position was visible in one or



WORK-HOUSE BOATMEN—OFF DUTY.

two, but the remainder were evidently in their normal state. Time passed agreeably with those by the help of cards, pipes, and a few books and newspapers. Sleep had its adorers. When a dime novel made its appearance it was amusing to see and listen to the group that gathered about the individual reading it aloud. Be happy, O Novelist! thou hast not lived in vain. Tears stood in the eyes of those little used to weep when the sufferings of thy Amelia and her Adolphus were related. The brilliant description of the enraged bull and the heroic devotion of the distracted lover awakened enthusiasm; and where Amelia piteously and eloquently bewails the absence of Adolphus there arose a chorus: "That's what I call fine writ-

ing!" "That's nice!" "Lovely, and no mistake!" Although one stalwart member of the party expressed disgust, exclaiming, "That's — bosh—wishy-wash!" and strode to the open air to ease his indignation. Every thing that is good, and sentimentalism is not an exception.

But I hear a trampling of feet, and the voice of the Captain sings out:

"All aboard!"

The sturdy and active muscles of the crew urge me swiftly across the river, strong as is the current; and hoping my readers have derived as much interest as myself from my visits to the Work-house, I am landed at Seventy-ninth Street.

THE LADY OF MY DREAMS.

HER face is stern, but wondrous fair
Of feature, and her raven hair
Falls down in silken ripples where,
Wrapp'd round by sleep, I see her stand,
A visitor from some dim land,
This Lady of my Dreams.

Close to my bedside through the night,
Until the dawning of the light
Strikes feebly on my waking sight,
She stands, and at the break of day,
Like to a ghost, she flits away
With morning's earliest beams.

Twined with her locks of raven hair
Are countless brazen serpents there,
Whose hisses rend the tortured air
From topaz tongues of sharpened flame,
Forked lightnings tipped with deadliest aim,
That lure the charmed sight.

I know the time that she draws nigh,
Slow pass the hours when she is by,
A sullen fire glows in her eye,
That burns into my heart and brain,
Down deepening with a sense of pain,
Through all the troubled night.

Uplifted high above her head
Its blade all dashed with drops of red,
As if by it some heart had bled,
She holds a dagger in the air,
This woman with the face so fair,
The Lady of my Dreams.

Descending straight toward my breast,
Its hilt by her fair fingers prest,
Slowly, but with no show of rest,
Closer it nears my shuddering heart,
When, waking with a sudden start,
The gray dawn coldly gleams.

What is this vision of the night
That vanishes with morning's light,
And ever cheats my waking sight—
Is it the ghost of guilt once wrought
In lasting deed or nursed in thought?
Oh, this it sometimes seems!

Often when by myself I sit,
Bound with slight threads by memory knit,
Unseen the shadow seems to flit
Before me, she with face so fair,
The woman with the raven hair,
The Lady of my Dreams.



VENICE.

GRAND were the old barbaric days
 When in her regal splendor throned
 She ruled—a light-effulging sphere,
 By tributary kingdoms zoned;
 The Cleopatra of the earth
 She reveled then, while on her breast
 The wealth of all the Orient glowed
 And blinded the adoring West.

Oh! saddest spectacle of earth—
 That queenly brow the common scorn,
 Its grandeur wholly passed away,
 Its beauty utterly forlorn!
 A desolation as of death
 Has stricken to that royal heart—
 What but a memory is her fame?
 Where in the present is her part?

And for the future? years will die,
 And years on years, revolving moons
 Will gild her lion's shadowy wings,
 And tremble in her still lagoons.
 But never will the hour return
 That yields her back her ancient reign,
 And never will the nations bend
 In homage at her feet again.

The past is past. No second prime,
 No second summer beauty knows,
 And she, the fallen, the forlorn,
 Has but her memories and her woes;
 No gleams of freedom stir her heart,
 No visions of recovered power—
 Only her beauty can not die,
 And it and sorrow are her dower.



TRUMAN SEYMOUR.

HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

XV.—FLORIDA. HER CRIME AND HER PUNISHMENT.

Geography of Florida.—Secession.—Treasonable Seizure of Forts.—Scenes at Pensacola.—The Great Bombardment.—The Eastern Shore.—Naval Adventures.—Capture of Fernandina, Florida, St. Augustine.—Indications of Loyalty.—Abandonment of Pensacola.—The Conflagration.—St. Johns Bluffs.—The Blockading Squadron.—Apalachicola.—Burning of Jacksonville.—Destroying the Salt-Works.—Bold Adventures.—The Disaster at Olustee.—Florida Rescued.

WHEN the Spanish adventurer, Ponce de Leon, in the spring of 1513, came in sight of the verdant valleys and flowery savannas of the southeastern extremity of the North American Continent, he gave to the blooming region the beautiful name of "Florida." The coun-

try, as it opened before him, presented the aspect of a vast undulating prairie, with fragrant, evergreen trees, scattered at such distances from each other as to allow a luxuriant growth of grass and flowers all the year round. Its climate, sunny, serene, salubrious, seemed like that of Paradise. Though subsequent explorations revealed extensive swamps and widespread barrens, yet there were vast regions of fertility and loveliness, presenting attractions such as can scarcely elsewhere be found upon this globe.

After many vicissitudes of ownership Florida was ceded to the United States in 1819. It was a grand accession to the National Government, and essential to our security and power.

The State is 285 miles long, and from 50 to 250 miles wide, containing 56,000 square miles, being just about the size of England, excluding Scotland and Wales. With great energy the National Government commenced improving its new possession, surveying the region, removing obstructions from rivers and harbors, rearing fortresses, liquidating Indian titles, and carrying on a long and bloody war with the Seminoles. In these ways it is estimated that nearly fifty millions of dollars have been expended, besides thousands of lives.

When the frenzy of Secession swept over the South, Florida had about 80,000 white inhabitants. On the 4th of January, 1861, two months before the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, the *Charleston* (South Carolina) *Mercury* made an earnest appeal to the people of Florida to seize the United States forts. In this appeal it was stated that there were no forts belonging to the National Government more important than those in Florida; that these forts commanded the whole Gulf trade; and that if the people of Florida, in imitation of the treasonable example of Georgia and Alabama, would seize these forts, then "*the commerce of the North will fall an easy prey to our bold privateers; and California gold will pay all such little expenses on our part.*"

On the 11th of January sixty-two men, in the State Convention, passed an ordinance that Florida did not belong to the Government of the United States. It was, according to their vote, entirely an independent realm, to remain independent, or to be surrendered, at their option, to any other power. The next day an armed mob seized the Navy-yard, at Pensacola, and Fort Barrancas. The commandant had no means of resistance, and was compelled to surrender and allow his flag to be hauled down. The Navy-yard contained 156,000 dollars' worth of ordnance stores. The United States schooner *Dana* was then in those waters, engaged in the Coast Survey. On the 15th that was seized by the rebels. Soon after, a law was enacted by the Florida Legislature that, should there be any collision between the National Government and these insurgents in Florida, any person who should consent to hold office under the United States Government should be declared guilty of treason and punished with death.

Fortunately Fort Pickens, at the mouth of Pensacola Harbor, on the eastern extremity of the Island of Santa Rosa, was so situated that, though held by a feeble garrison, the rebels, who had no navy, could not capture it. But they had collected an army of 8000 men under General Bragg on the adjacent shores, and had reared such formidable batteries that our blockading squadron riding in the offing could not approach the fort with reinforcements or supplies. On Friday night, the 12th of April, the night before the fire was opened upon Fort Sumter, taking advantage of the darkness, a number of boats, loaded with men and military stores, under command of Lieutenant Albert N. Smith,

of Massachusetts, left the fleet, and, with hushed voices and muffled oars, glided past those rebel batteries, which, by a few discharges, could have blown their boats to fragments, and succeeded in landing such reinforcements as to place the fort beyond all immediate danger. A few nights after, on the 15th, the experiment was repeated, adding a thousand troops to the garrison. The rebels were exceedingly anxious to get possession of Fort Pickens. Among the various plans suggested, the following novel one was proposed by a writer in the *Mobile Register*:

"By mixing red pepper and veratria with the powder with which the shells are filled, or by filling large shells of extraordinary capacity with poisonous gases, and throwing them very rapidly into the fort, every living soul would have to leave in double-quick time. It would be impossible to breathe there."

The National Government had constructed at Pensacola a very fine dry dock, which had cost a million and a half of dollars. The rebels had towed this out into the channel and partially sunk it to prevent the passage of vessels into the Bay. They were preparing to remove it to another spot where it would effectually bar the passage of any of our gun-boats. The night of the 2d of September, succeeding a day of storm and rain, was still, but cloudy and dark. A little after 9 o'clock Lieutenant Shipley, with a picked crew of eleven men, left the beach in front of the fort and rowed noiselessly for the dry dock. To their surprise no sentinels were found on board. They had taken with them the most effective combustible materials and three large Columbiad shells. The shells were placed in the boilers, and the combustibles being properly arranged, the torch was applied. The boat's crew had scarcely pulled twenty yards from the vessel when the flames burst forth, and the shells exploded, filling the air with fragments. The whole bay was illumined with the billows of flame which shot up into the sky. All night long the conflagration raged fiercely, consuming the vast mass of timber, and when the morning dawned nothing was left of the superb structure but smouldering, shapeless ruins floating upon the water.

For some time there was now an apparent cessation of hostilities. But both parties were alike vigilant; each watching for an opportunity to strike the other a blow. The following brilliant affair, which occurred at this time, deserves special record:

There was a schooner at the Pensacola Navy-yard fitting out for a privateer. Flag-officer William Mervine, of the *Colorado*, resolved to destroy it. He prepared an expedition of four boats manned by 100 officers and men. Captain Bailey, of the *Colorado*, matured the plan and arranged all its details. Lieutenant Russell had charge of the expedition. There were a thousand rebels encamped in the Navy-yard, and a strong guard on board the schooner. At half past 3 o'clock in the morning of the 14th of September the boats left the fleet for their



REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS.

daring adventure. The event is thus described by a Confederate officer:

"The enemy executed last night the most brilliant and daring act which has yet marked the history of the war. About 3 o'clock in the morning five launches, containing about thirty-five men each, pulled across from Santa Rosa Island to the Navy-yard, a distance of about two miles. Each launch had in it a small brass howitzer on a pivot. Their main object seems to have been to burn the largest schooner of our harbor police, which was anchored near the wharf. They were led by an officer with the courage of forty Numidian lions, and their success was perfect.

"Under cover of the darkness, silently, with muffled oars, they approached the wharf, and were not discovered until very near it. They then pulled rapidly to the schooner and grappled to her, when their daring leader shouted, 'Board her!' leading the way himself, with a cutlass in one hand and a blazing fire-ball in the other. He

threw the flambeau into the hold of the schooner, and feeling sure that she was on fire, ordered his men to take to their launches and pull for life, as he said that a shower of grape would soon be rattling after them. They pulled off a short distance; but before going they sent back a shower of grape from their howitzers, directed upon our men as they were forming. The schooner burned rapidly, and we had to cut her loose from the wharf to save it from destruction. She floated off in the tide, emitting a brilliant flood of light over the surrounding darkness of the scene."

Though the above narrative is not minutely accurate, it shows the impression the bold adventure produced upon the minds of the rebels. In fact, the vessel was found with her crew on board, moored to the wharf, under protection of a battery and field-piece. As our boats approached the crew poured into them a volley

BURNING OF THE SCHOONER.



of musketry. The boatmen, cutlass in hand, sprang on board, and, after a short but desperate fight, drove the crew on to the wharf, where, joined by the guard, they rallied, and kept up a continued fire upon our men. In the mean time a small party landed to spike a great gun. This was accomplished by Lieutenant Sproston and gunner Horton. In fifteen minutes the whole work was accomplished, the gun spiked and the schooner fired. As our boats pulled back, when a few yards from the shore they rallied, and from their howitzers fired six charges of canister into the yard. Several of our men were killed or wounded in this brilliant adventure. The loss of the rebels is not known.

In a few weeks the rebels attempted to retaliate. For some months they had been surrounding Fort Pickens with batteries, and arming them with their heaviest guns. It was their design, by a simultaneous concentric fire, to batter down its walls as Sumter had been reduced.

The night of the 9th of October was intensely dark. In the darkness 1500 rebels landed on the eastern end of Santa Rosa Island, and attacked Fort Pickens in the rear, hoping to carry it by surprise. The midnight storm of battle was terrible, with its vivid lightnings and its pealing thunders. The assailants were repulsed, driven back with serious slaughter to their boats, and breathless, bleeding, and smit-

ten with consternation with difficulty succeeded in reaching the shelter of their batteries.

On the morning of the 22d Colonel Harvey Brown, who was in command of Fort Pickens, opened fire upon the batteries of the foe. The fleet, under command of Flag-officer M'Kean, co-operated. There instantly arose such a tempest of war as has rarely been witnessed in this or any other land. The rebels had two forts—M'Rae and Barrancas—and fourteen separate batteries, armed with 10-inch Columbiads and 13-inch sea-coast mortars. All day long the terrific roar of battle shook the hills. For a few hours during the night there was silence, but not much repose, as both parties were preparing to resume the strife on the morrow.

The next morning the desperate battle commenced anew. The combatants were hurling enormous and deadly missiles at each other from a distance of between two and three thousand yards. Fort M'Rae and several batteries of the rebels were silenced the day before. The fire from the Union fort, batteries, and ships became increasingly deliberate and effective. About noon nearly the whole of Warrenton was in flames, and a large part of the Navy-yard. The conflict continued all day until dark, and then, until 2 o'clock in the morning, shells were occasionally thrown into the works of the foe. The scene presented in the night by the conflagration was grand in the extreme. Fort Pickens, though it had been struck by a great many shot and shell, was as efficient for action at the close as at the commencement of the combat. One gun was dismounted, one man killed, and four wounded. The rebel loss in life and limb was also small, as the gunners were so well protected. The rebel batteries were much knocked to pieces, and their loss by the conflagration severe.

The first of January, 1862, was ushered in with another artillery battle in Pensacola Bay, from forts and batteries, which was continued far into the night. The combatants stood at such a distance from each other that though they made a tremendous noise, and hurled at each other the most ponderous missiles, no decisive results were gained. The spectacle at night was magnificent. Several buildings in the Navy-yard and a large part of the town of Woolsey were in flames. The graceful curve of every shell through the air could be traced from the time it left the gun until it exploded. The illumination was so brilliant that it was seen by our ships forty miles at sea. Nothing effective was accomplished by these bombardments.

On the 28th of February Commodore Du Pont sailed from Hilton Head with quite a fleet of transports and gun-boats to take possession of important posts along the eastern shore of Florida. In the extreme northeastern corner of Florida is situated the little town of Fernandina, on Amelia Island, which is separated from the main land by a narrow sound. At

Fernandina is found one of the best harbors on the Atlantic coast south of Chesapeake Bay. It was all-important to close this port against blockade-runners. Commodore Du Pont's squadron consisted of twenty-six vessels, including gun-boats and transports, and conveyed a battalion of marines under Major Reynolds, and a brigade under General Wright. As they drew near Fernandina they learned from a contraband that the rebels had been informed of their approach, and were evacuating the forts and flying from the island in terror. As the heavier gun-boats could not easily thread the narrow channel Commander P. Drayton was sent forward in the steam-sloop Pawnee, with six light-draught gun-boats and three armed launches, with orders "to push through the sound with the utmost speed, to save public and private property from threatened destruction; to prevent poisoning the wells, and to put a stop to all those outrages, by the perpetration of which the leaders of this nefarious war hope to deceive and exasperate the people of the South."

On the northern extremity of the island is situated Fort Clinch. This was so manifestly abandoned that Commander Drayton without delay merely sent an armed boat on shore to raise the American flag, and pushed on. As they came in sight of Fernandina a train of cars, laden with soldiers and military stores, was seen just starting to run down the island four miles, and then, crossing by a bridge, to escape to the main land. The road ran along for some distance on the shore of the sound. Southern locomotives are proverbially slow of foot. There ensued, perhaps, an unprecedented race between the steamboat and the railroad train. The Ottawa pelted the fugitive cars with her 11-inch shells, until the conductor, having cut off some of the rear cars and put on extra steam, succeeded in effecting his escape.

In the mean time a rebel steamer was discovered, heavily laden, also endeavoring to escape down the narrow sound. The boat was filled with women and children, flying in terror from the outrages they had been told the Yankee soldiery would perpetrate. The rebel authorities had compelled all the citizens to leave the town. As the Ottawa hurled her terrific missiles at the rebel steamer, a mile distant, the women and children with shrieks, and upon their knees, entreated the commander to surrender. Their heart-rending supplications could not move him. He owned the boat and a large number of negroes on board, and he was willing to peril the lives of his helpless passengers for the chance of escaping with his property.

The rebel steamer was overtaken and captured. Jacob Brock, of Vermont, was the captain. He had resided in Florida twenty-three years, and owned a plantation and about a hundred negroes. The Ottawa, C. R. P. Rogers commanding, after the capture, steamed about ten miles north to the little town of St. Mary,

on the Georgia border, where it was supposed that the armament from Fort Clinch had been taken, and then ascended the river several miles on a reconnoissance. As they were returning, when passing a bend in the stream, where the channel brought them near to the shore, a Mississippi regiment concealed in the bushes poured upon the deck a storm of bullets. Commander Rogers was all prepared for this. His guns, heavily charged with grape, were immediately brought to bear upon the foe in ambush. The effect of one discharge, as our steamer swept along, was truly appalling. "The shrieks of the wounded and the groans of the dying could be distinctly heard, while the sailors at the mast-head could see the men falling." But five on board the *Ottawa* were wounded, though many had their clothes torn by bullets. The punishment inflicted upon the rebels, as they were left groaning, mangled, bleeding, dying, was dreadful.

As Commodore Du Pont examined the works at Fernandina he was surprised that they should have been surrendered without a struggle. There were forts and batteries, armed with the heaviest guns, which commanded all the turnings of the channel. The batteries were concealed and so protected by sand-hills as to afford perfect shelter for the men. Many of the guns were 38-pounders. There were several 8-inch guns, and also one 80 and one 120 pounder rifled gun. "We captured Port Royal," says Commodore Du Pont, "but Fernandina and Fort Clinch have been *given to us*."

A railroad ran directly across the neck of the Florida Peninsula, from Fernandina to Cedar Keys, on the Mexican Gulf. As Cedar Keys had been captured by a Union force on the 16th of January, both termini of the railroad were now in our possession. The inhabitants at Fernandina stated that the rebels intended to abandon all the sea-port towns, and make a desperate stand in the interior.

On the 12th of March four of the gun-boats, the *Ottawa* leading, entered the mouth of the St. Johns River to take possession of the beautiful town of Jacksonville, which contained some three thousand inhabitants, and was situated on the north bank of the stream about twenty-five miles from its mouth. Lieutenant Stevens, in the *Ottawa*, led this expedition. It was late in the evening before all the gun-boats had crossed the bar. The western horizon was then brightly illumined by the flames of the mills, houses, and other property belonging to Northern men who were suspected of Union sympathies. The rebel commander, General Trapier, is said to have issued this barbaric order. As the vessels ascended the romantic stream, rich in lovely scenery, they were surprised and delighted to find such decisive indications of Union sentiments. Many Northern families had emigrated to Florida, and not a few of them retained their loyalty to the National flag.

Men, women, and children, and groups of

ever-friendly slaves, stood upon the banks greeting the passing boats with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. Ladies stood upon verandas waving white flags. But as the little fleet drew nearer Jacksonville smouldering ruins alone presented themselves on each side of the river. "Nothing but the massive columns of dark pitch-pine smoke, smothered flames, and blackened piles remained of the huge saw-mills that had existed twenty-four hours previously. Such Vandalism we have never witnessed. Eight immense mills, and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of valuable lumber, destroyed in a single night by these ruthless villains—guerillas recognized by that lovely Government, the Southern Confederacy. The principal sufferers by these incendiaries are Northern men."

At noon of the 12th the *Ottawa*, with her 11-inch Dahlgrens frowning menacingly upon the town, dropped anchor about one hundred yards from the wharf. If there were any loyalty in the place, it was overawed by the barbaric terrors of secessiondom. Groups of men and boys were collected on the wharf, silent if not sullen. After some little conference Lieutenant Stevens commenced landing the Fourth New Hampshire Regiment to take possession of the town. In less than two hours the regiment was landed, and the Stars and Stripes floated in security over Jacksonville. It subsequently appeared that many of the most intelligent of the inhabitants were eagerly waiting for the protection of the National flag. But an inexorable reign of terror, threatening to lay the buildings of every loyalist in ashes, and to lead their occupants to the scaffold, had silenced all such utterances.

The presence of the National flag, however, somewhat emboldened those who in heart execrated the rebellion. Though aware that should our forces be withdrawn they would be exposed to the brutalities of the most unscrupulous men the civilized world has ever seen, they ventured to organize a meeting of loyal citizens at Jacksonville on the 20th of March, in which they passed a series of resolutions declaring that no State has a constitutional right to separate itself from the United States; that the Ordinance of Secession is void, as both unconstitutional and never having been submitted to the people for ratification; that thousands of the people of Florida would hail with joy the restoration of the National authority, and remonstrating against the system of tyranny which had deprived them of freedom of speech, robbed them of their money, driven them by the terrors of an inexorable conscription into the ranks of rebellion, thus demanding the abandonment of homes and property, and the exposure of wives and children to sickness, destitution, gaunt famine, and innumerable and untold miseries and sorrows. It required more courage on the part of these loyal men to pass these resolves than to face bullets and shells on the battle-field.

The rebels were building a large gun-boat

at Jacksonville, to be fitted out with a strong armament as a privateer. It was nearly completed, and would soon have been preying upon our commerce. Upon the approach of our fleet the torch was applied, and in a few hours the vessel was in ashes.

In the mean time Commodore Du Pont steamed down the coast with several vessels of the squadron toward St. Augustine. This ancient Spanish city was situated about thirty miles south of the mouth of the St. Johns River, and two miles within the bar of the bay upon whose northern shores it was built. The town was defended by a strong fort, with walls twenty feet high and twelve feet thick. Arriving off the harbor he sent Commander Rogers, in the Wabash, to the city with a flag of truce. The Mayor stated that the city had been evacuated the preceding night by the troops, and that he cheerfully surrendered it to Commodore Du Pont. The National banner was immediately displayed from the flag-staff of the fort, and all the cannon and munitions of war were turned over to our fleet.

But about fifteen hundred people remained in St. Augustine, the remainder, some three hundred and fifty, having fled. The women here, as in most other parts of the South, were found more virulent and unrelenting in their rebellion than the men. Commander Rogers, in his report to Flag-officer Du Pont, says:

"I believe that there are many citizens who are earnestly attached to the Union, a large number who are silently opposed to it, and a still larger number who care very little about the matter. There is much violent and pestilent feeling among the women. They seem to mistake treason for courage, and have a theatrical desire to figure as heroines. On the night before our arrival a party of women assembled in front of the barracks and cut down the flag-staff in order that it might not be used to support the old flag."

The rebels in their flight had taken several guns from the fort, but we obtained three fine 32-pounders and two 8-inch howitzers. About fifty miles south of St. Augustine was Mosquito Inlet, where the British blockade-runners from Nassau were conveying, by vessels of light draught, arms and other munitions of war to aid the rebels. Two gun-boats, the Penguin, under Lieutenant T. A. Budd, and the Henry Andrew, under Acting-Master S. W. Mather, were sent to this place to establish an inside blockade, capture any vessels which might be there, and guard from incendiarism a large quantity of live-oak timber belonging to the Government, which had been cut and was ready for shipment. The two steamers reached the Inlet on the 22d of March; and an expedition, consisting of five light boats conveying forty-five men, was fitted out to explore the long and narrow bay. They cruised along in a southerly direction, passing the little hamlet of New Smyrna, some eighteen miles, and, meeting with no incident, commenced their return.

When within sight of one of the steamers the advance boat at some distance from the

rest landed, and the two commanding officers of the expedition, Lieutenant Budd and Acting-Master Mather, proceeded to examine some old abandoned earth-works, covered with dense forest and underbrush. Suddenly they were fired upon by a party of rebel soldiers in ambush. Both of the officers were instantly killed, and three of the five men composing the boat's crew. The other two were wounded and made prisoners. As the other boats came up they also were fired into and sustained more or less loss. The Henry Andrew the next morning was hauled up close to the scene of attack, but no foe could be found. "The commanding officer," writes Commodore Du Pont, "a Captain Bird, who had come from a camp at a distance, made some show of courtesy by returning papers and a watch as if ashamed of this mode of warfare; for these were the very troops that, with sufficient force, means, and material for a respectable defense, had ingloriously fled from St. Augustine on our approach." By these operations on the Florida coast the blockade was rendered much more effective, and the rebels were deprived of much of their power of doing harm.

At the mouth of the Apalachicola River, on the Florida coast in the Gulf of Mexico, is the thriving town of Apalachicola, from whose commodious harbor very considerable commerce was carried on. The stream was navigable for small vessels seventy miles above its mouth, and for boats four hundred miles. It was reported that there were quite a number of blockade-runners at or above the city. The latter part of March Commander Stellwagen, with two gun-boats, appeared off the place and organized an armed boat expedition to ascend the river and capture or destroy any rebel vessels which might be found there. They found the place almost entirely abandoned by its male inhabitants, the fort dismantled, and the guns removed. The inhabitants who remained welcomed the expedition and promptly raised the United States flag. The boat expedition captured quite a number of vessels, some of which they burned, and others they took with them down the river. The oath of allegiance was administered to some of the inhabitants, and formal possession was taken of the town.

It is very evident that at Pensacola, notwithstanding it was in rebel hands, there were some decisive indications of Union feeling; for on the 30th of March Colonel T. M. Jones, then commanding the rebel force there, issued the following characteristic proclamation:

"For the information of all concerned. There are certain lounging, worthless people, white as well as colored, who frequent Pensacola and vicinity, who have no observable occupation. Their intentions may be honest, but the Colonel commanding does not believe it; and as he has no use for their presence, they are warned to leave or the consequences must rest on their own heads. The gallows is erected in Pensacola, and will be in constant use on and after the 3d of April, 1862. The town is under complete martial law."

A little before midnight on the 9th of May

the garrison at Fort Pickens were aroused by an unusual firing of musketry in the direction of the rebel forts. Signal lights were seen blazing upon the shore, and there were other indications of some strange commotion. Suddenly, and almost simultaneously, crackling, roaring flames, in huge billows, burst forth from forts and water-batteries and the light-house, from the Marine Hospital and the Navy-yard, and from Pensacola and the villages of Warrenton and Woolsey, and all other buildings along a line nearly ten miles in extent. It was manifest that the rebels had decided to evacuate the region, and that they had resolved to leave nothing but ashes behind them.

The rebels had carefully arranged their combustibles, which had been prepared in great quantities, and by the light of the conflagration they could be distinctly seen running about, like demons of destruction, applying the torch. The long roll was immediately beat in Fort Pickens, and a tremendous cannonade opened upon the incendiaries, which was kept up incessantly for five hours, and which so disturbed the rebels in their operations that not a little property, which would otherwise have been destroyed, was preserved.

The guns of the rebel forts M'Rae and Barrancas, which had commanded the harbor, were now powerless, and the blockading schooner, Maria J. Wood, steamed into the bay and demanded the unconditional surrender of the place. As the flag of truce landed the officers were met by about one hundred and fifty people, who, with a single exception, manifested great joy in prospect of the restoration of the National authority. The negroes gathered in great numbers, shouting, exuberantly, "Dey is come at last; dey is come at last!"

Captain Jackson, with his flag, proceeded through the grass-grown streets to the house of Mayor Bobee. To the demand for surrender Bobee replied:

"The Confederates have so long held sway here, and usurped the power which rightfully belongs to the municipal authorities, that I do not know really how much authority I have left."

Fortunately the Harriet Lane, with Commodore Porter of the mortar flotilla on board, was that night running down the coast from Mobile. Seeing the whole eastern horizon illumined with the blaze of the immense conflagration, Captain Wainwright steamed directly for Pensacola harbor. The arrival in the morning of this powerful steamer was very opportune. She was immediately employed in transporting troops, with their necessary armament, from Fort Pickens and the Island of Santa Rosa to the main land. About twelve hundred troops, with artillery, siege-guns, ammunition, horses, and camp equipage, were soon on shore, with defenses thrown up around them to guard against any surprise. The Stars and Stripes were raised over the smouldering forts. But scarcely any thing met the eye excepting fire, ashes, and desolation.

There was a magnificent naval hospital at Pensacola, one of the finest structures of the kind in the United States. The Vandals, in their indiscriminating rage, had set that on fire, and it was speedily reduced to smouldering cinders. "It was," writes the correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, "behind this hospital that Bragg had a heavy mortar battery during the first bombardment; and shielded from the fire of Pickens by the humane folds of the yellow flag, which floated over the hospital, he kept up an incessant fire upon the Federal garrison."

This was the last foothold of any importance which the rebels held in Florida. The whole State thus virtually fell back into the possession of the National arms, though it continued to be the scene of many wild adventures. The necessities of the Confederate Government had become so pressing that the authorities at Richmond had decided to withdraw nearly all their forces from the State, and most of the troops had been sent to Tennessee. Still enough were left behind to keep up a sort of guerrilla warfare, which, with the torch and the halter, might prevent the development of any Union sympathies among the people. As the rebel troops were mainly withdrawn there seemed to be no reason why we should leave regiments there encamped in idleness. Jacksonville was evacuated, and the rebels returned, wreaking sore vengeance upon all who had ventured to express any sympathy for the National authority. The recital of the barbarities they inflicted caused the ear of the nation to tingle.

About three miles above the mouth of the River St. Johns there were some renowned bluffs, which had caught the military eye of the old Spanish adventurers as an impregnable position. The bluffs commanded the river, and in the rear could be only approached through a single ravine, which could be swept by artillery. The narrowness of the channel and the elevation of the bluffs rendered the approach by gun-boats both difficult and dangerous. The rebels seized this Gibraltar, placed upon it a heavy and effective armament of nine guns, two of them Columbiads, and stationed a garrison there, infantry and cavalry, of one thousand two hundred men. Blockade-runners, having ascended the river beyond this point, were safe from any pursuit by our gun-boats.

General Mitchell, then the energetic commander at Port Royal, late in September fitted out an expedition to clear the river of these obstructions. A land-force of 1573 men, consisting of the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania, under Colonel T. H. Good, the Seventh Connecticut, under Colonel Joseph Hawley, and a section of First Connecticut light battery, left Hilton Head in four transports on the afternoon of the 30th of September. Early the next morning they arrived off the bar of St. Johns River. Here they were joined by six gun-boats commanded by Captain Charles Steedman of the United States Navy. The

land-force was intrusted to Brigadier-General J. M. Brannon. The fleet immediately crossed the bar and anchored in the mouth of the river opposite a small "timber village" called Mayport, situated on a bluff. About two miles farther up the river they saw the rebel flag, indicating the position of their batteries. Three gun-boats were sent up to draw the fire of the guns, that their number and the weight of their metal might be ascertained.

A few shells, with very accurate aim, were pitched directly into the rebel batteries. The return fire of their guns revealed that which we wished to know and did us no harm. As it seemed evident that the rebels were disposed for a fight, the landing of the troops was at once commenced, under the protection of the gun-boats, which, from the nature of the locality, proved a very tedious and difficult operation. It was their plan to work around into the rear, so as to cut off the retreat of the rebels. The rain was now falling in torrents. But through the discomfort of the storm and the gloom the troops, horses, and artillery were got safely ashore, including three 12-pound howitzers, worked by marines.

As soon as the landing was effected, and the troops were prepared to move for the attack, the gun-boats were again sent forward. As they opened their fire, shelling the batteries, they found, to their great surprise, that the rebels had abandoned every thing and fled. Lieutenant Snell sent a boat ashore and raised the American flag. The land-forces pressed forward and took possession of the batteries. The position was found to be one of very great strength, the works carefully constructed and heavily armed. Had the rebels displayed any of that courage which they certainly on most occasions evinced, it is not improbable that they might have resisted even a much larger force than that which we had sent against them.

The guns, nine heavy Columbiads, the small-arms, and the ammunition, were removed to the gun-boats, the magazines blown up, and the entire works on the bluff destroyed. Captain Steedman, with a portion of the fleet, steamed directly for Jacksonville, to destroy the rebel boats there, and to intercept the escape of the rebel garrison across the river. A body of infantry soon followed. Jacksonville was found deserted by nearly all its inhabitants excepting a few old men, women, and children. One of the steamers, the *Darlington*, in charge of Captain Yard, with one hundred men of the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, boldly ran up the river two hundred and thirty miles, and seized a rebel steamer, the *Governor Milton*. Our gun-boats now retained the entire possession of the river, and the expedition returned to Hilton Head without the loss of a man and crowned with victory.

Apalachicola was now simply guarded by the blockading fleet, there being no Union garrison on shore. It was reported that several miles

up the river there was a sloop laden with cotton watching for a dark night to run the blockade. On the morning of the 15th of October two boats were sent from the gun-boats *Sagamore* and *Fort Henry*, each armed with a 12-pound howitzer and rifles for the crew and officers. They started before the dawn of day, and, rowing up the river about four miles, discovered the sloop in a small bay on the eastern shore of the stream. But the rebels had detected the enterprise. As the boats approached the sloop they saw a squadron of cavalry riding down the banks. They were thus obliged to move back, out into the river, and to send for reinforcements.

Four boats were promptly forwarded to their aid. As soon as they were all assembled two boats were sent to capture the sloop, while the rest held themselves in readiness to meet any emergency. The rebels, in ambush, threw in upon the advancing boats a volley of bullets, wounding three men. The fire was instantly returned by a shower of canister and shrapnell, sweeping the thicket and speedily scattering the band who, in Indian fashion, were lurking there. The rebel sailors fled from the sloop as the boats' crew boarded it. The victors cut their prize from her moorings, and all the boats towed her down the river.

It was necessary to pass by the wharves in Apalachicola. The rebel guerrillas, who had been driven from their ambush, hastened to the city and secreted themselves behind an embankment and in the store-houses. As our boats came within close musket-range, the men laboriously pulling at their oars, towing the sloop, the rebels again, from their concealment, opened fire, with volley after volley, wounding several, but killing none. Little were they prepared for the retribution which instantly visited them. The howitzers were turned upon their lurking-places. Shells, shrapnell, canister pursued them as with a divine vengeance. Limb was torn from limb, buildings set on fire, houses blown to pieces. Not another gun could be fired at our troops. To pick up the wounded and to extinguish the flames, which threatened the destruction of the city, engrossed all the energies of the foe. Scarcely had the boats returned to the fleet with their prize, having eighty bales of cotton on board, when a flag of truce was sent to the fleet from Apalachicola, imploring that our naval surgeons might be sent to the town to dress the stumps of the unhappy men whose limbs had been blown off by the fragments of our shells. Doctors Stevens, Scofield, and Draper volunteered their services on this mission of mercy to our enemies. The rebels were also informed that were our boats again fired upon from Apalachicola the city should be laid in ashes.

The secessionists in the vicinity of Apalachicola were largely supplying the rebel army with beef packed in salt. To facilitate this operation immense salt-works were erected all along the bays on the Gulf coast of Florida. Our

gun-boats swept the coast and laid them nearly all in ruins.

About this time a guerrilla band at Cedar Keys, with savage cunning, enticed a boat on shore from the steamer Somerset, by displaying three white flags from the houses. Just as the boat's crew were landing they were fired upon from the windows of a house, and eight of the men were wounded, some of them very severely. The retributions of war are terrible. The wounded men succeeded in working their way back to the ship. An avenging force was sent to the shore to administer the merited punishment. In a few hours the whole town was in ashes.

Twice the Union forces had now taken Jacksonville. Twice they had abandoned it as not worth holding. Slowly, and with great opposition, the Government had been led to adopt the measure of employing colored troops. The rebels had run large numbers of slaves into the interior of Florida, as a place of security. It was deemed wise to occupy Jacksonville as a base of operations for collecting and arming the negroes. On the 6th of March, 1863, a secret expedition, whose destination was known to but few, left Beaufort, South Carolina. It consisted of the First and Second Regiments of South Carolina Colored Volunteers, under Colonel T. W. Higginson and Colonel James Montgomery. They were conveyed in three transports.

On the 7th the vessels reached Fernandina, and, after a short delay, proceeded to the mouth of the St. Johns, where they dropped anchor on the morning of the 9th. Here a couple of gun-boats joined them, the Norwich and the Uncas. The next day the expedition steamed up the river. Passing the ruined batteries on St. Johns bluff, which the rebels had made no attempt to repair, they ran alongside of the wharf in Jacksonville, and, under protection of the guns of the Uncas, the colored troops, glowing with enthusiasm, eagerly jumped on shore. The rebels had simply a picket established in the town, while a considerable force was encamped three miles distant. The well-disciplined troops immediately formed in marching order, and so suddenly had they arrived and landed that almost the first intimation the inhabitants had of their presence was in witnessing the solid column of black faces marching through their streets.

Colonel Montgomery, at the head of two companies, pushed out into the woods, where his colored soldiers, with bravery which elicited great admiration, attacked a company of rebel cavalry and handsomely routed them. Colonel Higginson, in the mean time, stationed pickets throughout the town, and adopted other precautions against surprise. It was now night, and our troops were in secure possession of the place, with the loss of but one man killed and two wounded.

It was supposed that the National flag was now established permanently here, and the

loyal men felt very great relief. This sense of security was increased as, after a few days, the Sixth Connecticut and the Eighth Maine were sent to reinforce the little army. But to the astonishment of all, and the consternation of every loyal man, scarcely had these latter troops debarked ere the inexplicable order came not only for their immediate return, but for the recall of all the colored troops and the abandonment of the place for the third time. Though there was nothing to be done but promptly to obey these orders, the murmurings were loud and deep.

There probably never was an army composed of such fine materials as the Union army in this great conflict. In every regiment there might be found many men of the highest intellectual and religious character. But whenever there is war all the lovers of violence and crime rush to the field. Thus there will be found in every army many men utterly reckless, and who shrink at no crime. Some of these men, notwithstanding the indignation of their comrades and the utmost exertions of their officers, taking advantage of a high wind and the combustible nature of the buildings, set fire to the town. Jacksonville was soon in ruins. The beautiful city, which had been the pride of the State, and for many years the favorite resort for invalids from the North, was wrapped in flames and consumed to ashes. Scarcely a mansion, store-house, or negro cabin was left to tell where Jacksonville once stood. Long lines of magnificent oaks, with their green foliage and graceful drapery of Spanish moss, ornamented the streets. Orange groves perfumed the air with their perpetual blossoms mingling with the golden fruit. The yards and gardens were embellished with shrubbery and flowers blooming in the profusion of tropical luxuriance.

The relentless flames swept over the loveliness of the Eden, and it emerged from the ordeal as if scathed by the curse of God. An eye-witness on board the steam transport Boston writes :

"From this upper-deck the scene presented to the spectator is one of the most fearful magnificence. On every side, from every quarter of the city, dense clouds of black smoke and flames are bursting through the mansions and warehouses. A fresh south wind is blowing immense blazing cinders into the heart of the city. The beautiful Spanish moss, drooping so gracefully from the long avenues of the splendid old oaks, has caught fire, and, as far as the eye can reach, through these once pleasant streets nothing but sheets of flame can be seen, running up with the rapidity of lightning to the tops of the trees, and then darting off to the smallest branches. The whole city—mansions, warehouses, trees, shrubbery, and orange groves—all that refined taste and art through many years have made beautiful and attractive, are being lapped up, and by the howling, fiery blast."

Fifty families, most of them professing Union sentiments, with their homes and their furniture in ashes, in the extreme of penury, and debarred of all means of support, were huddled on board the transports, and were conveyed to Beaufort. Most of them had saved nothing

but the few clothes they wore. There they stood, fathers, mothers, daughters, torn from their once happy and beautiful homes and plunged into life-long woe, many of them the innocent victims of dreadful war. It is a slight solace to one's agonized feelings to reflect that probably many of these women were among the most determined and malignant instigators of the conflict. It is one of the mysteries of God's providential government that the innocent must suffer with the guilty.

On the 1st of April the fleet, after a fine run of fourteen hours from the mouth of the St. Johns, returned to Beaufort. General Saxton set apart some houses for the temporary accommodation of these war-stricken refugees, and they were fed upon the rations of the commissary department.

The achievements of our blockading squadron have never been suitably commemorated. And yet they performed many of the most arduous and daring exploits of the war, and contributed far more than is generally supposed to the glorious final result. It was one great object of the National Government to render it as difficult as possible for the rebels to feed their armies. Vast herds of cattle roamed over the prairies of Florida. These were killed, packed in salt, and sent in great abundance, by the internal railroads, to the several encampments. There were innumerable bays and inlets penetrating the Gulf coast of Florida, along whose silent and secluded shores salt-works were reared. The destruction of these works cut off those supplies of meat which were essential to the existence of an army.

About one hundred miles east of Pensacola there was an immense body of water jutting in from the Gulf, called St. Andrews Bay. The shores of this inland sea spread out through uncounted leagues in every conceivable irregularity of outline. Here there was a gloomy forest and there a frowning bluff. At one point the open prairie spread far away until it was lost in the distant horizon, and again the encroaching hillocks, crowned with dark evergreens and hoary, moss-draped oaks, obstructed the view. From time immemorial the wigwam of the Indian had dotted these shores, and his fragile canoe had glanced over these waves. The Indian had now disappeared. The country generally retained its pristine wildness, and naught but the cry of the water-fowl was heard to disturb the silence of its lonely waters.

Not far within the entrance of this majestic bay there was the little town of St. Andrews, an exceedingly convenient resort for blockade-runners. There was a small blockading force guarding the coast there, under the command of Acting-Master William R. Browne. Learning that there were some pretty extensive salt-works in operation far up this bay, in regions where they could not be reached by our gun-boats, and being fully convinced that in their wilderness seclusion they would not be protected by any military force, Mr. Browne fitted

out a single boat's crew of bold men, and sent them on an exploring adventure up the bay under the command of Acting-Ensign James J. Russel. It was the 2d of December, a very delightful season of the year in that sunny region.

They rowed along, in a westerly direction, about twenty miles, through a varied scene of wildness, desolation, and beauty, and then landing, marched through the wilderness country five miles until they reached a large sheet of salt-water, called Lake Ocala. Here they came suddenly upon Kent's salt-works. There were thirteen huge tanks or kettles in full blast, each holding two hundred gallons. It seemed as though they had fallen upon some realm of Pluto, as they saw the immense fires blazing, negroes running to and fro feeding them with the resinous fuel, and the air filled with smoke and vapor. They were producing one hundred and thirty gallons of salt daily. Our boat's crew, who certainly deserve the title of intrepid, broke the boilers to pieces, utterly demolished the works, and threw into the lake all the salt which they had accumulated. Two large flat-boats and six ox-carts were destroyed, and seventeen prisoners taken and paroled.

The success of this expedition incited to other similar movements. It so chanced that the stern-wheel steamer *Bloomer*, under Acting-Ensign Edwin Cressy, arrived. The steamer was of such light draught that she could run almost any where over the shallow waters of the bay. Master Browne put three officers and forty-eight men on board, and sent them to the extreme western extremity of the bay, to a place called West Bay, where they found extensive Government salt-works, which were producing four hundred bushels daily. Here they destroyed twenty-seven buildings, two hundred and twenty-two boilers and kettles, five thousand bushels of salt, and store-houses containing three months' provisions. The estimated value of the property destroyed was half a million of dollars.

This little stern-wheeler, which a sailor said "could run wherever there was a light dew," now steamed down the shore of the bay, penetrating all its secluded inlets, and destroyed a hundred and ninety-eight private salt-making establishments. Seven hundred and sixty boilers and kettles were broken to pieces, and an immense amount of salt thrown into the lake. There was also committed to the flames two hundred buildings, twenty-seven wagons, and five large flat-boats. The entire damage to the enemy was deemed not less than three millions of dollars. Such is war! "War," says Napoleon, "is the science of barbarians, the science of destruction."

By some strange instinct, in these far-away regions, the slaves, with universal acclaim, received the Union soldiers as their deliverers. No frowns of their masters could repress their delight. With joy, which at times passed all bounds, they availed themselves of the oppor-

DESTRUCTION OF SALT-WORKS.



tunity of escaping from a bondage which their souls loathed. These ever-true friends to the Union cause proved of great service in pointing out the location of salt-works, and the places where kettles had been hastily buried for concealment. Thirty-one of these contrabands accompanied the steamer back.

While these movements were in operation, Acting-Master Browne, learning from deserters that the town of St. Andrews had been for ten months occupied by a rebel military force, steamed up in the bark *Restless* to within a hundred yards of the town. Seeing a body of soldiers he shelled them, and drove them speedily into the woods. Then, selecting some of the weathermost houses for a target, he soon

set them in flames by his shells, and the conflagration rapidly spreading, in a few hours thirty-two houses were reduced to ashes.

A few days after these events a steamer was discovered, on the 20th of December, at the mouth of the Suwannee River, apparently at anchor or aground. This was a considerable stream flowing into the Gulf, about two hundred miles, following the coast line, east from Apalachicola. Though there were but five feet of water on the bar, the stream above presented a depth of fifteen feet for a distance of nearly sixty miles. The blockade schooner *Fox*, under command of Acting-Master George Ashbury, made the discovery. She immediately beat up toward her, until, when within three-

quarters of a mile of the rebel steamer, the schooner ran aground. Fire was then opened upon the rebel craft from a howitzer which drove all the crew ashore. Before escaping they scuttled the vessel. A boat's crew took possession of her. Finding that she could not be removed, and night coming on, the torch was applied. Through the long hours of darkness the gloom of those black forests and lone waters was dispelled by the crackling of flames and the brilliance of the great conflagration.

Four days after this, on the 24th of December, the Fox discovered a vessel trying to run into the Suwannee River. Chase was immediately made, and after the run of two hours the persuasive influence of a few shells induced the schooner to heave to. She proved to be a British blockade-runner from Havana, loaded with lead and salt, and was seized as a prize.

Salt is one of the necessities of life. The rebel armies could not exist without it. They immediately made efforts to repair and defend their ruined works. Early in February, 1864, the rebels had put up at West Bay, upon the site of the ruins which we had left there in December, greatly enlarged works, with a guard of fifty to protect them. There were twenty-six sheet-iron boilers, each one of which held eight hundred and eighty-one gallons, and nineteen kettles averaging two hundred gallons. These boilers and kettles had cost nearly one hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars, and the works covered a space of half a square mile. They had been in operation but ten days when Lieutenant W. R. Browne fitted out a cutter, manned with thirteen men under Acting-Ensign James J. Russel, and sent them up the Gulf coast twenty miles. Here they were to land and march inland seven miles, until they should strike the works on West Bay, thus attacking them in the rear. At the same time Acting-Ensign Henry Edson, with a second cutter, containing ten men, proceeded by the inside passage along the shores of St. Andrews Bay, to attack them in front.

This was, to say the least, a very daring movement—twenty-three men setting out to attack fifty on their own ground. Fortune favored the enterprise. The two parties arrived nearly simultaneously. The rebel guard, surprised by the double attack, and unconscious of the feeble numbers of their assailants, probably supposing that a whole regiment was about to dash upon them, broke and fled in terror. The boilers and kettles were broken to pieces, the chimneys and furnaces torn down, six hundred bushels of salt thrown into the bay, and a general destruction so complete effected as to render the works utterly useless. The two parties returned from their prosperous excursion without any loss.

St. Andrews Inlet enters the bay near the centre, dividing it into two bodies of water, the East and West Bay. Lieutenant Browne now, on the 17th of February, fitted out an expedition to cruise along to the east. A cutter with

eleven men was under the charge of Ensign Henry Edson. Master's-Mate F. Grant took the gig with seven men. The boats left the Restless at 8 o'clock in the evening. As they cruised along these solitary bays, creeks, and inlets they destroyed sixteen independent salt-works, some of them being the most extensive the rebel Government had ever erected in Florida. Destruction, to a generous heart, must be a painful duty. But it is ennobled and rendered almost joyous by the conviction that comparatively trivial ruin may rescue a great nation from overthrow.

There were now scarcely any rebel troops left in Florida. The indications were quite decisive that, could the Union men be sure of protection, the whole State might easily be brought back to its allegiance to the National Government. Early in February, 1864, General Gilmore was in command at Hilton Head. With the approval of the War Department he fitted out an expedition to take possession of Florida. Twenty steamers and eight schooners conveyed a force of about six thousand men, consisting of infantry, artillery, and cavalry, under command of General T. Seymour. The fleet arrived off the mouth of the St. Johns about ten o'clock on the morning of the 7th. They were entering a clime of sunshine and flowers in all the beauty of its spring adornment, and every heart beat in unison with the bird-songs which filled the air.

Leaving a couple of gun-boats to guard the mouth of the river, the remainder of the fleet steamed up, with the sloops in tow, to the piers of desolate, blackened, ruined Jacksonville. A squad of rebel infantry, hid behind some trees, fired into one of the steamers, wounding one man. Several companies of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored) sprang ashore, and, on the double-quick, gave chase to the foe, who speedily disappeared in the forest. Pursuing them two miles, they came proudly back, bringing with them five prisoners.

The troops, with all the vast material of war which even so small an army requires, were speedily landed. The next day, Monday, the 8th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, they commenced their march into the interior. They proceeded but about three miles that night, and bivouacked. The next morning, Tuesday, the 9th, with a body of cavalry and artillery in advance, they pressed on, directly west, following the line of the Florida Central Railroad, toward a wretched little hamlet called Baldwin, eighteen miles from Jacksonville. The country was uninviting, almost uninhabited. There was not a hill to cheer the eye, but only a vast plain, with occasional swamps, all covered with a scattered growth of resinous pines. There were here and there depressions where the rain had settled in pools of water, and some dismal swamps.

Colonel Henry, with a body of cavalry and artillery, had pushed on during the night, reconnoitring in advance. The night was so

intensely dark that some of the way the riders could not see the heads of their horses. Still they pressed merrily forward, unwisely despising their foe. They had proceeded but a few miles when they came upon the camp-fire of one of the advance rebel pickets. The few rebels there fled precipitately back to their reserve post. Eagerly our advance urged their horses onward until they came to a body of about one hundred and fifty of the enemy, gathered, evidently in some agitation, around their fires at Camp Finnigan. They were hastily eating their breakfast. Their horses were in harness and the wagons partly loaded, ready for a start. It was dark, and the rebels had no knowledge of our approach, though our horses were within a few rods of their camp.

After a careful reconnoissance the Fortieth Massachusetts mounted infantry was formed in line of battle, with Captain Elder's flying artillery just in their rear. Suddenly two buglers blew their loudest blasts, and the cavalry battalion dashed into the very heart of the hostile camp. The foe dispersed like a covey of partridges when the hunter's dog leaps into their midst. In an instant nearly every rebel disappeared in the gloom of night and of the forest. Four guns and the whole camp equipment fell into the hands of the successful Union troops, whose confidence in their own power and in the impotence of the rebels, already too strong, was thus greatly increased.

Colonel Henry remained at Camp Finnigan until four o'clock in the morning, baiting his horses, while the men amused themselves in examining the trunks, valises, and other treasures which had fallen into their hands. Again, before the dawn of day, the troops were mounted and on the road. At seven o'clock the next morning they dashed into Baldwin, eighteen miles from Jacksonville, which they found to be a southern village of fifteen buildings. No foe was found there. In the dépôt they captured stores to the amount of about half a million of dollars. This was deemed an important strategic point, as here the railroad from Fernandina to Cedar Keys crosses the Florida Central. In the afternoon General Gilmore and General Seymour and his Staff came up from Jacksonville.

At nine o'clock the next morning, Wednesday, the 10th, the little army was again upon the move, still following westward the line of the Central Railroad. The march of a couple of hours brought them to Barber's Station. Just beyond they came to a small stream called the South Fork of the St. Mary's River. Here, on the opposite shore, the enemy, at a plank bridge over what is called Big Creek, having destroyed the bridge, made a slight show of resistance. But our horsemen dashed gallantly through the stream and put the foe to flight. A few were killed and several wounded on both sides. One wounded rebel, as he was sinking away in death, said, sadly, that he had been forced into the service, and that he had done

all he could to prevent the war. We secured about fifty horses, with a considerable amount of small-arms. They found here a wealthy Southern planter, who was reputed to be the richest man in the State. He was said to be the proprietor of twenty-five thousand head of cattle. And yet, with characteristic Southern comfortlessness, he lived in a miserable shanty which would not satisfy the ambition of the humblest Northern day-laborer.

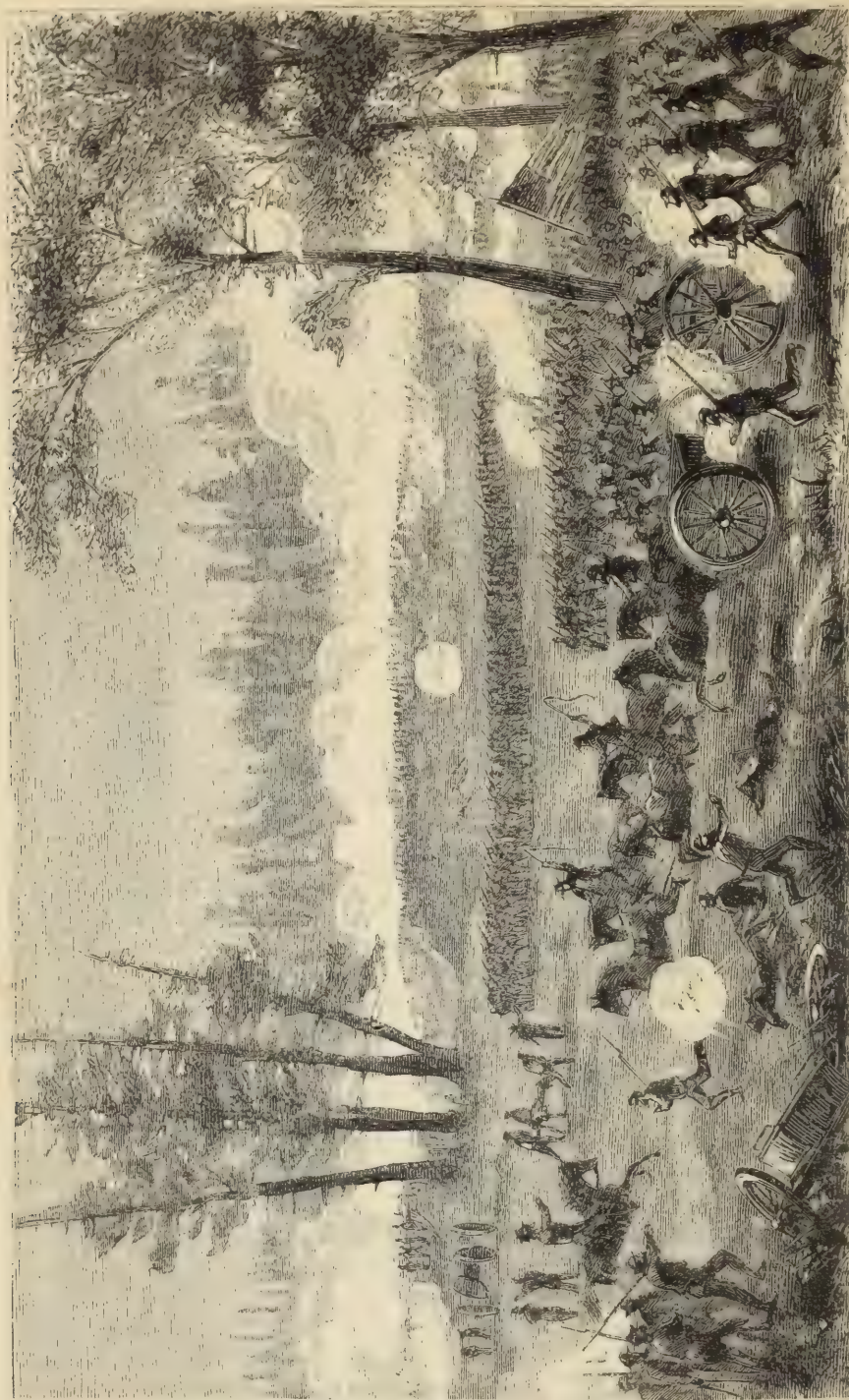
After a short rest at Barber's they pressed on to Sanderson, which was forty miles from Jacksonville. Here they arrived about six o'clock in the evening. Sanderson consists of a railway station a little larger than Baldwin. The rebels had left precipitately fifteen minutes before our troops arrived, and had applied the torch to three buildings containing a large amount of commissary stores. The night was illumined by the great conflagration. At two o'clock the next morning, Thursday, the 11th, the column was again in motion for Lake City, some twenty miles farther west, still following the line of the railroad. At eleven o'clock in the morning they were within a few miles of the city, not having encountered any foe. Here the advance found the enemy in some strength, advantageously posted in the forest. They therefore fell slowly back until the main body could come up.

In the afternoon it began to rain, and a dismal night came on, cold and wet and dark. The men and the horses were jaded out by their long march. Their provisions were also far in their rear. Upon the rain-soaked sods the men bivouacked in the extreme of discomfort. Thus far the expedition had been triumphantly successful. The enemy had not been able to make any stand against us. We had destroyed rebel governmental property to the amount of a million and a half of dollars.

In the mean time for days past the rebels had been hurrying down from their large army in the vicinity of Savannah and Charleston well-armed bands, variously estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand men, to fall stealthily upon our unsuspecting column and destroy it utterly.

They selected their position within a few miles of Lake City, near a railroad station called Olustee. There was a swamp in front of them, earth-works on their left, and a slight elevation covered with forests on the right. They had also chosen the spot where our troops must stand. As the Union troops passed along a narrow neck of land between two swamps they were compelled to deploy to form in line of battle, with the swamps in their rear. They were there exposed to a murderous fire from the well-posted ranks of the foe, and to the unerring aim of sharp-shooters, who in large numbers had climbed into the forest trees. In attempting a retreat the swamps would almost inevitably throw them into dire confusion.

Our leaders, unfortunately, seem to have been inspired on this occasion with the spirit of the



BATTLE OF OLUSTEE.

prayer, "Thank God we have none of that sneaking virtue called prudence!" With blind bravery they marched into the jaws of destruction. Many of the guns and muskets were unloaded. No foe was to be seen; no signs of camps any where; no sounds but the tramp of the army and the murmur of the breeze through the pines. The Seventh Connecticut was in the advance. As they passed between the swamps and emerged into the open fields beyond a terrific concentric fire swept their ranks from the almost invisible foe, marshaled in a curved line a mile in length around them. The Seventh New Hampshire, which had already ennobled itself by many brilliant exploits, rushed to the rescue of their comrades. Hamilton's battery

came thundering forward, Elder upon the right, Langdon on the left. The Eighth United States (colored), Colonel Charles W. Fribley, came gallantly at the double-quick into the caldron of death. Our whole force was soon engaged. Never did men fight more desperately. But they were outnumbered three to one. The white man and the black man fought side by side, patriot brothers equal in heroism. The crimson flood from their veins which blended on the sod showed that God had made of "one blood" both races.

For four hours, from two o'clock till six, the battle raged, the Union troops receiving three bullets for every one they could return. Rebel sharp-shooters in the trees could take deliber-

ate aim and strike down their man at every shot. The slaughter was dreadful. More than a thousand of our troops were either killed or wounded. Many of our horses were shot. Our ammunition was expended. We had met with a terrible disaster, and retreat became inevitable. It was an hour of agony. Guns had to be abandoned, for the horses which drew them were shot. Our wounded we had to leave upon the field, writhing in torture, for we had no means for removing them. General Seymour did every thing which bravery could do to extricate his men from the ambuscade into which he had led them. But it must be admitted that on the bloody day of Olustee the Union troops were not only outnumbered but outgeneraled.

The heroic Seventh Connecticut occupied the honorable post of rear-guard, holding the foe in check as our shattered columns fell back. Retiring rapidly but in good order, these exhausted, war-worn men, many of them severely wounded, toiled along all night, and passing Barber's Station reached Baldwin. The rebels followed our retreating columns cautiously. At Baldwin a large amount of military stores, which we had accumulated there, were committed to the flames. The wounded men who had painfully toiled along to this place were here placed in the cars and sent to Jacksonville. At twelve o'clock at night the troops reached Jacksonville, and the next day most of them re-embarked and returned to Hilton Head. Sad as was this disaster, troops never fought more bravely than did our white and colored troops on the fatal field of Olustee.*

After this there was no more serious fighting in Florida. Garrisons occupied Jacksonville and other points on the St. Johns River, while a small force of rebels remained in the interior. But there was now a concentration of all the armies on both sides for the final tremendous struggle around the walls of Richmond. Such a struggle was never witnessed before. It arrested the attention of the whole nation and of the civilized world. The capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee's army crushed the heart of the rebellion. The more embittered of the foes of the Union fled from the land which they had crimsoned with blood. The loyal men of Florida now dared to proclaim their loyalty. The unthinking crowd, who drift with the popular current, joined the Unionists in welcoming with acclaim the return of the National flag. But Florida came back from her prodigal wandering emaciate and in rags. Her crime was great, her punishment severe. The National Government, with kindest yearnings for every member of the great household of States, received the returning

* This defeat has elicited much angry comment. The above record is as impartial an account as the writer can give from the official reports and dispatches of Generals Gilmore and Seymour, and from the correspondence of several who participated in the scenes. Quite a collection of these papers may be found in the *Rebellion Record*, vol. viii.

wanderer with open arms, exclaiming, "My son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found."

MANASQUAN.

I WAS seated on the bench of the piazza which runs round the house. A pleasant summer murmur filled the air. The shrill busy hum of insects, the soft sighings of the southwest wind, and for bass the roar of the surf on the beach completed the harmony. I was doing nothing but thinking, thinking and pitying in my heart those who were compelled to live in the busy, noisy, dusty city.

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
Ut pri-ca gens mortalium,
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
Solutus omni fenore."

Horace, Epod., Car. ii.

I had just repeated to myself, as I drew in a fresh respiration of the clover-scented air and gave out a tobacco-perfumed one in return. Not that I have any paternal acres whereon to exercise my cattle. No, all my earthly possessions are in a very small compass. "Chateaux en Espagne"—castles in the air, are the extent of my dominions. And I can expand or compress them at pleasure. I was, however, so busy when a little incident started such an agreeable train of inquiry and meditation in my mind, that if you have as much pleasure in reading it as I have in writing it, I will make no more apology for the deed. It is nothing, I know; I have just given a retrospective glance at the wet lines above my pen, and am quite ashamed at all this preamble about a bee—a big black bumble-bee. There, I did not mean that as a specimen of alliteration. I was seated on the piazza, an old decaying one round a farm-house in New Jersey, at Point Pleasant, rightly so named.

Settling myself down for an after-breakfast smoke, and dismissing as much of the machinery of thought as showed signs of motion from my brains, I lit my pipe, blew a long cone of smoke out into the still summer air, and looked up at the calm blue space above my head, in which the swallows were skating with swift and graceful turns. When, presently, I could not help noticing a large, black-headed bee which seemed annoyed and highly indignant at my sitting in that particular spot. Angrily it hummed and droned about my head, and then finding I would not move it disappeared suddenly under my seat. I then heard a scratching and scraping like a mouse at a short distance. At my feet, on looking down, I saw a small heap of fine saw-dust mixed with a yellowish-looking powder-pollen. The bee was a carpenter, and at work where I was seated. I had noticed a little round hole as I sat down, but then thought nothing of it. Dreamily I wondered what my friend was doing. I shifted a little unconsciously on my seat, when, ugh! a smart dig behind made me spring up off it.

The little animal had stung me. At first I was angry and felt inclined to kill it. Then I re-lented as I thought of Wordsworth and his advice:

"Never to mix our pleasure nor our gain
With sorrow to the meanest thing that feels,"

and turned my attention to his goings on instead. It came out and flew away, but presently returned and poised itself in stationary flight above my head. I could not see its wings, at least not well, for they buzzed with such rapidity as to show like a small clean-edged mist or halo around the body which they supported. This was kept perfectly still. It moved no more, any way, than the head of a great rusty nail which stained my seat.

The equilibrium of these little scraps and motes of moving nature is as perfect as that of the great globe itself; they are chips of the old block. The earth spins round, and sleeps upon its pole in perfect rest, the very opposite of idleness. So this bee balancing itself there, and forming an opinion of me in equilibrium, was intensely busy, buzzing with full-strung healthy nerve in the summer stillness. Presently it swung itself out of its station and made a tour. Ye principles of dynamics, will this mighty globe ever thus take a cruise into space? Is this long succession of ages merely but the pausing of an insect in its flight? A thousand years are with the Lord as one day. Will ever the planets swarm and climb over one another's backs like bees, and be hived in some new arrangement of the "Kosmos?" Thus I thought, or, rather, let the observant stationary bee tickle the small remnant of thinking material I had left in my brain. After several tours and repetitions of his poised scrutiny my little friend decided that I was a harmless giant, even if not inanimate, for I had not so much as winked under his inspection. He made up his mind, suddenly alighted on the edge of my seat, and without knocking or brushing his shoes, tucked his wings flat to his side, and walked into the little round hole, as clean-edged and circular as if it had been made with a small sharp centre-bit. He walked slap into it, and wholly disappeared. It was exactly his size. He was gone so long that I began to grow quite uneasy. There was no other hole near; he must be there still. How could I express my anxiety? Ha! I know. Stooping down I blew a long thin line of tobacco-smoke into the hole and waited for an answer. He came out in about half a minute in person (I heard him growling and buzzing angrily down the hollow passage), hind-most, and highly incensed. Of course, my recovered friend had no idea that I had summoned him thus. I was leaning back against the house in the old attitude, but almost betrayed myself by an apology when I saw how angry and alarmed my little gentleman was. He hustled out of his hole backward—which attitude, by-the-way, does not add to the effect of a resentful gesture—turned sharp round the moment he had drawn his ears clear of the door-

way, and gave such a glance of reproof at things in general that I checked a remark which might have been construed into a dangerous confession.

Now what was that bee about?

I intended to try and find out, and had just settled myself for the purpose when I was suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted.

"Oh, land of Goshen, what are you about peeping and prying into that varmint's hole, and the fish are come down to the sea, and every man and boy in the place is out after them!"

"Grandmother, where is my squid and line?" I asked, as excited now as the bee had been a few moments before.

"In the back kitchen, I reckon," was the answer.

To rush there and catch the line off a nail, seize my hat and start, was the affair of a moment.

Down I ran along the banks of the Manasquan until I came to its inlet. There, on coming to the beach, I found an excited, eager crowd of some thirty or forty boys and men running up and down it, and stopping every now and then to throw their line into the rolling surf, as yet, however, without success.

I stood on a sand-bank at the mouth of the Manasquan River and watched. Presently there was a loud shout from the opposite bank, and I saw them running. There was a strange sort of boiling appearance in the water, and then a whole host of small fish, moss-bonkers, flung themselves wildly on the sandy beach, flopped about thereon, gasped hysterically, and then, after a few more fruitless leaps, lay still, choked by the hot air and burning sun. The men and boys were meanwhile swinging as fast as they could their squids, and sending them, some of the best throwers, fifty yards into the surf. No sooner did the squid touch and disappear beneath the water than they ran up the sand-hills, and lo! a large blue-fish came leaping and tumbling out of the sea.

We on our side could only stand and look on. There was no boat to put us across, and we had to stand and see them hauling out the fish as fast as they could heave the squid. I felt like swearing, but I did not, as I found plenty of the old fishermen give vent to their injured feelings in terms more than amply sufficient for all. Heave, heave, heave! and each and every time a fish—large ones too, some ten pounds' weight over there—and not a sign of one near us. It became almost maddening. All in vain I tucked up and finally pulled off my pantaloons to attempt to wade across. A laugh of mocking derision from the other side was the issue of the attempt (for swim I could not) as I turned despairingly back.

"Won't you come over and help us now?" tauntingly queried by a man on the opposite side.

Well for him a swift and rapid stream inter-vened, or I should have forthwith struck my



BLUE-FISHING ON THE BEACH.

squid into one of the angular parts of his person, if I had not brained him on the spot. I sat down sad and well-nigh despairing, and counted—yes, actually counted—twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty fish, in as many throws, to the lot of that man! How I began to hate him for his invariable success! Mockingly, at seeing me so forlorn, he hove, and tauntingly he hauled each one of his finny prey, and then held it up to the intense disgust of all us on the wrong side.

As I sat I saw Nemesis drawing near to that man with slow, sure, and stealthy step. Saw, and rejoiced greatly thereat. Quietly the flowing tide swept in and neared every minute that bad man's boat. There, her nose lifted a little with that last wave. Now it moves a little, a very little; and then a sudden slide of the sloping sand and the scow is afloat! Nor man nor boy on our side spoke or moved, as, with bated breath, we watched her drift off into the stream, and, borne on the wings of a propitious breeze, gradually draw toward us.

I looked at my abomination—that man—fearing lest he too should see it. No, he was far too busily intent upon his squid.

Nearer and nearer it came—across the channel now—now in shoal water on our side! Three or four of us make a dash at it, while a loud, victorious hurrah bursts from my lips as, line in hand, I seize the boat's side and scramble in: the others quickly follow, and a few vigorous strokes with the oars, which are luckily in it, carry us to the other side. Each one for himself, in vain the others called to us to send the boat again across. We all prepared to make up for lost time. I looked at my line—looked, and again felt like swearing; it was all in a tangle and snarl. Patiently I unrolled, untwisted, unknotted, and, without one single word for nearly twenty minutes, tried to unravel that horrid line. Didn't *I think* swearing, however! At length I got it cleared, and then—why then the fish had gone—all gone, and there they were hard at work on the very side we had just come from.

I looked reproachfully at my line: I appealed mutely and beseechingly to the man with the boat.

"Come along, old fellow," said he, "I'll give you a start across agen." I liked him forthwith. Again we crossed, and this time I was

all ready. All ready, with the exception of never having thrown a squid before. I tried, however, and hurling it three or four times round my head, I threw. It pulled up short. I found I had hitched myself with the hook in some unknown posterior region. Fortunately it was only through the pantaloons, and my friend quickly cut it out there and then, and still more quickly retired from my immediate vicinity as I undauntedly again attempted to send the squid flying to the place where I wished it to go. Once, twice, thrice I threw, and each time fell short. The skin had taken its departure off my forefinger with the efforts of my futile attempts. A little lad some ten years old is my next neighbor, and he catches at every throw. Shame gives me fresh skill, and again I send the hook abroad—*Evoe! Io triumphe!* I feel a check, and the line very nearly escapes me. Proudly over my shoulder I place it. Up the beach I run and feel as if I was dragging a hundred-weight behind me. On I rush, shouting in the triumphant excess of my joy, and my first fish is caught—caught, but still unhooked. I sat down and smoked a pipe—a libation, an incense to the gods, to Neptune in especial, for my success. Then came the unhooking process. I placed my bare foot shudderingly on the cold-blooded, slippery beast—a sharp snap of the jaws very near my great toe made me as quickly remove it. After some little manœuvring I at length got my thumb and finger up its gills and cruelly and unremorsefully wrenched out the hook. Again and again, after wrapping my finger with a piece of my pocket-handkerchief, I threw and each time caught a fish. I got four, and the little lad, my neighbor, and my landlord's son, had six. Ten in all. I think of home a mile away, and the ten fish to be carried there under a burning June's sun. A shout startles me, and I hear my name called. Come here—here quick! Lloyd has got a squid through his foot. I look, and the little lad is on his back; and another lad over the hill, out of sight of the sea, thinks he has got a fish, and hauls away with all his might at the poor lad's foot. There a wave comes up and covers him, and he rolls on toward the sea, borne away by the undertow. O God! how nearly he was gone, for the men have stopped the other boy and the line is slackened. Almost sick with fear I rush to the place and pick up the lad. A moment and my rejoicing is changed to grief and sorrow. I look at the foot, dreading the operation I know will have to be performed. To my great relief and joy it has only gone through the outer side, and no muscle or vein will interfere with the cutting it out. I take out my penknife and ask the men to cut while I hold the lad. They all refuse. Those big, strong, sun-browned men, who venture out every week to sea, holding their lives in their hands and fearing not the winds or storm, can not cut a hook out of a little child's foot but turn sick away. Half angrily I ask them to hold him while I do it myself. The

lad, a fisherman's son, neither winces nor cries during the operation. I at first was going to file off the hook, for I had a small file in my pocket. "You'll spoil the squid!" was the lad's quick answer; "cut it out!" And cut it out I did. Taking my handkerchief I tore it into strips and bound it up. I then started for a farm-house I saw two or three fields off, and borrowing there a wheel-barrow, returned to the spot. Piling thereon my fish I put the boy on the top and started once more homeward. The sand was loose and deep, the wheel-barrow, an old one, would not bear the weight, so taking the lad on my back and resuming once more the barrow and fish I toiled my weary way home, where I duly arrived heated and tired, and more than satisfied with my experience of blue-fishing.

After dinner I resumed my inspection of my friend the bee; I went to pay it a visit. I found it at home, but not to be seen. I poked a piece of straw up the hole—an indignant buzzing followed; a decided refusal to come out and see me. What was he about? First I believe it was not a he but a she. The bee was laying an egg—at least I suppose so. There are solitary bees which behave thus. Sometimes in the chink of a wall, sometimes in soft wood these little creatures will deposit a few eggs in cells like thimbles, one fitting into another, for each baby bee must have a nursery all to itself. I am not going, however, to give a long article on insects or their homes—the editor would not let me if I wished; for is not the Rev. J. G. Wood's book on such matters even now being published by the Harpers? and he is a much abler entomologist and naturalist than I am. I am only the grub of one—I may possibly emerge full-grown at last—so I won't now follow this purpose out. I have ever so many scribbled notes about insects I have found and seen in Australia and New Zealand, Africa, and here in America; they shall, however, all go into my waste-basket for the present.

THE LITTLE BLACK DOGS OF BERKSHIRE.

I AM at Mount Washington—not among the White Hills of New Hampshire, where they build their hotels in the crevices and gorges, far below clouds and cool breezes, but in Berkshire, where our Mount Washington has its verdant bosom dotted with neat white farm-houses, raised high in pure air almost to its summit.

Said summit claims to be one of the highest in the old Bay State, on the map bearing the honored name of Everett, and marked as 2624 feet high by the exact measurement of Professor Hitchcock. In this vicinity its round and rocky face is named the "Dome." The farm-house where our party abide is on the elevated slope which, with varied undulations, rises toward the Dome, commanding a fine view of the ranges of hills and mountains around. A

short walk brings us to the summit, where, on one side, the blue Catskill seem almost in stone-throw reach, while the valley, through which constantly glides the smoke of the Harlem Railroad, lies close below. On the other side spreads out the valley of the Housatonic, with its wooded scenery, white villages, and spires.

why they are attracted to me as they usually are. I have seen a strange dog come into a room full of company, and inquiringly examine the whole circle, and then make a "bee line," as the hunters have it, with his nose to my hand, which was duly saluted in dog fashion—a fashion which would be far more acceptable could the dogs be induced to use pocket-hand-

kerchiefs. I read somewhere in Charlotte Brontë's stories that this attention from dogs was the sure index of a kind and benevolent disposition, at least in the dog's view of the case. Having gained this reputation among these *Canine-ites*, it becomes me to sustain it only by dwelling on their good qualities.

As to the number of these little black dogs I would not risk my credit for veracity. But if I were now standing before a justice of the peace, with right hand upraised, I should swear (no, being nine-tenths of me a Quaker, I should reverently affirm) that



DOGMATISM.

On my arrival at my destined quarters I was startled and amused with the singular salutation with which I was greeted. It was a volley from a squadron of little black dogs, ludicrously small and ridiculously fierce and uproarious. Behind were their owners, so earnest in outcries to quiet this ill-mannered demonstration that, what with the barking of dogs, and rushing out of owners, and calls, invitations, upbraidings, and general hurryscurry, I was quite bewildered. Here I am, parasol in hand, and a troop of little black terriers taking aim at my feet. On the platform stands my baggage, while from the windows in front of me are peering out my friends within, mischievously merry at the hubbub and my ill-concealed dismay.

When at last seated in the parlor and restored to conscious intelligence I seemed to be surrounded by a company of ladies, each tending a little black dog with all those melodious, tender, melting tones with which pet children and pet lap-dogs are regaled, to wit: "Sprite," the young doctor's dog; "Nelly," the doctor's wife's dog; "Prince," the doctor's sister's dog; "Juno," the New York lady's dog; "Fido," the young girl's dog. At every meal most of these names are repeated in the pet language that runs thus: "Poor itty doggie! was he hungry? So he was! Here, itty darling, take some icy creamy! He sude have some cakey, so he sude!"

I am not fond of dogs, and I wonder often

in and about this same house where I dwell there are not less than five little—very little—black terrier dogs.

The favorite among them with all the family is Miss Jenny's Prince—so affectionate and so chivalrous in his demonstrative courtesies that even that mirror of chivalry, the Black Prince of historic fame, must be cast into the shade. When first presented to his present lady-love by her departing brother, loud wailings ensued toward evening in the brother's chamber, and there was found this young Black Prince sitting by an old shoe of his departed master, his nose up in the air and piteous moans and cries issuing from his bereaved bosom. No food, no caresses could entice from the *sole* remains of his beloved master, and so by them he mourned and wailed till "kind nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," came to his relief.

Then, after his mistress had enthroned herself in his chivalrous heart, her departure brought



PRINCE.



MAGGIE CUM DOGGIE.

on similar agonies of grief. Stationed on her bed, with an old glove of hers before him, he howled and moaned, would take no food, and was pertinaciously stationary and miserable till her return. Alas! how few of us, hapless humans, have friends that would thus refuse food, howl, and wail over our old shoes till our return!

Young Maggie is a special favorite with our canine squadron, and when she issues out on a pedestrian trip to the Dome, she usually starts off with such a retinue as this, every dog's ear up and every dog's tail waving with delight. But suddenly is heard the shrill whistle of the Doctor forbidding departure, nay, ordering immediate attendance in his autocratic or rather dogocratic dominion. Such is the awful reverence and devotion secured by whip and voice that not a dog dares disobey. Down go ears and tails, and the procession moves back, leaving poor Maggie "alone in her glory."

My attempts to sustain my character for benevolence with the dogs cost me dear on one memorable night. It was on the occasion of

Tableaux Vivants in our farm-house parlor, drawing all the visitors in the neighborhood. I was honored with a "reserved seat" in the front row, while two rows were behind. On my right sat a lady holding dog Dido. On my left was a lady holding Nelly. Near her a lady holding Sprite, while Prince and Fido were around generally. After attending to the performances very respectfully for a time, the dog portion of the audience became restless and seemed bent on changing their seats. Dido desired to visit a lady on the back seat and then to return to the front, and trusting to my benevolence, concluded to make her way back and forth over my shoulders. This set the fashion, and ere long it seemed to me there was a sort of procession back and forth somewhat in this style. Being under bonds for good behavior I recurred to the child song of early days, "*Let dogs delight,*" and so I magnanimously determined not to interrupt their delight even at the expense of my best "*Sabbaday*" frock.

I have heard of a contrivance in mechanics



DOG-FORSAKEN MAGGIE.



"LET DOGS DELIGHT."

called an "endless screw," which turns and returns in an endless sort of unintelligible way. In my extremity I grew bewildered and seemed to myself such a sort of screw, made up of little black dogs turning up and down and over and under and every other way. I grew desperate, and ventured on sundry indications of distress, whereupon the dogs kindly retreated to their several mistresses, and I regained lost composure without any serious loss of character. But the dog-tracks on my "Sabba-day" frock remain to this day!

A genuine terrier is a perfect incarnation of self-complacent activity and self-satisfaction at his own achievements, whatever they may be. A huge wagon, a team of stout horses, and a burly mountaineer driver pass our door. Out rushes Sprite, who imagines himself the chief protector of our domains. He barks and raves as if he designed to demolish and exterminate horses, wagon, and driver; and, when all are out of sight, returns trembling in every nerve with self-gratulation, sinks by you on his haunches, licks his chops, and looks up with such triumphant satisfaction as if he were saying, "I've done the job—and that old chap will never venture here again!" There is another peculiarity in some of the terrier race that brings to memory my father's pet—old Trip—who shall be introduced to illustrate.

Poor Trip! he was the homeliest wretch that ever wore dog-skin—so grotesquely homely that one could not but pity as well as laugh. When our young people were boasting each of the "pure breed" of their respective favorites, the youngest of all, with innocent complacency, claimed that his dog was "pure mongrel." Trip was of this breed. His square cut body was sustained by four thick, short legs, reminding one of a small school-bench. Some previous owner had cut off both ears and tail;

which latter appendage surmounted his back like a blunt peg, giving a peculiarly ludicrous air to his demonstrations of joy at our arrival as he vainly tried to wag his little stump like other dogs. His chief peculiarity was an extreme sensibility to noise, especially to musical sounds. To amuse his friends, his master, when Trip was asleep near by, would jar a single string of his violin. Then Trip would, in his sleep, emit a comical sigh. A louder string would draw forth a grunt. A still louder would educe a decided groan. A louder still would cause a howl and set him on his feet, and a final sweep with the bow would send him yelping out of the room to the great merriment of spectators.

Now Trip was on the carpet in those stormy days when the theological world was in bitter conflict as to how Adam's sin had affected our race. Trip's master was a leading heresiarch of the New School party. Near by was the New School chapel, and nearly facing it was the little Old School church, where no New School minister could show his face in the pulpit. A boarder in our family ventured into this Orthodox fold, and Trip concluded to accompany him to judge for himself as to these mooted doctrines. Well known as the New School Doctor's dog, a general smile appeared as Trip deliberately trotted up the aisle and stationed himself on his haunches directly in front of the minister, just as he commenced the sermon. He listened quietly a while, and hearing nothing very much amiss composed himself to sleep with nose on his paws. Toward the close of the sermon the minister waxed animated, when a deep-drawn sigh from Trip indicated that he was disturbed by such theology as that. A still more animated passage drew forth a deep groan, and finally Trip started off with a moan and howl as if it was more than any New School dog could possibly endure. He trotted home head down, and knowing all about the effect of Adam's sin—at least as much as any of them. No doubt he was more



OLD TRIP.

than ever convinced that his master's view of the case was the only right one.

This same sensibility to noise made no little merriment one evening among the dogs at our tea-table. A dark thunder-cloud had surrounded us with solemn gloom, and as the muttering thunder began, the dogs showed their disapproval of commencing solemnities by suppressed growls. Suddenly a sharp flash was followed by a tremendous discharge of aerial artillery. Whereupon Sprite and his squadron rushed out into the yard, and setting their noses toward the bellowing cloud, they barked and yelped and howled till, seemingly satisfied that they had thoroughly done up the job, they returned quite self-complacent, and apparently perfectly confident that no thunder-cloud ever would venture here again, at least while they guarded the premises.

We have grand good times in this hot weather up in these cool mountains. We walk through deep gorges and climb the Dome to watch the setting sun and gorgeous sunset clouds. We gaze on white thunder-caps and the ever-varying cloud shadows that glide over the mountains. We ride to Bashbish, which traveled ladies say equals Switzerland in all but snow-clad summits. We gather strawberries, raspberries, and blueberries, that line our path in all directions. We rejoice over the farm-house abundance of milk, cream, fresh butter, and the nicest of bread and cakes. We dress as we please, and live an easy outdoor life. In the cool of the day we play croquet, and in the evening we sit on the piazzas by moonlight and listen to young voices and a fine guitar that discourse sweet music.

But all earthly pleasures have their alloy, and the honest historian is obliged to chronicle some of these, or fail in the prime virtue of truthfulness. Listen, then, to some young maidens in the chit-chat of their chambers:

"Girls," says kind-hearted Bessie, "'tis too bad! What shall we do with this tobacco

smoke all over the house? Last night poor Mrs. G—— was up till one o'clock—so sick and weary! It was sultry and hot so that we could not shut the windows, and there was not a place in the house where she could escape the fumes, for some one was smoking half the night. Those young fellows ought to be admonished."

"They have been," said energetic Susie; "I spoke to the landlord, and he told them that smoking around the house, and especially in the piazzas, sent the smoke into all the windows and troubled the ladies. The youths were very sorry—would not do it any more; smoked in the grove two or three days; one after another forgot; some new ones came, and now, from morning to midnight, we are perfumed with tobacco in parlor, chambers, halls, and piazzas."

"It was just so at Saratoga last year," said earnest Mary. "Mother suffers dreadfully from the fumes of tobacco, and I tried to get a rule enforced by the landlord that the smoking should be confined to the gentlemen's side of the piazzas. But there was no use in trying. The smoking was kept up night and day all around the house, in the halls and in the chambers, and so mother had to leave. And last winter, when we moved into the city on purpose for her to ride daily in the horse cars, the men and boys would smoke at both ends outside, so that it poured in at doors and windows, and there was no stopping it. So poor mother had to give up riding or pay enormous prices, which we could ill afford. And when we journey the smokers in the smoking car fill hair, mouth, and clothes with the vile odor, and then come and sit in front of us, so we have no escape but to put heads out of the window. And then the conductor comes and tells us we shall have our brains knocked out. Something ought to be done to stop such abuses."

"Dear soul," says jolly Julia, "there is no use in trying. The men *will* smoke, say and do all you can. I have seen it tried thoroughly at Uncle Smith's, and am convinced that there is no help for it, and we women may as well submit and make the best of it. Uncle Smith once raved and preached, and reasoned and entreated, till he drove all the young men from his premises. You know how fond aunt is of her sisters' children, especially those that are the worst smokers. She grieved greatly over their departure, and uncle loves her so much he can not be comfortable to see her disturbed. So he drew in his horns and helped her to coax them back, though he knows how sensitive she is to tobacco. But he submits in such a droll way as keeps me in a constant giggle."



DEFYING THUNDER.

"Why," said Bessie, "they do not come and smoke in her parlor when they know how it troubles her, do they?"

"No, but they smoke at home till they are drenched, and then they smoke all the way coming; so that as soon as they enter the room it is instantly filled with putrid tobacco-smoke and their still more fetid breaths."

"Yes," said Julia, "their breath is the worst of it, and I have to contrive all manner of devices to keep out of range. When uncle sees any of them coming he instantly begins his comic performances, slips windows down at top, opens doors, and if it is winter, brings the stove almost to white heat, meantime keeping us in a gale of merriment. Then when they enter he is so cordial, and so jolly, and so abundant in welcomes, that the poor fellows imagine themselves special favorites. Then he is constantly slipping in remarks with a double sense, and making droll quotations that we understand one way and the youths another. Oh, it is better than the best comedy to hear him. One day he declared, as he saw some of them coming, that the animal, carrying such a perfume that even its name can not be spoken in refined society, was a rose and a pink in comparison with the approaching company. One time when he called out this objectionable name my aunt remonstrated, 'Well, well,' said he, 'I won't say the *whole* word; but I can say *s* and *k* with a dash between, for this is allowed in the best bred prints.' So afterward he would talk of the '*s—k*' even before the unconscious youths, and in such a droll way that aunt is amazed and half vexed while I enjoy the fun."

"Yes," says another, "I have some of the same experience at Aunt Hannah's. She is very sensitive to tobacco, and yet she is so fond of her nephews that she conceals her dislike of their habits. So when I am there we take turns, each sitting smiling and apparently delighted with our sweet-scented visitors till flesh begins to fail, when, making some plausible excuse, one goes out for fresh air and the other takes her turn. And when they are out of hearing we set open doors and windows to air the house and have a good laugh."

"Yes," says conscientious Clara, "that is the worst of it. We are almost forced to play hypocrite by false pretenses. The other day I called on kind Mrs. L—. Her son is just from the army, and 'dear Dick' must have and do every thing his heart desires. And so he smokes all over the house. They were sitting in worse than Egyptian fog. The youth had the grace to stop as we passed the ordinary compliments, holding the smoking cigar in his fingers. I sat smiling in my agonies till I thought a crisis was coming, and then rushed into a shut-up parlor with a sudden enthusiasm about a picture. It was 'dear Dick's favorite,' and so he and mother follow and stand so close that the smoking cigar is under my nose. Suddenly bethinking himself, dear Dick inquires if tobacco is disagreeable? Now if I say Yes,

the good mother and son are convicted of bad manners. To say No is a falsehood; and so one must hunt up some subterfuge to escape the dilemma."

"I tell you how I manage in such cases," says Julia. "Though the dead smoke in hair and clothes and the still worse breath are loathsome, I really like the fresh perfume of a good cigar. So when I find myself in this dilemma, I say 'I like the perfume of a good cigar,' and so make my escape."

"But," says honest Nelly, "you practice an injurious deception. You make the impression that you are satisfied with what you detest, and what is also really wrong. One reason the young men are so free and easy in thus violating the rules of good-breeding is, that they are deceived by such methods."

"Well," said Clara, "I can get along tolerably with the smoking, but the chewing is perfectly hideous; and I do not see how any gentleman could practice it, after journeying in our railroad cars—such sights of mouths, all stained and twisted with the cud—the constrained and nauseous spitting, and the slippery puddles of saliva! And I have, many a time, found my dress and hose all stained before I perceived what was under my feet. And, again and again, I have had a nice traveling dress actually spit on by some of the clownish fellows that frequent our dépôts. I could endure a smoker, at least till his breath became intolerable, but I do not understand how any woman could marry a man that chews."

"You seem to think, Clara, that gentlemen chew just like the clowns you meet in the cars. I assure you there is a gentlemanly way of using tobacco. My brother uses it some; but I do not suppose any one but the family know it. His breath is always sweet except when he has tobacco in his mouth."

"Well," said Clara, "I would encourage him in this decent way of doing a vulgar thing, if you can not persuade him, as I should try to do, to give it up altogether, as both an ungentlemanly and sinful practice."

"Yes," said another, "and I believe it is more unhealthful than smoking."

"No, it is not," said Julia; "for Uncle Smith, while he was fighting, and scolding, and arguing, used to read the opinions of physicians to us, and they say smoking, by its action on the brain, through the nostrils as well as through the lungs, is far more injurious than any other form of tobacco."

Here timid Anna, who has been searching her port-folio, finds a paper, and after some hesitation begins:

"Oh, girls! I feel so sad and so conscience-smitten every time I think about this. Father says the young boys of our country are fast going to ruin by this dreadful practice, and that we young ladies ought to use our influence to save the poor fellows. Some of them our own brothers. He gave me this paper and told me to read it, as addressed by him to the young

men who visit us, and to get other young ladies to do so too. But I have not had courage to do any thing about it. I want to read it to you and see what you think we ought to do."

So a circle was formed, and Anna read as follows:

"Every physician knows that the agreeable sensations that tempt to tobacco are caused by *nicotine*, which is a rank poison, as much so as prussic acid or arsenic. When smoked this poison passes to the brain through the nostrils, and to the blood as it passes through the lungs. When chewed the nicotine passes into the blood through the mouth and stomach. In both cases the brain and whole nervous system are thrown into an abnormal excitement to expel the poison, and it is this excitement that causes the agreeable sensations. Nicotine is a medicinal agent like arsenic, mercury, and other poisons, which in disease sometimes is a remedy. But tobacco has no element that nourishes the body as do food and drink. On the contrary, every nerve and fibre rejects it as a mortal enemy. The excitement thus caused is invariably followed by a diminution of nervous power in exact proportion to the preceding stimulation. Some nerves are much more sensitive than others to this agent, and after repeated doses they become debilitated, and crave an increase of stimulation to relieve the fainting system. And the more is taken the more the aching nerves demand increasing doses.

"Persons of certain temperaments can bear large and continuous portions of such poisons as opium, hasheesh, and tobacco apparently uninjured. Others speedily become victims to very small doses. The phlegmatic German can take doses that would kill the excitable Frenchman or American. The following extracts from standard medical authors sustain these statements:

"Dr. John C. Warren, the celebrated physician of Boston, writes thus:

"The lining membrane of the lungs has a wonderfully absorbent action, by which they suck in the air destined to vivify the blood. If this air is impregnated with the fumes of tobacco, even in a weak degree, the noxious fluid is entangled in the minute spongy air-cells, and has time to exert its influence on the blood, not in vivifying but in vitiating it. The blood, having imbibed the narcotic principle, circulates it through the whole system, and produces a febrile action in most individuals—*especially those of a delicate habit.*"

Here one listener exclaimed: "Now we see how it is we poor women are made to suffer. Most of us are of delicate habit—at least we have the credit of it—and the more delicate we are the more we are injured by inhaling tobacco-smoke. The Bible says, 'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.' I think those who use tobacco read this reversed (if read at all): We that are weak ought to bear the infirmities of the strong, and let them please themselves."

Anna continues thus:

"Dr. Richardson, a leading British medical

writer, in an article read to the British Medical Association at Bath, said:

"Smoking unquestionably is very injurious to the animal functions. The blood is made too fluid, the biliary secretion is arrested, and the digestion is constantly deranged. On the heart the effect is very marked. The great effect of tobacco is to arrest all the functional processes on which growth and development depend. To growing youth smoking is especially deleterious."

Here another listener remarks: "That is the reason, I suppose, that Cousin Joe and Cousin Will both have dyspepsia and constant headaches. They of course will not believe it, or, if they do, it will make no difference."

Says another: "Dr. B——, of the H—— Asylum, told father that heart-diseases among young men, especially in schools and colleges, were becoming more and more prevalent from the habit of smoking."

Says a third: "I wonder if Cousin George is so short and stunted from his smoking—Dr. Richardson says the chief effect of tobacco is to arrest growth."

Says a fourth: "How many of the students in college have sallow skins! I suppose smoking is the cause, for this doctor says that it affects the biliary system."

Anna proceeds again:

"Sir John Forbes (the Queen of England's late medical adviser) said of the following remarks of Dr. Copeland, 'Every medical man knows this is all true:'

"Smoking weakens the digestive and assimilating functions, impairs the due elaboration of the chyle and blood, and prevents a healthy nutrition of the several structures of the body. Hence results low stature, a pallid and sallow hue of the skin, unhealthy blood, and weakened bodily powers. Smoking generates thirst and vital depression, and, to remove these, stimulating liquor is resorted to. Thus these two debasing habits shorten the life of the individual, and injure or ruin his offspring. Smoking tobacco weakens the nervous powers, favors a dreamy, imaginative, and imbecile state, produces indolence, and sinks its votary into maudlin inactivity and selfish enjoyment of his vice."

Here a listener remarks: "So it seems that smoking tends not only to make men of small size, but to transmit this blessing to their children. I think we are in a fair way to become a nation of pigmies."

"It seems too," says another, "that the mind is diminished as well as the body. I know two or three young fellows that were very bright at school that are turning out lazy, stupid drones, spending half their time in sleeping or smoking. Poor Cousin Will is one!"

Anna reads again:

"Dr. Jolly read an article on this subject to the French Academy at Paris, in which he attributes the increase of insanity in France and other countries to the excessive use of tobacco. He says that debility of the brain and spinal cord is the consequence of this practice, and such debility leads to insanity."

Here another listener exclaims: "Yes, indeed, it must be so, for Dr. B——, of the Lunatic Asylum, told father the other day that he was constantly receiving cases of young men

led to insanity by tobacco, and that they were among the most difficult cases to cure. How dreadful to think so many young boys are getting into this fatal practice!"

Next Anna reads the following:

"Henry Ward Beecher, in one of his printed sermons, says:

"I do not deny that there are many temperaments that use tobacco all their lives with little inconvenience to themselves (though not to others). But we are a nervous people. Every thing in our society tends to develop brain and nerve *unduly*. Among such a people smoking is apt to lead to thirst and drinking. The cigar and the cup are well acquainted with each other. The use of tobacco always tends to waste the nerve force and the brain force, and you do not know but you are the one in five that will be prematurely poisoned and destroyed. Not one single element of health does it give you, and the pleasure you derive from its use is, in the main, illusive pleasure. And such is the effect of it as a poison, on many constitutions, that the struggle to break away is next only to the struggle of breaking away from the cup. And it has led many and many a youth to the cup. On grounds of simple common-sense I ask, is it well to spend your means to keep a habit that incommodes others, annoys those about you, will probably injure your health, and possibly injure your morals? The young often acquire this habit because they feel that it will be a distinction. No—unfortunately, smoking is so common that it is not a distinction. If you wish to have a distinction refrain from smoking. That will make you remarkable."

This last extract was followed by exclamations—"Good!" "Excellent!" "First-rate!" "I wish all ministers would preach so!" with various other commendations. "But," says one, "this asking ministers to stop using tobacco and to preach against it, the grand difficulty is that, when conscientious people do what is wrong, they contrive, somehow, to make it seem right. I was talking with my minister a while ago about it, and he says his physician advised him to smoke a cigar every day after dinner to aid weak digestion."

"Yes," says another, "and you may be sure that physician is a slave to tobacco. I wonder if he would advise us young ladies to take a cigar after dinner daily. I am sure women have weak nerves, and suffer from indigestion as much as men. I should like to ask that doctor a few questions as to women's smoking. If it is such a delightful thing and good for the health, why should we be denied the enjoyment? I put this question to a famous General the other day. 'Oh,' said he, 'we want ladies to be neat and refined in every thing.' 'Indeed,' said I, 'and we wish gentlemen to be neat and refined. Why should they become filthy and vulgar any more than women?'"

"No, no; they all know better," said Julia, "they know it is wrong. None of them would advise their young sons to use tobacco: I know several gentlemen who have relinquished the practice lest their sons should be led to imitate. One of the most noted physicians said to me, 'I gave it up for the sake of my boys.'"

"The fact is," said Nelly, "men who are sensible and conscientious and yet continue this guilty practice, are as truly slaves, and often more miserable slaves, than the race that many smokers have been fighting to deliver."

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Anna then says, "The worst is yet to come, and yet there is some consolation in it too." She reads thus:

"In Boston there is an institution expressly designed for persons who have ruined health by the use of such stimulants as opium, tobacco, hasheesh, and alcohol. It bears the name of the 'Washington Home,' and is conducted by Dr. Albert Day, 887 Washington Street. In his last Annual Report Dr. Day speaks of a species of insanity frequently induced by the use of tobacco as well as alcoholic drinks. The name given to this kind of insanity is *Oino-mania*.

"Dr. Carpenter, a leading medical writer of Great Britain, indorses the following statement from Dr. Hutchinson of the Glasgow Lunatic Asylum. In speaking of disease caused by the use of stimulants, he says:

"The worst and most common result is the chronic form of *Oino-mania*. This is by far the most incurable form of the malady. The patient is incessantly under the most overwhelming desire for stimulants, and is perfectly incapable of self-control. While the paroxysm is on him he is regardless of his health, his life, and all that can make life dear. He will sacrifice comfort and reputation, withstand the claims of affection, consign his family to misery and disgrace, and deny himself the common necessities of life to gratify this insane propensity. This is the fearful state portrayed [and experienced] by Charles Lamb. The only chance of cure or alleviation is from attention to the health and total abstinence [from the destroying stimulants].

"Dr. Day, in this Report, says:

"A mistaken idea prevails that the victim becomes and continues so because he has no desire and makes no effort to reform. No error can be more complete. To shake off the shackles of this slavery is the dream by day and night of the unfortunate sufferer; and how to accomplish it is the question he eagerly asks, and for whose answer he waits with the most intense desire. Most touching instances occur of heroic self-denial in persons abandoned as hopeless by their dearest friends, and thought to be indifferent to their own reform."

"One case is narrated in this Report of a man without money or friends who had heard of this Washington Home. Having no means of transportation, he walked forty miles, traveling much of the way in the night, with feeble health, and battling with the phantoms of delirium. He reached the Home, was cured, and is now a healthy, happy man."

During the reading of this part two of the listeners were in tears, and at its close one had rushed out of the room in an agony of weeping. A long silence followed, and then one of the circle exclaimed, "How dreadful! when so many of our little brothers are beginning to smoke!"

"Yes," said another; "and how few know what distress comes into families in this way. That is what sent poor Mary out in such distress. Her oldest brother, whom she almost worshiped, I do believe was one who had this *Oino-mania*; for he was affected exactly as the doctor describes. He was a noble fellow, and as true and honorable in his words as in all his ordinary actions. But when he first went into the army he learned to smoke, and after two

or three years it seemed impossible for him to break off. He would give it up for a few weeks, and then it seemed as if he was as crazy as any maniac till he began to smoke again. And so it went on till he began to drink, and that ended his life. And now his young brother Jimmy has begun to smoke, and his mother and sisters have just found it out, and they are in dreadful state of excitement. And Jimmy says that almost all the boys at school smoke, and some of them are beginning to drink too, and their parents do not even suspect it. The boys think smoking and drinking is the way to become gentlemen, which, you know, is their chief aim. Oh, what will become of us if things go on in this way?"

Says Julia: "I believe a great part of habitual smokers are the victims of this dreadful *Oino-mania*.

"Then," said Nelly, "they ought to go to Dr. Day and be cured. In New York State there is, at Binghamton, an institution to cure inebriates, and a law has been passed by which an intemperate man, on complaint of his family, can be tried by a jury, and if proved to be a drunkard, he may be taken by force and confined in this institution till he is cured. Such a law and such institutions ought to be in every State, and the victims of tobacco, too, ought to be shut up there till they are cured. I think this *Oino-mania* is far worse than the other kinds of mania, because its victims are suffered to go at large and tempt young men and boys into such dangers."

"Well, well," says one, "if all smokers and chewers of tobacco were sent to hospitals there would be few left to keep the world moving."

"What can we do, girls?" says Clara. "Our brothers, most of them, are in this dreadful habit; but it does no good to talk, they only either laugh at us or go off in a pet."

"I tell you what we can do," said another: "let us ask our ministers to preach as Mr. Beecher did."

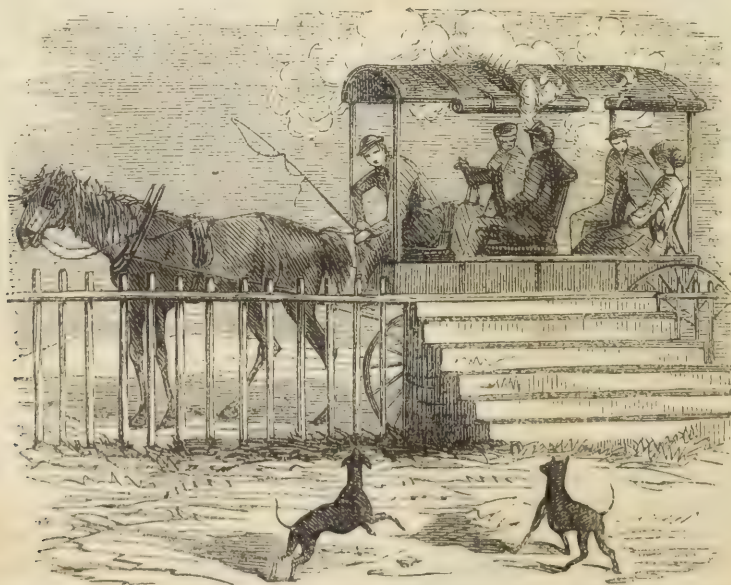
"I can not do that," said a third, "for our rector smokes, and so does his assistant, and so does the bishop. No minister who smokes can be asked to preach against it as a vice and sin. And so long as our governors, judges, clergymen, warriors, and most honored citizens set the example the young boys will follow it. I do not see as we can do any thing but mourn."

At last one of the circle exclaims, "Let us ask some of the lady writers in *Harper's Magazine* and the *Atlantic* to prepare a piece that we can give our brothers and friends to read."

This proposal met with an unanimous approval, and this article comes as the result. The preceding is a true exhibition of *facts* with only a change of *names, place, and time* in certain portions.

Having introduced some of the darker shades in our sojourn at Mount Washington a few of the lighter will form our *finis*.

At first all the gentlemen around us were smokers. But ere long two arrived whose fair complexion, pure breath, and fine voices showed that tobacco had never debased either mind or manhood. By one a fine guitar was deftly touched and mingled with a cultivated, manly voice. The other and his wife were well-trained amateur singers. Among our young ladies were unusually sweet-toned, cultivated voices. Ere long a youth came from college who, to please his mother, had resisted all the tobacco temptations which few there do resist, and he also added another to our choir. So by the soft moonlight, in cool piazzas, we passed many a charming hour. To complete our enjoyment *some* of the dogs and *all* the smokers went off together in a style which we all hope is emblematic of our future at Mount Washington and all over our land.



VALE DOGS AND TOBACCO.

AMONG RELATIONS.

AS well as if it were yesterday I can recall that summer evening. I had just brought in the clothes from the grass-plot, and was sprinkling and folding them for the next day's ironing. The flickering blaze of a little wood-fire, occupying but a tithe of the immense old-fashioned fire-place, lighted up with cheerful gleams a spacious, orderly New England kitchen. It was in the days when those who had cooking-stoves reserved them for winter use, discreetly considering that, when a fire was required only a part of the day, and even then at several different times, thrift and comfort were both on the side of the fire-place.

We were expecting Uncle Holcroft to spend the night with us. It was then a ride of two long days from Boston; he would not come till late, and the kettle, suspended from the crane, was kept boiling that we might get his tea ready at a moment's notice. Mother was in the sitting-room with Aunt Brewer, whose husband was gone to the far-away Ohio country, and whose little girl was asleep up stairs. Rose and Alice, my two sisters, were asleep also. They had tried hard to keep awake for Uncle Holcroft; but after school they went down the lane for swamp pinks and young checkerberry leaves, and came back so tired that they were easily persuaded to eat their bread and milk and go to bed.

It was a pleasant night, though starless, and windows and doors were wide open. Just as I had finished my work a great dor-beetle came whirring in against the flame of my candle and extinguished it. Then I sat down on the door-step and watched the little fiery streaks traced by the fire-flies on the inky black air. Now and then there was a rustling in the maple near the door, or a faint chirp, as if a bird were trying to sing in his sleep. I heard the shrill, continuous sound of myriads of crickets in the meadow, the fall of water at the mill-dam in the Ashuelot, half a mile away, the piping of frogs in the swamp, and, nearest of all but least distinct of all, the voices of mother and Aunt Brewer chatting in the sitting-room. From the garden came the spicy odor of the pinks, which were now a mass of blossom each side of the long walk. I never recognize that odor without a glamour coming over me, without fancying for a moment that I sit on the kitchen door-step, and hear the home-voices and the pleasant sounds of the summer night.

Presently some one came in at the back gate. I knew the step, and rose to make way for Polly Watts, the tailoress.

"All alone in the dark!" said Polly; "and where's Mary Deeth?"

I said she had gone to Swanzey to see her sister.

"And what's the fire burning for?"

I told her.

"Well," rejoined she, "I don't one mite begrudge him his ride such a night as this. It's pitch dark; all I could do to find the gate.

Where's your mother? Mrs. Wilson is expecting company from down below next week, and she wants me to stay and help her turn a carpet to-morrow, and I thought maybe your mother'd let me off."

I told her she would find mother in the sitting-room, and I followed her there; for Polly always knew every thing that happened in the village, and was not chary of her knowledge.

She would not sit down, but stood leaning over the back of a chair, like old Mr. Wells in a prayer-meeting. She was tall and thin, and abhorred long dresses; the one she wore that evening was even shorter than usual. She was never particular in the arrangement of drapery, and now the point of her shawl hung over her elbow. She wore a kind of bonnet called a "calash," made in the shape of a chaise-top, brown in color, some of the rattans broken, and with the angles thus made it was a fantastic head-piece. Her eyes were black and keen, and never hidden by the large, round spectacles which seemed always on the point of slipping from her nose. Polly was repairer-general to all the old coats, jackets, trowsers, and carpets in town. Also she cut all the children's hair. She usually spent the night where she had been working during the day, and whenever she changed quarters carried with her goose and shears. Her ordinary remuneration was a quarter of a dollar for a day's labor; but as she was of an observing turn, and conscientious too, it often happened that she made a deduction of five or eight cents from her regular price, alleging that, as she had not worked steadily, she preferred not to receive full pay. She also made it a point never to break an engagement; and, moreover, I think she would have disoblged any one else rather than mother, for she had once been nursed through a severe illness at our house, and had ever after felt at liberty to seek a home there whenever Saturday night found her where she doubted her acceptableness as a Sunday guest.

"I didn't bring my goose," said Polly, "for I told Mrs. Wilson if you'd give way to any body you'd give way to her. She asked me if I wa'n't afraid to go round alone so; 'No,' says I, 'if any one carries me off in the night, they'll be glad to bring me back in the morning. I sha'n't meet any body that looks worse than myself,' says I. What shall I say to Mrs. Wilson?"

"That it will be just as convenient if you come here next week," mother answered. "How is old Mr. Miller getting along?"

"It beats all how he does hang on," said Polly; "he brightened up this morning and had a talk with the minister. I hope Mr. Barnet wasn't mealy-mouthed. Deacon Wilder was in to see him last week, and he said if he knew he shouldn't get well he didn't know but he'd give a hundred dollars to the missionaries. The Deacon told him he'd better do it, whether or no. But he said if he got well he should want to fence in his three-acre lot, and should find a use for all he'd got, and more too."

"Which doctor has he?"

"He wouldn't send for any. He said he never had run up a doctor's bill, and never would. But last week the old lady got frightened about him; so she came over to Dr. Adams and told him how set her husband was, and asked the Doctor to come over in a friendly way without making any charge; and so he did. Perhaps if I had ten or fifteen thousand dollars I should stick tight to it, just like old Mr. Miller. But there's a flash of lightning. There'll be a thunder-shower. I must hurry along. Good-night."

And presently Aunt Brewer said good-night, too, and went up stairs to her little Katy. In a few minutes father came.

"Your uncle will not be here till Wednesday night," said father. "Mr. Haskell met him in Boston, and brought word that he would be detained."

I went into the kitchen to take care of the fire. When I came back father gave me a letter.

"And I came near forgetting it altogether," said he. "It is from Hanover; from your sister Graham, I think," turning to mother.

I have the letter still. The ink is faded, the paper discolored and broken in the folds, but it is still legible, and it reads thus:

"DEAR NIECE,—I expect the pleasure of a visit from my cousin, Miss Louisa Rhodes, daughter of Captain Timothy Rhodes, of Salem. Your father will remember him. Miss Rhodes will spend a few weeks here, and I shall be very happy if you will visit us at the same time. I think it will be pleasant for you both, particularly as our Commencement is near at hand, and there is usually a good deal of company in town at that time. I hope you will not disappoint us, and the sooner you may favor us with your company the better we shall like it. If you should come in the stage it would bring you directly to our door. Your uncle joins me in love to your father and mother, yourself and the children. Your affectionate aunt,

"JANET GRAHAM."

I read the letter and then offered it to mother; and she told me to read it aloud.

A little silence ensued, and then father said, "Well, what about it?"—and mother said we had better consider before deciding, and that it was past bedtime now. But I felt sure from the tone of her voice that she was disposed to think favorably of the project. So we all said good-night and went to our beds.

Going to Hanover for Commencement week was a great event in those days. I had often heard the Sumner girls, the Whitneys, and the Bells talk it over. The Sumners came down from Claremont every year to visit at our house, and then mother always gave a little party for them; which I, of course, enjoyed as much as any one. But when they were invited in return, I did not share in the invitation. In fact, I had never in my life been asked to a "grown-up party" when Aunt Graham's letter came.

I could hardly believe it all true; and was sorry, after I had put out my light, that I did not give the letter another reading. My regret did not keep me awake though, for I fell asleep in the midst of it, and never awoke again till broad daylight.

When I went down stairs breakfast was almost ready. Mary Deeth had started from Swanzy at four o'clock in the morning, and after a walk of three miles had gone zealously to ironing. She frequently took this walk for the pleasure of spending the evening with her sister in Swanzy.

Mother and Aunt Brewer had already been discussing the proposed visit. Aunt Brewer approved it emphatically.

"She is just the right age to be improved by it now," said she. "She will see more people there in the course of a fortnight than she would in two years here. It happens so fortunately, too, that she can ride up to Claremont with her Uncle Holcroft. Probably one of the boys would take her up to Hanover."

Mother said that if I went—and I was sure she would not say even so much unless she meant me to go—it was very well I had a new bonnet this summer.

The truth is, that ever since I could remember we had been obliged to consider what was possible rather than what was pretty and becoming. Things were mending a little now, or it would have been heartless of me to think of going at all.

"I think I must buy her a new white gown," said mother. "She has outgrown hers so much that I scarcely thought it would do at home. Her other gowns will do very well with the skirts let down."

"I have thought about that," said Aunt Brewer. "I haven't worn my dotted Swiss for two years, and it is a pity it should lie by so long. There is plenty of it, and a piece over for a cape. Margaret shall have it, and I'll make it myself. I'll make the cape the new shape, which Mrs. Bowditch sent me from Boston; and you shall give her some of your best thread lace to trim it."

I confess I thought myself this was going on pretty fast. Mother's lace was her treasure; relics of the time before I was born, when money was plentier than of late. But she looked pleased, and went up stairs, soon returning with a square pasteboard box, which I knew contained her precious possessions.

Just then Mary Deeth brought in the breakfast, and father came from the garden, Rose and Alice following, as usual.

To this day I remember just how that breakfast-table looked; the very pattern of the tablecloth, so white and smooth; the figures on the old-fashioned blue and white china; the shining steel knives and forks; the tall china coffee-pot, and the little, round, black tea-pot for mother, who eschewed coffee; and I can see my mother's pale, patient face, already, like my father's, beginning to look older than it used; Aunt Brewer's, with the loveliness of youth still on it; little Katy Brewer, who wore her absent father's blue eyes and fair hair, instead of her mother's, so brown and soft; and my two sisters, Rose and Alice, with their bright, changing faces; I can see the look of swift surprise at

the news that Sister Margaret was going away, to be gone perhaps three or four weeks.

For it was settled, there and then, that I should go. Father said he knew of no way in which ten or even twenty dollars could be better spent.

After breakfast father went to the office, and the children into the garden, till school-time; and Aunt Brewer proposing that the work of arranging my wardrobe should be done in her chamber, where we should be more secure from interruption, we went up there, precious box and all.

But what lovely laces! I did not before know how delicate and pretty they were. They had never been worn in my day.

Aunt Brewer brought forward the dotted Swiss; and indeed it was a beauty; fine and sheer, and spotted all over with tiny snowy flakes.

I believe mother did wince a little at first at Aunt Brewer's choice of laces.

"My dear," said she, "that piece cost I don't know how many dollars a yard; three or four, I am sure. Isn't it a pity to use it for that child? Will she not need it more when she is older?"

"That child," replied Aunt Brewer, "is almost seventeen years old. She is going among the best people in the country. When will she or any one need it more than now? Besides, she knows enough, and will be careful enough, I vouch for her, to use it as she ought. I will sew it on myself, so that the edge shall not be frayed in the least."

"Isn't there one that will do just as well which mother does not value so much?" I asked.

"No, dear," mother answered. "It is only for you girls that I keep it. There is more left for Rose and Alice, when they need it. I give that to you, dear."

"And this other," aunt went on coolly, "is cut already. I must have this for the neck and sleeves."

Mother smiled; I saw she was quite willing.

How busily we worked that day! Once or twice some one came to see mother, and she herself went down the lane to Mrs. Crandall's, to carry some chicken-broth and see how the sick girl was—the poor sick girl, dying of consumption. I remember it struck me with a pang that the next dress made for Lucy Crandall would be a shroud. Perhaps I needed to be sobered by such a thought, for I was a good deal excited with the splendor of the visions that followed one another through my mind.

Before night the dress was completed, and when I saw it again the next morning it was hanging on the clothes-frame, without spot or blemish.

After breakfast aunt took me up street to Miss Dodge's milliner's shop. There she made me try on bonnet after bonnet. At last she fixed upon one of white chip, low-crowned and wide-rimmed, of the style called in those days "Gipsy," with no trimming but a wreath of

delicate white flowers, and the ribbon which, passing over the crown, tied the hat close to the face. This she ordered sent home, and next we went to Mr. Haskell's store.

Mr. Haskell, who was the very pink of courtesy, unfolded his goods, piece after piece, turning them in every possible light, and holding them up against himself, that we might judge of the effect; telling us that Mrs. Captain Dorr particularly admired this, and Miss Barton that, and Mrs. Tewkesbury thought the other charming, till I, who was no veteran in shopping, grew completely bewildered. Aunt Brewer chose a silk which, as she said, was both handsome and good, and we came away.

Miss Shurtliff, the mantua-maker, promised the dress for the next day at noon—a promise which she punctually fulfilled. Aunt Brewer called me into her room to see it and to try it on. How pretty it was! How lovely and soft the shining silken folds! It fitted perfectly, too, and made me look so tall that I hardly knew myself in the glass. And when Aunt Brewer had made me put on, first the new hat, and next a white lace cape which she had sat up the night before to finish, the metamorphosis was complete.

"Now let us go down to your mother," said Aunt Brewer.

Father and mother were in the sitting-room. They actually did not know me for a moment, as I stood near the door. Mother started and exclaimed, and father said to her: "My dear, her face is exactly like yours twenty years ago."

"Well," said Aunt Brewer, "how do you like my presents to Margaret? I know you will think the bonnet a superfluity, but I don't. I only want you to like it for her."

"I do like it extremely," said mother; "but then—"

"Ah, but then!" exclaimed Aunt Brewer, "who taught my Katy to read and spell like a little angel?" and she caught up the child, and, kissing her, bade her spell "Father," which she did in the prettiest way imaginable.

"And besides," aunt continued, "there is no end to my obligations to Margaret. Why, I can go whenever and wherever I like, and feel perfectly sure that Katy is as well cared for as if I had her in my arms. Oh, you must not gainsay me the pleasure of proving that I value kindness."

"I don't," said mother; "only no one ever yet found you without a reason for doing the kindest thing possible."

Here is another of the pictures in my gallery: The afternoon sun shone aslant and quivering in at the west windows, through the white lilac-trees, whose foliage rendered it needless closing the blinds, and made golden plashes on the green carpet. The south windows were open, and looked out on the pleasant garden. Mother was on the chintz-covered sofa, her sewing in her hand, looking up to Aunt Brewer with a pleased look on her sweet, pale face. Father sat with his hand on his open book, his face

turned toward us, a ray of sunshine across his gray hair. Aunt Brewer was half standing half sitting on the window-seat, her arm encircling the little one, her dark eyes shining, and her beautiful face flushed with the pleasure of a kind deed.

The latch of the front gate clicked, and I ran up stairs to lay aside my finery.

It was only Miss Dexter come to bring home a book which Aunt Brewer had lent her. Aunt had a brother who kept a book-store in Boston, and who very often sent her a present of a new book. This, I remember, was called "The Antiquary," and it was so interesting that I had sat up all one night to read it.

Miss Dexter was one of our best friends, and I had meant to run over at dusk and tell her of the great good fortune that had happened to me. She had visited Hanover once herself, and could tell me many things that it was pleasant to know beforehand. Rose and Alice were just coming up the walk with their skipping-ropes, and very willingly went over to tell Mrs. Dexter that we had persuaded her daughter to stay till after tea. I went into the kitchen to tell Mary Deeth, who set directly about making wheat "slap-jacks," for she knew that these, with raspberry jam, were Miss Dexter's favorite dish.

After tea we walked in the garden and father filled a basket with vegetables, to go over to Mrs. Dexter; for that lady had found it so troublesome trying to have a garden of her own that this year she had let out her land at the halves, and unluckily it was worse than ever. However, she was not obliged to go without, for any neighbor would have scorned to be niggardly in respect to the products of his garden.

Father went up street after tea, and when he came back he brought me a box containing a little breast-pin, in the shape of a cross, all made of pearls and gold. I had often wished for a breast-pin, but I never expected father to buy me one so costly and beautiful as that.

Uncle Holcroft came just at dark. He seemed glad that I was going with him, and promised to see that I went safely to Hanover. He said it was quite likely that Cousin Helen Holcroft would go there too.

In the morning I was early astir. The sky was clear, only for those long, narrow clouds that dissolve away with the sunshine. Already the tops of West Mountain glowed purple, though to us the sun was still hidden behind Beech-Hill. Mother heard me, and called me into her room to give me some parting counsel, which it is certain that I needed.

We had an early breakfast, and then the chaise was brought up to the door and my trunk was fastened on behind; the precious bandbox, encased in a protecting cover, above it. Mother and Aunt Brewer gave me a loving good-by; father said, "God bless you, my child!" the children clung to me and kissed me, and I kissed every one and sprang into the chaise.

But the very beginning of our journey came near proving disastrous. Just as we were call-

ing back good-bys to those which Rose and Alice were shouting after us from the great gate which they had gone out to close, a tall figure, with flying drapery, came rushing across the street, calling out, "Stop! stop!" Uncle's pony, being young and a stranger, did not recognize Polly Watts, but reared and plunged and finally stood still, quivering all over. Polly went behind the chaise and tossed, through the opening left by the raised curtain, a letter to her nephew in Walpole, which, as she said, we could carry as well as not, thereby saving her the expense of postage. Then, bearing with us her good wishes, we took a fresh start.

Whoever may have had the good fortune to go up the valley of the Connecticut will bear me witness that along the whole route, past green meadow lands, and greener clover fields, now between way-side elms, now along open country, now through miles of woods, up hill and down, Walpole, Bellows Falls, Charlestown, it is all a succession of charming pictures. It is now greatly changed, but it is not the less beautiful.

In Charlestown we stopped for dinner; and as the travel which then passed through the country was in slight proportion to what it is at present, it is not remarkable that ourselves and one other were all the guests who sat down at the dinner-table. This third person was a small man, with sharp eyes and unprepossessing of aspect. I thought him disagreeably inquisitive, for he seemed bent on eliciting from Uncle Holcroft every possible item of intelligence. He even followed us to the door, and glancing back as we drove away I saw him seating himself on a bench, apparently with a view to seeing the last of us.

We reached Claremont at dusk. To my great joy Cousin Helen decided that night on going with me to Hanover, not to visit at Uncle Graham's, but at a friend's in Norwich, which she said was so near that we could meet almost daily.

On Monday Helen's brother took us to Hanover. The afternoon sun was making long shadows as we came into the town. Helen pointed out to me the college buildings, the churches, the professors' houses, and, finally, Uncle Graham's. It was a white house, with a good deal of foliage about it, standing high, and with a long bricked walk from the gate to the door.

A gentleman was going up the walk as we drove to the gate. Hearing us, he turned and retraced his steps.

"It is your Uncle Graham," said Helen. "Good-evening, Dr. Graham, we have brought you a guest."

"What, Margaret? have you brought Margaret?" and as he caught sight of me, "My dear child, I am glad to see you!"

His greeting was spoken with a cordiality which won me at once. He would have persuaded Helen also to come in; but that would disappoint her friend, so my things were taken off the chaise, and uncle led me into the house.

Aunt Graham received me very kindly. She was a tall, stately lady of middle age, and handsomely dressed in a dark, shining silk. I could not remember to have seen her before, though she said she recollected me perfectly. She led me up stairs to a large, pleasant room.

"Don't stop to open your trunk and change your dress, my dear," said she. "Our tea is all ready; we were waiting for the Doctor. There is no one you need mind. Just bathe your face and smooth your hair, you will do nicely."

I obeyed directions while Aunt Graham waited for me, telling me the while of a letter she had that day received from my father, written the morning on which I left; and asking questions about every one at home.

Then she took me down into a brightly-lighted parlor where were Uncle Graham, a young lady, and two young gentlemen. I remember that the ceremony of introduction to strangers, quite more elaborate and particular than at the present day, somewhat intimidated me, but the stir of going out to tea gave me an opportunity of summoning my self-possession. I had heard of Miss Rhodes, that she was an uncommonly fashionable and accomplished young person, and I secretly felt a little dread of her; but her affability set me at ease directly. From the conversation at table I learned that both the young gentlemen, Mr. Chantry and Mr. Fosbrooke, had been in France, and I afterward learned that they had traveled together through various countries in Europe, and were looked upon as quite accomplished and intelligent. They were different as possible in person and manners, yet each handsome and well-bred. Mr. Chantry I thought more distinguished-looking; he was taller, and his face wore an habitually grave expression, which at times gave place to a smile of rare beauty. Mr. Fosbrooke was slight in figure, and quite pale, with jet-black hair and eyes. He was a profuse talker, full of persiflage; and through his polished courtesy was perceptible a vein of condescension which sometimes assumed the guise of mocking deference and was then a little annoying.

When we went back into the parlor Uncle Graham took me beside him on a sofa, and I answered him no end to questions about our town-folk, whom he seemed to remember as if he had left them but yesterday. And he, in return, told me of incidents which happened in his younger days; in particular of Dr. D., now a staid medical practitioner, held in respect of all men, but in his youth little better than one of the thoughtless. He had been sent to Fitzwilliam to pass a brief rustication under the supervision of the Rev. Mr. Seaton; and the propriety of imitating the excellent traits of that worthy person having been somewhat pointedly enforced upon him, D.'s first measure was to procure and indue a suit of clothing which was a fac-simile of that ordinarily worn by the parson; shovel hat, braided cue, small-clothes, kneebuckles, shoe-buckles, and all, nay, he carried his zeal so far as to don a pair of huge specta-

cles; so that when he walked abroad in F., emphasizing his steps with a substantial cane, at a little distance it was difficult to decide whether it was pupil or minister who was taking the air. Of course, while thus accoutred, D. was not careful to bring himself into juxtaposition with his reverence. One Saturday afternoon, however, brought about a fatal contretemps. Parson Seaton had at a late hour laid aside his intention of an evening ride to Jaffrey, to exchange pulpits on the morrow with a brother clergyman. Coming from his own door-steps into the street, about to refresh himself with a walk, he squarely encountered his double. The latter, trusting somewhat in his disguise—more in the approaching dusk, hoped to escape recognition, and with a suave wave of the hand, even in this his desperate estate, mischievously borrowed from his prototype, was passing on. But the reverend eyes were too keen. The result was that the suit, obtained at no inconsiderable outlay of skill and pocket-money, was subjected to confiscation, and young D. thenceforth appeared in his own ordinary garb. Moreover, what is more to the purpose, he thereafter seemed to have turned over a new leaf. His escapades grew traditional, and himself in favor with all men.

While Uncle Graham had been recounting this story to me, and not to me only, but also to Mr. Chantry, who had approached us, Aunt Graham had been persuading Miss Rhodes to favor us with some music. To play on the piano-forte was an accomplishment much more rare then than now. But then, as now, a young lady waited to be twice asked before she conferred on others the pleasure of listening to such music as was in her power, and Miss Rhodes was no exception to the rule. So, after duly uttering

"Her pretty oath, by yea and nay,

She could not, would not, durst not play,"

she took her seat at the instrument; marshaled thither by Mr. Fosbrooke, who remained beside her to turn over the pages of her music-book.

Miss Rhodes looked very brilliant, sitting there in her handsome green-silk dress, her white shoulders covered with a pretty blonde lace cape, around her neck a gold chain, and a watch at her side. Her hair, which was of a soft brown color, just tinged with red, was braided and brought around the forehead in a way much worn at that time, and to her face very becoming. Then her hands, sparkling with rings, and flitting so easily over the keys, were well-shaped, and scarcely less white than the ivory itself.

She played a variety of pieces, some of which I had heard before, but an entirely new one was a long, difficult composition, called the Battle of Prague, into which was introduced as much as possible of the pomp and circumstance of war, from the stately martial strains which inflame the courage of the soldier to the booming of guns, the clashing of weapons, and even the shrieks of the wounded and dying. At least

that is what Miss Rhodes afterward explained to me. I distinctly recollect that Mr. Fosbrooke, who was at that moment reaching forward to turn a leaf, gave a perceptible little jump at one of the bangs of the cannon. I was obliged to raise my handkerchief to my lips, for if I ever in my life beheld fun leap from the eyes of a human being I then saw that exhibition from those of Mr. Chantry. Mr. Fosbrooke sent a sharp glance over our way, but I am sure he saw nothing.

The young gentlemen left together about nine o'clock; and Aunt Graham saying that she liked her girls to go to bed early, we soon said good-night and went up stairs.

While we were brushing our hair Miss Rhodes told me that Mr. Chantry was a ward of Uncle Graham, and was always at home in the house; that Mr. Fosbrooke's father was a Virginian, and had married a French lady who died while her only child, this Mr. Fosbrooke, was only two or three years old. He inherited all his mother's large estate, which was mostly in one of the West India Islands, and would some day go there to live. He too had the freedom of the house because of an old friendship between his father and Uncle Graham. She had learned this, she said, from Aunt Graham. From this, I scarcely know how, she diverged into dress, and was describing to me a new fashion for waist and sleeves, which was the prettiest she had ever seen; and though I tried hard to avoid the impoliteness of falling asleep while she was talking to me, my efforts were futile. I certainly lost a part of the description.

A bell awoke us in the morning. While we were dressing I learned from Miss Rhodes that in about two weeks the Commencement Ball would take place. This, she said, would be a grand affair, since every body of any note who lived in the vicinity would make a point of being present. She had been here twice before on such an occasion, and enjoyed it extremely.

When we went down Uncle Graham was in the breakfast-room.

"Prompt to time, girls!" said Aunt Graham, whom we saw through the open door arranging her collar at a glass in her own room. "That is the kind of guests I like. You deserve praise. Are you always so early a riser, Margaret?"

I said it was not very praiseworthy of me if I were, since there was always so much to be done at home, particularly since mother was not well enough to do much work.

So then uncle made me tell him every thing that I was used to do at home; such as skimming the cream and churning, sweeping and dusting, waxing the furniture, preparing the vegetables for dinner, and making bread and cake, pies and puddings.

Miss Rhodes exclaimed that it must be perfectly awful; that she should be miserable to spend her life so.

No, I told her; there was nothing hard in what I had to do; that it was really pleasant, when you were accustomed to it, to try how skillfully and quickly you could accomplish it.

"But the cooking," said she, "I'm sure I should detest that."

"Why that," said I, "is what I like best of all; for it is agreeable to think you can give your friends pleasure, even if it be in a thing so unimportant as bread and butter."

"But I do not regard such things as unimportant," said Aunt Graham. "I do not by any means think lightly of accomplishments; but they are, after all, only the mint, anise, and cummin, compared with the weightier matters of the law, some of which are surely comprehended in ordering one's house aright. Things are very different now from what they were when I was young."

"But you know," said Miss Rhodes, "that a young lady has now to learn so many different things; more than when you were a girl."

"Yes, dear," said Aunt Graham, "I do know it. But a young lady expects now as much as then to be married and to keep house; you need not blush so, girls; you know that it is true; and since it is true, would it not be wise to insure the possibility of making one's house a pleasant and comfortable home? And nothing is more likely to promote the comfort of a home than knowing how every kind of housework can be best done."

"I should dearly love to know how to play on the piano like Miss Rhodes," I said.

"And I should dearly love to know how to do all those nice things which you can do," said she, good-naturedly.

"Yes," Uncle Graham said, "you should both of you know and practice the whole duty of woman. And now," added he, "I have a ride of five miles before me this pleasant morning; whom can I have for company?"

Miss Rhodes said she wanted to finish her new crape vandyke. I was very glad to go. Aunt charged me to see that Uncle came back in time for dinner.

It was a charming ride, over the dewy hills and through miles of dark shady woods. Uncle asked particularly about father, and I told him of the money which had been lost through Mr. Harvey; of father's being himself obliged to pay it all to the bank; but now all that was settled, and we were getting along very well; this year father had put a new fence around the garden and front-yard and had the blinds painted, which improved the looks of every thing. There seemed to be nothing which Uncle did not care to hear about, from the household downward. So I told him of all; of Mrs. Marsh; the hornless cow, which gave such creamy milk; of the children's poultry-yard, which kept us in eggs and chickens the whole year round; and of Wellington, the horse, which father would not sell, just because he was too old to be of service to any one, and he had been so faithful a servant that it would be a sin if he were not allowed to end his days in peace.

"My dear," said Uncle, "I wish your father had come to me when he was in trouble. I should have been glad to help him."

I told him that we had never had to do without things which we needed; only some things which it would have been pleasant to have. Mother said that good had come of it; that we had learned self-denial and thoughtfulness for each other; that, as to the new books, which we missed most of all, it was perhaps no matter, for we read the old ones over and over; and finally, that mother said she hoped we had learned to trust more in God.

"Margaret," said Uncle, "did your mother ever tell you that she once saved me from being a very bad boy?"

"No, Sir," I replied.

"Well, ask her about it when you go home. And now, dear, tell me how much money you have brought with you."

I told him, and that it was plenty; father had offered me more, but I did not need it.

"Don't you know that people can not always have their own way?" said he, smiling, and then he produced a little roll, and told me there was my pocket-money; that I was to spend it just as I pleased, and, if there were not enough, to come for more.

"Do you really mean, Uncle," said I, when I had tried to thank him, "that I may use it exactly as I like?"

"I mean that you are to do with it precisely, in every respect, as you please, dear," he answered.

Some very pleasant visions flitted before me. Mother had once or twice said that she should like a new parlor carpet, and then she could take the old one for the west chamber; and only last week she said it would save trouble if there were another bureau to hold the children's clothes. I knew very well why the carpet and bureau were not forthcoming, and it was pleasant to know that this little package in my hand would help toward such things.

"What is your best gown, Margaret?" asked Uncle.

I told him about Aunt Brewer's presents; and he seemed really pleased, and said Aunt Brewer was every inch a lady.

When we came home I was glad to find Miss Rhodes dressed and just going down stairs. I wanted to be alone a minute. I just turned the key in the door and knelt down and said a thanksgiving. For you see those little gold pieces were not merely round bits of stamped metal, but carpet, bureau, a gown or a shawl for mother, a surtout for father, a bonnet and frock apiece for Rose and Alice—oh! no end of treasures.

After I was dressed I waited a few minutes for the redness to go away from my eyes, and then I went down stairs.

Messrs. Chantry and Fosbrooke came to dinner that day, as, indeed, they usually did. While we were at table, Uncle Graham's black Sam announced that a gentleman at the door wished to speak with Mr. Fosbrooke.

"Why didn't you show him to the library, Sam?" said Uncle.

Sam shut the door carefully, and approaching a step nearer, replied, with a wide smile:

"You see, Sir, I didn't know wherr'er he otter be left in the liberry alone, Sir."

A smile went round the table; Mr. Fosbrooke colored a little.

"A man about a horse, I presume, Sir," said he to Uncle. "Sam, tell him to come to my room at Evans's at three o'clock."

"A new horse, Fosbrooke?" said Uncle.

"Yes, Sir. You know you proposed to take the other off my hands."

"Yes. Well, be careful."

"I will, Sir." But he looked as if he would have been as well pleased if the horse had not been brought up at table, and Aunt, who perceived his annoyance, began talking of something else.

In the afternoon Miss Rhodes showed me her dresses. I could truly say that I had never before seen so pretty a wardrobe. She liked them to be admired, but said she did not know, after all, if being the family pet as she was when at home, and being sure of every possible gratification for which she expressed a wish, was quite compensation for having no sister. I thought of Rose and Alice, and knew that to me all the luxury in the world would not make good the place of either.

For all that I was not indifferent to beautiful clothing. I have always liked it, and to this day I regard a desire to be handsomely and becomingly dressed as an impulse to be cherished instead of a sin to be uprooted.

Aunt Graham came in just as Miss Rhodes was unfolding a light blue crape, spotted throughout with gold. "This," said she, "you must see in the evening to judge of it fairly. It is the prettiest thing I have, and it is a present from this charming lady;" turning to Aunt and courtesying to the ground.

"Margaret, my dear," said Aunt Graham, "you are younger than I; go down and open the lowest drawer of the bureau in my room, and bring up the parcel you will find lying there."

I went and returned.

"Undo it, dear," said she; "it is your ball-dress. I must have my two girls look as well as the rest."

It was the loveliest white crape, as thin as a cobweb, and with silver flecks all over it, which shimmered in the light just like dew-drops.

"You know," said she, "I could not venture on a color till I saw you. But every one looks well in white; and I do believe that nothing else would have been so pretty for you."

Wasn't it kind of her? and is it any wonder that I began to feel a good deal of interest in that ball? I certainly did look forward to it as something invested with dreamy, mystic beauty; something all made up of flowers and music, fair shapes and graceful motions.

The time went by quite fast enough, however. What with a little sewing, writing twice a week a long letter home, reading new books, which were much plentier here than at our house, I

should not have minded if the days had been twice as long. We came to know other young people, and there were drives, and gipsy-parties, and often an evening-party or a concert; and I liked them all.

One evening we were at home alone. The gentlemen had been off on a fishing excursion, and did not return till tea-time; and then Mr. Chantry came by himself. Mr. Fosbrooke was gone to Woodstock. He had heard of a horse which would match the one he had just bought, and had gone to see about it.

"It is the only thing in which Fosbrooke shows himself a boy," said Uncle, "this passion for fast horses. There's this comfort though, he's sure to come out of it all right, after all. I'm not afraid for him."

"No," said Aunt; "only I shall be glad when he does come out of it."

"So shall I. See here, girls; here are some new books."

In those times people had to depend mostly on England for Magazine literature, and indeed for all literature. Uncle had brought two new books, by the author of *Waverley*, *Kenilworth* and *Peveril of the Peak*, besides a quantity of new Magazines. There was much pleasant talk, and Uncle, who dearly loved poetry, made Mr. Chantry read aloud. I had for a long time looked eagerly for the signatures "F. H." and "L. E. L.," but that night I first learned that these letters meant Felicia Hemans and Letitia E. Landon.

Mr. Chantry read the "Sicilian Captive" and "Graves of a Household," and when he had done Uncle said:

"Thank you, Chantry, thank you. I'd rather hear you read than any one else I know of."

I secretly thought just the same. Often afterward I read those pieces, and never without remembering that evening.

The clock struck eleven. None of us dreamed it was so late.

"I should not stay so long," said Mr. Chantry, rising to go, "if it were not so pleasant here. I have had a delightful evening."

"So have I, Chantry," said Uncle.

"And I," "And I," each of us added—I last, and as I spoke I met Mr. Chantry's look, and then for the first time I saw how very beautiful his eyes were when they smiled. He said good-night, and went away.

Such charming weather as we had seemed sent on purpose to add to our pleasure. It had rained in the night, and the next morning the sky was all blue splendor, while every leaf and grass-blade was jeweled with the clinging rain-drops.

"Margaret," said Uncle at breakfast, "I found at the post-office this morning a line from your Cousin Helen, asking me to bring you over to Norwich for the day. I have an engagement this forenoon, but Mr. Chantry has to go there to-day, and I asked him to drive over in the chaise, so that he could take you and bring you back."

I don't know if I was altogether pleased. In the first place, it seemed as if Mr. Chantry could not help taking me, even if he did not like; and, in the next place, I was afraid he would find me dull in so long a drive. I do believe if I could have devised an excuse I should have done so. I spoke about helping Aunt stone the raisins for cake—she was going to have a little party the next evening—but Miss Rhodes volunteered all the aid needed.

"Besides," said Aunt, "I want you to persuade Helen to come over to-morrow morning and stay the rest of the week with us."

"And I promised Chantry," said Uncle, "that you would not keep him waiting. He will be here at nine o'clock. Better start early, it is going to be a warm day."

So there was no help for it.

Mr. Chantry may have conjectured that I felt myself rather forced upon his courtesy, for he managed, in the course of a few minutes, to set me at ease in respect to my first annoyance, and as to the second, it never recurred to me all the way.

I have said what a charming morning it was. Some pine-woods that we passed through, with their cool, green depths, and delicious, resinous odor, suggested something that he had seen abroad; and he had seen so much, and spoke of it so simply and pleasantly, that he made every moment interesting. And presently I grew so much at ease that I could talk too; and he seemed to like as well to hear of the hills and rivers, the birds and wild-flowers around our own home in K—as I of the endless wonders he had seen in the old country.

When we reached the place where Cousin Helen was staying, I exclaimed at sight of the house, it was so picturesque and beautiful. It stood on a hill-side; great, stately trees grew around; not in stiff, artificial rows, but as if grouped in Nature's own sweet waywardness. In front were tall pillars, wound around with woodbine. The sloping lawn was intensely green, and still brilliant with the rain-sparkle. On the right were glimpses of a garden, all in bloom.

"Oh, Mr. Chantry," I cried, "look at those roses! and the lilies! look at those vines, clear over the roof! Did you ever see a place so lovely?"

"I have often seen that," said he, smiling, but with a tremulous, tender smile, such as I had not before seen. "That used to be my home, Miss Eliot. My father and mother lived and died there. I never lived elsewhere till I was fifteen, almost sixteen years old."

I did not wonder that his smile grew tremulous.

We went up the graveled carriage-sweep, and Helen came with her friend to the door to welcome us. Mr. Chantry would not come in; but promised to return in the afternoon for tea.

Cousin Helen led me up stairs to her room. This looked westward, and the view from the windows was superb; a magnificent amphitheatre.

tre of mountains, peak beyond peak, in limitless variety of form, and covered to the summit with greenness. I could not be satisfied with looking.

We went down stairs and sat in a room whose open windows, extending to the ground, looked out on the garden. The air was quite full of fragrance; from a tree near by came the sweet, prolonged notes of a thrush. It was a perfect day—soft, calm, and bright—and we just gave ourselves up to enjoying it.

Altogether that day, as I look back on it through the long years of my life, stands from beginning to end undimmed by a single blemish.

I found that Helen knew Mr. Chantry, and had long known him. His mother had been her school-mate at Mr. Dunham's in Windsor, and one of her dearest friends. They used to exchange visits; and only a few weeks after Helen's return from one of these, a terrible epidemic which ravaged the country, swept away, within a month of each other, the father, mother, and two children, leaving Philip Chantry an orphan and alone. So Helen and he had been friends. All the time of his stay in Europe he used to write to her. She said she would show me his letters when we went back to Claremont.

After dinner we went into the garden. This included a large space behind the house, and among its pleasantest features were the terraced grass-plots, whereon grew thickets of flowering shrubs, many already out of bloom, but many, also, in perfection of florescence. Some of these were new to me, and particularly the beautiful Scotch laburnum and the flame-colored azalea. We went up flights of steps, and at the highest point, under a fragrant fir-balsam, whose brown cones strewed the ground, was a rustic summer-house. From this we could see far up and down the valley of the river; on one side the mountains of New Hampshire, on the other those of Vermont; here and there the white gleam of villages, with their church-spires, and shining ponds—many a one with their frames of green. It was all lovelier than I could have imagined; but over it all was a shade of sadness, for there in the grave-yard, half a mile away, yet plainly to be seen in the afternoon sunshine, stood the white monument which marked the resting-place of the Chantry family—father, mother, and children. Their eyes, folded in the sleep of death, would look nevermore on this exquisite harmony of outline and color—this fair blending of earth and sky and water—this perpetually renewed miracle of the sunset.

"Let us go in," said Helen; "Mr. Chantry may have come." But we were too late; he was just ascending the upper flight of steps.

"I am just in time," said he, seating himself on the steps. "I should have been sorry to miss this."

Already the disk, too resplendent for human vision, met the mountain slope and slowly sank beyond. The western sky became suffused with hues of inexpressible loveliness; rose, purple, and amber all blending in misty softness. We

watched in silence. Helen was the first to speak:

"And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire, and them that had gotten the victory stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."

And in the brief stillness which ensued it would scarcely have seemed to me marvelous if once more, as of old, the angels of God had appeared at eventide.

I endeavored, but in vain, to persuade Helen to go over with us that evening to Hanover. She would only promise to come the next day, and we bade her good-night.

There was a moon not yet full, but so light that one could not tell when day ended and night began. The sky was one such as I have not often seen; as if a single cloud overspreading the whole vault were shattered into fragments, yet these not displaced, and through the rifts you saw the clear intense purple distance, with here and there the burning splendor of a star. I can recall it now as it impressed me then; and still to me it as far surpasses in grandeur a cloudless sky as a life of ceaseless beneficence one of graceful repose.

By the time we reached the village lights shone from the windows. I was just thinking how to express my obligation to Mr. Chantry when he forestalled me by thanking me for rendering, as he said, the ride so pleasant to him.

Cousin Helen came early the next day, and, as she always did, made every one the happier for her presence.

We were careful to be ready for the party in good season; for as soon as lamps were lighted it would be time to expect our guests. We did our best also to look well. Aunt Graham had on her pearl-gray satin, and a new cap with pink ribbons; Cousin Helen was, as she always dressed, in handsome black; Miss Rhodes wore her light green crape; and I my new silk, Aunt Brewer's gift, just the color of a peach-flower. Helen put some roses in my hair, and just as we were ready Aunt Graham surprised us all three with a present of a pretty sandal-wood fan apiece.

How handsome the parlors looked! plenty of light from the wax-candles in the shining silver candle-sticks, and flowers every where; in vases on the open piano, the mantle-shelf, and tables, and suspended in invisible baskets, wherever a point of support was afforded. This last arrangement was Miss Rhodes's own invention, and one on which she piqued herself with good reason, for we all thought the effect very pretty.

It was not a large party, but every one said how pleasant it was. There were the professors with their wives and daughters; a few strangers, and plenty of the collegians. That evening I saw for the first time several whose names came in after-years to be spoken proudly and reverently. But nobody seemed to be thinking then of coming honors; only of enjoying a pleasant evening.

When supper-time came, black Sam and

Chloe brought around great waiters loaded with refreshments which the guests took sitting, with napkins spread over their laps. It required no slight skill in legerdemain to preserve the equilibrium of plate, cup and saucer, wine-glass, or whatever it might be, and at the same time appropriate a due share of biscuits, ham, tongue, cake, trifle, jelly, preserves, and the like. Think of my momentary dismay when a gentleman next me, a stranger, let fall his wine-glass. I started involuntarily and drew away my dress; then, ashamed of my impulsive movement, I looked toward him and met the darkest eyes I ever saw smiling at me.

"I assure you," said he, "there was not left a drop of the wine."

What I ought to have said, I suppose, was that it was of no consequence if there were; but what I did say was that I was very glad; and then his whole face smiled. After talking with me a little while, in a way that made me think him very agreeable, he was called away by another gentleman, and when he was gone Helen said he was Mr. Daniel Webster, who was to deliver an oration the next evening.

Presently Miss Rhodes and Mr. Fosbrooke came up, and while we were laughing at some caricatures which Uncle had brought home that day Mr. Chantry approached.

"This is yours, Miss Eliot," said he, giving me a half open moss-rose which had just fallen from my hair.

Mr. Fosbrooke spoke: "Miss Eliot scatters flowers wherever she goes."

Miss Rhodes quoted from Mother Goose a rhyme for Mr. Fosbrooke's speech. It was too ridiculously silly; but the spirit of laughter seized me, and I yielded, as if she had uttered the most exquisite witticism.

Mr. Fosbrooke calmly eyed the Rose. "Will you give me that flower, Miss Eliot?" said he.

"Pardon me," said I, "but I need it so much."

"If you asked me I would give you a whole garden of roses," pursued he.

"But you see," putting it in my hair again, "I could not wear a garden of roses. Miss Rhodes, give Mr. Fosbrooke one of yours;" she had some in her hand.

He took it with a profound bow, the great, wide-open, red rose, and, after inhaling its fragrance with exaggerated expressions of admiration, stuck it in his straight black hair, whence presently it fell and was trodden under foot.

Somebody called Mr. Fosbrooke to decide a point in discussion about the Natural Bridge in Virginia. Miss Rhodes and Helen went to listen, and Mr. Chantry and I were left.

"Miss Eliot," said he, "do not think me presumptuous. I am going to ask you for that rose."

Without a word I gave it to him.

"Thank you," was all he said; but as his eyes met mine they wore a look that I never forgot—never shall forget.

I saw that rose afterward, faded and shriv-

eled, and asked for it back. I did not want it though, and I did not get it.

Mr. Fosbrooke returned presently, and I felt, rather than saw, the glance which he bestowed on us.

"You have lost your rose again, Miss Eliot," he began.

"No matter," said I.

"And yet you needed it so much," said he.

"Well, you will want some from my garden yet."

"And then I will remember the kindness of your offer," I replied.

With his mocking bow, he said—"You will do me proud," and walked away.

As it was customary to go early to parties, so people used to go home early; I confess it seemed to me a little too early. Before twelve every guest had departed. The next morning breakfast was an hour later than usual, to allow us ample time for reinvigoration.

Two circumstances occurred which made that day to me a memorable one.

After breakfast I took the second volume of "Kenilworth" and went through the garden into the orchard, which extended quite to the bank of the river. In the shade of an old, wide-spreading apple-tree was a rustic seat, so inclosed by the drooping boughs that the seclusion was perfect, while yet one could see from it the river, and, for a short space in either direction, its banks. I loved always to be near flowing water, and this nook, so sequestered, and green, and cool, had already become my favorite resort. So I seated myself here, and soon grew so absorbed in the fate of poor Amy Robsart as to take no note of time. At length I heard the tinkling of a bell, which warned me that dinner would be ready in half an hour. I shut my book reluctantly, and was looking round on my bower of greenness, thinking it a pity to be forced to leave it, and a greater pity still to leave Amy Robsart, when my attention was arrested by the sound of footsteps on the pebbly edge of the river. A man, who was walking there, approached within a few rods of the place where I was sitting, and there stayed his steps. There was a fence between, but this did not prevent me from seeing him distinctly. The face was partly turned toward me; and in its peculiar repulsiveness I presently recognized the one which had watched Uncle Holcroft and me from the door of the hotel in Charlestown. My first impulse was to hasten away from the evil face toward the house; then I thought the man would be more likely to see me moving than remaining quiet. So I sat still and observed him.

He held in his hand an open pocket-book; and, first looking hastily and searchingly around, as if to make sure that he was unseen, he stooped and gathered from the shore some pebbles, which he put into the pocket-book, and then, its own fastening seeming insufficient, he tied it around with a piece of string. Next, after balancing it a moment in his hands, he tossed it toward the river.

Apparently he was not a very accurate marksman, for his missile encountered the low-hanging branch of a pine-tree and rebounded. I saw exactly where it fell in the recoil—against a boulder, projecting a few inches above the river surface—thence it fell into the water. The man remained motionless an instant, looking toward the spot where it had disappeared, then, turning, retraced his steps and walked hastily away.

But I was not his only spectator. Black Sam, from an adjoining field, crouched in a corner of the fence, where he had sat down to rest after hoeing corn in the sun, assisted also; and while I, at the dinner-table, was telling Uncle all about it, Sam was already raking the river-bed with intent to fish out the pocket-book.

In which intent he succeeded. Then, wiping away as much as possible of the dripping moisture, he brought the pocket-book on a folded newspaper and laid it on a window-seat in the room where we were.

"Guess some mischief goin' on, Sir," said Sam. "Folks don't go round throwing away pocket-books like that for nothin'."

After dinner Uncle examined it; as also Mr. Chantry and Mr. Fosbrooke. Between these two passed a significant glance.

"I recognize an acquaintance, Sir," said Fosbrooke, coolly. "I know that this was in the writing-desk in my room at nine o'clock this morning."

"You are positive?"

"Positive, Sir! Here is my writing in pencil on the enameled tablet."

It was quite plain to see.

"Tell me how the man looked, Margaret," said Uncle.

I told him.

Another significant look between Messrs. Chantry and Fosbrooke.

"The gentleman who sold me *Bucephalus*," said Fosbrooke, with a smile.

"Well, no time to lose," said Uncle, and the three went out.

I may as well state here that within two hours the gentleman was arrested, with his ill-gotten gains about his person. He did not, however, as in these more lenient days he would be very likely to do, escape trial and conviction; and various others of his misdemeanors coming to light about the same time, he passed the remainder of his days in the strong-hold provided by the State Government.

When it began to grow cool in the afternoon of that day, Aunt Graham wishing a piece of ribbon matched, I volunteered to do the errand for her.

I had succeeded, and turned homeward. Half-way across the street I saw before me a little child—a little, dirty, sun-burnt child. He was playing in the sand, tossing it up by handfuls and laughing gleefully to see it sparkle in the sun. Then I heard the rapid clattering of hoofs, and looking up the street I saw coming fast and frantic a runaway horse. My first impulse was to turn and save myself. But the

little child—alone in his helplessness, who did not even turn his head at the sound—surely he would be killed! Oh, if only he might be saved!

I forgot my own danger, and rushing across caught up the child and fell forward with him, and the next instant the maddened animal dashed over the very spot where the little one had been sitting.

The child lifted up his voice, and several persons gathered around us, among them his mother. When she had assured herself that her darling was unhurt, she cried too. Meanwhile I tried to rise, but I could not. A sharp pain went through my ankle, a faint, sickening shiver came over me, and then darkness.

When I saw light again I was on a sofa in Aunt Graham's parlor; Uncle Graham was busied with my ankle in a way which seemed as if it would send me off in another faint. Miss Rhodes was fanning me, and Aunt Graham bathing my face in lavender water.

"What is it all?" I asked. Then I remembered.

"The child is safe—oh, thank God!"

They all looked at me so tenderly, they were so kind! Uncle himself, who had done with my ankle, came and kissed me, and as he did so a tear fell on my cheek.

In a moment it flashed through me; I understood as well as if he said it in words—I was to be lame always; all my life lame.

Oh, how could I endure it? If it were only for myself—but there were father and mother both needing me so much, both already growing old, and mother far from well. I had thought to do so much, to be such a help to them; and now—how sorry they would feel for me! I should be all my life like Sarah Amidon, the lame school-mistress; all my life long; the words kept shaping themselves in my mind—all my life long. I shut my eyes to hold back the tears, but they would come.

"Is the pain so hard to bear, Margaret?" said Uncle: and he spoke so tenderly because he pitied me so much.

"Not the pain, Uncle," said I through my sobs; "not that."

"What then, dear?"

And I told him.

He was silent a moment, I think he could not speak himself. Then:

"If it were God's will, Margaret, don't you think you could endure it? Many have to suffer worse than this, my child. Don't you think you could bear it, dear?"

"I will try, Uncle; I will try."

"Will you, darling? Well, now listen. If you can only be quiet, if you can be cheerful and calm, you will do perfectly well. There is no reason in the world to fear permanent lameness. It is a bad fracture, but the worst pain is probably over. You will have to lie still a good while, but we will try to make your imprisonment as endurable as possible."

Thus I had experienced my fright for nothing! No; not for nothing, because it made me thank-

ful as I had never before been for the commonest blessings.

Now one would have imagined, from the way they all went on with me, that it was one of the pleasantest things in the world to have a lame, helpless girl in the house. Every one was indefatigable in devices to make the time pass swiftly and agreeably.

I must tell you a thing that happened when I had been lying there a week or two, and my ankle was, as Uncle said, doing finely.

A woman came one afternoon, leading a toddling wee thing in pink calico frock, his face shining with cleanliness, and his hair brushed to the top of his head, in one long, rolling curl from forehead to crown. He carried in his arms, hugged close against his little breast, a large book.

"Now speak to the lady; speak pretty; speak, Willie," said the woman.

"Pitty yady," said Willie.

"That's a darling. Go on, Willie; speak to the lady."

"Pitty yady," reiterated Willie. He could get no farther.

"He wants to say, ma'am," said his mother—I had divined who she was—"that he thanks you for saving him from being run over. Oh! and I want to thank you too. If it hadn't been for you, Willie might be lying in his coffin now, buried in the ground; and I should never kiss his dear, sweet, little face again; never hear his pretty, broken words again; never hear him try to say father and mother." And here she fairly broke down; and for little Willie, over his face stole a troubled look and he put up his little red lip to cry.

"Don't he cry, darling," said his mother, forcing herself to smile on him. "Give the book to the lady."

But as Willie, already very red with the exertion, only held it tighter, opening his blue eyes wider and wider, she took the book from him and offered it to me herself.

"We are not poor, and if we were we should want to do this just the same, my husband and I. We did not know what you would like, so we told the man to pick out what would be right, and he said you would be sure to like this. And my husband he's written a line in it to put you in mind of Willie."

I opened the book, and on the fly-leaf was written this:

"For the lady who saved Willie, to put her in mind that his father and mother will always be thankful to her for their child's life."

While I read she whispered to Willie, who presently kneeling at his mother's knee, and folding his little brown hands, said in imperfect childish words: "God bless Willie's father and mother, and Willie. God bless lady, Amen!" And his mother repeated "Amen."

"He prays it every night, ma'am," said she, "and I can't but think it will bring a blessing. And now, Willie, say good-by to the lady; we must go home."

I told her I was sure I should like the book, and I would keep it always; and I kissed little Willie, and then they went away.

So it seemed as if the pain I had had was a little price to pay for the child's life—nay, that it would have been little had it proved as bad as I at first feared.

After the first week I used to lie through the daytime on a sofa in the back parlor, and hold levees, Uncle said, like a French lady. Mr. Chantry and Mr. Fosbrooke used to come as before. They brought me books, and took so much trouble for me that I grew quite friendly with Mr. Fosbrooke.

"I am very glad," said he one day, "that it was not my horse which hurt you, Miss Eliot."

"Why, I never thought it was," said I.

"Didn't you?" said he, smiling. "Well, I thought it was. It was the fast horse that Dr. Graham warned me about."

"Was it, indeed? and how happened it that he was not yours, if you thought he was?"

"The man who sold him to me had stolen him."

"And who was he?" for I guessed who it was.

"You have seen him," said he, smiling.

"The same that sank the pocket-book. I did not recover the money paid for him either. Served me right though. I believe my liking for fast horses has come to a perpetual end."

I was glad, for it had troubled Uncle Graham.

One morning Mr. Chantry brought me Froisart's Chronicles. I had heard and read of the book, but had never seen it. I little suspected that he had bought it on purpose to please me, and that he had taken great pains to get it.

"I am going to K—to-morrow, Miss Margaret," said he. "Can I do something for you?"

Of course I was glad to send a letter. He would be back in three days, and I charged him with so many messages that I grew ashamed and retracted. But he said he should remember every one of them, and I do believe he did.

You will think they did not let me suffer from weariness when I affirm my entire forgetfulness of the ball when the night for it came. If I had recollected it in season I should have begged Miss Rhodes to attend it. She said she should not have gone—declared that she had not the slightest wish to go. Yet I knew that she had really looked forward to it as the pleasantest part of her visit. That she so willingly relinquished it proves how truly good-natured she was.

My ankle grew strong, but Uncle still forbade my using it; I must not go home a limper, he said; I must just sit still, like a good child, and read my books.

Mr. Chantry returned the afternoon of the third day. He brought me letters—dear, loving letters, just as precious as gold.

Aunt and Miss Rhodes had an invitation for the evening, and I persuaded them all, now

that I was so well, to leave me with the new magazines which had come that day. They were gone, and Chloe had just lighted the candles and set them near me, when there came a knock at the door.

"Shall I tell 'em the folks gone away, Miss Marget?" said Chloe.

"Yes, Chloe."

Still some one entered; and Chloe again brought her turban into the room a moment, and in a stage whisper—

"Nobody but Massa Chantry, Miss Marget." With which announcement the gentleman entered.

I was glad to see him, but surprised, and presently asked:

"But why are you not at Mrs. Harding's this evening?"

He had taken up a book which, without opening it, he laid down again.

"Because I had something to tell you, Margaret."

I listened; as he did not speak I grew troubled. Was it some bad news from home after all?

But from the look that met mine my eyes sank abashed.

"Do you know why I went to K——, Margaret?"

"No," I replied.

"Shall I tell you?"

No answer.

"I went to ask your father if I might try to win you, Margaret, for my wife. Have I been too daring?"

For a kingdom I could not have spoken; my lips and my voice refused to shape a word.

"Do speak to me, Margaret. You must have seen that I loved you."

No, I had not dreamed of it, but I did not say so.

So then he took my hand and held it in a firm, gentle clasp, and he said—I can not tell you what he said, but I, for answer, only let two great, plashing tears drop directly on his hand.

And then I felt myself folded closely in the safe-guard of loving arms, drawn closely to that strong, tender heart which through all the years since never failed me, never once—which bore with all my faults and imperfections as a guardian angel might—nay, has he not been that to me?

It is summer. We live where we have lived mostly since our marriage—in the old Chantry homestead. The walls echo even now with the merriment of children. There is more of it now than usual, for my sister Rose—Rose Fosbrooke—with her four children, is spending the summer with us. They are not going back to Jamaica, for they want their children educated at the North, and Mr. Fosbrooke has bought a home near Boston. Their first three children died in Kingston, and it is no wonder they would no longer risk exposure to that climate.

Loudest of all the noisy group are my two grandchildren, Harry and Jenny MacNeill. Their father answered his country's first summons in the late fearful contest, and our daughter Grace came back to live with us till his return, and now that the war is over he is soon coming home to remain. He has more than once been wounded, but, thank Heaven, he is safe and well. Once, when he was in the act of leading on his soldiers to a charge, a ball passed between his lips and through his cheek. Grace calls that mark her beauty-spot. And he will always be lame. For these things, you know, we are none the less proud of him.

"What is the matter with your leg, Harry? why do you walk so?" said Harry's grandfather this morning, as, from our window, we saw that very young gentleman limping along the gravel-walk.

"Because it is the way my father walks," said Harry.

"Look here, Aunt Lou," called Jenny, dragging after her the skirt of a dress twice as long as herself, "only look here! See what I found in a chest up garret. It used to be grandma's dress when she was a young lady like you. See! low neck and short sleeves; and these little bright things are spangles. I wish I had seen grandma wear it, don't you? It doesn't seem a bit as if she was ever young like you. I suppose she didn't wear her cap and spectacles then. You didn't see her then, did you, Aunt Lou?"

"No, dear."

"But I saw her then," said Mrs. Thayer, the clergyman's wife, who had come in to sit an hour. "We were both young girls then, your grandmother and I, and we were visiting at your great-aunt Graham's; and this dress was made for your grandmother to wear to a ball. It was a very pretty dress too. But your grandmother did not wear it to the ball, for she did not go. A horse ran over her and broke her ankle the week before, so she had to lie still instead of dancing."

Little Jenny's eyes expressed intense interest. She folded her arms on Aunt Thayer's knee and looked up in her face.

"Tell me all about it, please, Aunt Thayer."

"Come over and see me to-morrow, and then I'll tell you a great long story about it. I must go home now to give Uncle Thayer his tea."

So Jenny accompanies Aunt Thayer to the gate, and returns, hopping all the way on one foot, which dextrous feat awakening the emulation of the rest of the flock they all essay it at once. From my window I see them, the merry elves, flitting over the green lawn, and the air is full of their merry shouts and laughter. They have espied me. "Look, Aunt Chantry!" and "Look, look, grandma!" Never mind a downfall—up and at it again! God bless them, every one!

But there is a carriage coming up the drive, and two gentlemen; one is Mr. Fosbrooke, and the other—can it be?—yes—Rose and Grace both go to meet them—it is Harry MacNeill.

MY SISTER MARCIA.

YOU would not think it strange that an October day has an especial charm for me, if you knew all the memories which it recalls. This one, with its hazy brightness, its ripe splendor, is like a waft of enchanted air—it carries me back, by a spell resistless as fate, to two other days—one the darkest, the other the brightest of my whole life.

The dark day was bright enough overhead, I remember. The sky looked deep and grand and infinite. It was full of glory, as the atmosphere was of prismatic haze, through which the distant hills rose purple and soft as if they had been the Delectable Mountains. The apple-tree boughs glowed with apples, scarlet as balls of fire; grapes were ripe on the vines; autumn flowers nodded along the highway; and the oak woods in the distance were touched with flame. It was just such a day as I had loved all my life; but now its splendid brightness was sadder to me than would have been the wildest blast of winter. I felt something, I think, like a deposed queen, wearing her royal robes to grace the triumph of her conqueror. For what would October be to me any more when a stranger's foot had crossed the sill and I should be no longer at Ingleside?

To a person who had a smaller organ of locality my grief might have seemed exaggerated and unreasonable; though even such a one could hardly have thought it a trifle for my father to pass from the comfortable position of a well-to-do farmer, whose crops made him independent, to that of a laborer in other men's fields, housing his family where he could. But there are those who will understand that the poverty was not the hardest to any of us—the bitterest pang was in parting with the old acres which had been ours so long.

I had been busy all day, going about the house, and helping my mother to put things in order, and deciding what we would sell and what keep, to furnish a new refuge for ourselves somewhere. Marcia—she was my older sister—had not been out of her room that day. We called her when dinner was ready, but she answered that she did not want any, and we had not disturbed her any more. I had been willing enough to do all that was required. It helped to pass the time away, and left me the less in which to think. When every thing was done I went out of doors, and sat down in the old arbor, in the midst of the garden, and bowed my head for the waves of trouble to go over me; wishing vaguely, with a girlish despair, that they would strand me on the desolate shore of death.

We had suffered a great misfortune, and yet one for which we could *blame* no one. It had seemed to come, as the coroners say, by the visitation of God. My father had indorsed a note for James Harris, my sister Marcia's lover. James was young and poor, and there was an excellent opening for him to go into business. He put into

it the little money he had himself, and borrowed three thousand dollars, giving for it the note which my father indorsed. If James had lived he would have made money, paid interest and principal, and all would have gone well. But he died suddenly, with no time to arrange his affairs, or even to see Marcia. Before we had heard of his illness the tidings came that he was dead. Then his business was closed up, hurriedly and unwisely, as it almost always is in such cases, and only enough accrued from it to pay one thousand dollars of his debt. The firm from whom he had borrowed the money—a law firm known as Hope and Goodell—of course came down upon my father for the rest. We had no rich friends from whom to seek assistance, and not much time. Without doubt, by making proper effort, the money could have been borrowed, and the farm mortgaged as security; but my father was one of those men who give up easily. He thought trying useless; and so, on the morrow, our home was to be sold. We considered it worth five thousand dollars; but things very seldom bring their full value under the hammer. At any rate, it was going to pass from our hands—this home we had all loved so well—and I felt as if my heart would break, as I sat there alone in the arbor and sobbed out my unreasoning despair.

After a while I got up and went all round the place—a sad pilgrimage. To the old chestnut-tree, to the little pine grove on the hill, to the nook where I had always found the first violets, to grape-vine, and orchard—but I picked no grape, gathered no apple. My heart and my step were heavy. I have a cat-like clinging to places by nature, and this one place had been all the world to me so long. My grandfather had owned it first, and left it when he died to my father. And father and mother had lived there all their married life. We girls had been born there, and we had never been long at a time out of sight of those two red chimneys. And now—where should we go? I think Hagar scarcely felt more desolate when she turned from the familiar tent door and went on toward the desert.

Going into the house I met Marcia, who had come down stairs at last. She was in her deep mourning for James. I believe I had been feeling hard toward her before, as if she were in some wise accountable for the loss that was turning my father and mother out of their life-long shelter. But I was moved with sorrowful compunction when I saw her white, still face, whose pallor her black robes heightened.

"I suppose you will almost hate me, Theo," she said in a hopeless, despairing tone. "I know it seems to you as if I had done it."

My heart melted, and I tried to comfort her. And uttering such words of soothing as I could, a new thought struck me. The sale was not to take place until the next afternoon; and that would give me time to go into town in the morning, and make a personal appeal to Messrs. Hope and Goodell. A wild fancy that I might

effect something in my father's behalf took possession of me. If they would only be content to let us keep our home, and pay up the borrowed money, in course of time, by installments! To do that, I thought we could live almost on air—make any sacrifices, no matter how great—surely we could pay up two thousand dollars in a few years. But *would* they wait?

I talked over the plan with Marcia, and she became as eager about it as I was. It was the first time I had seen a single gleam of light in her face since the news of James's death had blanched the youth and hope out of it. As we sat at the window discussing the matter, we saw father and mother go out together in the sunset. They were not a very demonstrative couple usually, though we knew that their love was deep and true. But now they went hand in hand, clinging to each other the more the sorer trouble pressed them. We could see them going slowly over the same round that I had taken before—lingering a little in each well-known, well-loved spot. I had been thinking it so hard for me to part with Ingleside; but now I felt ashamed that I had thought of myself at all, when I realized how much more bitter it was for them. I looked up at Marcia. Her tears were falling fast, and she was wringing her hands with a passionate gesture.

"Oh, Theo!" she cried, "ever since James died I have longed so to lie down in his low grave beside him; but I never wanted to so much as now. How can I bear it to see them leave their home?" And then she bowed her head on the window-ledge, as if she had forgotten my presence, and wailed out, "Oh, why didn't you take me with you, my love! my love!"

I had not understood my sister hitherto—had not known how intense her quiet-seeming nature was. This trouble, so hard to bear, was revealing us to each other. I tried to comfort her, and talked to her again of my new plan, till she grew feverish in her excitement about it.

"If you could only succeed," she said, "we *would* pay them off. I would not die till the old home was clear."

After a while father and mother came in, and I talked about it to them. Father smiled pensively. He had a face which those who loved him less than we did might have called weak; but there was a womanish sweetness and tenderness in it—a womanish despondency, too, just then.

"I don't think it will do any good, Theo," he said; "still you may go. It's no harm to try; only I think luck's against us."

Yet I thought the plan cheered him a little—it was something to speculate over, vain as it seemed. I knew he would have just a little glimmer of hope until I should come back with my sentence of yea or nay.

I tried hard to sleep that night—loss of rest always told on me, and I wanted to look my best next day. I *was* pretty, and I confess I trusted

to that as much as any thing in the impression I hoped to make. But my slumbers were troubled. I kept dreaming about going away from Ingleside: I don't know how many times I lived the parting scene over that night, watched my mother's grief, my father's pitiful despair, Marcia's self-reproach for what was not in the least her fault. Once I dreamed that she killed herself; and when the time came to go we found her lying cold and stark, deaf to the voices which called her. From that dream I awoke, shaking with aguish terror. I stole out of bed, and across the passage to her room—for we did not sleep together, as sisters usually do in the country. I was afraid to go to her in the darkness, the impression of my dream was so strong upon me; so I stood in the door and called her name softly—"Marcia."

"Yes, Theo."

"You are awake, it seems. May I come in and stay with you? I am so lonesome, and I dream such miserable things."

"Yes, come. You won't disturb me;" and she made room for me, and I crept in close to her, and lay there till morning. She did not talk to me at all; but though I drowsed a little I had a consciousness all the time that she was awake, alert, suffering.

At last morning came. I looked somewhat pale from my restless night, but I dressed myself for my journey as becomingly as I could, and tried to have faith in myself and the success of my mission.

It was only an hour's car-ride, and then I found my way to the office of Hope and Goodell. It was ten o'clock—I thought I should see them before the busiest part of their day. I knocked on the door where their names were painted, and a lank boy, with light, straight hair, and a quill behind his large, pale ear, opened it. I noticed, with that curiously minute observation which sometimes seems so ludicrous in great crises, how large the checks of his pantaloons were; and wondered whether such a fashion was characteristic of lank boys, or of the legal profession. I asked if I could see Mr. Hope or Mr. Goodell. Mr. Goodell was out, he said, but I could see Mr. Hope, if I would wait a few moments. Then he asked my name, and I gave him a card with it written on it—"Miss Theodora Hall of Bylands"—and then I followed him into an ante-room, and sat down to wait. A number of men passed in and out, each one bestowing on me an inquisitive stare; and at last, after perhaps half an hour, I was told that Mr. Hope was at liberty, and the lank youth conducted me into his private office.

Mr. Hope looked at me before he spoke, and I looked at him. I saw in him a canny Scotchman, not handsome or elegant, but with something about him which pleased me at the very first. He had a broad, open forehead, without overmuch ideality, but full of sense and strength; a straight, resolute nose; rather high cheek bones; clear, light-blue eyes; sandy beard and hair; and lips that knew how to close firmly

over their own secrets. I do not think most girls of eighteen would have liked him; but I did, rather. Perhaps he perceived it in my face, for he smiled—a bright, heartsome smile, that for the moment changed his whole expression.

"Mr. Caleb Hall's daughter, I presume?"

"Yes, Sir;" and then I hesitated how to begin my errand.

He perceived my embarrassment, and asked me, very kindly, to sit down and speak to him at my leisure. He had an hour to spare before it would be necessary for him to be in court.

So I began my story—though, after all, I had not much to tell—what we considered the farm worth, the circumstances of my father's indorsing for James Harris, and how sure we were that we could pay it all up, with interest, in a very few years. These were the chief points; though I said a little about what it would be to all of us, and most especially to father and mother, to leave the dear old home. I don't know but my voice trembled; but I kept the tears back, for the cool, penetrating glance which rested on my face warned me effectually to steer clear of sentimentality. When I was through he answered me kindly, though not as I had hoped.

"It seems almost unfair," he said, "in Mr. Goodell's absence, to bring his feelings forward as a reason why I can not do what you wish; but it is the simple truth. I *would* do it, if it depended on myself alone. But Mr. Goodell wishes the matter settled up. He is averse to lending money, and only consented to it, in this instance, out of personal regard for poor Harris. And now he is determined to close the business. I think there is no way but for the sale to go forward. I do not see, however, why that should oblige your father to leave. Some one might buy it who would let him remain at a reasonable rent."

That was a new thought—still another hope to cling to. I thanked him for it, and went home full of the idea. My mother seized upon it at once, and wondered that no one had thought of it before; but my father derived no comfort from it. Because one scheme had failed he thought all would, and fell back into the depth of his despondency. He said no one would buy the place who did not want to live on it, and there was no chance in the world of our staying there. Marcia did not say any thing; but I think she felt the failure of my mission more keenly than any of us.

We did not eat any dinner—none of us had the heart for it. The moments dragged on, and the time for the sale—half past two—arrived. With the two o'clock train Mr. David Hope had come out, alert to look after his own and his partner's interests. A dozen or more men collected—the auctioneer came; and they all gathered together in front of the house, in the shadow of the great old elms which my father's father had planted. I saw father among them, with the despondent look on his face, the womanish quivering round his white lips. The rest of us were indoors, all three; but the win-

dows were open, and we were close to them, half hidden by the curtains, where we could see and hear every thing.

Mr. Hope made the first bid—three thousand dollars—then a neighbor whose land joined ours, and who had long wanted Ingleside, raised it. Besides those two there were no other bidders. They fought the ground slowly, rising fifty dollars at a time. Marcia watched Mr. Hope, and after one of his bids she said:

"That man will have it any way. I can see it in his eyes. I wonder Job Barker doesn't see it too, and stop bidding against him."

She was right. To oppose David Hope was like opposing fate. When they got up to four thousand neighbor Barker perceived it and stopped—stopped too soon for our interest, for it was only four-fifths the true value of the place. Mr. Hope closed up the business quickly. He arranged to receive his deed the next day. Of course two thousand dollars were to go to the firm—the other two we were to put on interest. As he went out, after making an appointment with father for the next forenoon, he said to me, in a low tone:

"I do not think you will have to leave Ingleside."

I did not repeat his words; only waited, with what patience I could, for the next day's developments.

Mother went with father, as, of course, her signature was also necessary. It was a sad journey for them. As I tied mother's bonnet, and pulled out the bows—for I always did such little things for her—she said, with tears in her eyes:

"I never thought to leave this house, Theo, till I went to one not made with hands. But God knows what is best for us all; and what He sends must be right."

I felt a secret hope, which supported me while they were gone, that I should see a brighter look on the dear faces when they returned. Nor was I disappointed.

"Your Mr. Hope is a good man, Theo," my father said, when he came in. I don't know why he said *my* Mr. Hope, unless he had a secret suspicion that my representations, when I went to the office, had something to do with the way matters had turned. I questioned him eagerly.

"To begin with, we are to stay at Ingleside. I really think it was with that intention that Mr. Hope purchased it. We are to pay him a rent of two hundred dollars a year; for he said he should be satisfied with five per cent. for his money, and the place kept in good repair. And, better still, we are to have the privilege, any time in ten years, of buying the homestead back at precisely what he paid for it. We have two thousand dollars toward it now, you know, and I think we can earn and save two thousand more in that time—don't you?" and he looked round on his group of listeners for confirmation of his hopes. Then Marcia spoke—her first words during the conversation—

"You won't *have* to wait ten years, father."

We remembered what she said afterward.

The next day she went to town—the first time she had ever gone off the home place since James died. She kept her object secret, and only said she should be gone but a few hours. I told you *I* was pretty, but Marcia had a beauty higher than mere prettiness. Our eyes and hair were similar in color—a dark brown, almost black. Our features were not unlike; and yet what was prettiness in me deepened in her into positive beauty. I had never felt it more than when I saw her dressed to go away that morning. I whispered, as I kissed her,

"What a grand creature you are!"

And she, kissing me back, in one of her infrequent moods of tenderness, answered:

"Say a prayer for me while I am gone, child, that beauty, or something better, may help me to accomplish my purpose."

But she did not tell me what that purpose was, and when she came back she was equally incommunicative.

Two days afterward there was a letter for her. She read it, and then she came and sat down with it in her hand on a stool at my father's feet. Before her trouble she had had an imperious way of her own. She used to make poor James Harris feel it sometimes, dearly as she loved him; but she was always gentle to father. That womanly weakness and tenderness of which I have told you, appealed, I think, to her stronger nature, and always softened her to a thoughtful sweetness where he was concerned.

"I am going away from home, father," she said, just touching his hand with a little caress.

"Going away!" we all three cried in chorus.

"Yes; that was what I went to town for. I would not say any thing for fear you should oppose me, and I did not want to go right against your advice. For I knew I *must* go, in any case. It will be all you can do, father, to pay the rent and take care of the family with what comes off the farm. The interest of the two thousand dollars we have now will help you some; but it must be *my* business to earn the other two thousand. I went to see if Mr. Hope could advise me—all the rest of you had found him so kind. He has procured me a situation already, and I can go next week."

"What to do?"

That was *my* question. Mother was looking at her, with a face proud though sad, and father's eyes were full of trouble and uneasiness.

"To work on a sewing-machine. You know it is the one thing I *can* do well. I talked it all over with Mr. Hope. I am not thoroughly educated enough to teach any thing but small children, and though I might take care of myself at that business, I should never earn enough to clear the farm. I have been used to a sewing-machine for three years, and I can work on one for other people just as well as for ourselves. I can get good wages from the very first; and Mr. Hope thinks that after I get a little acquainted with town ways I can hire a shop and

have girls work under me, and take contracts, and so make money very fast, for a woman."

Her face had kindled while she spoke, and her cheeks flushed; she looked more like a queen, or what we fancy a queen ought to be, than a girl whose best prospect was to earn a good deal of money by running a sewing-machine.

I could see that father did not like the idea. He had a little pride about such matters—weak, to be sure, but, as I have told you, he *was* weak in some things. I believe he was going to remonstrate, if mother had not spoken first, and come out clearly on Marcia's side. Afterward, when my sister had gone up stairs to answer her letter, mother told us that she liked the idea not so much for the money—though, if Marcia should succeed, that would be a thing not to be despised—as for the good it would do Marcia herself. She had been afraid, ever since James died, of her falling into morbid melancholy, and she hoped this business would take her thoughts from the one engrossing subject and restore the healthy tone of her mind. So it was all settled, and the next Monday my sister went away.

You will not care to hear the particulars of her undertaking. She succeeded, of course, for she was one of those persons who seem to command success by right of nature—some royal prerogative born with them. Once in a while she came to see us. She told us that she was doing well and saving money. In a few months we knew that she had a shop of her own, and that she had taken some large contracts from clothing-stores; but she did not go into details. She always spoke of Mr. Hope—told us what a kind friend she found him—how much his influence had helped her, and when once I ventured a joke about his Scotch face, with its high cheek-bones, she resented it with a warmth which made me wonder if James Harris's successor were already elected; and somehow the idea was not pleasant to me.

For ourselves, at home, we got along very well. It is strange how many of the things to which one has been accustomed one finds it easy and possible to do without, under the pressure of necessity. Hitherto we had been in the habit of spending all the income from our farm; and we thought, too, that we had been careful livers. But we managed now to pay our rent without encroaching on the interest of the two thousand dollars; so we felt that we were gaining a little all the time.

Once in a while Mr. Hope came out to see his place. He would go all over the grounds with father, and talk patiently about rotation of crops, and clover, and timothy, and buckwheat. Father said he understood things wonderfully for a man whose life had been passed in town. It was his Scotch quickness, I suppose. Every time he came, too, he used to chat an hour with mother and me, and he always spoke of Marcia—told what a brave, strong spirit she had, and how nobly she was doing; till, after a while, I got used to the idea that

they did care for each other, and by-and-by, when the farm was clear, Mr. Hope might be my brother.

I tried to be glad, but I confess the feelings I had about it were often not generous. I hope I am not meaner or more selfish than the rest of the world, but I could not help asking myself sometimes how it was that two men had loved Marcia and none at all had loved me. If her beauty answered the question, then why had she been *made* more beautiful than I? What was at fault with the arrangement of things that all the sweet should come to some lives and all the bitter to others? Then I remembered how hard she was working, and felt ashamed of myself. But it did seem as if all her troubles blossomed into blessings. How superior Mr. Hope was to James Harris! Indeed I am not sure that I was not getting to think him superior to every one.

Three years went round in this way, and it came the third anniversary of the day on which the farm had been sold. Marcia had not been home for some time; but she had written to us that she should come on that day. So we meant to make a sort of festival of it. We could afford to now, when, after all, we had not left Ingleside, and things had come out so much better than we had feared. Marcia deserved, too, a generous welcome. Mother and I had worked busily, getting the house into perfect order, making pies and cakes and sweetmeats, and when the day came we were all ready. We hurried through the morning tasks, and I put on a pretty fall dress, with a bright ribbon at my throat, and a bunch of brilliant scarlet leaves in my hair. Then I waited, eagerly enough, for my sister. She had promised to come in the early train, and a little past ten I saw her walking up from the *dépôt*, leaning on Mr. Hope's arm.

"I think he might have let us have her to ourselves this one day," I said, a little bitterly.

As they drew nearer I noticed that Marcia had left off her deep mourning. She wore black silk, and looked regal in it. I thought that the three years, instead of wearing upon her, had but deepened and enriched her beauty. She had certainly never seemed so peerless as when, having put aside her shawl and bonnet, she came and stood at the sitting-room window, looking out on the brightness of the autumn day. Her tall, slight figure seemed to have acquired new elegance in the midst of tasks that would have warped most women from their natural grace and symmetry. Her face was clear, and a bright color flushed her cheeks. Some secret gladness kindled her eyes and curved her lips. I did not wonder that Mr. Hope looked at her so much; but I thought of poor James Harris, forty rods away in his grave, and tried to believe that it was only for his memory I felt jealous.

"It is just such a day," she said, at last, "as the one before the old farm was sold. Do you remember, Theo, how we looked out of this window together, and saw father and mother making their mournful farewell round? Thank God,

and thank you, Mr. Hope, the farewell never came;" and she glanced up at him with that wonderful light in her eyes, and a smile which made her whole face brilliant.

She looked a long time at the well-known, well-loved scene, with the bright October glory resting on it. Then she went up to father, and leaned over him with the old caressing manner.

"Father," she said, "*you* must own Ingleside again."

"Yes, daughter, if it please God," he answered, gently. He had always been gentle, and these last years had made him more so.

"It *has* pleased God," she cried, impetuously. "Father, I have succeeded even better than my hopes. I gave myself five years to make two thousand dollars in, and I have accomplished it in three!"

She took out a roll of bills, and handed them to him.

"There it is, father. Now you have only to transfer the bank stock, and Ingleside will be paid for. You must own it again, to-day."

Mr. Hope came forward and smiled—the old heartsome smile which I had noticed that first time I saw him.

"She made me bring the deed," he said. "She hadn't patience to wait twenty-four hours longer—you must own Ingleside again before this sun went down."

Half-bewildered, my father attended, under Mr. Hope's direction, to the details of the business; and when it was all done he sat still, like one in a maze, turning the new deed over in his hand. Marcia went up to him and kissed him, and he took her into his arms.

"God bless you, my child, my own child!" he breathed, fervently—"even as through you He has blessed me beyond my hopes."

"I *said* I would live till the old place was cleared!"

Marcia spoke triumphantly; and with that glow on her cheeks, that light in her eyes, I thought she looked as if she might live forever.

"You will not go back again to town?" my mother asked her, with fond anxiety.

The question suggested a new fear to my father, and he held Marcia's hand tight, and looked into her face.

"No, child, you *won't* go back, will you?" he pleaded, searching her face with his eyes. She stooped and kissed him—they had always been so dear to each other.

"No, father, I shall not go back. I have sold my lease and my business, and I shall stay with you. My work is done."

I wondered how *long* she would stay—how long Mr. Hope would let her stay. Just then he spoke to me.

"Come, Theo, they want Marcia to themselves. I am in the way, and you must take me out of it. They can do without you."

"Yes, every one could do without me," I thought, bitterly; but I went with him nevertheless. We wandered around a little while, and then sat down to rest in the old arbor, in

which I had sat and wept out, as I have told you, my girlish despair on that day which I have called the darkest day of my life.

"Theo," he began, with grave gentleness, "I have something to tell you—something I should have told you long ago but for Marcia."

"I know what it is!" I cried, impatiently.

"Do you?" with a smile of quiet amusement.

"Suppose you tell me then."

"That I am to have you for my brother. It's all right if Marcia *can* forget so easily. I couldn't—that's all."

"Couldn't you? Marcia has been very firm of purpose, too, about this money. A year ago I begged her to let me give the deed to your father, and consider the debt canceled. But I could not prevail upon her, though I used all my eloquence. It was then that I told her what I was going to tell you to-day, only you forestalled me. By-the-way, you weren't quite right in your conjecture—that wasn't *just* what I had to tell you."

"What was it, then?"

"That I loved *you*, Theo, and want you for my own. I think it began way back that first day when you came to my office. I did not acknowledge it to my own heart then; but I think it was my secret feeling for you which made me buy Ingleside, though I put the matter to myself on different grounds. The charm deepened every time I saw my little lassie; and a year ago I made up my mind that I did not want to do without her any longer. It was then I went to Marcia, and tried to persuade her to come home, so that you could be spared to me; for I would not be selfish enough to ask you to leave your father and mother alone. I found her immovable as granite; but she begged me hard to wait till Ingleside was paid for before I said any thing to unsettle you. Somehow she beguiled a promise out of me, though I think I should not have given it but for my aversion to subjecting you to the unpleasantness of a long engagement. That is, you know, if you could love me well enough to be engaged to me at all. You have not told me that, Theo."

I looked him straight in the eyes—I meant to see his soul through them.

"Are you *sure* that you love me, David Hope, me and no other?"

"Very sure, Theo."

"And you would rather have me for your wife than Marcia, beautiful and strong and grand as she is?"

"Rather than any one else in the world, little lassie."

Then, somehow, before I knew it, I was in his arms, crying on his shoulder. Joy tears, though; for this was what I meant when I spoke of the brightest day of my life.

We went in together, after a while, to ask my parents for their blessing, and they gave it to us with full hearts.

Mr. Hope did not go back to town that night. It was the first night he had ever passed at Ingleside, but he would come and go henceforth as a

son of the house. I sat up with him a little later than the rest, just to hear over again what it was so very sweet to know at last—that he loved me. I began to find out the rare, deep tenderness of this man who claimed me as his own. He suited me exactly. Some girls would have thought, perhaps, that he lacked sentiment. He did not idealize me at all—I told you in the first place that his ideality was small—but he had strong, practical sense, and acute knowledge of human nature. He knew me just as I was—with all my little tempers, and vanities, and follies—and, just as I was, he held me dear; so there would never be any disappointment between us. Our engagement was to be a short one, for he said he had waited long enough for his bride. So he only gave me until Christmas to make my modest preparations.

When at last I left him I lingered a little at Marcia's door, and listened to see if she slept. I wanted to go to her a moment, and rest my heart, burdened with its fullness of joy, in the quiet of her sympathy. But, listening there, I heard her voice, a low, sweet voice always, murmur,

"My work is done. I am ready now, my love, my love!"

It was almost the old words, and it seemed to me like the echo of her cry of passionate longing the day before I saw Mr. Hope first. I knew where her thoughts were, and I would not go in to mock them with my too happy looks.

Next day Mr. Hope went away, and Marcia took me into her room, and made me what she called a wedding present. It was five hundred dollars—the sum for which, after her two thousand were safely earned, she had sold her lease and her business.

"It is for the wedding fineries, Theo, which I shall never want," she said, as she made me take it.

I looked at her, so stately, so young, so beautiful—so much lovelier than I ever was or could be in any eyes save David Hope's—and I uttered my thought, I could not help it.

"Surely you will love again, Marcia. Forgetfulness comes to every one in time; and you are too good and too lovely not to be destined to make some man happy."

"I think my nature is granite, Theo, and impressions do not wear off it very easily; but whether I shall forget, or whether I shall remember, can have nothing to do with my making you a wedding present."

So she forced me to accept her gift; and I had vanity enough—I, at twenty-one, and in love—to take real heart's delight in the pretty things it brought me.

When Christmas came we were married and went away. I had not expected a journey, for I knew what a busy man Mr. Hope was; but he made every thing else give way, and took me to some of the Southern cities first, and then for a glimpse of life at Washington. It was all so gay and strange and brilliant; and I was so happy. I scarcely had time to think about the

old friends, the new life was so engrossing. And yet I did notice a vein of sadness in my mother's letters, and I rather wondered that Marcia did not write at all. I believe Mr. Hope thought more about these things than I did, for after a while he grew in a hurry to go home.

We got there one mild evening in February; and the moment our greetings were over the change in Marcia struck me. It was as if the three years—which as they passed had seemed only to touch her with new grace and brightness—had done their whole wearing work in these few weeks of my absence. She looked strangely old and thin. Her lips were colorless, and no flush stained her cheeks. Her motions, too, were slow and languid. When I asked her about it, she told me she had not had time to be tired in three years, so she was taking it out now. She should be rested by-and-by when spring came.

That night, when we were alone, Mr. Hope told me that he thought Marcia would die. I never knew till just that moment how much I loved her—how much I had loved her all my life. The thought of her dying seemed like a great gulf yawning at my feet, ready to swallow up half the happiness of my future. He soothed my passionate sorrow, and tried so tenderly to comfort me that I blessed him for it over and over in my heart. He told me that, much as he wanted me with him in town, he had concluded, since he had seen Marcia, that I ought to remain at Ingleside until there was some change. He would leave me there for the present, he thought, and come out every night. This was what I had been longing, yet afraid to ask him—for I understood him well enough now to know that he made no small sacrifice. We announced our arrangement quietly the next morning, and I could see how glad they all were.

So I spent the days with Marcia, and at night came "My Hope," as I used fondly to call him. It was my most frequent pet name, and I had discovered that my stern-browed Scot liked petting.

As the weeks went on I found that Marcia grew weaker, and I knew that the rest the spring was to bring her would be rest indeed—the rest where

"perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light."

There were times when it seemed to me I could not bear it—when I sat dumb with woe, and watched her changed, wasting face, and turned away to meet the sadness in our mother's eyes, or see my father following his darling with long looks of wordless grief and despair. I think *she* saw it too, for, one night when we were all together, she said, tenderly:

"If you only knew how happy I am, I think you would not grieve for me, any of you. It is God's great mercy which is letting me go home to James. I have *hoped* for it all along, but I dared not *pray* for it. I left it to my God, and He is leading me gently."

After that we tried to be cheerful in her presence; and before the gusty April days were over the end came; very suddenly, but peacefully as sleep. I was sitting by her alone, and I saw a change. I started to call some one, and as I went I heard the old, tender, longing cry—a little altered—

"I am coming, my love, my love!"

When I had spoken to my mother, and turned back again to the bed, her lips were still, and I knew she had entered into her rest.

Years have passed since then, and David Hope has made me very happy. The dear father and mother still live at Ingleside, and I go to them in summer with my boys and girls. But I miss Marcia, my one sister, when I stand among the old scenes; and sometimes, on a splendid autumn day such as this, I like to live the dead past over, and recall *her* image, as she was at her brightest and her loveliest, until I seem to see her once more—a radiant ghost—in the old home she worked so hard to keep.

PICKED UP AT SEA.

I.—AT SEA.

IN the year of our Lord 1830, on the 24th day of January, a vessel, a man-of-war, was cruising leisurely homeward from the West India Islands. Peace then reigned supreme throughout the world—nation no longer lifted up its hand against nation, and all the weapons of war were stilled.

"Two more days, with this breeze, and we shall be off old Hatteras," said the younger of two officers, who were quietly pacing up and down the main-deck during the middle watch.

"I wish," returned the other, "we had been going to put in at the Bermudas. I wanted to see the place, and I have some friends living there that I have not heard of for some time. It is very provoking to be so near the place and not see them."

They both stopped, as if by mutual consent, their pacing up and down, and with their pipes in their mouths leaned over the ship's taffrail and gazed thoughtfully on the deep blue waters of those tropical seas.

"I say, Allix, how would you like to be overboard among those gentry there?" pointing at the same time to two sharks following quietly in the wake of the vessel.

"I had rather be excused a nearer acquaintance," replied he; "what a fiendish look the beasts have! God help those who come any way near them! Oh dear," he continued, with a yawn, "what slow work this cruising is! I wish the Britishers would get up a row with us, to let them see what the Stars and Stripes can still do, and to give us a chance at some of their fat merchantmen hereabouts!"

"What a glorious night! See," said the one whose name was Wilson, "is that a fire out yonder, or only the moon rising?"

The other one looked in the direction pointed out. A long, deep line of lurid light lit up the

eastern horizon. While they were still gazing doubtfully, the moon at her full, a large, red-orbed ball of light appeared rising out of the sea. Having come to the conclusion that what at first seemed the light of some ship burning out at sea was but the rising moon, they turned and began slowly pacing again the deck.

After the moon had mounted some distance in the sky, and its red light mellowed down to its usual yellow ray, Allix, happening to cast his glance again eastward, still saw, or fancied he saw, the red light flickering and playing in the far-off distance. At length he determined to report the circumstance to the captain, and leaving his comrade of the watch on deck he went down to the captain's cabin.

The captain came immediately on deck with his glass, and, after a short look, determined to steer in that direction and cruise all night. The following morning, after a sharp look-out, they saw a small dark object, with two light-colored specks on it, floating in the water. On lowering a boat and pulling toward it they picked up a portion of a ship's scarred mast with two little girls fastened to it, dark-eyed, and from the few words they could utter evidently of Spanish birth. They looked like twins, and about four years old. And this strange waif, God-borne so mercifully on the waves, so wonderfully preserved from their fury and from the hungry jaws of the sharks, this freight fastened there with the agonizing doubts of a last hope for them, by some poor heart-broken mother, like all mother love, all forgetful of self in her great feeling for them, was all the record of some brave ship whose name and destination might doubtless never be heard. For ah, how many such have left port, all on board rejoicing with hopes of a favorable voyage! They left, and were never more heard of, and hearts sickened as friends waited, and hope lessened as time lengthened, and a horrible uncertainty as to their fate, far more difficult to bear than the most dreadful assurance, have embittered the lives of God only knows how many a soul at home.

II.—IN PORT.

The little girls soon became at home in their new abode, and the pets of the rough old men-of-war's men, who attempted to fashion strange and rude garments for them out of their old shirts and blankets. Lieutenants Allix and Wilson resolved each to adopt one, and on their arrival in port send them to school to be educated. From the way in which they had been found they named the two sisters—for so they concluded them to be—Marina and Perdita, names romantic enough sounding, but still appropriate. These names, of course, very soon became shortened into Mari and Perdi.

And once more the ship sped on its homeward track. Bermudas had let them pass quietly. Three long, tedious weeks the light, baffling, variable winds of the Horse Latitudes made them impatient and irritable. Slowly, but surely, the current of the Gulf Stream bore them on-

ward past fields of floating weed, until at length Old Hatteras was reached, and there, in accordance with the old saying,

"If Bermuda let you pass
Then look out for Hatteras,"

they encountered a severe gale, which detained them several days, the which having weathered they arrived, in due course of time, off Sandy Hook, and passing up the Lower Bay, under full press of sail, with a favorable but squally breeze, about midnight they passed the Narrows, and shortly after awoke the slumbers of the sleeping city by their cannon booming forth their salute as the ship swung round to her anchorage opposite the Battery.

The next morning Lieutenants Allix and Wilson went on shore, taking with them the two little girls, the sailors on board the ship crowding round to bid them sorrowfully good-by. On arriving at their hotel they made inquiries about a school suitable for their young charges, and having selected one, and spent the rest of the morning in providing the necessary clothes, in the afternoon they took the two little girls to Miss Eyres (their new mistress), who had already been made acquainted with the particulars of their discovery, and there, after a sorrowful and tearful parting, they left them.

"Allix," said Wilson, as they were coming away, "we have been very unexpectedly made fathers, and each got a little one to look after. I wonder where our wives will come from?"

"Goodness knows," was the answer. "Perhaps one or both of us will die unmarried. Time will show."

After remaining in New York for several weeks, their ship was recommissioned, and went off to the Mediterranean for a three years' cruise.

III.—THE THREE PICTURES.

A huge lion, God-hewn out of the solid rock, lying ever with its face turned to that land of mystic lore—the wonderful East—guards the narrow portals of the gate that leads thitherward. The waters of two seas wash evermore its sides. A narrow channel connects the two seas. A long narrow isthmus joins the rock with the main land. Erect it raises its head with huge cannon for its teeth. The lower part of the rock, sloping down to the channel, is thickly covered with houses and fortifications. Almond-trees, with their delicate pink blooms, finding foothold in the crevices of the yellow rock, give a beautiful contrast to the glare of the stone. Large cacti, grotesque in form, with prickly stems and spiny leaves, grow scattered about in groups. An old castle, telling of an age gone by, of a race who no longer there hold sway, frowns in solitary grandeur over a square where are congregated representatives of well-nigh every race on earth, and a very Babel of sounds and languages on every side arises. Such is a very short and imperfect description of perhaps the strongest fort in the world, Gibraltar. It was here, then, in the month of June, 1830, in a narrow,

close street, leading from the Club House square to the barracks and fruit-market, in a large stone building, with overhanging balconies and jalousies in the upper part, and a large store below, in which the fumes of wine and tobacco and other smells strangely mingled—in this house, in one of the balconies, smoking their cigars, sat two men. The day was fearfully hot, and the sun's glare on the yellow rock made the heat so intense that the very lizards (fond as they are of heat) seemed only inclined to lie still and bask, scarce troubling even to dart their tongue to take in any unwary or over-trustful fly.

"I wonder," said one of the gentlemen, apparently the elder of the two and head of the firm, "if we shall ever hear of that ship—it is now more than four months overdue, and no tidings of it beyond its sailing from Cuba. I hope to God my son and his wife and children are safe. I would willingly forego her cargo, costly though it was, for some tidings of their fate."

"I should give her up, Sir, as lost," replied the younger, "however painful the thought may be."

"You can not think how painful to me is all this uncertainty—how it is wearing me out; however, it is my *kismet*." And with a sigh, after this half-expressed Mahomedan doctrine, Don José de Ribeiro sat in silence and smoked.

A frigate of fifty guns, careering along under a fair breeze over the deep-blue waters of the Atlantic; a long, narrow pennant flying out its ribbons from the mainmast to the breeze, Stars and Stripes on its broader end. The men, some five or six here and there aloft, working on different parts of the rigging, some in threes and fours standing about on the fore-part of the deck, splicing ropes and polishing the brass work, and ever and anon turning a quid of tobacco in their mouths, squirting into sly corners, whenever the officers' backs were turned, the juice. Pacing backward and forward from side to side of the vessel, two men in dark-blue uniform, blue cloth caps with gold bands, and stripes of gold round their jackets' sleeves—a telescope in the right hand and under the arm of the one, and an opera-glass in the hand of the other, were the captain and first lieutenant of the ship; here and there another officer further forward pacing up and down the length of the ship; a group of young middies skylarking up and down. The silence every now and again broken by a loud, shrill whistle, which came startlingly clear upon the ear. The decks without a speck, the ropes all coiled, the metal-work of the gun-carriages all without a spot—and this vessel, thus speeding along at the rate of some nine knots an hour, was the U. S. ship *Invincible*, bound for the Mediterranean.

"Phew! how hot it gets," said the captain; "it is almost unbearable! We must have the awning up to-morrow. I wish we could overhaul a pirate or slaver, by way of a little exercise and diversion. Another day or two, Mr.

Allix, will, I hope, bring us to Gibraltar, where I intend stopping a day or two to water and see the place."

In a room neatly furnished, with a piano standing open, as if having been recently played upon, sat a middle-aged lady, dressed in a plain black silk dress, and busily engaged in hemming some cambric handkerchiefs; on the carpet two little girls, very like each other, and dressed exactly alike, playing with a kitten; the mother cat sitting purring and looking complacently on, evidently looking on the two things playing with her darlings but as kittens of larger growth, and consequently fearlessly to be trusted with hers.

Place, dear reader, these three pictures in one frame—separate them not; for they are all but one, however wide apart the three portions may be now. Will they ever come together? Let Time, the great artist of *all*, show.

How shall I describe to you Dita Mallorie, in all the pride of her beauty at the age of eighteen—I, so poor a hand at portrait-painting and having such a subject to handle? Let me try, however, and let my reader forgive the attempt if I fail, and fancy, each one for themselves, their ideal of a dark-eyed beauty. She was somewhat tall, and rather inclined to *embonpoint*, in the full meaning of that French word—at the good state of robustness which satisfies the eye; her hair, like that of Tennyson's Juliet,

"More black than ashbuds in the front of March," flowed down in long tresses, when unconfined, to her very feet; her head, small and well-set on a neck that arched like a swan's; her eyes of that wonderfully dark, lustrous beauty, which only the sunny South produces—"darker than the darkest pansies;" a small, perfectly chiseled nose, and full, ripe, somewhat sensual lips, when at ease, but which could curl with scorn unutterable if aught offended her; her step like a queen's—slow, stately, and dignified. Such is an imperfect sketch of Dita Mallorie as she returned from an evening party, and was lying on a couch in Mrs. Mallorie's room.

"Dita, dear," said Mrs. Mallorie, as she came in to bid her good-night, "did you enjoy yourself to-night?"

"A little, mamma, but not overmuch. There were too many there, and the rooms were hot and uncomfortable."

"Who were there; can you tell me, darling?"

"I did not see all; but there were the Dashwoods—Mrs. Dashwood, noisy and chattering as ever; the Bensons, Aytouns, Camerons, and a host of others—among the rest a stranger, a naval officer, whom I never saw before, and could not catch his name. He has just returned from a cruise to China and Japan."

"Good-night, dear, I see you are tired;" and after kissing her, Mrs. Mallorie left the room.

Long after Mrs. Mallorie had left the room Dita still remained lying on the couch, her eyes thoughtfully fixed on the fire. What were her

thoughts? It would be hard to say; but that strange, indefinable feeling had come over her, which does come to us at times, of having seen or known some one we casually meet, at some other time, in some other place, and under some other circumstances. What are those strange dualistic experiences? Who can explain them? Moreover, she had a presentiment that, somehow or other, he would be connected with her in some relation, either of hatred or love, good or bad. That instinctive feeling of dislike, or liking, we take whenever we meet any one for the first time with whom our future fate in life will bring us into relationship with. But I am not intending to write of metaphysics. Dita liked the appearance of Captain Wilson, and he was one to win attention. Of a tall, fine, commanding presence; quick, active, and energetic in all his movements; kind, considerate, and affable in all his deportment: in one word, a gentleman, and no bad looking one either.

Captain Wilson had been no less taken with the grand beauty of Dita. He thought her the finest woman he had ever seen, and made inquiries as to who she was. Again and again they met, and the old result took place. They both fell in love—and Dita's was one of those hot natures where to love once is to love forever, with all the intensity of her soul, ready to brave any danger, patient in any trouble save slight, quick to resent any wrong, and keen to feel any coolness, but true withal to the death for the object of its love. For once, in their case, Shakspeare's oft-quoted saying about true love's course seemed about to be falsified. Mr. and Mrs. Mallorie raised no objection to the match, but, on the contrary, seemed pleased. Captain Wilson had no one but himself to please in the matter, and so it was arranged that they should be married in the month of June, on the last Thursday of the month. It was now the end of April, the fresh and blooming spring-time. How is it that spring-time is peculiarly the season of lovers? Is it that the new resurrection of life, the fresh budding of the flowers, quickens in us the affections and budding hopes and fresher desires—a spring bloomage in the garden of the soul? Summer is too hot, autumn is too damp, and winter—why, the long, cozy nights of winter, round the cheerful fire, might do, but others then share them with us.

"I never breathe her lovely name
When wine and mirth go round,
But oh, the gentle moonlight air
Knows well its silvery sound,"

is, I suppose, the feeling of every true lover. Need I tell any such of the long walks that happy spring-time that Dita took, or who was her companion?—need I speak of the moonlight meetings, and all the rest of it? No, dear reader, with me love seems to be far too great, too holy, and too pure a thing for aught of this. I would rather (at least I pray God so) try to look upon it as a blessed intercourse of soul with soul, to see whether they were likely to become, what God intended them to be, *helps meet* for

each other, and I would nightly pray God to make me worthy of her, and she of me.

"And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her."

That is the sweetest love-tale ever written, and told, as all really good things are, in a few plain words.

And so that spring-time passed quickly and pleasantly away with Dita Mallorie and Captain Wilson, and the summer bridal-hour came, flower-crowned, and passed, soul-joined, away. And Captain Wilson and his bride went down South, to a place he had there, to live.

And so Captain Wilson found his wife in the *Perdita* of the wreck, for Miss Eyres had married Mr. Mallorie, and having no children of their own, kept *Perdita*, gave her their name, and adopted her as their own.

In a large, handsome-furnished room, hung round with various silken hangings, inwrought with Saracenic patterns and Moorish designs, the jalousies wide open, and the warm sunny breeze, orange perfume laden, almost overpowering the scent of incense which curled in tiny cloudlets through the room, on a large bed of carved ebony, ivory inlaid, lay an old man, his soul slowly ebbing away in each panting gasp, each sobbing sigh; a white-robed priest, with arms crossed on his breast, stood quietly looking on, every now and then addressing a few words of comfort to still the weary moanings of the sufferer; two small boys in white vestments slowly swinging to and fro small silver censers, from which the fumes of perfumed smoke arose.

"My son, my son!" moaned with broken gasps the dying man. "How long thou art in coming! I am dying! I have waited for thee for years! Oh my God, long wearying years, and prayed daily to thee, O Holy Virgin Mother, queen of the sea and those thereon, and thou hast sent him not! Oh my child, my child!" Feebler and feebler grew each panting breath; slower and slower each long-drawn gasp.

A little wine was given him, and for a few moments he seemed to revive.

"Hast thou, father, my will all safe?"

"I have, my son," replied the priest.

He seemed satisfied. A short time he dozed a broken troubled sleep, trying to murmur inarticulate words. The priest stooped to hear but the words *American man-of-war*—years ago—years ago—ah, God, how many!—told me—the words stopped, one long-drawn sigh, ending in a stifled sob, a short quivering of the muscles of the face, and all was still.

A deep voice broke the stillness, with the words "*In Tuas manus O Domine*," as the soul of Don José de Ribeiro passed forever to its rest.

Time, the artist, had effaced forever one figure from his picture (or Death, the effacer, had blotted out forever one figure from Time, the artist's picture).

"Nina, darling, thou wilt take cold, the night-

dew is falling heavily; come indoors now—art thou not tired?"

"No, mamma, not yet; please let me stay a little longer; look how the fire-flies flash and glow, nature's living diamonds; and see those beautiful large moths how they dart their trunks into the flowers, and then curl them funnily up again! I don't know, mamma, which is most beautiful, the flowers or moths, nature's living flowers!"

"Ah, well, my darling, you must come in now; I can not allow you to stay any longer cut."

Thereupon there darted in, through a French sash which opened on to the veranda from the room, a young girl about eighteen years old, with laughing dark eyes and lithe and active motions.

"Oh mamma, mamma mine, it is too bad to leave that glorious scene without for this stupid dark room, where it is too dark to see to do aught, and too light to have the lamp!"

"Play and sing to me, Nina dear."

A full, rich, deep voice rang out the notes of that grand song of Beethoven's, so seldom sung, and yet perhaps the finest song ever written, "In questa tomba," as the last syllable of "riposar" died softly and slowly on her lips.

"Oh, Nina, not that; you forget I can not bear it now!"

"Mamma, darling, I forgot"—and immediately broke into a low refrain on the piano, which gradually grew into one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," with a plaintive under-current of melody throughout; and then, without a moment's warning, dashed off into the old Scotch air, "I canna leave my mammie yet;" jumped up, waltzed round the room, and finished the exhibition by flinging her arms around the lady's neck and kissing her.

"Oh, Nina, Nina! when will you become serious?"

"Never, mamma mine. I can not help it. 'Spec I growed so,' as Topsy said. By-the-way, I wish there was a real live flesh-and-blood Topsy. I would move heaven and earth to get her for my maid: what fun we would have, to be sure?"

"By-the-way, Nina, have you heard from Dita lately?" said Mrs. Allix, Captain Allix's mother, an old lady who had taken Nina home on finishing her education.

"Once since she married Captain Wilson. They are very happy, she says, but I think him a fright, although I have not seen him since a child; but he is old enough to be her father."

Here a colored servant brought in an old-fashioned silver lamp, and closing the sashes and letting down the mosquito curtains prepared the table for tea.

"Oh mamma, let me make it to-night!" said Nina.

"As you choose, my dear, only you will be sure to spoil it."

"Of course I shall," was the answer; "I do it on set purpose to have the fun of seeing you shake your head. There now, if I haven't been and gone and done it, as some one said, I forget

who. I have gone and put the tea into the cream ewer instead of the tea-pot. Never mind, mamma, I will put both together into the pot, and we shall have only to sweeten it."

Mrs. Allix very quietly rang a small silver bell, and told the servant who entered to take it out and bring more cream.

"Nina, I wish—"

"Now don't, please. I am so sorry. I will try to do better."

Mrs. Allix yielded with a faint sigh and a fainter smile.

At length the tea was made properly, and after the removal of the things Mrs. Allix asked Nina to bring and read to her a letter she had that day received from her son.

Nina complied.

"Where is it dated from?" she asked.

"From Madeira. Now shall I read it?"

"Yes, my dear, if you please."

"FUNCHAL, MADEIRA, August 31, 1848.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—Thank God we are thus far on our way home from the Mediterranean. I write this in the sight of green forest-clad hills, dotted with white Quintas, backed up by the conical peaks of Ruivo and Grande. I can see the Mount Church, half hidden in mist, the highest point of white high up the hills, from my state-room window. The perfume of the orange-trees come and fill the room. We have had a many visitors, both English and Portuguese, to see the ship. I was not ashamed to let her be seen. To-day our Consul, Mr. Carter, called, and shortly after his departure his burroqueira came with a case of Bual and Cercial wine. They say he keeps the best on the island. I am keeping it, however, until we get home. I touched at Gibraltar, where a Spanish priest came on board and gave me a sealed packet, which I had to give to Nina or Dita, sent, or rather left for them at the American Consul's office by the order of an old merchant there who had lately died. They must repress, however, their curiosity until my arrival. I saw the old gentleman years ago—by-the-way, shortly after the discovery of Nina and Dita, whose adventures I one day told the old man as I was buying some sherry, and who then seemed very much interested in the narrative, and inquired very particularly into dates and locality. We next touched at Lisbon, a fine enough looking town from the Tagus, but, with the exception of Black Horse Square and the Praças, very filthy and wretched. I went to see the Palace of Necessidades, Cintra, and Mafra. A British squadron was there, but not one frigate of theirs could compare with mine: and the Portuguese evidently thought so too, for they came in vast numbers to see us. I shall be home nearly as soon as my letter, for I shall leave here three days after it. Madeira is a paradise—I mean, of course, the country, for the people are any thing but angels. I hope Nina keeps good."—"Of course she does," said Nina.]—"Tell the little child to mind her lessons, and give her a kiss from me."—"His impudence, indeed!"—"I suppose she has grown since I saw her seven years ago."—"Oh no! not at all! as if I could stand still!"—"Accept, my dearest mother, my kindest and most respectful regards; and with sincere love to you and Nina, believe me very dutifully and affectionately your son,

CHARLES ALLIX."

"Indeed, Captain Allix, I am very much obliged to you," said Nina.

"Hush, Nina, he forgets. Thank God he will be home soon!"

A vessel laboring in a heavy sea, apparently a man-of-war—the sky one mass of flying, driving scud—the wind roaring and shrieking through the rigging like some huge bird of prey screaming in joy at its expected victim—the

top-sails half-way down the masts—the top-gallant-sails and jib flying out to leeward, like two white pigeons fleeing affrighted before their angry pursuer the hawk—the main-sails close hauled up, and a storm stay-sail set—the ship pressed down into the water—the rigging all adrift—guns broke loose and rushing from side to side with a fearful crash—the sea breaking over her in torrents—the vivid lightnings flash and the deafening booming of thunder. And still more and yet more the wind rages, and again and yet again the cracking of some portion of the rigging with a sharp noise heard momentarily above the deep, settled roar of wind and sea. Faster and yet faster send the clouds, until one treads on the other's heels. Crash after crash, and one after the other the masts go by the board. And yet louder and fiercer shrieks the wind; as if drunk with fury, mad with exultation and delight.

Is one more figure, the most gallant one of all, about to be blotted out of the picture? God yet only knows.

Rudderless, mastless, sailless, she lies and rolls in the trough of the sea. Torrent after torrent sweeps her deck, tears her bulwarks as if they were paper, comes down with a blow that makes her whole body quiver and groan in anguish at the pain—and yet she lies buried in the trough of the sea.

Amidst all remains one true to his post. Calm, piercing, clear, above the storm in the lulls of the tempest, is heard his steady, unfaltering voice. The Captain of the ship.

No; she is not yet blotted out of the picture; but paint her there no longer the gallant figure she was—only a rolling, tossing, broken wreck.

“Mother dear, thank God I am safe here in port at last!” said the cheery voice of a bronzed, weather-beaten gentleman, as he lay on a sofa in the room of the house mentioned before. “I thought, however, we were lost—I had well-nigh given up all hope; however, it has pleased God to spare, and, thanks to Him, here I am!”

“I thank Him, Charles,” she quietly said; but oh, what fervor lay in those few words!

For ah, what words can paint the mother's fears that dreadful night?

The whole night through she had moaned out “O God, my son, my only child!” and at each roaring blast more fervently she prayed as the more her fears increased. And He who of erst rebuked the raging sea and stilled the angry wind at the prayer of his trembling crew—who listened of old to the poor widow's wailing cry, and brought back to her her child, her only one—so now had He listened to the poor mother's prayer, and rescued from his peril the brave and gallant man. For three days they tossed about a helpless wreck, and were at length picked up by a passing ship which brought them on to New York, from whence he went to Virginia.

“My word, mother, how Nina has grown! She is quite a woman now—how annoyed she must have been with my letter! By-the-by, I

kept her packet safe for her; I fastened it in the lining of my vest, fearing to lose it, and well it is I did so.”

Here the young lady herself made her appearance, half shy, half impudent, with a wicked light gleaming in her beautiful dark eyes, and a cunning smile wrinkling the corners of her mouth.

“And this beautiful, piquant, fascinating girl is the portion of the stray waif that has fallen to my share. Were I not too old I should feel half inclined to make her mine in very truth; that is, if she were not already engaged, but I doubt not she has already many suitors for her good graces, and a poor, ugly old fellow like me has no chance. I will bide my time, however, and see how she heads her course, and what she steers by before I try to take rudder in my hand.”

In truth Nina had already had many suitors, and there seemed to be one she especially favored—the son of a neighboring planter, and one of the oldest families in Virginia. The Captain came himself to this conclusion, and so kept his former thoughts to himself.

Who so proud and thankful as Mrs. Allix in this her son? Nor did the days seem any too slow to Captain Allix himself. Nina daily grew upon his affections; her piquant ways, her lively, changeable humor, kept him constantly amused.

Ah, how happily glided those days away; the Captain amusing and whiling away the evenings with accounts of his adventures and perils by land and sea, at home and abroad. How Nina would listen coyly and slyly, as pretending not to listen, and the Captain try to excite her risible faculties, in the which he nearly always succeeded. And once he noticed her quickly turn her head and wipe away her tears at some account of shipwreck and suffering he was narrating. There was one who had not very much relished the idea of the Captain's arrival and constant intercourse with Nina, and that, of course, was young Randolph. He soon found, or fancied he found, Nina changed toward him; she became at times even petulant at his attentions to her, and at other times seemed just as of old. It was the old tale of the rival lovers, each one deeming the other more favored than himself.

But however much she had changed to Randolph, there was no mistaking the marked difference of her character toward Captain Allix. She was oftentimes positively rude toward him; would be for days together so persistently harsh and uncivil that it pained him exceedingly, and he resolved, for a time at least, to leave home. Mrs. Allix could not understand Nina, she who had hitherto been so uniformly obedient and dutiful, and she frequently remonstrated with her on the subject, but to no other purpose except, perhaps, to make her more rude than before.

“Nina,” at length said Captain Allix one day as they were returning home together from

a visit where the Captain had stated in Nina's hearing, for the first time, his intention of leaving home, and she had become cooler than even usual—"Nina, I fear I have offended you. If so, I am exceedingly sorry. I should not like us to part but as friends. Will you kindly forgive me if I have wronged you?"

"You have not wronged me," was the cold reply.

"Then why are you so changed as to seem positively to dislike me?"

"I do not dislike you," she said; then, as he caught at the words, "not in the sense you mean."

"But, Nina, hear me. I will for once be plain spoken. It is always best. You once seemed to care for me, and—" Here he stopped. A sudden spasm, which she endeavored in vain to control, passed quickly over her face, while a sudden hopeful idea flashed through his mind. They walked on a little longer in silence.

"Nina," at length he said, softly and quietly, "Must I leave home? It rests with you. Will you share it with me?"

"Yes," she simply replied.

And so Captain Allix found his wife.

Very quietly they walked together homeward. As soon as they entered the house he led her up to his mother, and very gently said: "Mother, here is your daughter Nina—your daughter and my wife."

The mother looked for a few moments from one to the other; and then getting up threw her arms round Nina and kissed her.

"God bless you both, my children!" she faltered, "and make you worthy of each other."

"How could you think," said Nina, "that I could bear to feel that Charles was leaving home on account of me? I could not have staid, and it would have broken my heart to leave. Now 'Where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

IV.—THE PICTURE FRAMED.

On the broad veranda of a casa are seated an old lady working, or rather seeming to work, for her eyes are too often turned to three little children (two girls and a boy) running about among the flower-beds in vain attempt to capture a butterfly. Two ladies, the one reading a book, the other writing a letter on a small stand. A gentleman lying in a Spanish hammock, which is swung backward and forward by a mulatto boy, who every now and then sweeps away some too intrusive an insect with a palmetto fan—the gentleman, meanwhile, lazily smoking a cigar. Trees, flowers, plants, all tell of a tropical clime. Here and there a banana throws out its broad green leaves—the old ones drooping torn and ragged, the young ones whole, erect, and a bright, vivid green—clusters of its fruit hanging almost to the ground. The tall, feathery fern-tree and broad-leaved palm, the dark, glossy leaves and deliciously scented orange-blossoms, the waxy-flowered camellia and night-perfuming datura, are all seat-

tered around. In the distance the gleaming sea.

"Nina dear, to whom are you writing?" asks the gentleman.

"Oh! to an old school-fellow, who has asked from me an account of the strange events of our lives."

"And what are you saying?"

"I am telling her how strangely we were saved from death, how afterward cared for and married, and of old Don José de Ribeiro's will—in fact, all I know or remember."

"I wonder if you two girls—I beg your pardon, you two old married women—were his grandchildren, as he thought. However, it matters little so long as the old gentleman thought so. He might have done worse than left us his Cuban estates. Where's Wilson, I wonder?"

"Don't know, Sir. He went out an hour or two ago, and said he should not be back until dinner," replied the mulatto boy.

POSTSCRIPT.—All the incidents of the tale here narrated are of course not true; but the floating spar and the two children found by a man-of-war—the children taken home, adopted, and educated by two of the officers, who afterward each married one—is a simple fact. Three of the four are still living. One of the officers, whom I have called Captain Wilson, died last year.

My picture is now framed—the principal figures painted with the best skill of which I am possessed (their defects I hope will be pardoned), there to remain until Death, the great effacer, shall blot them out, as he will do one day all the figures in this great picture-book of the world—to be all repainted, let us hope, in more lasting and brighter forms and hues, by the hand of Eternity in the garden of heaven.

SISTERS.

I.

"**B**UT you know," said Elsie, "that a tutor can not marry."

"He can be engaged," returned Clara, "and wait for better times, like other people."

"Every one makes such a talk over Roderick Dexter," continued Elsie. "One would think him the only young man in the place by the way they go on; and I am sure there are half a dozen others that I should fancy quite as soon or sooner. Of course he has a great deal of talent and principle and all that, but he is so awkward! His great hands and feet distress me; there really doesn't seem to be space for them in any room he comes into. So different from Ned Torrington!"

"For shame, Elsie!" exclaimed her sister, indignantly. "How can you compare the two?"

"You are a very fierce champion, Clara. I wonder you don't take him for yourself if you value him so highly."

A bright flush mounted to Clara's brow.

"You forget," she answered, "that he has never given me the opportunity. It is not for *my* sake that he comes here so often."

Elsie did not see the flush. She stood before the mirror, brushing back her golden hair, and was too well occupied with the reflected image to note the changes of her sister's countenance. And in truth that image was lovely enough to justify her close attention. The delicately-chiseled features, the heaven-blue eyes, the apple-blossom coloring, were mere accessories of its beauty; they were lit up by such a look of innocence, of joyousness, as is seldom seen save in some sweet and happy child.

"No," she said, complacently, in answer to her sister's statement, "I don't suppose it is. But then how am I to blame? You needn't be so savage with me, Clara."

"Was I savage? I am sure I did not mean it. But I certainly think you should be serious about this matter, dear. You should decide on what you mean to do, and not trifle with the young man's happiness."

"Mercy on me! As if the happiness of such a paragon could depend upon a giddy thing like me!"

"Strange as it seems," returned Clara, smiling, "I fear we must admit the fact. Indeed, Elsie, I think you only pretend to doubt it for the pleasure of hearing it reasserted."

"And if I do, what of it? Where's the use of being young and—and of being *called* pretty if you can't enjoy yourself?"

"Have all the enjoyment that you can, only don't forget the rights of others."

"Saith the preacher." Dear Clara, what a solemn thing you are getting to be! Really—don't be vexed—just the least little bit of an old maid!"

"It is as well, perhaps, since I have the charge of such a volatile *young* maid."

"I don't know why you should feel it such a charge," said Elsie, pouting. "I'm sure I'm old enough to take care of myself. And as for what we were talking of," she continued, while an access of displeasure darkened her lovely features—"I think you are very unreasonable. It is pretty hard if I must make up my mind to take the very first chance that offers, and settle down into a dull married woman before I have seen enough of the world to know what I really fancy."

Clara offered no defense, being well aware from past experience that there was little use in doing so. She went out presently to attend to household matters, while Elsie remained to complete her decorations. It was a long task and performed with anxious care, but the result was satisfactory. By the time it was achieved her brow had cleared. She surveyed with pleasure her shining tresses, the rich flow of her silken robe, the lace that shaded her milk-white throat. She thought, not without interest, of the probable effect of this toilet upon Roderick. Lingered before the glass she now adjusted a pin, lifted a braid a trifle, or smoothed down a rebell-

ious fold. Seeing it all you would in one breath have exclaimed at her vanity, and, with the next, admitted that it would be strange if so exquisite a creature did not enjoy the spectacle of her own beauty.

In high good-humor at last she went down stairs. Tea was just on the table, her father and brother about to seat themselves.

"Seems to me, Elsie," said the latter, a boy of seventeen, just beginning to be critical in feminine attire—"that you are got up in great style to-night. What's on hand? Any of your beaux going to happen in this evening?"

"No one is coming that I am aware of," replied Elsie with dignity. "Is it so very unusual for me to be respectably dressed?"

"Oh you needn't tell *me*!" said the acute youth. "That blue silk wasn't put on for nothing. I say, Elsie," he added, viewing her with admiration, "you know what suits you, if you *are* my sister. Blue is devilish becoming to your style."

"Frederick!" said Mr. Moncrief, reprovingly.

"Beg pardon, father," replied the son, with a deprecating wave of the hand. "I always mean to respect the society of ladies, but a man sometimes forgets himself, you know. Clara, my dear, another cup of your good tea, if you please. These biscuits are capital; made 'em yourself, did you? You are a jewel, and shall keep my house when I have one. But Elsie," returning to the attack, "you mean to finish off Dexter's business for him to-night, I suppose?"

"Fred, you are too absurd," replied his sister, coloring.

"Judging from Mr. Dexter's own appearance," remarked the father, "I should say that any special cares in dress would be a waste of ammunition."

"Don't you believe it," said Fred, admonishingly. "These solemn fellows have eyes in their heads; I know them of old. They go about as if they hadn't a thought for any thing but science; but they manage to pick up the prettiest girls in town for wives—watch them, and see if they don't. About this one, Miss Elsie, I advise you to nail him at once or you may lose the chance. There's a young lady come to stay at Mrs. Barlow's, where he boards; a niece, I believe. I saw her getting out of the stage this afternoon. I tell you she's a stunner! Eyes as black as beads and a figure like Di Vernon!"

Elsie's spirits fell a little at this intelligence, nor did they rally as an hour or two passed by without the familiar ring. She fancied that her father's smile, as he looked up from his newspaper, was significant and satirical. She took her worsteds and crocheted industriously, determined to appear as unconcerned as possible; but her interest flagged, her mind *would* wander away to Mrs. Barlow's parlor, and imagine the Di Vernon niece usurping Roderick's attention. No doubt she would make a set at him at once!

Elsie could tell from Frederick's description just the sort of person that she was. Very dashing, very forward—these black-eyed girls always were—ready to help along a quiet young man like Roderick. Well, *she* should never put herself out to court any one; if a man hadn't spirit enough to take his own part she shouldn't assist him. Strange that any one could be so silly, so easily inveigled! Indignation against the niece's arts and Roderick's stupidity were about equally mingled in her mind. In the midst of these uncomfortable musings the door-bell sounded its welcome peal, and Elsie's face brightened as Mr. Torrington came in.

Clara looked with decided disapproval on the scene which ensued. Roderick's defection made the beauty unusually gracious to his rival. She was never lively even in her best spirits; liveliness would have been forced, spasmodic, beside her gentle, subdued gayety; her manner produced an impression of softness, of amiability, far more winning than the sallies of the most vivacious. Ned Torrington felt its charm. He had flirted with Elsie hitherto for the pleasantness of the pastime, but to-night he began to look at the thing more seriously. He wondered if that salary which just kept him along in comfort could by any possibility be made to serve the wants of two, or if there were any way of enlarging it. How the fellows at his boarding-house would stare when he presented such a beauty to them as his wife! But that was a long way off yet, though Elsie's smiles and kindness seemed to say that the dream was not a hopeless one.

At the death of her mother, some eight years previous to the opening of our story, the charge of the family had devolved on Clara Moncrief. Though but a girl of fourteen she devoted herself with persevering energy to its duties, and, as her father had remained a widower, was now long habituated to her position. In all household ways she was expert; domestic comfort she could readily provide; Elsie alone, her pet and trial, perplexed and disconcerted her. The difference of five years in their age hardly gave her authority enough to be respected by her capricious charge. Often docile, Elsie was occasionally deaf to reason and defiant of restraint. Her temper was equally fitful, and Clara sometimes feared that there was really no solid substance in her character to which one might appeal to regulate her conduct. Yet people generally thought her a sweet girl—a little vain, perhaps; but who could wonder at that? Even her father, finding his every comfort cared for, did not bethink him that it was always Clara who attended to his wants. To him Elsie never dared exhibit her caprices, and he esteemed himself a fortunate parent in possessing so lovely and dutiful a child. Frederick sometimes proclaimed that he was the only person who really "saw through" Elsie; every body else was blinded by her beauty and a way she had. Yet even he, severe critic, was not proof against this very "way;" a species of charm that does not

consist with beauty or any other gift, but is a mere independent fascination, impossible to describe. Its possessor may be, nay, generally is, of an unequal temper; may provoke you often to the limits of endurance; yet when the season of graciousness returns you bask in it; you enjoy it a great deal more, I am ashamed to say, than the steady amiability which you can rely upon, week in, week out. All who encountered Elsie felt the influence of this charm, and none more deeply, it appeared, than the reserved and quiet Roderick Dexter.

When his visits first became frequent Clara honestly supposed them intended for herself; Elsie was so young, so gay, so different in every respect from the grave, plain suitor. Then, too, he paid her very little attention; his discourse was generally addressed to the elder sister, with whom he was more at ease. Clara liked him; she was quite able to overlook, in remembrance of his real worth, all those deficiencies at which Elsie carped, and to feel honored by his preference. It was not quite a pleasant surprise when circumstances disclosed her mistake; she was mortified, humiliated at the appropriation, even in her own mind, of an interest not designed for her. But a still greater surprise was the fact that Elsie proved by no means indifferent to her conquest. Whether her slight and purposeless character felt its importance enhanced by the homage of this earnest and serious man; whether she found in it something to lean upon and to strengthen; or whether she was simply flattered that the person most universally honored and esteemed among her set preferred her, none could say. Yet it was clearly apparent that, however she might pretend to undervalue him and laugh at his *gaucheries*, she was proud of his regard and watchful of his attentions.

After Eleanor Barlow's arrival this became more than ever manifest. A young lady under the same roof naturally received a little notice, even from the reserved tutor, and that little was sufficient to make Elsie uneasy. Her regard needed only the stimulus of jealousy to fan it into the brightest flame of which her heart was capable. She was restless, absent, during all her hours at home; even the adornment of her person, her most engrossing care and greatest pleasure, failed to interest her; in company she was only gay if Mr. Dexter were near her and devoted. Even his diffidence drew encouragement from her demeanor; a declaration of his feeling speedily ensued, and poor Ned Torrington was awakened from dreams of Elsie by the news of her approaching marriage. For fortune had been kind to the young tutor; he was appointed to fill a vacant Professorship, and matrimony was justifiable not only in his own eyes but in those of the friends of his betrothed. So the marriage took place with all the *éclat* possible in a country village, and Roderick Dexter bore home his bride. Elsie expected in her new life nothing less than perfect happiness, though she never troubled herself to analyze the

expectation and see what grounds she had for it. She had not been by any means very happy in her maiden home, spite of her beauty, her belle-hood, and entire freedom from care; there had been plenty of hours of dissatisfaction and *ennui*. But she flattered herself that these were due to circumstances; she had been under so much restraint—Clara was so exacting, so fussy, always wanting her to be influenced by high motives and strict notions of duty. There would be no such trouble with Roderick, who was more than satisfied with her as she was. Life seemed to stretch before her gaze, a sunny scene of love and homage; she did not inquire how she was to merit the love or keep up the homage.

Roderick's hopes had a basis hardly more solid. Rapturous gratitude for the preference of a creature so beautiful, a lover's faith that robed her in all attributes of womanly perfection; was this the capital to meet the unceasing drafts of married life? But there was an essential difference in the visions of the two; Elsie thought only of the happiness she was to receive, while Roderick was resolved, with all the force of a nature deep and earnest, to brighten the existence of that being so lovely and beloved, who had given herself to his keeping.

II.

It was a bright June morning, flower-odors and the song of birds coming in at the open window. Elsie sat in the great easy-chair leaning her beautiful head languidly against its cushioned back; recent illness had heightened the transparency of her complexion, and the little hands that lay on her lap were white as the folds of her wrapper. On her hair nestled the least suspicion of a cap—a kind of symbol of her new honors—and her gaze rested with complacent interest on the small specimen of humanity which Clara was tending—a six-weeks' infant, that dashed its small fists against its eyes, and contorted its minute visage in a way wonderful to beholders. Elsie had not left her room much as yet; she liked the indulgences of her half-invalid state, and then Mrs. Crowe was so excellent with baby! She had retained the services of that accomplished nurse a second month, a little to her husband's discomfiture. Much as he longed to be with Elsie and their child he could not avoid feeling himself *de trop* in the sick room when its autocrat was present. It was very dull and lonely below stairs, but he only ventured on brief calls in Mrs. Crowe's domain. This morning he had been admitted, and graciously allowed a short interview with the two objects of his affection, and had borne away in his mind an exquisite picture—a Madonna lovelier than any of Raphael—to brighten the hours of absence. Soon after his departure Clara had arrived, and immediately made herself at home. The severe countenance of the guardian spirit relaxed at sight of her, and the interval of her visit was improved by a trip down stairs, and a little chit-chat in the kitchen.

"Why are you so thoughtful, Elsie?" her sister presently inquired.

"I was wondering where Maggie—our old Maggie, you know, that used to live with us before I was married—could be now."

"She is at her father's, I believe; what put her in your mind?"

"I have been thinking that I wished you could hunt her up for me; she is the very person I need to take care of baby."

"Why, don't you intend to take care of her yourself?" asked Clara, surprised.

Elsie's tranquil brightness clouded over. "I have the charge of that great child!" she exclaimed. "I wonder what you are thinking of, Clara! So delicate as I am, too!"

"But we hope you will gain strength before long, dear. By the time Mrs. Crowe's two months are over you will be quite yourself again. With such a small family Nora has a great deal of time after her work is done, and she will be very willing to help with baby. Then I shall be here, or you at our house, every day, and I can relieve you frequently. If I were you I would make the trial, at any rate. Time enough for Maggie if you find it is too much for you."

"I don't see why," said Elsie, unappeased. "A girl in the kitchen is no reliance at all; she would very likely be busiest just when I most wanted her. And I couldn't depend on you either. It would all be very well when you were here, but how many hours of every day there would be nobody but myself to attend to the child; I should *have* to do it, no matter how little I felt like it. Now if Maggie were here it would be her business; I need only have the baby when I wanted it. I could see people and go out riding and make calls just as I always did. I had planned it all out so nicely in my own mind, and I don't see why you can't let me have it as I like."

Clara hesitated. "But you don't reflect, dear—how should you, when you never had the charge of any of these things at home—about the additional expense. The wages of a second girl are quite a serious item; and Roderick is a young man with his way yet to make in the world."

"You must think very highly of his regard for me," said Elsie, indignantly, "if you suppose he would begrudge a trifle like that to make me comfortable."

"I don't suppose it," returned Clara, feeling rather hopeless over her task. "I have not a doubt that he would gratify you with the utmost willingness."

"Then," said Elsie, shortly, "if I wish it, and he doesn't object, I don't see what it is to you, Clara."

The older sister flushed—at the tone more than the words. But it was over in a moment. She was used to Elsie's way.

"Certainly it is nothing to me," she answered, "except as it is best for you. It must always be pleasant to keep a reliable nurse if

one can afford it. But life is all before you two yet; your expenses are sure to increase, and your means are not as certain to enlarge. If I were you I would try to help Roderick by saving where I could. Don't you think that would be prudent, Elsie?"

"I hate to hear about prudence," was Elsie's reply. "What do I know about such things? Here I am so young yet; only nineteen, and it is too bad to have all these cares put upon me. I should think it was enough to have a house and a baby to look after, let me make it as light as I can. I ought to have a little of the good of life and be enjoying myself now, if ever, and you want to turn me into a regular drudge! keep me tied up at home to a crying child! It isn't Roderick's fault; *he* never married me to make a slave of me. It is just your doing, Clara; you always were so hard on me." And tears, real tears of vexation, dropped on her pretty morning-dress.

Clara uttered not one word of soothing or of self-defense. She began playing with baby and talking all manner of nonsense to it, as is the privilege of aunts. Elsie's injured feelings presently subsided, her eyes dried, and she was again the picture of radiant beauty and innocence. When Mrs. Crowe returned from her little visit she did not observe that any thing had been amiss.

Clara walked homeward with a heaviness of heart for which she chid herself as disproportionate to the occasion. She did so wish to see the young couple at ease in money-matters. Lavishness they could not hope for, since Anhalt was a poor college and Roderick had only his professorship; but with proper care they might always enjoy comfort and independence. She dreaded the first beginnings of a way of life beyond their means, which would, by-and-by, involve them in embarrassment and anxieties. Yet, as she told herself, there was nothing so serious in Elsie's wanting a little indulgence; she was very young yet; prudence might come in time. She would not admit to herself the chief cause of her trouble, something deeper than any mere thoughtless extravagance. It was the continuance of that old spirit of Elsie's—that settled determination to consult her own comfort, her own convenience, no matter at what cost to every body else.

The young wife meanwhile was dwelling upon her wrongs; when Roderick came in she proceeded to unfold them.

"Clara was here this morning," she said.

"That is pleasant. I hope she cheered you up as much as usual."

"You wouldn't have thought it very pleasant if you had been here. She was dreadfully cross."

"Clara cross! I wish you had sent for me. Such a sight must have been worth looking at."

"Oh, I don't mean that she went into a rage and made a scene; that's never her way. She's too precise and proper for any thing of the sort. But she was just as cross as she could be for all that," continued Elsie, knitting her brows as

she recalled the controversy. "What do you think, dear? She says I ought not to have a nurse for baby! that I ought to try to take care of her myself! I told her I knew *you* would never want me to wear myself out with carrying a great child like that around, and to be tied up day and night and never able to stir out of the house. But she was just as obstinate about it as she could be."

Roderick's first emotion was surprise, for the thought of this very desirable household appendage had never once occurred to him; his next was self-reproach that he should not sooner have remembered Elsie's comfort. He must arrange it in some way or other, though *how* was not exactly clear. Clara, had she understood their affairs more intimately, would have been grieved to find that the pecuniary troubles had already begun. Not overwhelming as yet, for it was but the second year of marriage—only causing a little management and anxiety.

"Yes, dear, you must certainly have a nurse," he responded, with as much cheerfulness as if it were the simplest thing in the world. "I can't have my pet over-tired and losing her bloom."

"How good you are!" she said, stroking his brown cheek with her satin-soft hand. "No one was ever half as kind to me as you are, Roderick!"

The heart of the strong man swelled with tenderness as the lovely eyes turned upon him at these words. He covered the caressing hand with kisses, and thought himself the happiest of husbands.

After all, it would be easy enough to manage; he would do without the microscope he had been wanting so long, and the necessary funds would be forthcoming. True, he had felt the need of the instrument a hundred times in his investigations, and had promised himself that this summer he would surely make the purchase; but perhaps it was an extravagance after all. At any rate he must do as well as he could without it.

Clara at her next visit was not at all surprised to hear the triumphant announcement that "Maggie" was to come next week.

III.

Some years went by, bringing changes to the quiet town. The completion of a new railroad, and the establishment of the station a quarter of a mile away, opened for Anhalt an easier communication with the outside world, without in the least impairing its rural beauty. The three gray colleges and the chapel rose stately as ever on their smooth-turfed green, but their studious silence was often invaded by parties from abroad. Gay equipages whirled along the shaded streets; bright colors glanced adown the leafy vistas. The soul of the Professor of Astronomy was vexed within him at intrusions on his sacred calm and weak questions concerning that wondrous tube with which he swept the heavens. In time Anhalt became a favorite

resort for citizens escaping from the summer heats. There was a pleasant blending in its warm-weather society of the brilliancies of fashion and the seriousness of intellectual culture. In this society Elsie shone conspicuous. Her charms grew brighter with each succeeding year, and were now famous far beyond the narrow limits of her native town. "The beautiful Mrs. Dexter" was among the attractions of the place, and the one which strangers were most eager to behold.

"How delighted Elsie was with that set of cameos!" said her brother Frederick, now a rising man of business, to Clara, during one of his visits to their early home. "It's a shame they were not diamonds instead!"

"Cameos are much more suitable," observed Clara. "Diamonds would be quite wasted here."

"Of course—*here*. But this isn't the place for Elsie. I never appreciated her till I went from home. I knew, to be sure, that she was a great deal prettier than any of the girls about us, but I never dreamed that she had not plenty of equals, and superiors too, in larger places. New York, for instance, I supposed was full of beauties. But I can tell you, Clara, women of that sort are rare. I don't believe there are three such on Manhattan Island. And then to see her so taken up with a set of stone cameos! Not but they're a nice thing of the kind. They were chosen by a lady friend of mine who isn't apt to show bad taste."

"I dare say you are right," said Clara. "She is greatly admired and prettier than ever, I think. What then?"

"Nothing, except that it is a thousand pities she married as she did."

"You should not say so, Fred. Roderick is the kindest of husbands; he does every thing he can for Elsie—indulges her far more than he can afford."

"Exactly. That's just the trouble—he can afford so little. And how old he looks beside her!"

"He has many cares," said Clara, with a sigh.

"I haven't a word against Dexter," continued Fred, magnanimously. "He's a fine, honorable fellow. But what did that plain, grave sort of man want with such a wife? Why couldn't he have kept to his studies, and let Elsie alone? They are utterly unsuited. Some women would be proud of his learning and the name he is getting among scientific people; but what does she care for that?"

"Very little, I presume," returned Clara; "but that is hardly his fault."

"I don't say it is any body's fault. It is just one of those marriages that ought never to have taken place. She was a great deal too young; she ought to have waited till she had seen the world—or, rather, till the world had seen her—and she might have chosen whom she would. Elsie was made for fortune and splendor; she should be in the midst of them, and dazzling every one that saw her. And, instead, just look

at her!—buried in this little country town, and glad of one new dress in a season!"

Clara shook her head. "I can't believe your views correct," she answered. "Her husband is a man of principle and talent, and devoted to her. She ought to be considered fortunate. I could wish myself that their means were larger. None of the salaries are very ample, though they are all that the college can afford to pay, and Elsie does not understand how to make money go as far as some women would."

"You see she isn't calculated for that sort of thing. She ought to have no harder task in life than to be beautiful. That's her *rôle*, and she can perform it better than almost any one else."

"I don't agree with you," said Clara, obdurately. "There is a great deal too much of that sort of talk nowadays. It may be very pleasant to have women beautiful, ideal creatures, unsoiled by any taint of earthly cares; and there are states of society, no doubt, where it is practicable to keep them so—where there are great fortunes and skillful service. But it doesn't consist with the 'genius of our institutions' now, at any rate. The work is here to be done in every family, and we had better 'deify' it, as some accuse us of doing, than neglect it or turn it off on incapable assistants."

Fred thought this was all very well for Clara, poor dear. The domesticities were in her line, and it was not wonderful that she exalted them. She could hardly be expected to sympathize with the claims and immunities of beauty, though she had a pleasant face and a tidy little figure of her own.

"And don't," she continued, earnestly, "hint any thing of the kind to Elsie."

"That I consider her wasted on the desert air? Perhaps I had better not. I believe that we didn't in the old times think her quite blind to her own attractions."

"No one could expect that," returned Clara, smiling. "But she has admiration enough, and I should be sorry if you said a word that could make her discontented."

Clara was far from cheerful at heart; though she would not blame Elsie to their brother, and indeed seldom confided to any one the anxieties which the wayward beauty caused her. To one faithful as she in the performance of every duty it was hard to excuse Elsie's shortcomings; yet the affection, almost motherly, which she bore the charge so early committed to her made her ready to extenuate whenever that were possible. The younger sister leaned on her for every thing. It was Aunt Clara who cared for the children in every stage of their development, who hushed their disputes, made their garments, taught them their letters. It was Clara who was indispensable in every household crisis, supplemented every deficiency. It was mortifying to her just pride that this should be so; that the very people who exalted Elsie's beauty could not but know that she was a careless housekeeper, an inattentive mother. She was disappointed,

grieved to see the young wife fall so far short of that womanly excellence she had hoped for. Yet all this, spite of the added cares it brought herself, was but little in comparison with Elsie's great failing. For that, indeed, it was hard to exercise her wonted charity. When she suspected that Roderick was undervalued, that his comfort was neglected, she could with difficulty restrain her indignation. If she had known all! But Elsie was wise in her way; far too discreet to betray to her sister all the domestic secrets. She had long felt herself a martyr to untoward circumstance; long ago awakened to the fact that her prospects had been blighted by unfortunate marriage. Quite unable to appreciate her husband's real worth, she was more keenly alive than ever to his lack of polish, his plainness of person. And there was Mr. Torrington, a rich man now, and single all these years for love of her. Some one had laughingly hinted this reason for his bachelorhood, and it was ever after one of her articles of faith. She might have been living in a house in the Avenue, and had every thing she wanted, instead of being buried in the country, and poor as poverty itself! Fate had been vindictive indeed, and she wasted many a regret on the irrevocable step so rashly taken. Perhaps she did not consciously determine to indemnify herself as far as possible for her imagined losses, but her course would have justified the suspicion. She put from her every care, seized eagerly on every indulgence within her reach, and considered herself the victim of a lot immeasurably inferior to her deserts.

As for the husband, his bright visions had faded years before. The lover's angel had long since disappeared, leaving in her stead a petulant, exacting woman, who had neither mind nor heart enough to understand him or her duty. Not that Roderick Dexter often saw the truth in quite so clear a light; life would have been a little too dreary had he done so. Can you guess what kept up something of the early glamour about his wife? No matter how negligent in other things, she was always careful of her own attire. Breakfast might be ever so ill-cooked or poorly served, she might not even come down to it at all, preferring a cup of coffee and a novel in her own room, but *if* she came she was always a picture of tasteful neatness. No matter how soiled the table-cloth, her morning dress was beautifully fresh; however rough the children's hair, her own was smooth and lustrous. An impression of personal elegance and refinement was indissolubly connected with her image in the husband's mind; it never quite lost its charm through all the discomforts, the unamiableness, the neglect he had experienced. (And herein lies a hint for those good wives who sometimes forget, in their zeal for the family welfare, the claims of their own adorning.) There were occasional bright days, oases in his desert, when the children sat down to table freshly washed and brushed, when a comfortable meal was served, and Elsie beamed sweetly on him, passed the jelly, and called him "dear." On the strength

of such meat he could go many days. When it failed the man's large heart came to the aid of his endurance. He fulfilled, without remembering it, the apostolic injunction that the strong should bear the infirmities of the weak. At such times he thought with tender pity of Elsie, and wished more than ever that he could bestow upon her all the gauds she longed for.

No forbearance, however, could keep off troubles of another kind. His own persistent shabbiness could not counterbalance Elsie's expenditure, while the wasteful housekeeping was beyond his control. His salary utterly failed to meet expenses; there were "accommodations" at the bank—fatal accommodations, renewed, transferred, and only met in part at last by the sacrifice of needful comfort and relaxation. He was silent about these things. Clara might conjecture, but she knew nothing; Elsie, of course, could not be expected to concern herself with such matters.

If only he could always have been blind! But there were moments, rare indeed, when the truth came home to him; sudden revealings of the wreck that had been, the desolation that remained. These were times that admitted no sympathy, and were best put out of sight and forgotten as soon as might be.

Who could wonder if the man grew old and care-worn, or that his eyes took on that sad and patient look with which the world is familiar in another rugged, kindly face?

IV.

"It's a shame!" exclaimed Fred. "Such a pittance to a man of your talent!" He had been discussing with his brother-in-law the affairs of the institution.

"It is all that the funds will admit," returned the Professor.

"Have higher prices, then; make the thing self-sustaining. A college isn't an alms-house; education isn't dispensed in charity."

Mr. Dexter smiled. "Your simile is not a bad one," he said. "The colleges of America have always been in part a charity. The design was, in their very foundation, to furnish knowledge to whomsoever desired it at a rate below the actual cost. Hence they have always been obliged to appeal from time to time to public generosity. The older and more important institutions are now, through the munificence of their Alumni. Yale can do what she likes; her graduates are so numerous and so liberal that she has only to ask and receive. I presume that the same may be the case with Harvard, and perhaps some others. But the younger and less influential ones, like ours, are still poor and struggling. We need many things besides increase of salary; improved apparatus, additions to the cabinet, etc. Even should some fortunate graduate endow us with a few thousands, I fear they would all be appropriated before the Faculty were thought of."

Fred reflected. Such a state of things was entirely opposed to all his notions, and he sought

the remedy. "Sir," he presently announced, "you must send for Cadmus."

"And who is he, pray?" asked Clara.

"I'll tell you, my dear. He is the most successful mendicant in the United States. It's a perfect treat to hear him on any of his 'objects' if only you've left your pocket-book at home; if not, you'll rue it. Yes, Cadmus is your man. How much do you want? Fifty—a hundred—thousand? He'll get it for you. Just guarantee him 20 per cent. on his collections, and he'll begin to haul in the money, hand over hand."

The suggestion, made half in jest, commended itself more and more to Fred the longer he contemplated it. He mentioned it in a quiet way to one or two of the Trustees; it was favorably received—the subject was discussed and the matter ended in the engagement of the all-compelling orator, with instructions to raise the sum needful to the pecuniary ease of Anhalt. Mr. Cadmus looked into the case a little, possessed himself of statistics sufficient to rouse his professional enthusiasm, and departed on his important embassy. Clara took tea with her sister on the day of his departure, and the project was talked over in all its bearings.

"I confess I don't like our Alma Mater in her new character of mendicant," observed Mr. Dexter.

"Do you have any hope that the attempt will be successful?" asked Clara.

"Of course it will," said Elsie. "Just think of all Fred told us. Have you any commissions for me, Clara? I am going to Solmes to-morrow with Mary Saroni. I haven't a great deal of shopping, and can run about for you as much as you like."

Clara was sorry to hear of this excursion; a trip to Solmes generally resulted in some pretty but extravagant purchase. However, she was somewhat comforted by the announcement that the projected shopping was of small amount. And so Elsie meant it should be. She was to buy some table-linen, greatly needed, and a few common articles for the children; nothing for herself. She had her outfit already; indeed, her conscience, lethargic as it was, had given her some twinges about that last bonnet and veil. She set off, strong in virtuous intentions.

But Mary Saroni was buying linen, beautifully fine, and linen was always a temptation to Elsie. Then the Valenciennes trimmings were so pretty and so cheap, she really must have a few yards. Mrs. Saroni bought a lovely set of point, and Elsie was unable to resist the charm of one small collar. She was not good at arithmetic, and was greatly surprised to find that these trifles had emptied her purse. The circumstance disconcerted her at first, but she speedily reassured herself. Really the table-cloths and napkins were not so bad; they could very well last a while longer. As for the children, she must hunt up some old things of her own and make over for them when she had time. Her chagrin was speedily forgotten amidst the glories of the silk counter at which Mrs. Saroni

was already seated. For a time she looked on without a thought of purchasing; but presently the proprietor, who was himself attending to their wants, unfolded a new attraction.

"Look at this, Mrs. Dexter," he said. "Just your color. The loveliest shade of sea-green. I thought of you the moment I saw it. It came into my mind like a flash. 'Mrs. Dexter will take a dress from that piece.' It isn't every lady, you know, that can wear sea-green."

"Now which should you say for me?" inquired Mrs. Saroni, in a perplexed tone. "This watered pink, or the plain? The watered is the prettiest shade, but I think it is a little thin. The plain is very nice and heavy, but then I am afraid the color is too deep. I really don't know which to choose." And painful indecision was apparent in her countenance.

"I don't know," said Elsie, "I believe I should prefer the plain." What could her friend possibly do with another evening dress, with so many as she had already? If it had been herself now! It was pretty hard that Mary Saroni, homely as she was, could buy every thing she set her eyes upon, while she, who would do credit to dress, was obliged to economize so cruelly. She looked longingly at the green silk, thinking how well it would show, even with no richer accompaniment than her old Honiton *berthe*. But then it was useless to long.

"It is very pretty," she said, "but I can't take it to-day, Mr. Kinney. I really haven't money enough with me."

Not of the slightest consequence, Mr. Kinney protested; he would send the bill with the silk. Oh, she must have it—it was just the thing for her. Green made some people pale; a great many fine complexions, even, couldn't stand it, but it would become her beautifully. This was the last pattern; Mrs. Devereux had taken a dress from it, and Miss Sylvester, about whose wedding every one was making such a talk. There was a quarter over the number of yards; he would throw in the quarter, and call it even yards. Yes, rather than she shouldn't have it he would throw off sixpence on *every* yard. Could any one do better than that? She couldn't get it in New York for that price, and as for Solmes, she couldn't find such a silk in the city. The merchants didn't keep them; their class of custom didn't warrant such a stock. Where should he send the parcel?

Elsie yielded, and the beautiful, glistening fabric was her own. She felt really frightened when the bill was made out, but, seeing how tranquilly Mrs. Saroni went on making her purchases, which were a great deal larger, consoled herself. Yet there was a weight on her mind, till she suddenly remembered Mr. Cadmus and his mission. It was wonderful the relief this recollection gave her. When money would soon be so plentiful why need she fret about a little thing like this? Still she did not feel quite comfortable the next morning when Clara came over. In vain did she say to herself that she

wasn't spending Clara's money—it was none of *her* business. She found it very awkward to get out her packages and expatiate upon their contents. She was very glad that her sister said nothing, though she knew by her grave face what she was thinking.

Clara made no comment because it was not her custom, unless she saw some hope of doing good. The fresh expenditure grieved but hardly astonished her. She solaced herself by casting about in her own mind for some means of supplying the children's wants, since their mother had brought them nothing. In the midst of her planning Roderick came in.

"Elsie," he said, "will you have dinner half an hour earlier than usual to-day? And if you can put a few of my things into a valise it will save me time. I have just seen in the papers a notice of the sale of Mr. Brashear's cabinet, and I want to take the through express and be in New York in the morning."

His wife was not feeling quite amiably. Had they been alone some difficulties might have been raised; but Clara was a restraint. She responded, in no very cordial tone, that she would have things ready, and the busy Professor was away again.

"It's very thoughtless of Roderick to ask me to pack for him," she said, "when he must know how tired I am with all that shopping."

Clara shut her lips tightly for a moment. "Don't get up," she said, when the stress of feeling was over; "I will attend to the packing." As she left the room Elsie sank back on her couch, saying to herself that Clara was in a dreadful humor this morning. She didn't scold, but how she looked! And how ill-natured it was of her not to praise the new silk! And she would not even say the linen was cheap. One would naturally suppose a sister would take some interest in your appearance. There was Mr. Kinney, who could remember her tastes and what would please her in all the hurry of his purchases; but Clara! Well, it was always her way. But she knew what the reason was. It was pretty hard—Elsie's usual form of self-condolence—to have a person coming into your house in this style, and feeling she had a right to criticise every cent of your expenditure.

Clara appeared in the doorway. "I must have misunderstood you," she said. "There is nothing in the drawer I went to but a few old things past wearing."

Elsie colored. "You are a great deal too particular," she answered. "Roderick's clothes are there, at any rate. They are all he has, and it is too late to do any thing about them now."

Clara vanished, and returned almost immediately with a scant array of ragged linen and socks darned and worn to the last degree.

"Is it possible," she exclaimed, indignantly, "that your husband has no better things than these! Oh how could you neglect him so? You never saw any thing like this at home. Father and Frederick had always abundance, and of the nicest quality."

"Because they were so fussy and *would* have them," said Elsie. "Handsome linen costs a great deal. I'm sure you're always preaching to me about economy, and now when I try to save a little—"

"Save from your husband's necessities for your own indulgence! Oh, Elsie!"

"Roderick doesn't care about dress; you know yourself he doesn't."

"Dress!" said Clara, contemptuously. "I suppose he would like the few things he has to be whole, at least. There is no excuse for you, Elsie. You ought to be overcome with shame at such a sight as this, instead of trying to justify yourself."

The injured sister began to cry. Clara went energetically at work, trimming away ragged edges, sewing on buttons, and repairing, as far as time allowed, the waste places before her. The valise was locked just as Bridget announced that dinner was ready.

"I sha'n't go down," said Elsie, sulkily.

"You had better," Clara remonstrated. "You will feel stronger if you take a little food."

"You haven't left me much appetite for *that*," said Elsie, with a fresh burst of sorrow. There was no time for argument, and Clara went down. To Roderick's inquiries she answered that Elsie was not very well; she would take her dinner later. Her presence at table was always irregular, and the husband felt no anxiety. He finished his meal, rushed up stairs for a hasty good-by, and was gone.

Elsie, left alone, began to feel dull, and presently rather hungry. The longer she waited the fainter grew the demands of grief, the keener those of appetite. She yielded. Bathing her eyes and smoothing her hair, she sought the dining-room, where some fragments of the meal yet remained. Clara had seated herself by the window, and was making an apron for one of the children.

"I believe you were right, after all," said Elsie. "I shall feel better for eating something."

The elder sister perceived that peace was to ensue without farther explanation. Better so, she acknowledged. In the first warmth of her indignation she had resolved on an earnest appeal to Elsie's better feelings at some early date; but she saw already the uselessness of such a thing. She wondered, indeed, how she could have been betrayed into this morning's expression of displeasure.

With most people such expression would have had some effect; at least a transient reserve would have resulted from it. Not so with Elsie. The storm was over and her sky was clear. She was neither penitent nor proposing to amend. No salutary shame caused her any embarrassment. She came out in her sunniest, most engaging mood. Clara could not but enjoy its charm, however her judgment condemned its possessor.

Elsie must be herself to the end of the chapter. It was too late to hope for any change.

All that the elder sister could achieve was to watch, as hitherto, the opportunity of remedying her deficiencies.

V.

Mr. Dexter returned from his journey pale and haggard; it was nothing, he said; the weather was damp, he had taken cold. But the cold did not wear away with time.

"How badly Roderick looks!" observed Clara one morning, as he left the house.

"Doesn't he?" returned Elsie. "Some people are interesting when they are out of sorts, but it isn't the case with him. He's no beauty at any time, poor fellow! and sickness doesn't improve him."

"You misunderstand," said Clara, gravely; "I mean that his health is suffering. I fear that we have not paid enough attention to him; he is always so quiet and uncomplaining."

"Oh, pray don't get any such notion into your head!" exclaimed Elsie. "There's nothing in the world the matter with him but a cold that will pass over if you only let it alone. Don't talk to him about it, or we shall have him fussing around with medicines from morning till night. If there's any thing that makes me nervous it's a vial and a tea-spoon forever on the mantle-piece."

Clara did not feel bound to respect the delicacy of this nervous system. There was little use in endeavoring to arouse the tender fears of the wife, but a word of caution to Roderick himself might be of more avail. She came in again that evening with intent to speak it.

"Is it you?" said Elsie, looking up from her worsteds. "You are just in time to show me about this hood. I could do it well enough in plain knitting, but star-stitch puzzles me. It won't shape nicely."

Clara examined the difficulty and gave the requisite aid.

"I want to speak to Roderick," she said after a time. "He is at home, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, he's at home; not that I have much good of it. He's in his own room, working away at his lectures. I hope, Clara, you'll be warned by my experience, and never marry one of these scientific people that are so taken up with their calling that they have no leisure left to attend to their wives." At another time Clara might have wondered at this new phase of feeling; certainly Elsie did not often give her husband the opportunity of being her companion in a quiet evening at home. Just now she was too busy with other thoughts.

"I will go up stairs then," she said.

"Very well—only don't be long. I shall come round to my widening in a few minutes."

As Clara passed through the hall the sound of a cough met her ear; how hollow it seemed! Grave apprehensions crowded on her. What if this were the token of that dread disease which works so slowly, so insidiously, yet so remorseless in its hold? She felt herself guilty in having been so slow to take alarm.

Her tap at the door was answered by Mr. Dexter, in hat and over-coat. "You were going out?" she asked.

"No—it is rather chilly, that is all."

"You are here without a fire this cold evening?" said Clara, dismayed. "Oh how imprudent! Do you know that I came up on purpose to urge you to be careful of your health? These things should be taken in time. Promise me to see Dr. Kimberly to-morrow, and now come down stairs, where there is a bright fire burning. This damp air is very unsafe for you; you must not try it again."

"I believe you are right," he answered. "But I have always been so little in the habit of thinking of my own health." He did not say that a fire was a luxury he felt unable to allow himself, and for which the hat and over-coat were nightly substituted.

"I know," returned Clara, "you and all of us have been too heedless of it. I intend to make up for that now; I shall give you no peace till you are quite restored. Can't you come down at once?"

"In a very few minutes."

Clara went back to the parlor, but she could not enter with much zeal into the worsted question. A sense of painful foreboding hung over her.

"Elsie," she said, more to relieve her own feelings than with hope of doing any good, "do watch Roderick a little. Men don't know how to take care of their health, and indeed I do not like the sound of that cough."

"Nonsense!" replied her sister. "You have been too busy to-day, and are tired and fanciful. How does this Solferino become me? I notice it makes some people very yellow." She adjusted the half-finished hood upon her head, and Clara looked at the beautiful face, wondering if any touch of natural care or sorrow would ever dim its brilliancy.

"Not a single compliment!" observed Elsie. "Here comes some one that will do better. Look, Roderick, this is the new color. Does it make me very fallow? If so, I sha'n't wear it." And she smiled up in his face, gayly defying him to do any thing but admire.

"It is very pretty, dear," he answered, laying his large hand caressingly on her hair. "All colors become you, I think."

"That is just a man's idea! But I'll do you the justice to say you are not so far wrong, after all. Pink, and crimson, and green, and blue, I am quite respectable in all of them. But orange"—shaking her head—"you don't think I could bear orange do you, dear?"

"If any one could," he said, smiling.

"You dear old Bruin! how gallant you are this evening!" she exclaimed, in high good-humor. "Take that rocking-chair and draw close to the hearth; I'll get your slippers, too. Clara has been trying to make me nervous about you, but she shall not succeed. Low spirits are so bad; I think it's every body's duty to keep up and be cheerful for the sake of other people."

This idea was not so exclusively Elsie's own property as she imagined it; her husband had long been putting it in practice. He was cheerful this evening accordingly, but there was a something in his manner that saddened the observant sister. A wistfulness, a tenderness she did not like to think of nor to conjecture its cause.

Dr. Kimberley was consulted the next day, and various precautions were adopted. Elsie grew used to the vials on the mantle-piece; they ceased to make her nervous. Gradually it became an admitted fact that Roderick was out of health, though he still attended to his customary duties. He talked with Clara about remedies and symptoms; dull themes, which did not interest his wife. Neither of them assumed that there was any danger in the case; there was this difficulty to be met, that risk to be avoided. And they began to awaken, as people always do, to the wonderful advantages of change of air.

"I wish it were not so late," said Clara, anxiously. "A little trip somewhere would do you so much good. You have been overworked; you need relaxation. A pleasant journey would be better than medicine."

"Yes," he answered, "if it were practicable. But the season is too far advanced. I had promised myself a run in the Adirondacks last summer, but—" he checked himself.

"But what?" she asked after a pause.

"Some unforeseen circumstances prevented it."

Clara remembered with a pang the sea-green silk. Elsie had worn it once or twice, and was charming in it. She did not know that it had cost her husband all his summer-pleasure; but would she have cared if she *had* known?

By-and-by Mr. Dexter was missing, a day at a time, from his post. People looked grave when they spoke of him; it was easy to see, they said, how he was going. What a loss to the college and the place! And what a sad thing for his children and that beautiful young wife!

The beautiful young wife, however, was not easily saddened. She had always some good reason for any increase of weakness or suffering in the patient; he had taken cold, there was a change in the weather, the wind was east. There was no danger that Elsie's comfort would be disturbed by any undue anxiety.

There came a day, at last, when her eyes were opened to the truth, when incredulity failed her, and she acknowledged the probability that Roderick was going; that he was to leave her forever. It was a shock. She cried; she felt very gloomy and miserable for several hours. But she was too philosophic to be wretched long. It was very dreadful, to be sure, but it did no good to be dismal about it. It could not help Roderick, and only made every body else unhappy. She recovered her equanimity, and the quiet progress of disease aided her in maintaining it.

It is sad to see a beloved object torn from

anxious, clinging hearts; to note the dread deepening into certainty, to view the final anguish of separation. It is sadder yet where there is no suffering to contemplate, where those hearts are calm which should be wrung with grief, where the approach of that loss which ought to be so terrible is watched with clear, untroubled eyes. Roderick knew something of this, and felt its pang, yet it had its consolations too. He had grown so used to caring for Elsie, to sparing her pain, that there was a sort of comfort in thinking she would not suffer as bitterly as some women did. For himself, submission was not difficult; life still held interests and duties, but its charm was gone. If only he were leaving Elsie and the children better provided for! He racked his mind for every expedient that could aid them, and the result was still lamentably small. But Mr. Moncrief had something; Fred was liberal and prosperous. And Mr. Cadmus was succeeding beyond all expectation in his efforts; perhaps the college would remember his own long services and do something for those he left behind.

"Clara," he said one day, when they had been talking of those details which Elsie would not comprehend nor remember, "you will watch over her, will you not? You will see to her and the poor children?"

"Certainly," she answered, not trusting herself to say more.

"Thank you;" and he smiled gratefully. "Though I do not know why I asked. You always have done it. I know what you have been to us. It was not a thing to be much talked of, but I understood it all."

Clara had her reward in these words.

And by-and-by this anxiety passed away. He had done his best, and since the Great Taskmaster called him in the midst of his unfinished labors, that too must be right. There was no doubt of His power to provide for the widow and the fatherless.

He was far gone now. The activities, the cares of life were a forgotten dream. The flicker of sunshine on the wall, the glimpse of blue sky through his window, were all he knew of that great and restless world in which he used to have his part. His chief pleasure seemed to be Elsie's presence; Clara was thankful that her sister was willing to bestow it. She brought some pretty work and sat by him, chatting, in her way, of little, everyday occurrences. The eyes, so large and bright in the wasted face, followed her every movement; he liked to hold in his thin fingers the beautiful white hand; he smiled with pleasure if she spoke a kind word or arranged a pillow. Till at last one day it all ended; he quietly fell asleep.

The usual honors were paid to his memory. The Faculty passed resolutions of condolence, as did the two or three scientific bodies of which he was a member. There was a great crowd at the funeral, and people said again, "What a loss to the college and the place!" We know how readily the world consoles itself for such

losses; the great round of business and pleasure can not stop for a single death; it whirls on. Long before the fair white monument, with its Latin epitaph, rose in the college burying-ground there was a new professor in Mr. Dexter's place; a busy, self-asserting man, bent on making himself and his influence conspicuous. Elsie was with her brother in New York; the children played just as merrily under their grandfather's trees as they had done in their own home; every one, save Clara, had accepted Roderick's death as one of those accomplished facts about which nothing more is to be said or done.

Elsie was lovely in her weeds; more winning, perhaps, than in all her girlish brightness. It was natural that she should be consoled; no one could expect that a woman so beautiful, and still so young, should consider life ended for her by a single sad event. After a year or two of decorous widowhood she fulfilled her own and Fred's ambition, and reigned supreme over a country-seat and a house on the Avenue. Once a year or so, perhaps, she remembered Roderick, and thought, "Poor fellow, how fond he used to be of me!"

The children were rather in the way of her new cares and pleasures; it was decided that a country education would be best for them. Where was education so thorough as at Anhalt, what care so natural as Aunt Clara's? To her they came, with her they remained, making only brief visits to their mother's splendors. They heard from her loving histories of their father's early days, of his learning, his worth, the esteem in which men held him. The grassy mound in the cemetery was to them an object of sacred awe and interest; the tall obelisk and the Latin inscription were their greatest pride. "Mamma" was a being far removed from their sphere; but Clara and the father stood side by side in their childish reverence and affection.

THE OLD BOOKSELLERS.

BOOKSELLING is a different thing in these days from what it was in the last century, as may be gathered from a comparison of the "Shadows of the Old Booksellers," lately produced by Charles Knight, with the substantial publishers of the present day. The term "printers" originally included most of the persons who had connection with book-making or bookselling. Thus, book-printers, dealers in old books, publishers of new books, printers of journals, book-auctioneers, and even print-sellers came to be included in the company of "stationers, who wrote and sold all sorts of books in use," before the introduction of printing.

There was reason for this comprehensive designation, since the earliest printers had to do every thing for themselves; to construct their types, presses, and all the appliances of their art; and to publish and sell their books after they had manufactured them.

"For some years after the invention of printing," says William Caxton, "many of the in-

genious, learned, and enterprising men who devoted themselves to the art were ruined, because they could not sell cheaply unless they printed a considerable number of a book, and there were not readers enough to take off the stock thus accumulated." But time and the increase of knowledge produced by books remedied this evil, and made bookmaking and bookselling not only a philanthropic but a profitable work.

The early method of approaching the public was for the author to invite subscriptions to his work, and receive the full price for each copy, and from his receipts he paid the printer's bill. Pope made a fortune by his subscription books; but Johnson decried the system as undignified, declaring that "he that asks subscription soon finds that he has enemies—all who do not encourage defame him."

After the subscription plan was abandoned authors began to bring their manuscripts to the publishers and get what they could for them; but jealousies soon began to disturb the relations between the author and the bookseller, so that Campbell praised the first Napoleon for shooting a bookseller, and Coleridge thus satirized "the trade" in his "Devil's Walk:"

"He went into a rich bookseller's shop—
Quoth he, 'We are both of one college,
For I myself sate, like a cormorant, once,
Fast by the tree of knowledge.'"

These jealousies are happily abated now; and while the publisher is able to gather from the demand for literature an ample reward for his enterprise, the popular author has no reason to be dissatisfied with his gains.

But we are to deal in this article more particularly with the Old Booksellers of the last century, not the men who procured copyrights, employed printers, and sold books at wholesale, bearing their names on the title-pages; there was no such class among these old time publishers of knowledge. They had printing-offices, kept shops, dealt in stationery as well as books, and some were also binders and owners of newspapers. Some of them were writers as well as publishers, and possessed literary ability as well as mercantile sagacity; such a one was Elmsley, the friend and companion of Gibbon, of whom it could not have been said,

"He guards the treasures that he can't enjoy;"

but others there were, like Osborne, whom Johnson knocked down with a folio, saying, "Lie there thou lump of lead!"—whose maxim was, that a bookseller should know nothing of books beyond their title-pages.

Prominent among those who were embraced in the title bookseller was Thomas Guy, who has been more celebrated as the founder of the hospital which bears his name than for any thing else, unless it may be his successful operations in seamen's tickets and the stocks of the South Sea Company. England being engaged in an expensive war with France, the seamen of the royal navy for many years received tickets for their pay instead of money, which their necessities compelled them to dispose of at a great

discount. Mr. Guy "discovered the sweets of this traffic, and hastened to profit by it," says Maitland; but it is far more likely that his great fortune was due rather to the sale of Bibles, and to the shrewd investments of the results of his business.

He lived in a time when theology was the exciting topic, and yet when Bibles were poorly printed and dear. A cheap and well-printed Bible could not be had in England; for the right to print them was granted to one family, who had exercised it since the time of Elizabeth. Guy had Bibles in better type and on finer paper, manufactured in Holland and imported into England. He trusted that the Dutch compositors would not print as was printed in the Bible of 1653, "Know ye not that the *unrighteous* shall inherit the kingdom of God," nor leave out the word "not" in the seventh commandment, for which the printers of an edition of the Bible in the reign of Charles I. were heavily fined; and his Bible adventure was successful, until it proved detrimental to the public revenue, though profitable to Guy, and seizures, prosecutions, and embarrassments obliged him to cease his importations.

Mr. Guy had discovered, however, that a cheap Bible was eagerly sought for; and, after great exertions, he induced the University of Oxford, which had the right to print Bibles and Prayer-Books, to assign their privilege of printing the Bible to him. He set about printing Bibles in London, and made a fortune by furnishing what had not been seen before—a cheap and excellent copy of the Scriptures.

In his early years the young bookseller was obliged to exercise the most scrupulous frugality; he was his own servant, and often ate his dinner, brought from a cook-shop, upon his own counter. In the scanty notices of his career, it is said by a modern chronicler that he had "no other table-cloth than an old newspaper." This writer must have forgotten that the newspapers of that period were hardly larger than a dish, and would have afforded but slight protection to Guy's counter. One anecdote given by some of his biographers, as an example of his penurious habits, Mr. Knight regards as an example of his decision of character. A law had been passed that every occupant of a house should pave a sidewalk, six feet in width, in front of his door, upon pain of paying five shillings for every week the same shall be omitted after due notice given. It is in connection with this law that Mr. Knight calls up Guy's "shadow," under the one gleam of romance which lighted for a moment his solitary pursuit of the great purpose of his life. He thus pictures him:

"Customers, wholesale and retail, have found their way to the new warehouse for the sale of the privileged Oxford Bibles. Mr. Baskett, now the king's printer, has a powerful rival. To evade the royal patent it will not be necessary for Thomas Guy to print his pocket-bible with foot-notes, which might be cut off when the volume was bound. He sits among his stores, musing, with more assurance

than Alnaschar of his visions being realized, of the wealth that will flow in from his adroit treaty with the syndics of the Oxford Press. He will not demand the Lord Mayor's daughter in marriage, nor spurn her from him when she has accepted him as her lord. The passion for accumulation has got some possession of him; but if he should become rich, which he is firmly resolved to be, he will not waste his means in extravagant display, or the dissipation of some young men of the city, who ape the vices and follies of the courtiers. What if he should be able to do something toward the support of the hospital in Southwark, which seems to have fallen more and more into decay and neglect since his boyish time, when he has seen many a wretched creature carried within its gates. With a strength of will rarely equaled in real life he resolves to be rich, and to do some good with his riches. But Thomas Guy, in coming to this resolution, has an arduous struggle with natural feelings. He is lonely. He has indulged himself with the cost of a female servant, who cooks his frugal meal, and keeps his Holland shirt tidy. But he wants the solace of a household friend. He goes little into society. He dines rarely in his Company's hall. The city dames, according to his observation, are too ambitious of finery. He has once or twice conversed during the banquet at Guildhall with the daughter of a rich stationer, and has found her deplorably ignorant of the commodities in which her father deals. Gradually he begins to think that his own maid-servant is quite as attractive as a citizen's daughter; born of honest parents, religiously disposed, and skilled in cookery and other useful arts. What if this neat-handed Phillis should become his wife! He is sure that he can compel her to regulate his affairs with due economy. She has never wasted money or victuals while in his service. She has professed that implicit obedience to his will which he requires. He at last makes his proposal, and it is accepted graciously. But there is one danger which the handmaiden has not foreseen. She has not apprehended the possibility of giving dire offense by the slightest manifestation of her own opinion in opposition to that of her master. He has been very cross for several days. He has been fined once for neglecting to pave the footway in front of his shop. He delays to incur an expense which he thinks ought to fall upon the pavement commissioners. But he must yield. The paviors go to work. He watches them narrowly. He has a ground-plan of his own premises, the boundary of which is not very well defined in the frontage. He gives the most minute directions as to the exact point where his portion of the flat or broad stoneway within the posts should begin and end. The workmen find that a very awkward space is left unpaved. They carry their remonstrances to the incautious maiden within doors, during the absence of her master. She little knows what she is doing when she says, 'Do as you wish. Tell him I bade you, and I am sure he will not be angry.' The poor girl must accept her destiny to remain unmarried to the thriving bookseller. The romance of Thomas Guy's life is over. He girds up his loins for a struggle, for a 'plum.' But if I see his shadow aright, there is a soft place in his heart where the memory of that ill-used woman will long abide."

During the half century that followed this transitory dream of domestic happiness Guy accumulated riches with the steady purpose of ded-

icating them to charitable uses. He paid £500 to avoid the office of sheriff, and avoided all office except a seat in the House of Commons. He bought South Sea stock at £50, and wisely began to sell out his 100,000 shares when they had advanced to £300, disposing of his last shares for £600 each. He applied this money in erecting, furnishing, and endowing the hospital which bears his name, and had the satisfaction of knowing that his gains had been worthily applied, when he saw this work of mercy completed and endowed, at a cost of more than £240,000, before his death.

Another specimen of the ancient bookseller is given in the life of John Dunton, whose moral and intellectual peculiarities were such as to procure for him the name of a "lunatick" among his contemporaries. Warburton calls him an "auction bookseller and an abusive scribbler;" and Disraeli writes this scathing notice: "A crack-brain scribbling bookseller, who boasted he had a thousand projects, fancied he had methodized six hundred, and was ruined by the fifty he executed;" and yet his history has more in it that is entertaining than that of multitudes less odd and more successful. From his "Life and Errors," written by himself, in solitude, and doubtless in misery, we get an insight into much of the literary history of the times, and also come "to know the inside of the man."

Dunton's father was a clergyman of ability, and desired that his son should follow his profession; but the "unsettled mercurial humor" of the son prevented him from transmitting "the priesthood to his own posterity." So the boy was apprenticed to a London bookseller, and before that apprenticeship was ended the father died, leaving to his son many pious counsels and a goodly portion. He celebrated his manhood by inviting a hundred apprentices to a funeral ceremony in memory of the departed apprenticeship, and was soon a bookseller on his own account, occupying "half a shop, a warehouse, and a fashionable chamber." Among the counsels of his father was some excellent advice in respect to the choice of a wife, and also an exhortation to keep his landed property and borrow money for his publishing speculations. Dunton's first venture was a work by the Rev. Thomas Doolittle, and his mode of getting a stock of books without using money, and being as a beginner without credit, was primitive. He says, "This book fully answered my end; for, exchanging it through the whole trade, it furnished my shop with all books salable at that time." The hackney authors, who abridged books, seem to have given great offense to him, for he declares, "These gormandizers will eat you the very life out of a copy so soon as ever it appears; for as the times go, *original* and *abridgment* are almost reckoned as necessary as man and wife, 'so that I am really afraid a bookseller and a good conscience will shortly grow some strange thing in the earth.'" Dunton failed to follow his father's prudent advice

about choosing a wife with deliberation, for he fell in love at church with the daughter of an eminent preacher among the non-conformists, and by his marriage became the brother-in-law of Samuel Wesley, whose son was the famous John Wesley, the founder of Methodism. His courtship was conducted with poetical and religious fervor; his mistress was entitled "lovely Iris" instead of plain Elizabeth; but she proved a prudent and diligent helpmeet—"managed all my affairs for me, and left me entirely to my own rambling and scribbling humors."

Trade being dull in England owing to the defeat of Monmouth, Dunton sailed for America, to collect in Boston five hundred pounds that was owed him there. By the first return vessel he sent to "Iris" sixty letters! He was away nearly a year trafficking without much profit; for he says of the inhabitants of Boston, "he that trades with them may get promises enough, but their payments come late."

After this unproductive voyage his affairs were not flourishing, though he boasts that of six hundred books which he published during his career he had only to repent of seven. The only decided success which he achieved, however, was the publication of a small periodical called the *Athenian Mercury*, devoted to literature, which brought its author a temporary fame, so that poems in honor of his paper were written by the chief wits of the age, and articles were furnished for it by many writers of note. The death of a cousin, also, at this time replenished his funds, and he was considered a thriving man. It was probably about this time that he wrote as follows: "A bookseller, if he is a man of any capacity and observation, can tell best what to go upon, and what has the best prospect of success;" but poor Dunton must have lacked or lost both capacity and observation, since his last publication has this lugubrious title, "Dying Groans from the Fleet Prison, or last Shift for Life:" an appeal for aid to King George the First. A few of his eccentric characters are worthy of passing notice. Of Mr. Richard Crouch he says: "He has melted down the best of our English histories into twelve-penny books which are filled with wonders, varieties, and curiosities." Mr. Miller "had the largest collection of stitched books of any man in the world, and could furnish the clergy at a dead lift with a printed sermon on any text or occasion." Mrs. Tacy Sourles, an eminent Quaker, "is both a printer as well as a bookseller, and the daughter of one, and understands her trade very well, being a good compositor herself."

The book-auctioneers of the time are also illustrated by Dunton. The following will serve for a specimen:

"The famous Mr. Edward Millington was originally a bookseller, which he left off, being better cut out for an auctioneer. He had a quick wit and a wonderful fluency of speech. There was usually as much comedy in his 'once, twice, thrice!' as can be met with in a modern play. 'Where,' said Millington, 'is your generous flame for learning?

Who but a sot or a blockhead would have money in his pocket and starve his brains?"

Dr. Cane, once bidding too leisurely for a book, Millington called out to him, "Is this your 'Primitive Christianity?'" alluding to a book the doctor had published with this title.

Dunton was at one time a book-auctioneer, and remarks, complacently, of an auction tour that he made in Ireland, that it was said of him "that he had done more service to learning by his three auctions than any one single man that had come into Ireland these hundred years."

Jacob Tonson, another of the fraternity of booksellers, was the son of a barber, who exclaimed, on the occasion of a visit to Mr. Scot, the librarian, "Ah Jacob, if I hadn't a noble profession for you to follow, I should like to see you a bookseller." Jacob had an aversion to the business carried on "under the pole," and became a bookseller. He was immortalized in the "Dunciad" as "left-legged Jacob," and is thus described by Rowe:

"While in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not such a passion,
While yet you did not live, as now your trade is,
To drink with noble lords, and toast their ladies,
Thou, Jacob Tonson, were, to my conceiving,
The cheerfulest, best, honest fellow living."

He was Dryden's bookseller, and was on an excellent footing with the author. He gave him fifty guineas for 1446 lines of a translation of Ovid, though protesting that he had expected 1518 lines for forty guineas; but says, "If you don't think fit to add something more I must submit." Tonson's villa at Barn Elms became famous as the place where the Kit-Cat-Club used to hold their meetings.

Ward, a third-class writer, says that this club was "founded by an amphibious mortal, chief merchant to the Muses."

Jacob proposed to a number of young writers a weekly meeting, where he would provide the feast, and at which the productions of these juveniles should be read, and demanded in return that he should have the refusal of the articles read. This was readily agreed to, and the cook's name being Christopher, for brevity called "Kit," and his sign being the "Cat and Fiddle," the club derived its name from the combination, and was henceforth known as the Kit-Cat-Club." Many of the members became famous.

Among these was Sir Godfrey Kneller, state painter to five sovereigns, who was equally discreet in his politics and his religion, for he began life as a Tory and a Papist, went on happily through the Revolution, and ended his days as the boon companion of some of the staunchest Protestants of the Kit-Cat family at Barn Elms. He was inordinately vain, an example of which is given in the vision which he related to Pope. He dreamed that he was dead. When encountering St. Peter, the Apostle very civilly asked his name. "I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so than St. Luke, who was standing close by, turned toward me and said, with a great deal of sweetness, 'What, the famous Sir

Godfrey Kneller from England?' 'The very same, Sir,' said I, 'at your service.'"

Pope thus describes Charles Dartineuf, another member of the club, in his first satire:

"Each mortal has his pleasure, none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie."

Swift characterizes him as "the man who knows every thing, and every body knows, and where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and where they were last." Darty wrote a paper in "The Tatler" on the use of wine, in which Addison is supposed to be pointed at:

"I have the good fortune to be acquainted with a gentleman who has an inexhaustible source of wit to entertain the curious, the grave, the humorous, and the frolic. He can transform himself into different shapes, and adapt himself to every company; yet in a coffee-house, or in the ordinary course of affairs, appears rather dull than sprightly. You can seldom get him to a tavern; but when once he is arrived to his pint, and begins to look about and like his company, you admire a thousand things in him which before lay buried. Then you discover the brightness of his mind and the strength of his judgment, accompanied with the most graceful mirth."

Old Jacob Tonson did not like Addison. He often said of him, "One day or other you'll see that man a bishop! I'm sure he looks that way; and indeed I ever thought him a priest in his heart." Tonson was certainly the prince of booksellers, in his intimacy with the great men of his own times, but the greater men of the past had more to do with making his fortune and fame. He identified himself with Milton by making his "Paradise Lost" popular; he threw open Shakspeare to the reading public, and his services to literature were worthy of the reward which he received.

Perhaps none of the old booksellers has been transmitted to posterity with an obloquy more keen and deserved than Edmund Curll, who is thus described by the satirists: "Curll was in person very tall and thin; an ungainly, awkward, white-faced man. His eyes were a light gray—large, projecting, goggle, and purblind. He was splay-footed and baker-kneed." "He was a debauchee to the last degree," writes Thomas Amory, "and so injurious to society, that by filling his translations with wretched notes, forged letters, and bad pictures, he raised the price of a four-shilling book to ten; his translators lay three in a bed at the Pewter Platter Inn, in Holborn, and he and they were ever at work to deceive the public." He likewise printed the most grossly immoral books; and as to drink, though too mean to spend money for it, he would drink himself blind at another's cost. He was prosecuted in 1727 for his scandalous publication, and lost his ears as the penalty. Pope had an awkward controversialist in Curll. His impudence was at once his spear and shield. One instance is enough of his manner of attack and defense:

"I have engraven a new plate of Mr. Pope's head from Mr. Jervas's painting; and likewise intend to hang him up in effigy for a sign to all spectators of

his falsehood and my own veracity, which I will always maintain under the Scot's motto, '*Nemo me impune lacessit.*'"

Pope paid Curll off in the "Dunciad" for all his abuse. This publication produced a great excitement. On the day the book was first vended a crowd of authors besieged the shop; entreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay, cries of treason, were all employed to hinder the coming out of "The Dunciad." On the other side the booksellers and hawkers made as great an effort to procure it. The authors could do nothing against the public; it was like stopping a torrent with the finger, so out it come.

The "Dunces," as they were called, held weekly clubs to devise hostilities against the author. One wrote to a great Minister that Mr. Pope was the greatest enemy the Government had; another bought Pope's image in clay in order to execute him in effigy. Some false editions of the book, having an owl in their frontispiece, were put forth; the true one to distinguish it, fixed in its stead an ass laden with authors. Hence arose a great contest among the booksellers, some recommending the Owl, and others the Ass edition.

But all the booksellers were not as scurrilous as Curll and Lintott, who were low and quarrelsome fellows. There were men in this busy age of letters who were worthy dealers in literary wares. One of these was the great-nephew of old Jacob Tonson. His eulogium by Steevens, in his advertisement to the edition of Shakspeare which he published in 1773, is a model for those who desire to regard a publisher as something better than a literary cormorant:

"To suppose that a person employed in an extensive trade lived in a state of indifference to loss and gain would be to conceive a character incredible and romantic; but it may be justly said of Mr. Tonson that he had enlarged his mind beyond solicitude about petty losses, and refined it from the desire of unreasonable profit. He was willing to admit those with whom he contracted to the just advantage of their own labors; and had never learned to consider the author as an under-agent to the bookseller. The wealth which he inherited, or acquired, he enjoyed like a man conscious of the dignity of a profession subservient to learning. His domestic life was elegant, and his charity was liberal. His manners were soft, and his conversation was delicate; nor is, perhaps, any quality in him more to be censured than that reserve which confined his acquaintance to a small number, and made his example less useful, as it was less extensive. He was the last commercial name of a family which will be long remembered; and if Horace thought it not improper to convey the *Sosii* to posterity; if rhetoric suffered no dishonor from Quintilian's dedication to Trypho; let it not be thought that we disgrace Shakspeare by appending to his works the name of Tonson."

Samuel Richardson is a name that will never be forgotten so long as lovers of fiction exist. Though his novels are marred by the loose morality of the age in which he wrote, they are almost unrivaled as productions of genius and fancy. In the first year of the reign of James

II., 1685, an ingenious artisan—a joiner, who was a good draughtsman, and understood architecture—hastily left his business in London, and took up his abode somewhere in Derbyshire. The execution of the Duke of Monmouth had terrified this humble man, whose name was Richardson; for he had received favors from the unhappy son of Charles II., and also from the Earl of Shaftesbury. He was suspected in that awful time; and, had he not found a secure hiding-place, would probably have been one of the sufferers whom Chief-Justice Jeffreys sent to the gallows, or to a life of field-labor in America. In 1689 Samuel Richardson was born. Though concealment from political motives was no longer necessary as regarded his father, he has carefully forborne to mention the precise place in Derbyshire where he first saw the light, and where he passed his childhood.

The boy displayed a talent for letter-writing from his earliest youth; and when scarcely eleven years old got into trouble for writing spontaneously an epistle, full of Scripture texts, to a widow of fifty, who pretended to a zeal for religion, and was a constant frequenter of church ordinances, but who was continually fomenting quarrels among all her acquaintances by backbiting and scandal.

He was a great favorite with the ladies during his whole life, and this favoritism he employed to the best advantage by studying female character in its various presentations. In 1706 he was bound apprentice to Mr. John Wilde, who is described by Dunton as having "a very noble printing-house in Aldersgate Street." Of this apprenticeship, Richardson says:

"I served a diligent seven years to it; to a master who grudged every hour to me that tended not to his profit; even of those times of leisure and diversion which the refractoriness of my fellow-apprentices obliged him to allow them, and were usually allowed by other masters to their apprentices. I stole from the hours of rest and relaxation my reading times for improvement of my mind. I took care that even my candle was of my own purchasing, that I might not, in the most trifling instance, make my master a sufferer." That hard task-master called the lad "the pillar of his house."

For six or seven years after the expiration of his apprenticeship Richardson continued at his trade, as a compositor, a reader, and part of the time as an overseer. By his frugal habits he was at length freed from his apprenticeship, and became a master printer, in a small way, in a court in Fleet Street. He compiled Indexes, and wrote Prefaces and Dedications. Thus he pursued his way till 1740, when, as he writes:

"Two booksellers, my particular friends, entreated me to write for them a little volume of Letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to compose for themselves. 'Will it be any harm,' said I, 'in a piece you want to be written so low, if we should instruct them how they should think and act in common cases, as well as indite?' They were the more urgent with me to begin the little

volume for this hint. I set about it; and, in the progress of it, wrote two or three letters to instruct handsome girls who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue. And hence sprung 'Pamela.'"

The light literature of the time of George II. was either excessively dull or grossly licentious. Richardson avoided dullness, and professed to inculcate moral lessons. His story was "Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded." It succeeded. "Pamela" was recommended from the pulpit. One critic wrote, that, "if all other books were to be burned, this book, next to the Bible, ought to be preserved." Another said, "He would bring up his son to be virtuous by giving him 'Pamela' as soon as he could read."

Mrs. Barbauld truly remarked that a novel "written on the side of virtue was considered a new experiment." Its success is due to the fact that the virtue inculcated was not too refined or disinterested to be above the comprehension of the worldly-minded or the uneducated.

Nevertheless, there is so much of truth and nature in the conduct of the story that we may have perfect confidence in the anecdote told by Sir John Herschel, of the blacksmith of a village who read "Pamela" to his neighbors collected round his anvil. When the hero and heroine were brought together to live long and happily, according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells ringing. This was a just tribute to the genius of the author, but perhaps as much so to the very intelligible sort of poetical justice which was the moral of the purity of the daughter of Gaffer and Gammer Andrews.

His next work, "Clarissa," in which he displays the greatest genius, was published in 1747. At the present day we can safely pronounce the praises heaped upon this book as extravagant. Yet some of them are worthy of mention. Thus:

"Martin Sherlock believed that the greatest effort of genius that perhaps was ever made was forming the plan of 'Clarissa Harlowe.' Rousseau, in a letter to D'Alembert, holds that nothing was ever written equal to or approaching it in any language. Diderot is somewhat more moderate in his commendations, but quite strong enough to represent the enthusiasm of Frenchmen for the divine Richardson. Mrs. Barbauld says she 'well remembers a Frenchman who paid a visit to Hampstead for the sole purpose of finding out the house in the Flask-walk where Clarissa lodged, and was surprised at the ignorance or indifference of the inhabitants on that subject. The Flask-walk was to him as much classic ground as the rocks of Meillerie to the admirers of Rousseau.' Dr. Edward Young, who looks upon Richardson as an instrument of Providence, gives perhaps the most extraordinary proof of his enthusiasm that was ever manifested from author to bookseller: 'Suppose in the title-page of the Night Thoughts you should say, Published by the Author of Clarissa?'"

Richardson was greatly elated by his success, and after the publication of "Sir Charles Grandison," which is a positively stupid attempt to give an idea of a good man, his exhibitions of vanity were ridiculous. Boswell tells a story of a punishment which his self-complacency received on the authority of Mrs. Lenox:

"At a dinner given by Richardson, a gentleman recently returned from Paris mentioned that he had seen 'Clarissa' lying on the king's brother's table. Part of the company being engaged in talking, Richardson affected not to attend to what was especially meant for him. But when he thought that a moment of silence was a favorable opportunity for all hearing, he turned to the polite traveler, with—'I think, Sir, you were saying somewhat about ——' 'A mere trifle, Sir, not worth repeating.' Richardson did not speak ten words more the whole day, says Boswell, and maliciously adds that Doctor Johnson was present, and appeared much to enjoy his mortification."

Richardson was a very nervous and irritable man, and this quality Mr. Knight has very happily illustrated. He represents him as engaged upon a most florid epistle of Miss Selby, in Sir Charles Grandison:

"'Sir Charles, with a joy that lighted up a more charming flush than usual upon his face, his lively soul looking out of his fine eyes, yet with an air as modest as respectful, did credit to our sex before the applauding multitude by bending his knee to his sweet bride and saluting her.'—There is a horrible outcry in a somewhat distant room of the printing-office. Mr. Richardson exclaims, 'Oh! my nerves, my nerves!'—and rings his bell. The attendant errand-boy enters. 'What is that dreadful din about? Go and see.' Mr. Richardson in vain attempts to proceed with a little speech of Grandison to his Harriet, now no more Byron. The inspiration is gone. 'Please, Sir,' says the errand-boy, 'they were a-cobbing [a barbarous method of castigation] Wall-eyed Tom.' 'A horrid custom!' Mr. Toovey, the chief of the office, has now returned, and bows low to his employer as he enters the sacred room. 'Mr. Toovey, have I not said that there shall be no more cobbing in my office?' 'It can't be put down, Sir, provided there has been a regular Chapel to judge the delinquent.' 'And what offense, Mr. Toovey, had this howling victim committed?' 'He was sent to the Barley Mow for a gallon of porter, and was seen drinking out of the can, and then filling it up from the pump in Bride Lane.' 'Still, I say, chapel or no chapel, there shall be no cobbing here.' 'Well, Sir, as you please; but it is an ancient institution, as time-honored as the flogging-block at Westminster.' 'But, Mr. Toovey, have I not also said that no beer shall be brought into this office before noon?' 'As you please, Sir. But the pressmen had been working all night upon "Moore's Almanack," and wanted a little refreshment.' 'And why all night?' 'The Treasurer would have it so. He wants ten thousand perfect a week before publishing day. He wants to send them off by wagon, for the fast coaches, which go to York in three days, are too expensive.' 'I thought,' murmurs Mr. Richardson, 'that evil would come of the wicked spread of sham prognostications.' 'Sham,' cries Mr. Toovey; 'the pot calls the kettle—' 'Don't be vulgar, Sir. You

have been reading Dr. Swift, the grossest of writers; worse than Fielding; a libelous fellow, though he did wear a cassock, who tried to bring the genuine almanacks into disrepute, when he told that dreadful falsehood about the death of honest old Partridge. An enemy, Sir, to King George and the Company, and I have no patience with him.—Wit, indeed!”

The Rev. Philip Skelton, an Irish clergyman of eccentric manners but of great benevolence, was one of Richardson's employers. On the 17th of March the candid printer writes to him:

“By the beginning of May you expect copies of perfect books. Upward of sixty close sheets to be done in so few weeks. Dear Sir, what an expectation!” The impatient author replies, “I care not how my work looks; expedition and correctness are all I desire.” His complaints of delay fret the busy printer. “What did I not do to serve you to the utmost of my power? I parted with three pieces of work; I put out to several printers the new edition of my ‘Grandison;’ took in help to the first edition of the seventh volume; I refused Dr. Leland's last piece. But yet with all this, let me tell you, my dear friend, that two such large volumes as yours could not possibly be finished so soon as you expected, from the time they came into my hands, *by any one printer.*”

Richardson died in 1761, at the age of seventy-two. By his will he left a mourning ring to each of his many friends, male and female. He adds to these bequests, with great naïveté:

“Had I given rings to all the ladies who have honored me with their correspondence, and whom I sincerely venerate for their amiable qualities, it would, even in this last solemn act, appear like ostentation.”

We close these sketches of the old booksellers with a brief notice of the famous publishers, Cadell and Strahan.

In 1776 Hume wrote to Mr. William Strahan: “There will no books of reputation now be printed in London but through your hands and Mr. Cadell's.” Strahan was a poor boy from Scotland, who had worked his way to opulence as a printer, and had obtained a share of the patent as the King's printer, and was extensively associated with Cadell in the purchase of copyrights. It was their good fortune to have their names upon the title-pages of most of the great works of their day, and to have the ephemeral fame of the bookseller preserved amidst many revolutions of literary fashion in the durable lustre of Gibbon, Robertson, Adam Smith, and Blackstone.

There is little opportunity to season with the salt of anecdote the dry details of the commerce of literature as represented by this house, but we gather some details of interest respecting the famous work of Gibbon and his relations with his publishers. Hume made the remark, quoted above, upon receiving a presentation copy of the first volume of Gibbon's History, and he has told us a little of the circumstances of its publication. He was then in Parliament. He says:

“The volume of my History, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of a first session, was now ready for the press. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend Mr. Elmsley, I agreed upon easy terms with Mr. Thomas Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer; and they undertook the care and risk of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the shop than from that of the author. The last revisal of the proofs was submitted to my vigilance; and many blemishes of style, which had been invisible in the manuscript, were discovered and corrected in the printed sheet. So moderate were our hopes that the original impression had been stinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan. . . . I am at a loss how to describe the success of the work without betraying the vanity of the writer. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand; and the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin. My book was on every table, and almost on every toilet; the historian was crowned by the taste of fashion of the day; nor was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any profane critic. The favor of mankind is most freely bestowed on a new acquaintance of any original merit; and the mutual surprise of the public and their favorite is productive of those warm sensibilities which at a second meeting can no longer be rekindled. If I listened to the music of praise, I was more seriously satisfied with the approbation of my judges. The candor of Dr. Robertson embraced his disciple. A letter from Mr. Hume overpaid the labor of ten years; but I have never presumed to accept a place in the triumvirate of British historians.”

Ninety years have established Gibbon as far the greatest of that triumvirate. The writer of “The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire” had no cause to be dissatisfied with the dealings of his publishers. A thousand copies were printed of the first edition. Of the second he writes: “The fifteen hundred copies are moving off with decent speed, and the obliging Cadell begins to mutter something of a third edition for next year.” The second volume had not then appeared. There is a document extant, presented by the publishers to the author:

“*State of the Account of Mr. Gibbon's ‘Roman Empire.’ Third Edition. 1st Vol. No. 1000. April 30th, 1777.*”

	£	s.	d.
Printing 90 sheets at 1l. 6s., with notes at the bottom of the page.	117	0	0
180 reams of paper at 19s.	171	0	0
Paid the Corrector, extra care	5	5	0
Advertisements and incidental expenses.	16	15	0
	£310	0	0
	£	s.	d.
1000 books at 16s.	800	0	0
Deduct as above.	310	0	0
Profit on this edition when sold.	£490	0	0
Mr. Gibbon's two-thirds is.	326	13	4
Messrs. Strahan and Cadell's.	163	6	8
	£490	0	0

Errors excepted.”

There is certainly food for reflection and opportunity for comparison between the relative receipts of authors and publishers then and now in this schedule. The book was finished in

1788 by the publication of the fourth quarto volume. Of this event Gibbon writes:

"The impression of the fourth volume had consumed three months. Our common interest required that we should move with a quicker pace; and Mr. Strahan fulfilled his engagement—which few printers could sustain—of delivering every week three thousand copies of nine sheets. The day of publication was however delayed, that it might coincide with the fifty-first anniversary of my own birthday; the double festival was celebrated by a cheerful literary dinner at Mr. Cadell's house; and I seemed to blush while they read an elegant compliment from Mr. Hayley."

Gibbon does not mention who were the guests. Strahan had died in 1785. Garrick thought Strahan "an obtuse man," but Johnson asserted the printer's claim to a discriminating judgment even in the matter of an epigram. The author and the printer were near neighbors. The King's Printing Office was close to Johnson's House in Gough Square. Boswell has a pleasing anecdote arising out of this propinquity:

"Mr. Strahan had taken a poor boy from the country as an apprentice, upon Johnson's recommendation. Johnson having inquired after him, said, 'Mr. Strahan, let me have five guineas on account, and I'll give this boy one. Nay, if a man recommends a boy, and does nothing for him, it is sad work. Call him down.' I followed him into the court-yard behind Mr. Strahan's house, and there I had a proof of what I heard him profess, that he talked alike to all. 'Some people tell you that they let themselves down to the capacity of their hearers. I never do that: I speak uniformly in as intelligible a manner as I can.' 'Well, my boy, how do you go on?' 'Pretty well, Sir; but they are afraid I ar'n't strong enough for some parts of the business.' JOHNSON. 'Why, I shall be sorry for it; for when you consider with how little mental power and corporeal labor a printer can get a guinea a week, it is a very desirable occupation for you. Do you hear? Take all the pains you can; and if this does not do we must think of some other way of life for you. There's a guinea.'"

THE DIARY OF A PRECIOUS FOOL.

February 14, 1865.—Dear me, how dull and rainy it is for St. Valentine's Day! No sign of clearing, no hope of any one coming to call—if it were only New-Year's Day instead! I had twenty visitors last New Year, and He was one of them—nonsense, I mean that Mr. Thistle brought me the loveliest bouquet of white japonicas and purple hyacinths; but I'd far rather have the bunch of bloodroots He gathered for me last spring: somehow a clover-leaf from His hand is more precious than—there it is again; I don't see what possesses me to be always recurring to Him, when I want to put him altogether out of my view—no; do I, though? when I know that I ought not allow my mind to dwell upon him an instant, when Aunt Sophia has told me over and over again how much better *parti* Mr. Thistle would be, if one could only make up one's mind to be called Mrs. Thistle; it certainly would require a great deal of courage, but I must

try. Aunt Sophia says I must, and she is law and gospel, for she might turn me out of house and home any hour if I didn't trim my sails to catch her trade-winds.

Oh, if Alick only had Mr. Thistle's check-book, and Mr. Thistle had a wife! There it is again; I don't believe I shall *ever* mend: besides, I'm becoming as mercenary as Bella Wilfer. I wish Mr. Thistle was in—no, not the Red Sea, nor Purgatory, that I know of, because he *is* an amusement at least, and I dare say I shall be worried into marrying him at last; but I *do* wish he was in love with Julia, and then there would be an end of temptation and all that.

Well, I suppose not even Mr. Thistle will venture out to-day, even *he* would be an agreeable variation of Aunt Sophia's commonplaces and Julia's sulks, and as for any one else—hark! There's the bell now; it may be Valentines or invitations—however, I'll just open my door and look over the balusters a second.

I confess that Aunt Sophia is the most provoking of mortals; I feel like giving her just such a shake and box on the ear as she used to administer to me before I put on long dresses, when I only muddled my paddies and wore out my shoes, and now that I wear out her patience daily with my obstinacy and frivolity, as she says, she merely whips me over other people's shoulders, and makes me shake in my shoes at times. But this is not to the point; when I reached the balusters the caller had vanished, and only Aunt Sophia was visible, ascending the staircase.

"Was that any one for me?" I asked.

"For you, child! Why, how is this? I sent word that you were taking a nap."

"How could you, Aunt Sophia, when you know that I *never* take naps in the daytime?"

"Dear no, not as a usual thing; but you complained at breakfast of not having slept well, and I advised you to lie down, and fairly presumed that you had obeyed."

"But you might have sent Bessy up; it is too bad not to see friends who call in such weather."

She turned about at her door and favored me with such a sardonic glance.

"I didn't suppose you were so particular about seeing Mr. Thistle," said she.

"Mr. Thistle?" I cried, dropping my ire like a red-hot coal. "Was it he?"

But she closed her door without replying, and coming back into my own room to look out at the window, who should I see but Alick Treburne just turning the opposite corner, with the wind turning his umbrella inside out, at the same time. And if it *had* been Mr. Thistle I know very well that she would have awakened me, even had I fallen into the long last sleep, if possible. However, my only wonder is, that she doesn't forbid Alick the house, seeing that he is so in her way. I am sure she is capable of it, if it would serve her purpose.

February 19.—Duller than a dungeon. Julia reading Buckle aloud, and Aunt Sophia dozing off and starting up every little while to say,

"Ah, that's fine!" "That's just my view of it!" "How wide awake he is!" which is a great deal more than can be said of herself. I can't endure to hear one read aloud—at least *only* one; when Alick reads "Pippa Passes," it is just like an adagio of Beethoven's. Besides, I promised him to practice the accompaniment to "County Guy," so that we might sing it together; but the piano is locked and the key in Aunt Sophia's pocket, and not till we have droned through twenty-five pages of Civilization—oh dear, if Julia hasn't finished her portion already, and, willy-nilly, I must "*buckle* to!"

February 21.—Some one said to me recently, "How fortunate it is that you have such a jewel of an aunt!" I didn't tell her that it was paste. "And what a dear girl Julia is!" nor that she cost me many a pang.

A bouquet was left at the door before breakfast this morning, for Miss Marx; of course Bessy put it into my plate; when I came down I placed it in a vase of water, and in order to be generous allowed it to remain on the table. By-and-by the "dear girl comes in, pulls out a rose for her bosom, snaps a leaf on her forehead, and eats her breakfast. I feel delicate about taking it away till every one has finished, so I glance at the Daily and look out at the window, and presently the "dear girl" pushes back her chair, seizes the bouquet, and strikes for the parlor.

"What are you going to do?" I ask, in consternation.

"Analyze some of my flowers."

"Your flowers!"

"Yes, *my* flowers, if you please."

"They belong to *me*, if *you* please."

"Mamma, to whom was this bouquet sent?"

"To Miss Marx."

"Am I not Miss Marx?"

"Certainly, my love."

"Then by strict logic isn't it mine?"

"Without a doubt."

"Oh, a Daniel come to judgment!" I can't help saying. "And in the mean while, who am I?"

"You are a young person who is impertinent to her benefactor, and who has lost her temper."

"And her bouquet, it seems."

Altogether, it was so ridiculous that I could have laughed if I hadn't been too angry.

But the end was yet to come. Toward luncheon Mr. Thistle appeared; he is one of those people who never make a present without making comments about it at some other time: I've known quantities of such. "Those gloves fitted you to a T; they were a size too large for my hand, but they are of the very best quality; Smith and Company imported them direct;" or, "I am glad you found that veil serviceable—they are worn considerably."

Hardly had Mr. Thistle entered before the flowers fixed his eye.

"Ah, so you received your bouquet this morning? I was afraid there might be some delay,

there were so many orders for the ball to-morrow; I selected them myself, and I wish to call your attention to a singular orchid, an air-plant," and he bent in search of it, but Julia was beforehand with him; she had analyzed it.

"Did you send me a bouquet, Mr. Thistle?" I asked. "Thank you; but *that* is Julia's."

I never saw two people in greater perplexity, and I never enjoyed any thing more—only a few things—I was just malicious enough for that.

"There has been some mistake," said Aunt Sophia, pushing it across the table to me; "it was left here this morning for Miss Marx, and I presumed Mr. Trehurne had sent it for Julia."

That was just her disagreeable way for leaving Mr. Thistle to infer that Alick admires Julia. Of course I didn't care a bit about the flowers when I found they weren't from Alick, though they were sweet and rare enough to be liked for themselves; but I might have known he couldn't afford to throw away his money on orchis and passion-flowers.

February 22.—Well, I shall not go to the ball to-night. Only last week Hugh Mason put his foot through my best muslin dress, in the German, and I spilled wine on my ribbons. To be sure, I darned the rent with number ninety, and so nicely that Alick said it was the prettiest embroidery he had seen; but Aunt Sophia calls it a "perfect fright, although it cost nine shillings more than Julia's, and was made up a month later."

I wish I had been born a sewing-girl, up five flights, living on porridge and potatoes, and thanking no one for my gowns and gewgaws. If I only had some knack at something! I might teach if I knew any thing; Mr. Thistle says I can sing—Julia calls it squealing—and Alick says I have an eye for colors; however, all that doesn't make me independent, nor send me to the ball. The hairdresser has just arrived to friz Julia's hair. Dear, dear, how melancholy it is to stay at home for a little tear in your dress!"

February 23.—If I haven't received a broadside this morning! I am "a worthless scapegrace," "a person of unheard-of improprieties," and "underhand measures." Probably I shall never hear the end of it; for after Aunt Sophia and Julia had been gone, perhaps an hour, and I had put up at "The Way-side Inn," with "Vanity Fair" in reserve, and my feet on the fender, a coach rattled up the avenue like a Fury, and presently Alick Trehurne was shown in.

"You're not at the ball," said he.

"You didn't see me there, did you?"

"You're not going?"

"It certainly looks like that."

"Then I shall stay here."

"I sha'n't object: only you're losing the music and the partners, and keeping the coach waiting."

"Let the coach go to grass."

"The horses, you mean."

"Come now, I want to know *why* you're not going? You promised me the first gallop; I'm not disposed to release you; and Mr. Thistle has you down for who knows how many redowa, polka, and what not. There's a hall decorated like a garden, an orchestra that lends wings to your feet, and here am I in a new suit, ready to sing 'Heigh-ho! to the best dancing-hall in the city,' and there we are."

"Why don't you sing it then?"

"You haven't pitched it."

"What's the time?"

"Double-quick."

"It's all very good fun, Alick, but I can't go, you see."

"That is just what I *can't* see."

"Then know that I have nothing to wear."

"Deplorable! Where's the embroidered muslin?"

"Aunt Sophia says the darn will show."

"Aunt Sophia isn't equal to the exigencies of life; bring it on, we will look as fine as a fiddle before midnight."

So I brought it down; I didn't need much urging; and he directed me how to trim it with flowers and leaves off my own plants—thanks to Mrs. Cordis, who gave them to me before she went to sea with the Captain. Alick said he saw a muslin dress, at the Prince of Wales' ball in Montreal, trimmed in the same manner—a narrow festooning of myrtle-leaves running around the skirt, about quarter of a yard from the bottom, like a vine, and dropping at intervals a spray of crimson fuschias; so there we sat, Alick planning like a milliner and I executing like a machine, and the laughter and frolic we had over it, fancying him making his fortune in this line, and I charging him with being eager for my presence at the ball, merely as a dancing advertisement. But by-and-by it was all finished, and I had it on in a jiffy, and came down to meet Alick, and no one would ever have suspected that there were several dreadful darns under those beautiful clusters of fuschia-bells—never in the world; it was perfectly lovely, and off we went to the ball like Cinderella. All the girls were ecstatic over my attire, and Aunt Sophia's amazement and efforts to conceal it were too ludicrous; but directly after supper she gathered up her wits, called her carriage, and carried Julia off without saying a word to me! Alick took me home later, in fear and trembling, but every one was in bed, and the house dark as a pocket, except for a blue glimmer of gas in the back drawing-room.

"You are pale as any ghost," said Alick, turning up the gas.

"You don't know what it is to live under the thumb of an ogre." He turned his shining eyes upon me; I thought he was going to say something, but he did not speak.

"I wish I was an opera dancer, living on pirouettes," I continued.

He looked so serious upon that that I asked what he was thinking about.

"I was thinking," said he, "that I knew a charm against discontent."

"Shall I cross your palm?"

"You haven't any silver."

"Won't the charm work then?"

"Try it."

"A charm against discontent? I don't know any but change of fortune."

"Believe in whatever place you are that is the one you were intended to fill, for which you are best fitted. That is all."

"So you would not seek good fortune?"

"What is the need? If it belongs to you it will find you out, never fear. If it is not yours all the search in the world would not bring it to light."

"Then if I'm sold into slavery I must not run away because some one will grant me my freedom in course of time."

"Are you in danger of that? You're not to attempt some rash measure to improve your condition, and stick fast in the swamps with starvation before you and the hound behind, but wait for the proclamation. To put it *à la* Professor Blot, you're not to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire."

Then I knew he was thinking of Mr. Thistle.

"Oh well, if I'm a beggar I'm not going to work, because presently the Rothschilds will send a check."

"I didn't say so: whatsoever your hands find to do, do it with all your might, and blossom into success as the rose blossoms by natural impulsion, instead of grappling fortune by the throat and crying, 'Stand and deliver!' like a highwayman."

After which homily we parted. But Aunt Sophia never meant to let me off so cannily, and this morning she came down upon me like "the wolf on the fold," the wehr-wolf, so that my feelings are positively black and blue. I was received with the assurance that I made a precious fool of myself last night, and that every one present was struck dumb with my figurante attire; it struck me that it might be convenient to keep it for a home dress if it would effect such happy results. I said nothing till she came to the ogre part, for plainly some one had listened; then I merely inquired, "Eaves-droppers?" Upon which Aunt Sophia swept across the room like a simoon, seized me by the shoulders, and gave me such a shaking that my head rings this minute; then she dismissed me to my room, not to appear until I had acquired a more Christian spirit, and Julia giggled. Oh, if I might *never* go down to break her bitter bread again! If I were only a girl of genius and ideas, knew what to do for a living, and how to do it; but I am only a precious fool, as Aunt Sophia is so kind as to inform me every week of my life, who doesn't know her own mind ten minutes at a time, for no sooner do I resolve to accept Mr. Thistle, and have done with all this, but some glance, some word, some nameless grace of Alick's carries all before it. Why will not some one lift me out of this dilemma, decide

for, whether to marry the persistent Thistle and have

"A coach for to ride in,
A house for to bide in,
And flunkies to tend me wherever I go;"

or to endure this tempest-in-a-tea-pot life until—

March 2.—Mr. Thistle came yesterday to take us to a *matinée*, but I escaped, thanks to a fine headache; only the funniest thing happened; shortly after they were gone Alick rang—I can always tell his ring—and before I had reached the drawing-room my headache had disappeared. Of course I accused him of being an enchanter.

"I wish I was," said he.

"What would you do first?"

"Induce the Calif of Bagdad to send you a fortune in a jewel."

"Go on."

"And a lover not quite a beggar."

"Go on, Sir."

"And a heart to give him."

"Go on, Mr. Trehurne."

"The good genius never grants but three wishes at a summons; now I will vanish, only put on your bonnet, and we will go together into *genii-land*."

And as the pain in my head had quite gone, I thought there was no harm in going too. So we went off to his studio, where he showed me some rare engravings and three oil paintings of great value, one of them a veritable Old Master—a smiling face which seemed to say, "I could weep, but I have no tears."

"You will look like that when your heart is broken," said Alick.

"I don't ever mean to have my heart broken," said I.

"Then perhaps you mean to break some one else's."

"But whose are they?" I asked, thinking, certainly, that they were there on exhibition.

"They are mine," he returned; "a legacy from my great-uncle Deyfer, who died last January."

"Oh, Alick, how very kind of him! But wasn't he wealthy?"

"He had some property," turning to adjust a light.

"And why couldn't he have left you some money?"

"He left me what he thought would please me;" and what a tender light shone from his eyes as he told me of this uncle, who had rescued him from uncongenial pursuits, given him masters, and sent him abroad, and had now bequeathed him these gems of art!

"Are they not much better than fine houses and horses—than bank-stock or bullion?"

I was forced to confess that they suited him better. But we hung over them so long, finding something to praise and enjoy in every stroke; some effect hitherto unheeded; some touch which pointed the whole, that before we were aware it was already past dinner-time, though I had intended to be at home before Aunt Sophia: so we dined together at Montana's

on birds, grapes, and Muscatel wine. I am afraid it was a great extravagance of Alick's, but he said that he was as rich as Croesus just then. Some nabob must have bought his last picture.

When we reached home they were all there, Julia singing "Robin Adair," and Mr. Thistle looking melancholy.

"Indeed," said Aunt Sophia, "we didn't know but you were kidnapped."

"My head ceased aching, and I thought the air would do me good," I replied.

"Humbug," said the sententious Julia; and as for Mr. Thistle, he didn't speak to me the whole evening, and I never saw him appear to better advantage.

March 10.—I heard Aunt Sophia tell the servants this morning that whenever Mr. Trehurne called the ladies were not at home. It is very true. I am not at home; I am in Bedlam!

March 12.—Yesterday Alick called twice; no one was at home. But they got their "come-upance," as the cook says to the chimney when it smokes. This morning Julia and I went shopping, and not two squares off we encountered Alick. "Well met," said he; "I didn't know but you had taken French leave. I stopped twice at Mrs. Marx's yesterday, and you were all in the vocative." "Yesterday," said I, appearing to consider—"yesterday, why I never left the house all day; neither did Julia."

Julia colored up to the roots of her hair.

"Are you certain it was yesterday?" quoth she.

"Oh yes, indeed," he answered her. "One of those little hand-screens, such as you admired so rapturously, came into my possession lately, and I brought it up for you. After all you might not have cared for it; it came from over the sea, and belonged to a century dead and buried."

"Oh, thank you, indeed I should!" said Julia, who dotes on antiquities, if they're fashionable.

"Don't thank me, please. Not being able to find you, I carried it into a store in order to replace the tassels and ribbons by which it hung when not in use, and being so thoughtless as to lay it down while I took out my purse, some one made love to it. The store was brimming with customers; it was in vain to seek it."

We told Aunt Sophia on our return, and she looked daggers.

March 15.—Alick called. We were all at home, thanks to the hand-screen. Mr. Thistle sent a box of French bon-bons; to sweeten my regard, Julia thinks.

March 30.—Aunt Sophia says these are my halcyon days. Alas! Alick is out of town.

April 9.—Dismal and showery. I should think the robin's nest in that rowan-tree opposite my window must be filled with water; whenever the weather brightens a little the mate commences to gush out with a trill sounding for all the world like:

"Rain, rain, go away;
Come again another day."

On such days one needs a little love. Tried to read the "Dead Secret," but it made me nervous; began a waltz of Strauss's, it made me melancholy; attempted singing, and Aunt Sophia commanded silence. "How happy the life of a bird must be!"

April 10.—Mr. Thistle says it has set in for a three-days' storm. I was afraid *he* had set in for a three-hours' stay. A letter from Alick made a rent in the clouds.

April 17.—April smiles, and Spring asserts herself.

"Only my love's away!
I'd as lief the blue were gray."

I didn't know it was possible to miss him so. What if he should never return? What if I should miss him forever? Could I live? Torturing thought!

June 8.—Alick and June came in together; enough for one day, but not all. I am engaged to Alick! It seems to me that all my life long this month will wear an aureole! I have asked him to keep it private for the present, because Aunt Sophia would make every thing so uncomfortable; but I fancy that already she suspects something. Nothing escapes her. I can not look out at the window but she wishes to know who I expect, nor smile to myself—and, prithee, what so natural—but she would pry into the motive, nor write a note but she wonders if my correspondence has increased. By-the-way, I was writing to poor Mrs. Cordis, who has come home without the Captain. I couldn't make up my mind to go and see her to-day, my happiness would contrast so sadly with her widow's weeds; and how could I repress it? be other than I am? Did I once believe I could forget him? that I could go through life without him? How vain a thought! He is to me what perfume is to the flower; without him I am incomplete.

July 20.—Not a word for my diary since the 8th of June! That speaks for itself; it requires no commentary. The days have hurried like a delightful dream; the days that had used to be so long and lagging, so full of taunts and tears; not that Aunt Sophia has forgotten her cunning, not by any means *that*. Will joy last? Can bliss endure this side heaven?

August 31.—My happiness goes out with the summer-tide. It was a blossom too fragile to survive the touch of early frosts; and yet—and yet Alick is true; he has not forsaken me. Great Heavens, it is I who have forsaken him! Yes, here we must languish, each at our opposite pole of agony, never to approach nearer!

Did I boast one day that time had borrowed wings for my sake? Oh, it was a delirious boast! I would it had dallied on its way instead; then, perhaps, heaven-on-earth might still be possible for a little while.

How I hate to recall that day, not a week since, when, going into the drawing-room gay and light-hearted, Aunt Sophia questioned me:

"Does a gentleman address a lady to whom he is not engaged as 'My dearest love?'"

"I should think not," I returned.

"Then are you engaged to Trehurne?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Rather, what does this mean?" she cried, unfolding a note intended for me—for Alick was away—but which had fallen into Julia's hands through mistake.

"It means," said I, boldly, "that honor is not among your virtues," for I was angry then.

"Listen," she resumed; "we will see what is among yours. Last January Alick Trehurne's great-uncle died, leaving him a fortune."

"I never heard of it."

"No, and for a good reason. You have noticed, perhaps, that his expenses have increased of late; that he has been lavish of gifts and gold—of course I mean currency, we will say gold for the sake of the alliteration. His coat had used to be a trifle shabby, white along the seams and all that, you know; his hat sometimes went begging for a little nap; he has even dined here with a patch on his boot. Now you must allow that all this is changed; what is there to account for it? Certainly not his success in Art, though that is considerable; and then, besides, I have it from the executors of the will, of whom my step-brother was one!"

I am ashamed to confess that already I was more than pleased. I saw speedy deliverance from this donjon-keep, my home. Perhaps my face told tales, for she smiled fiendishly, and continued:

"But the story is only half told—there is a sequel, an appendix, a what-you-will. This uncle was an eccentric fellow, it seems—a person of whims and opinions; he had made his money dollar by dollar, he knew what a slave one is without it—so he affixed a condition to his generous bequest;" and she paused, maliciously, to enjoy my curiosity.

"It was an odd condition; if I had money to leave I would leave it unhampered or not at all. However, it seems like an interposition of Fate to save you from the demoralizing effects of wealth. This fortune that places Trehurne at ease, free to follow the dictates of genius, he forfeits upon the day in which he weds a dowerless bride. That is all. Marry him, my child, and ruin him, cramp his energies, fetter his aspirations, doom him to perpetual servitude."

I do not know what I replied to her, if any thing, only to my faithful diary can I trust the hurt I have received: that henceforth I must be a stranger to Alick; that I must see him no more; that if I were to indulge myself in one last interview he would break down all my resolves and I should be his ruin. Ruin! I did not comprehend the word before. I have used it often without reflection. Last night he came, but I did not see him. I hid myself. I could not endure to send him a false message. I hid myself, when I was aching to go down and speak to him once more, to look at him. But I have written him. I have said, "I love you, but I leave you;" and I have sealed it, and in so doing I have sealed my fate: I have put a great barrier between myself and happiness. Now

all that remains for me is to bid this place adieu, where I have suffered and enjoyed so much. Its familiar aspect would pierce me to the heart daily, make my wounds bleed every hour; besides, it would be dangerous for Alick. I must remove myself far from him that he may go on to fortune and fame unhampered and unharmed; and years hence, when he has quite forgotten me, I may perhaps clear myself in his eyes. And to what might not this hateful dependence sting me? Oh, let me go *now* while I have strength!

My preparations are soon made. I shall take only the letters he has written me, my diary, and a few clothes in a valise. I do not wish to be cumbered. I have some money in my purse that must last till I earn more. If any thing could interest me I should be curious about this new life that I go to lead; but instead, I feel like a suicide.

Ah, when we might have been so happy!

It seems to me that I hear some one singing—

“Never any more, while I live,
Can I hope to see his face,
As before.”

I will close my window, it might make me to waver; we have sung it together so much.

In half an hour the night-train will take me up. The clocks are striking eleven. I have opened my door and listened—the house is silent as a tomb but closer than a furnace. I did not know the night was half so sultry. As for me, I am cold and trembling.

Good-by, Alick. If I loved you less I could not say it. Good-by, alas!

April 20, 1866.—When I turn back to the date last recorded here, I seem to have grown older by centuries instead of months; Fate shifted the scenes so unexpectedly, showed me the sharp edges of the abyss, made so to grate upon my ears the gates of despair, that, whenever one season recurs to me, one hour that comprehended eternity, I lose sanity, I experience an anguish too terrible to remember.

On the disastrous night, when, heart-sick and trembling with an uncertain dread, I crept out under the free heavens alone, the night-train was just signaling approach, while its trail of gray smoke floated slowly across the sky like shapes of genii, bringing dreams to slumbering mortals. I recollect turning back to gaze once more at the home I had left before passing out of sight. There it stood, white and massive, nothing stirring about it but the scented summer wind, and perhaps a fire-fly flashing across a pane; or stay, was it indeed a dim light visible in one of the lower rooms? I had awakened some one; the rustle of my skirts had betrayed me. I was already missed—they were making haste to pursue? Alas! how all things hinge on egotism when grief points it. Oh, had I delayed a little, forgotten my rôle an instant, been shaken by irresolution and turned back; but I was bent upon sacrifice, and so the victim

was not myself but another! Was self-will punished? Was it that, choosing the wrong clew in the tangled skein, fresh troubles ensued?

The train paused a moment and then went thundering on with me—on and on till it seemed as if steam were a myth, and only the eager impulses of my own heart urged me forward on this impetuous flight.

Across what miles of desolate, perfumed fields we sped, like a bitter thought! Through what rare woodland solitudes, along the brink of what profound chasms, above what angry currents, the echoes of our signals threading off into infinite space, the notes of a grand, descending scale capable of perfect melody! All my thoughts were tumult, all my plans vapor. I tried to think of Alick, as if I had never known him too well—as one I might have loved had fortune pleased. I tried to sketch out some chart of my future existence; but every thing appeared to fly by me, like the trees and hedges of the country-side. I could catch at no salient point; I, and every thing about me, seemed floating, formless—more of cloud than of earth; more of dream than reality.

It grew toward a damp, cloudy morning. The passengers we took up had not fairly given in to the fact of daybreak, but wore expressions of settled despondency, as if they had caught the infection from myself. I remember some one saying, “There must have been a great fire somewhere last night by the red glare in the north.”

“Aurora, my dear fellow! don’t engage in incendiarism, pray,” was the ready reply; and, except for these two remarks, none of the various comments which travelers lavish attached themselves to my memory, and before I reached the metropolis I could not have told whether I had dreamed or heard even these. What was it to me? I had nothing to lose by fire or flood. I had already lost. The wrecked need fear no thief.

What a roar rung out from the city, deepening as we swung into the dark and crowded dépôt! What a mist of faces every where! How cold it was—how dreary—and yet but yesterday it had been summer-time!

Oh, remorseless gulf between yesterday and to-day! can no love overleap you?

I expected to obtain copying from a lawyer, who I knew had transacted business for my father, and I directed my steps toward his office; but he was engaged, would see me later, so I returned to my lodgings to rest a little. I must have slept some hours, for when I next found my way into the thoroughfares the news-boys were crying the evening papers. Other noises confused me. I could only catch a broken sentence here and there: “Great fire in —!” “Heroic conduct of a young —!” “Lady buried in the ruins!” How dreadful! I thought, and stopped to listen. Just then a boy passed at my elbow: “Have a paper, Miss? Great fire! Rowan Square destroyed!”

Rowan Square! I could scarcely wait to wrench it from his hand before my eyes caught at words that thrilled the blood to my finger-tips, and sent it soaring in blinding flashes to my brain. To the latest day I live I think I shall ever remember that paragraph.

"The fire in Rowan Square broke out between twelve and one o'clock, in the house occupied by Mrs. Marx and family, all of whom escaped, with the exception of a niece who slept in the wing, and is supposed to have perished. Mr. Trehurne, in attempting to rescue this unfortunate young lady from the burning building, fell with a portion of it and received such injuries that his life is despaired of."

Mr. Trehurne—that was Alick.

I read no further; all the world grew black as night, and turned on one relentless pivot; Alick was dying! Then it could no longer harm him if I returned to him. Return! Not a moment's delay. Oh, why had I ever left him! Had I feared poverty and the loss of ease for him! Oh, fool and blind, when poverty is the pedestal of genius, and idleness the disease of great souls!

I remember the miles and miles of solitary country across which we seemed to creep, whose sweet breath fevered me—whose wide loneliness afflicted me like a grave, long green and sunken; I remember passengers who talked among themselves of the late frightful fire at —, and passed on to the politics of the day, the rise in gold, the thermometer, and other matters. It meant little to them, only an incident of the hour, an item already stale, while to me it meant, perhaps, an empty life. I remember the startled gaze and shrinking of people in the streets, as if a ghost had passed by. I remember all these things vaguely, as if I had been told them, or suffered them in some abnormal state, for I understood nothing clearly till I saw Him.

My God! was that scarred and crippled form Alick's? That pained and writhing frame? That seared brow? That wandering brain?

And this for me!

When I think of it tears drown my sight and choke my speech—the tears that would not flow when doubt darkened my horizon. When I think of it I become dearer to myself. I am the free purchase of a devoted heart, of sufferings unutterable, of beauty defaced, of strength defied—perhaps of a career sacrificed.

Ah, if I had been worth the price!

Through what leaden days I struggled with terror! through what inexorable nights! What black despair encompassed me, like a legion of threatening phantoms! what bitter regrets swept me like the whirlwind! for in his delirium he was always seeking me, always making the perilous ascent; groping for me with his poor, faithful hands, calling me in such wild, appealing tones.

The doctors feared the shock of my presence for him, but I—I knew better. When he called, I answered; that soothed him, and he fell asleep

with his swathed hand grasping my own, and woke refreshed. He had found me. The assurance that I was not lost beneath that blackened pile reached, somehow, his enfeebled perceptions, struck out a spark of sweet intelligence, till slowly his brain swung back into the old ruts of reason, but not in a day nor a week.

Oh, that glad morning when he awoke and, smiling, said:

"I have been oppressed with such a hateful nightmare, love!" And I hid my face in the pillow and could not reply, and the doctors came and declared I had saved him, and the world suddenly grew light and jocund.

It was worth while to have endured something in order to arrive at such a break of day—a morning flushed with the radiance of hope. Hope! They who pass a lifetime in an atmosphere of repose, tortured by no pursuing fears, afflicted by no treacherous uncertainties, do not know the word. It is a delightful prism, captivating by a thousand beautiful illusions, but which the ignorant mistake for a bit of broken glass; and, indeed, if these sojourners in a perpetual calm held Aladdin's Lamp itself, they would need to think twice before rubbing it. Hope is the solace of aching souls, the palace of the mendicant, the life-boat of the shipwrecked, the asylum of the wretched.

Alick's wounds healed slowly; for weeks he was feebler than a child, the merest echo of himself; he who had been so strong, whose matchless health spoke in each trifling movement, in the flashing eye, the glowing cheek, the buoyant tread, the imperious tone—but he will never walk again unaided. Here he lies slumbering beside me—a face paler than nun's behind a grate; his brows bound with a burning band—a coronet time will hardly efface; his hand clutching the crutch he never dreamed of needing. To-day he was wheeled into the garden, because spring is in earnest, and though he said nothing, I knew that he longed to look at the world outside. There we watched the robins build, singing at their work, while the grass seemed to grow under our feet.

May 1.—We are still at Mrs. Cordis's. Dear soul, she had Alick brought here at the beginning, because she loved us; and here she says I shall stay till I go to Mrs. Trehurne's.

Mrs. Trehurne. How strangely it looks! I told Alick that I "didn't believe there was no such person," and he said she would arrive the first day in June, and "would she be contented with such a broken reed as himself?" and, "Oh, Alick," I answered him, "she will be the happiest woman in all the land, only—"

"Only what?"

"She will be your ruin."

"Ah, I expect that; but how in particular?"

"Oh, Alick! why do you ask? I have not a penny. Marry me, and lose your fortune."

"My fortune! What do you know about it, little witch? I had intended to keep it secret for a wedding present. I wanted to be certain that no circumstance of fortune could alienate

you, that you were my own in spite of poverty, and—must I confess it?—in spite of Mr. Thistle.”

“But this does not prevent you from ruin, my Lord of Burleigh.”

“Ruin! I don’t understand you.”

“It is not like you to mislead me, Alick, about this thing. Aunt Sophia had it on good authority that your uncle’s property was conditional upon your marrying an heiress, or something of the sort.”

“And that was the lucky ticket-of-leave which preserved you from the flames. Thank Aunt Sophia for one fib, if no more. She has an unaccountable manner of perverting the letter and spirit of things. My copy of the will reads just the other way. Marry an heiress and I am lost. If you will be obliging enough to marry me it will be a capital speculation.”

“But it will disappoint Aunt Sophia,” said I.

“And perhaps Mr. Thistle,” said he.

May 12.—Aunt Sophia called this morning with Julia; she has lost considerably by the fire—I wonder if she thinks I set it. She did not invite me to return to her home, but asked Mrs. Cordis if it was true that I meant to make such a precious fool of myself as to marry Trehurne.

“It’s the money, depend upon it,” was her flattering conclusion; “but then she always was a little silly, you know.”

Mrs. Cordis treated my affectionate relative to a piece of her mind—a generous piece, no doubt.

The first of June is my wedding-day.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.

PROPERLY regarded, the advertising columns of a newspaper are among the most important, for no man really becomes acquainted even with the news of the day until he has thoroughly perused the advertisements. They are the pulse of commerce and universal activity. They contain not only rare specimens of human idiosyncrasies, but afford a general view of life in every possible phase. They aid the arts and sciences; they minister to love; they speak of change; sometimes they excite a smile, sometimes a tear. To the sick man they promise health; to the poor man they offer wealth; the pleasure-seeker is posted in amusements; the book-buyer learns the title and price of the last new work; the house-hunter reads of a desirable and eligible tenement for “a family without children;” the traveler of the best means of conveyance; the unemployed of employment; in fine, every imaginable want is supposititiously supplied by the advertising department of a daily newspaper.

Different theories may be held on the art and science of advertising. This paper, however, will neither advocate old ones nor advance any thing new. Its design is rather to illustrate history by some of the curiosities of advertising, and to show how many secrets of social and commercial life are locked up in a

column of advertisements which by some people is never read.

It would be gratifying to the curious to be made acquainted with the real origin of newspaper advertisements. We believe it to be wrapped in obscurity, so numerous are the versions that have been given. The latest we have seen is by an Englishman, who has been overhauling the back files of the English newspapers preserved in the British Museum and elsewhere. He claims to have discovered that the earliest advertisement published in the English language was the offer of a reward for the recovery of a “piebald nag,” inserted in *The Moderate* (a London newspaper), March 27, 1649, about two months after the execution of Charles I. The same writer professes to give the origin of quack medicine proclamations. To one Mrs. Claudia Faber belongs the questionable honor of commencing it. She advertised an article called “Aurem Potabile”—doubtless some exhilarating cordial—in the *London Gazette* of 1682, and the court beauties of the “Merry Monarch’s” reign patronized the philter.

About the same time, also, the art of newspaper puffing seems to have been introduced. The origin of the word puff as applied to a newspaper article is French. In France, at one time, the head-dress most in vogue was called a *pouff*. It consisted of the hair raised as high as possible over horse-hair cushions, and then ornamented with objects indicative of the tastes and history of the wearer. For instance, the Duchesse d’Orleans, on her first appearance at Court, after the birth of a son and heir, had on her *pouff* a representation in gold and enamel, most beautifully executed, of a nursery; there was the cradle and the baby, the nurse, and a whole host of playthings. Madame d’Egmont, the Duc de Richelieu’s daughter, after her father had taken Port Mahon, wore on her *pouff* a little diamond fortress, with sentinels keeping guard—the sentinels, by means of mechanism, being made to walk up and down. This advertisement—the *pouff*—is the origin of the present word “puff” applied to the inflations of newspapers. Puffing commenced early, even before the word was thus used. In the reign of James II. a journal told the people that “about forty miles from London is a schoolmaster who has had such success with boys as there are almost forty ministers and schoolmasters that were his scholars.” Not very good grammar this, but in other respects very much like the announcements one sometimes sees, that certain Members of Congress, and men learned in law and divinity, will vouch for the excellence of some collegiate school, they or their sons “having been educated at that institution.” By-the-way, the schoolmaster who had such success with boys in the seventeenth century had a helpmate who deserves mention. “His wife,” says the penny-a-liner, “teaches girls lace-making, plain work, raising paste, sauces, and cookery to the degree of exactness.”

A few specimens of antique advertising may show that, while we have improved in orthography and punctuation, we have made scarcely any advance in the true art of advertising. The following proves that Isaac Punchard was "a man-of-all-work." His advertisement appeared in a paper published in Aylesham, County of Norfolk, England, in 1680, and read thus, *verbatim et literatim*:

By his Majesty's letters patent, Beards taken off and Registered by ISAAC PUNCHARD, Barber, Perrewig maker, Surgeon, Parish Clerk, Schoolmaster, Blacksmith & Man Midwife. I shaves for a penne, cuts hare for two pence, and oyld and Powdird in the bargane, young Ladies gently educated, lamps lited by the year or quarter, young Gentlemen also taut their Grammer language in the neatest manner & great keer takin of their marrels & Spelen. Also Salme Singing and Horce shewing by the reel makir, likewise maks & Mends all sorts of butes & shews, teaches the Ho boy and Jews harp, cuts corns, bleds & Blisters on the lowest terms. Cowtillions and other dances taut at hoam and abrode, also deals holesale & retail in Perfumery in all its branches, sells all sorts of Stashinary ware, together with blackin ball, Red herins, Gingerbread, Coles, Scrubbin brushes, treycle, mousetraps, & all other sweetmeats, Likewise God-father's cordial, red rutes, Tatoes, Sasnges, Black Puddins, and other Garden stuff.

P.S. I teeches Goggrify & all them outlanguaged kind of things. A hawl on Wensday and Friday. All performed God willon by me ISAAC PUNCHARD. To be hard off at my wharehouse were you may be sarved with the very best Bacco, by the ounce, ream, quire, or Single Sheet.

N.B. Also Likewise, beware of Counterfeets for such is abrode.

Travelers between New York and Philadelphia will be not a little edified by the following, which appeared in Bradford's *Philadelphia Mercury*, March, 1732-3:

THIS is to give Notice unto Gentlemen, Merchants, Tradesmen, Travelers, and others that *Solomon Smith* and *James Moore* of *Burlington* keepeth two *Stage Wagons*, intending to go from *Burlington* to *Amboy*, and back from *Amboy* to *Burlington* again. Once every week or oftner if that business presents. They have also a very good storehouse, very commodious for the storing of any sort of Merchants' Goods free from any charges, where good care will be taken of all sorts of Good.

One of the earliest poetical advertisements with which we have met appeared in the *Philadelphia Gazette* in 1746. Here it is:

Two handsome chairs
With very good gears,
With horses or without,
To carry friends about.

Likewise saddle horses, if gentlemen please,
To carry them handsomely, much at their ease,
Is to be hired by Abram Carpenter, cooper,
Well known as a very good cask-hooper.

Shows were "rayther skeere" in the olden times, and caterers had to make the most out of little. The copy of an advertisement which appeared in the *New York Gazette*, or *Weekly Postboy*, of November 22, 1756, will give the reader an idea of the show business in former days. Jonas Spoeck must have been the Bar-num of his day. Here is the curiosity:

TO BE SEEN, at the sign of the Golden Apple, at Peck's Slip, price sixpence, children four coppers, a large *snake-skin*, 21 feet long, and four feet one inch wide. It was killed by some of Gen. Braddock's men by firing six balls into him, close by the Allegheny Mountains, supposed to be coming down to feed on dead men. When it was

killed, there was found in its belly a child, supposed to be four years old, together with a *live* dog! It had a horn on its tail seven inches long, and it ran as fast as a horse. All gentlemen and ladies desirous to see it may apply to the subscriber at Peck's Slip.

JONAS SPOECK.

There appear to have been women, even in the last century, who were able to take care of themselves and maintain their "rights;" that is, if we may judge from an advertisement which appeared in the *Philadelphia Chronicle*, February 8, 1760:

ANTHONY REDMAN, my inhuman husband, having advertised me to the world in the most odious light, justice to my character obliges me to take this method to deny his accusation, and to assure the public that his charges against me are without the least foundation in truth; and proceed, as I imagine, from the ill advice of his pretended friends, added to the wild chimeras of his own stupidly jealous and infatuated noddle. CATHERINE REDMAN.

By the advertisement which follows we are reminded of the fact that the first paper manufactory in Massachusetts was established at Milton by Captain John Boies. Previous to its establishment all paper was imported from England. The proprietor advertises in the *Boston Gazette*, March 9, 1767, as follows:

THE BELL CART will go through Boston before the end of next month, to collect rags for the paper mill at Milton, when all people that will encourage the paper manufactory may dispose of them. The best price will be given.

Then follow the names of various parties by whom the rags will be taken in, the advertisement closing with a poetical effusion:

"Rags are as beauties, which concealed lie,
But when in paper, how it charms the eye:
Pray, save rags, new beauties to discover,
For paper truly every one's a lover:
By the pen and press such knowledge is display'd,
As wouldn't exist, if paper was not made.
Wisdom of things, mysterious, divine,
Illustriously doth on paper shine."

One of the oddest advertisements of olden time, and apt to stir American patriotism, we gather, almost as a matter of course, from an Irish paper, the *Londonderry Journal*, of April 30, 1783:

WHEREAS, on February, the 14th, 1783, it pleased kind Providence to confer on Mathew Neely, of Burnally, Parish of Tamlaghtinglan, and County of Londonderry, a man child whose appearance is promising and amiable, and hopes the Being who caused him to exist will grant him grace. Also, in consideration and in remembrance of the many heroic deeds done by that universally renowned patriot, General Washington, the said Mathew Neely hath done himself the honor of calling the said man child by the name of George Washington Neely, he being the first child known or so called in this kingdom by the name of Washington, that brilliant western star.

The members of the dentistry "persuasion" may not be a little surprised to be informed of a fact concerning one of the pioneers in their profession. In the year 1784 an advertisement was published, wherein Dr. Le Mayeur, dentist, proposed to the citizens of Philadelphia to transplant teeth; stating therein, that he had successfully transplanted one hundred and twenty-three teeth in the preceding six months. At the same time, he offered two guineas for every tooth from "persons disposed to sell their front teeth, or any of them!" He was very success-

ful in his operations, and realized a considerable fortune. This anecdote reminds us of an advertisement which appeared a few years ago in the *Courrier de Sonne et Loire*, of which the following is a translation. It is peculiarly French:

MONSIEUR AND MADAME CUILTER, Mechanical Dentists, inform the public that they are about to quit Chalons for their country house, and those patrons who intend according them their confidence will find in their new Eden of flowers every thing to satisfy their tastes. The apprehension usually raised by the sight of the instruments will disappear as by enchantment beneath the carpet of verdure of their delightful oasis.

The great social nuisance of "servant-galism" is not really of modern date, but troubled some of our ancestors; and by them, as by us, recourse was had to the press to correct some features of the evil. Here, for example, is an advertisement which appeared in the *Providence* (Rhode Island) *Gazette* of 1796:

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.—Was mislaid, or taken away by mistake (soon after the formation of the Abolition Society), from the servant-girls of this town, all inclination to do any kind of work, and left in lieu thereof an impudent appearance, a strong and continued thirst for high wages, a gossiping disposition for every kind of amusement, a leering and hankering after persons of the other sex, a desire of finery and fashion, a never-ceasing trot after new places more advantageous for stealing, with a number of contingent accomplishments that do not suit the wearers. Now, if any person or persons will restore to the owners that degree of honesty and industry which has been for some time missing, he or they shall receive the above reward of Five Hundred Dollars, besides the warmest blessings of many abused householders.

The same paper, of November 19, same year, publishes the advertisement of a painstaking, industrious, and rhyming shoemaker. It is a fair contribution to the curiosities of newspaper literature:

It may be wise to advertise,
The work is now in hand,
He makes a heel, neat and genteel
As any in the land.
Court, block and stick, made quick and sleek
None equal in the State.
All those that view, may say 'tis true,
What I do here relate.
But to be short, another sort
Of heels, are called spring,
By John Smith made, this is his trade:
He served and learned at Lynn.
Truly 'tis said, these heels are made
Within old Providence,
Sold by wholesale, or at retail,
One dozen for twelve pence.
The purchaser need go no further,
Only inquire of Bene Thurber,
And he can show you where to stop,
Because he lives close to my shop.
A bunch of grapes is Thurber's sign,
A shoe and boot is made on mine.
My shop doth stand in Bowen's Lane
And Jonathan Cady is my name.

The next week some brother poetaster addressed the following distich to the rhyming cobbler:

"TO MR. JONATHAN CADY.

"Make an *end* to your rhymes, *close* accounts with the
past,
And take to your *heels*, and you'll speed well at *last*."

The *Providence Gazette* also published, in the

form of an advertisement, a droll specimen of Yankee wit. The writer certainly deserved "a good run of custom:"

To be sold by Nicholas Branch, at his Refectory, west end of the bridge in Providence, SOLID ARGUMENTS, consisting of bread, butter, cheese, hams, eggs, salmon, neats' tongue, oysters, etc., ready cooked. AGITATIONS.—Cider, vinegar, salt, pickles, sweet-oil, etc. GRIEVANCES.—Pepper-sauce, mustard, black pepper, cayenne, etc. PUNISHMENTS.—Wine, brandy, gin, spirits, porter, etc. SUPERFLUITIES.—Snuff, tobacco, and segars. N.B. Any of the above articles to be exchanged for NECESSARIES, viz.—French crowns, Spanish dollars, pistareens, cents, mills, or bank-bills. Credit given for PAYMENTS—30, 60, and 90 seconds, or as long as a man can hold his breath.

RUDIMENTS GRATIS, viz.—Those indebted for *Arguments* must not be *Agitated*, nor think it a *Grievance* if they should meet *Punishment* for calling for such *Superfluities*, and supposing it not *Necessary* to make immediate *Payment*.

No one can read the "Personals" of the city daily without seeing into much of the romance of everyday life. They are the very cream of the curiosities of advertising. While other classes deal with the outer movements of trade, business, and social needs, this deals only with the secret springs of individual action. Other advertisements are addressed to the entire community, but a personal one is generally intended but for the eye of one individual, and is, therefore, framed so as to be intelligible only to that one. It is the mystery thus given to them which constitutes a peculiar charm. He who does not know the key to the mystery is apt to surround it in his own mind with highly-colored attributes; and when he undertakes to sketch outlines, not only for one, but sometimes for a dozen of these romances in a day, he certainly has to give a wide scope to his imagination. From grave to gay, from serious to frivolous, from solemn to ridiculous, they lead the mind through a fantastic realm of thought. A similar record of the internal daily life of Thebes, of Athens, or of Rome, hundreds of years ago, would be worth more than the serious writings of historians in giving us a life-like impression of the manners of the day. But neither Egyptian, Greek, nor Roman civilization reached so far as to produce a newspaper, and consequently the romance of personal advertisements was unknown to it. In fact, they may be regarded as an American institution. Many that we find in our own papers are inserted by courtesans, fortune-tellers, and the "baser sort" generally. Such are not worth repeating, and should never be allowed insertion in any journal claiming respectability, or that is read by our wives and daughters. Others, however, are of a more innocent kind, but so mysterious as to excite speculation.

Those of the matrimonial character are, of course, prominent, and show the difficulty that some men, and even women, have in securing "partners for life." Here is an instance of a delicate way of advertising for a husband, which, considering that it is from a young lady, comes most remarkably to the point without any feminine circumlocution:

WANTED.—By a young Lady, aged nineteen, of pleasing countenance, good figure, agreeable manners, general information and varied accomplishments, who has studied every thing, from the creation to crochet, a situation in the family of a gentleman. She will take the head of the table, manage his household, scold his servants, nurse his babies (when they arrive), check his tradesmen's bills, accompany him to the theatre, cut the leaves of his new book, sew on his buttons, warm his slippers, and generally make his life happy. Apply in the first place, by letter, to Louisa Caroline, Linden Grove, —, and afterward to Papa, upon the premises. Wedding-Ring, No. 4, Small.

The following, of the same gender, is equally as explicit:

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE WIDOW, A LITTLE OVER THIRTY, unincumbered, and possessing her own pin-money, is of a kind and affectionate disposition, and capable of making a home happy, would like to correspond with a widower older than herself (has no objection to a family), with a view to matrimony. Can give good references and reasons for this mode of making her wishes known. Will receive letters for one week. Address, etc., etc.

The "highly respectable widow," for the benefit of the coming husband, is "unincumbered," but graciously says in advance that she "has no objection to a family." She is, however, particular that the future husband should be "a widower older than herself," fancying, perhaps, that "old birds are caught with chaff," or rather, maybe, that widowers of experience make the most pliant husbands, if perchance they have gone through a hard mill. Nevertheless, those disposed to reply to such an advertisement should remember Sam Weller's immortal advice, "Beware of the vidders!"

Here is another, which is really tantalizing:

MATRIMONIAL.—A young Lady, aged eighteen, of good appearance, now visiting in the country, wishes to correspond with a gentleman between the ages of twenty and thirty with a view to matrimony. Money no object, as the advertiser possesses ample means to support them handsomely through life. Please address Miss S—, — Street, New York.

Sweet "eighteen," "money no object," "ample means to support them handsomely through life." Great inducements! and, doubtless, a great humbug. But still, it may be that Miss S— is "honest." Nevertheless, we can not help questioning the "good appearance" of the advertiser.

Very young men are also guilty of advertising for matrimonial companions. A promising young gentleman thus advertised in the *New York Dispatch*:

I AM TWENTY-THREE YEARS OF AGE, five feet eleven inches and a half in height, a figure and face said to be the model of symmetry and beauty—a gentleman by birth and inheritance (there was never a mechanic in my family), educated in a European University, an accomplished musician, a thorough linguist—and utterly incapable of earning a living. I should like to marry into a wealthy family, which, wanting the prestige of birth, would be elevated by an alliance with me. I could make myself generally useful in such a family by teaching the younger members manners, and accustoming the elder to the easy carriage and grace of well-bred people. There are many wealthy families who have boxes at the opera, who, under my direction, would speedily learn to look as aristocratic and important as they try to persuade themselves that they are. Such a family, after a few lessons from me, would pass for well-bred people—in a crowd—and I should make them understand the opera, which now they do not.

Few can doubt the eligibility of this candidate for the marriage noose. But he is in a bad fix, and honestly says that he wants a wife to take care of him. And, really, his brilliant and substantial accomplishments should recommend him to some of the new families of Murray Hill, who would find such a son-in-law a rare acquisition.

The next, quoted from the *New York Herald*, is modest with all the virtue of innocence:

WANTED.—A situation as son-in-law in a respectable family. Blood and breeding no object, being already supplied; capital essential. No objection to going a short distance into the country.

Another young man is hunting after a handsome income:

MATRIMONIAL.—**WANTED.**—A Wife, possessing intelligence and a moderate allowance of beauty, by a young man of twenty-five, passably good-looking, and enjoying a handsome income. Any young lady of property, matrimonially inclined, may find a correspondent of like inclination by addressing Harry —, Williamsburg Post-office, New York.

The gem of matrimonial advertising, however, is the following. The writer is evidently a coward; but still, under certain circumstances, displays a remarkable degree of common sense:

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, on the point of getting married, is desirous of meeting a man of experience who will dissuade him from such a step. Address, etc.

Experience "after marriage" produces also some curious features in the advertising columns. For example, a man out West thus posts his truant wife:

On the 6th of July, on the night of Monday, eloped from her husband, the wife of John Grundy. His grief for her absence each day growing deeper, should any man find her he begs him to—keep her.

Another husband is disconsolate, and calls upon an absent wife to return to his "bed and board;" and in any event of non-compliance, to send the next best thing—the key of the cupboard:

JANE,—Your absence will ruin all. Think of your husband—your parents—your children. Return—return—all may be well—happy. At any rate, inclose the key of the cupboard where the gin is.

In the columns of the *Albany Times* we find the following advertisement, which we copy *verbatim*, free from charge:

\$3 REWARD.—The above reward will be paid to whoever will cause the return to me of my wife Mary. She is of middle size, light complexioned, freckles on face, short hair, trimmed behind, and wears beau-catchers. Is about 15 years of age, and of a loving disposition, and had on three rattan hoops. WM. SNOW, Corner of Lodge and Maiden.

A repentant husband, of Conway, N. H., thus exposes his weakness to the gaze of the public:

WHEREAS I, DANIEL CLAY, through misrepresentation, was induced to post my wife Rhoda in the papers, now beg leave to inform the public that I have taken her to wife, after settling all our domestic broils in an amicable manner; so that every thing, as usual, goes on like clock-work.

On the other hand, although not so commonly, we have women advertising for truant husbands. In these, however, there is but little va-

riety. Yet now and then the reader may meet with one of an emphatic character, as, for instance, when a woman thus closes her advertisement: "Daniel may be known by a scar on his nose—where I scratched him."

Here is a whole romance contained in four little lines. What pictures of life in a great city they open up to the mind's eye! They lead the mind to imagine a weak, and it may be an erring woman, contending against evils and outrages that menaced her very existence, helped out of trouble by some Good Samaritan, and resolving to obey that injunction that may have been long sounding in her ear, "Go, and sin no more:"

MR. C., of 132 B. W.—Spring Street was a good place for me on the 18th—evening. You have saved my life and little money. God bless you and help you out of your trouble. I left town forever.

MARIE B.

Every day we find just such bits of romance lurking among the "Personals." Listen to this wail of affection from a faithful woman's heart:

ALONZO.—Received. I implore you to suffer me to come to you. Your society (even in poverty) I should prefer to all the world besides. Pray give me hope of seeing you soon. I am truly miserable. Write to same address.

ELIZA A.

As an offset, we often find fugitive friends or relatives implored to return to their deserted homes. Here are two such, addressed to the same person on different days:

M. I. S.—Dolly, we are very anxious about you. Write, or return home. All will be forgiven.

W. R. S.

M. I. S.—Dolly, why don't you come home? Have you not any sympathy for me? If you could appreciate my love for you, you would never desert your home and friends. We are only mortal, and liable to err. If you will return, your word shall be law. Take pity on me, do, for Heaven's sake!

W. R. S.

The following is evidently from a coxcomb who has been carrying on a correspondence with some romantic unknown:

TRUTHFUL's letters all received. She is earnestly requested to throw aside the impenetrable veil of secrecy which now envelops her, and grant an interview. Charles has loved sincerely, earnestly, devotedly; but believed his fragrance was wasted on the desert air. Should the object of his affections prove to be the fair unknown, happiness may yet be in store for both. When they meet Charles will describe his palace by the lake of Como, which, with himself, his ten thousand a year, his shooting box on the Mississippi, and all his other jewels, shall be hers.

To close these "personals" of a special character, see what loose ideas of American etiquette and English grammar break out in the following announcement:

If the young lady who bowed to a gentleman in a window on Broadway, near Broome Street, who had on a blue dress and black silk mantilla, will address a note to O. H., Broadway Post Office, and state how an introduction can be obtained, she will confer a great favor.

What on earth could a gentleman in a blue dress and black silk mantilla have been doing in a window on Broadway? and why should a young lady who had never been introduced bow to him, unless she took him for a lay figure intended to represent a Chinese mandarin? We

confess that our ingenuity is entirely at fault here, and that we can not venture upon even a probable solution of this advertising riddle. We therefore leave it among the unsolved mysteries.

That the Irish are in America we find ludicrous evidence even among advertisements. The following appeared during last year in one of the New York dailies:

NOTICE.—If the gentleman who keeps a store in Cedar Street with a red head, will return the umbrella he borrowed from a lady with an ivory handle, he will hear of something to his advantage.

Another, in the same paper, setting forth the many conveniences and advantages to be derived from metal window-sashes, among other particulars enumerates as follows: "Those sashes will last forever; and afterward, if the owner has no use for them, they might be sold for old iron."

The above can only be matched by an announcement contained in a transatlantic newspaper:

MISSING from Killarney, JANE O'FOGARTY, she had in her arms two babies and a Guernsey cow, all black, with red hair and tortoise-shell combe behind her ears, and large spots all down her back, which squints awfully.

Here is another which is "confusion worse confounded," but is certainly a *bona fide* advertisement:

THIS is to certify that I, DANIEL O'FLANAGAN, am not the person who was tarred and feathered by the liberty mob on Tuesday last; and I am ready to give twenty guineas to any one that will bet me fifty that I am the other man who goes by my name.

Witness my hand, this 30th of July, 1865.

DAN. O'FLANAGAN.

Among "Personals" in the *London Times*, a few years ago, the following challenge appeared from one of the "softer sex:"

I, ELIZABETH WILKINSON, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me on the stage, and box me for three guineas, each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle. She shall have rare sport.

This evoked an answer on the next day, couched in the following language:

I, HANNAH HYFIELD, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, God willing, to give her more blows than words. Desiring home-blows, and from her no favor, she may expect a good thumping.

The *London Times*, by-the-way, is not very far behind the New York press in the singularity of many of its advertisements. As an example of the peculiar things found in its columns, take the announcement of the wants of a pious and affluent elderly lady, who, desirous of having the services of a domestic like-minded with herself, appeals to the public for "a groom to take charge of two carriage-horses of a serious turn of mind." So, also, the simple-hearted innkeeper, who advertises his "limited charges and civility;" and the description given by a distracted family of a unaway member, who consider that they are affording valuable means for

his identification, by saying, "Age not precisely known, but looks older than he is."

Only a few weeks ago, the "Thunderer," under its "Wants" advertised for "a nurse in a small gentleman's family." The size of the gentleman might, probably, be esteemed a matter worthy of mention, as female servants nowadays, even in Old England, are growing dainty. The nuisance in this country, so long endured without complaint, has at length grown to such proportions that the press, with its ten thousand tongues, has condescended to come to the aid of the persecuted housekeeper. And even the advertising column is sometimes used to contain a piece of wholesome satire hitting at the domestic evil. The *New Haven Palladium* lately published the following:

WANTED TO HIRE.—A lady, having a pleasant home, no incumbrances but a husband and one child, wishes to place herself at the disposal of some servant who can come well recommended from her last place. She would prefer one who would be willing to remain within doors at least five minutes after the work is finished. She would also stipulate for the privilege of going to church herself once each Sunday, having been compelled to refuse the last applicant, who was not willing to allow her but half a day once a fortnight. Wages satisfactory, if under \$10 a week.

She is deeply conscious of the utter inability of ladies in general to comply with the present demands of servants, but she hopes by strict attention to please in all respects. The best of references can be given; also, a good recommendation from one who has now left her to the fate of many housekeepers. Please apply before 6 A.M.

While on the subject of servants, among the many curiosities with which the advertising columns of the *London Times* are daily studded, we do not remember to have ever met with so splendid an effort as the following, which appeared recently:

DO YOU WANT A SERVANT?—Necessity prompts the question. The advertiser offers his services to any lady or gentleman, company, or others, in want of a truly faithful, confidential servant in any capacity not menial, where a practical knowledge of human nature in various parts of the world would be available. Could undertake any affair of small or great importance, where talent, inviolable secrecy, or good address would be necessary. Has moved in the best and worst societies without being contaminated by either; has never been a servant, but begs to recommend himself as one who knows his place; is moral, temperate, middle-aged. No objection to any part of the world. Could advise any capitalist wishing to increase his income and have the control of his own money. Could act as secretary or valet to any lady or gentleman. Can give advice or hold his tongue, sing, dance, play, fence, box, preach a sermon, tell a story, be grave or gay, ridiculous or sublime, or do any thing, from the curling of a peruke to the storming of a citadel, but never to excel his master.

The public, it is feared, have too much reason to complain that it is too frequently the case that advertisements give an uncertain sound. Newspaper columns are open to the honest and the dishonest alike, so that even the high-toned, moral, or religious character of the journal publishing a certain advertisement affords no guarantee to the public that respondents may not be swindled. In this connection it is not necessary to refer to lotteries, gift enterprises, etc. Such concerns are being generally correctly estimated, and it is only by ad-

vertising on an extensive scale that they can now meet with any degree of success by now and then catching a flat. But people in search of employment, and others disposed (for the purpose of inquiry or speculation) to the purchase of undesignated trinkets for ornamentation, or articles "useful to every housekeeper," have a right to complain of the many deceptive advertisements contained in the daily and weekly press by which the public are not only gulled but *cheated*. For instance, seventy-five cents is sent by some person to a firm in —, which advertises "Lincoln Watches," and receives in return a small quantity of very poor ointment, "warranted to cure certain cutaneous diseases as surely as a watch keeps time," packed in a piece of tin soldered together in the shape of a watch; another sends one dollar to — for a "Patent time-keeper, warranted never to get out of order," and receives in return a common card, on which is printed a wood-cut representing the face of a sun-dial, which, with an accompanying shawl-pin, is worth nearly one cent. These are but two out of two thousand instances of dishonest advertising flooding the press weekly, and are of a class which is bringing advertising into disrepute, and daily proving the necessity of some kind of censorship to insure the public against misrepresentation and fraud.

Occasionally, however, we may find in an advertisement honesty intensified. Here, for instance, is one from the *Pall Mall* (London) *Gazette*:

DOG.—Required a kind master for an excellent black retriever dog. Owner parts with him on no other account than his savage tendencies. Address P. A. P., Post-office, Clinton.

The second is from the same paper:

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN would feel most thankful to any benevolent lady that would kindly take into her service a strong motherless girl of sixteen, whom he is anxious to get from home, but whom he can not recommend for honesty and truthfulness. Address, etc., etc.

Coming near home, an advertisement of cheap shoes and fancy articles, in an Eastern paper, says: "N.B. Ladies who wish cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long." We give the advertiser the benefit of the *double entendre*.

The following was lately contained in a Western paper:

WHEREAS, at particular times, I may importune my friends and others to let me have liquor, which is hurtful to me and detrimental to society: This is, therefore, to forbid any persons selling me liquor, or letting me have any on any account or pretense; for if they do I will positively prosecute them, notwithstanding any promise I may make to the contrary at the time they may let me have it.

JOHN HOLMES.

It is evident that John wrote the above when he was sober and repentant, and meant to be honest and faithful to himself and to others.

For being similarly addicted to the foible alluded to, "Polly Lines" advertises her better-half:

NOTICE.—Whereas Benjamin F. Lines has become so addicted to the use of the "critter" as to render himself

an unfit companion for any civilized person, and whereas my property was, under his administration, "passing away," I found just cause and provocation (not, indeed, "to leave his bed and board"), but to take my own bed and board and seek out a place of quiet. If he will pay debts of his own contracting, I have no wish to pay any of his contracting after this date. POLLY LINES.

SEYMOUR, September 23, 1861

Poor Polly! "Pretty Polly!"

Western papers seldom fail to afford amusement, even aside from their columns of facetiæ. The printers sometimes use even the advertising department to point a joke. One of them, whose office is a mile from any other building, and who hangs his sign on the limb of a tree, advertises for an apprentice, and closes by saying, "A boy from the country would be preferred."

Another advertises:

BOY WANTED.—A smart, active boy, who can read and write, and is not disposed to divide the gross receipts of the establishment with the proprietors, will find employment by application at the *Dispatch* Office.

The *Culpepper Observer* advertises for an editor in the following terms:

WANTED.—At this office, an EDITOR who can please every body; also, a FOREMAN who can so arrange the paper as to allow every man's advertisement to head the column.

By the following it will be plainly seen that in some part of Ohio "the schoolmaster is abroad," while punctuation is nowhere:

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.—Notice is hear By Given that now pursen is pur Mitted to take Ene Nuts of Ene Kind out of Mi Woods Mi hogs Must Live Look oute.

Here is another, which for its morality (or, rather, for the want of it) is really atrocious:

TO RENT.—A house on Melville Avenue, located immediately alongside of a fine plum orchard, from which an abundant supply of the most delicious fruit may be stolen during the season. Rent low, and the greater part taken in plums.

The proprietor of a building site in Wisconsin advertises his land for sale in the following poetic style:

THE TOWN OF POGGIS, and surrounding country, is the most beautiful which Nature ever made. The scenery is celestial—divine; also, two wagons to sell, and a yoke of steers.

A Yankee (certainly "irrepressible") advertises that he will repair clocks, lecture on Phrenology, milk kicking cows, and go clamming at high tide. During his leisure he will have no objection to edit a newspaper in the bargain.

But a Mississippi paper in some respects takes the palm for audacity, when its own editor and proprietor advertises a sow for sale, saying that it is "sold for no fault, except that, having been raised by a Methodist preacher, she has acquired too great a partiality for spring chickens to be agreeable to the present owner."

"Catch" advertisements have latterly come into common use—very much, occasionally, to the disgust of the serious trader. These are generally placed among "Notices" in city journals, or in the columns of reading matter of the country weeklies. Many of them are exceedingly ingenious, and display no small degree of

talent in their compilation and adaptation. One or two examples are here set in type:

When Anaxagoras was told of the death of his son, he only said, "I knew he was mortal." So, when we see a splendid pair of ladies' slippers, we say, "I know they came from Crispin Puffer's."

A short chapter on Noses ends with an advertisement of a clothing store:

NOSEOLOGY.—Some genius, who has devoted much thought and attention to the subject, classes noses as follows: 1. The Roman Nose; 2. The Grecian Nose; 3. The Cogitative, or Wide-nostriled Nose; 4. The Crooked Nose; 5. The Snub Nose; 6. The Turn-up Nose, or Celestial. Now it must be confessed that the prejudice goes very strongly in favor of wearing a nose; and that every one who a thing or two knows never fails to procure his Sunday clothes at— etc., etc., etc.

Poetical [?] advertisements are of such a character, almost invariably, as to fail to merit reproduction. One may frequently meet with half a column of the trash, which, however, is seldom read. Such as the following may be effective, but only from their brevity. Dewey, for instance, a grocer in Burlington, Vermont, rhymes away on teas and other potables funnily and punnily:

Black, Green, Souchong, and Oolong,
Chocolate, Cocon, and so along,
These are the drinks that go along
At Dewey's.

Under the heading "Wives Wanted" a certain manufacturer advertises a new kind of soap:

I want the wives my plan to try,
And save the steam and bubble
That now attend the washing day,
Also, the toil and trouble.
Twice ten thousand noble dames
Pronounce it quite a treasure,
And all unite with heart and voice
To praise it without measure.

When you want the best soap, call for, etc., etc.

The following dunning advertisement is quoted as one of the best of the class. It comes from the West, and has the pure Western flavor. Had it only appeared lately, the advertiser *might* have had the benefit of the wide-and-widely extended circulation of this article. It is only to be regretted that the writer published his advertisement too soon:

NOTICE.—Persons indebted to the Tuscaloosa Book Store are respectfully solicited to pay their last year's account forthwith. It is of no use to honey; payments must be made at least once a year, or I shall run down at the heel. Every body says, How well that man Woodruff is going on in the world! when the fact is, I have not positively spare change enough to buy myself a shirt or a pair of breeches. My wife is now actually engaged in turning an old pair wrong side out, and trying to make a new shirt out of two old ones. She declares that in Virginia, where she was raised, they never do such things; and that it is, moreover, a downright vulgar piece of business altogether. Come, come, pay up, friends! Keep peace in the family, and enable me to wear my breeches right side out. You can hardly imagine how much it will oblige, dear Sirs, the public's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant.

The annexed advertisement is reprinted for the benefit of that much-abused class—boarding-house keepers. It may justly be supposed

to emanate from a confirmed and crusty bachelor:

BOARD AND REPOSE WANTED. — In some sensible family, uninfested with cats, poodle dogs, canary-birds, juvenile jewsharps, mimicking old maids, scheming widows, feminine "hopefuls" with match-making mammas, or other nuisances. Hot dinner required on Sunday. Terms not to exceed \$50 per month. Address, Comfort-Seeker, — Madison Square, N. Y.

The *Boston Traveler* lately contained, in the form of an advertisement, a fair hint at the unseemly, inconvenient, and ridiculous custom of young men and hobbledehoyes who every Sunday annoy the public by impudently obstructing the passages in front of the churches—an evil which unfortunately exists in many other villages besides Boston, Massachusetts:

A CARD.—The Donkey Club of this city would respectfully inform the public that they have made arrangements for an extensive demonstration, on the sidewalk opposite Winter Street Church, at the close of divine service on Sunday, the 4th instant. MOUSTACHE, *Corresponding Secretary and Chairman of the Street Lounging Committee*.

Advertising stratagems are sufficiently numerous to merit almost a sheet of examples. One of the most curious, "whereby hangs a tale," belongs to England, and deserves a place in *Harper's Monthly*, the receptacle of all things literary worth preserving. The story is that, some few years ago, a hatter in London speculated in the purchase of the entire stock of a bankrupt brother tradesman; but, soon after his purchase, he found that he had overstocked himself. He was on the point of reluctantly dismissing some of his "hands" when a sharp-witted friend came to the rescue. By his advice a hand-bill, announcing the cheapness of the hatter's wares, was prepared and distributed exactly as had been already done for some time, except in one particular item. The bill was headed, "Who's your Atter?" and throughout its contents the goods were invariably mentioned as "ats:" "Youth's Silk Ats"—"Best Beaver Ats"—"Ladies Riding Ats"—and so forth. The remainder of the advertisement was in unexceptionable English. The result perfectly justified the inventor's anticipations. These bills were sought after as typographical curiosities. Men shouted with laughter at the ludicrous effect of what many considered ignorance on the part of the printer or of the writer. They carried these bills in their pockets and merrily showed them to their friends. One or two elderly gentlemen, previously perfect strangers, came to the shop, bought "ats," and expostulated gravely with the "atter" upon the solecism. Young fellows purchased gossamers for the fun of the thing, begged for hand-bills, and held jocular conversations with the shopkeeper. The shop became known, and the proprietor frequently smiles as he hears the street-boys calling out the established phrase of "Who's your Atter?" the origin of which, but for the publication of this curious little episode in advertising, might, possibly in a few short years, have been lost forever to the antiquarian. To this

day the pronunciation of the now popular inquiry is that of the original hand-bill.

The examples given will show that the art of advertising, if not one of the fine arts is certainly one of the most useful. In fact, it has become almost necessary both to buyer and seller. There are those, however, who have endeavored to make it in reality a *fine art*. Packwood, some fifty years ago, led the way in England of liberal and systematic advertising, by impressing his razor-strop indelibly on the mind of every bearded member of the kingdom. Like other great potentates, he boasted a laureate in his pay, and every one remembers the reply made to the individuals so curious to know who drew up his advertisements: "La! Sir! we keeps a poet."

But by universal consent, the world has accorded to the late George Robins the palm in the fine style of commercial puffing. His advertisements were really artistically written. Like Martin, he had the power of investing every landscape and building that he touched with an importance and majesty not attainable by meaner hands. He did, perhaps, go beyond the yielding line of even poetical license, when he described one portion of a paradise he was about to subject to public competition as adorned, among other charms, with "a hanging wood," which the astonished purchaser found out meant nothing more nor less than an old gallows. But then he redeemed slight manoeuvres of this kind by touches which displayed a native and overflowing genius for puffing. On one occasion he had made the beauties of an estate so enchanting that he found it necessary to blur his description by a fault or two, lest it should prove too bright and good "for human nature's daily food." "But there are *two drawbacks* to this property," sighed out this apostle of the mart, "*the litter of the rose leaves and the noise of the nightingales.*" Certainly the rhetoric of exquisite puffing could no further go.

We can not refrain from giving a part of one of his advertisements, which were always of considerable length, sometimes occupying an entire column of the *Times*. The following extract refers to the sale of Fort Abbey in Dorsetshire. After the usual introduction, Mr. Robins went on to say:

And in the description that necessarily must follow, Mr. Robins, without the slightest affectation, proclaims that he approaches the task with fear and trembling. The only saving clause by which he can well seek to soften the reproaches of an enlightened and deeply-read community is alone to be found in the liberty the composer will take with authors so highly-gifted, that he must indeed be a bold man who will not yield assent to his researches. Dugdale is no mean authority, and with this and a few introductory facts, the herculean task must be approached. The Fort Abbey Demeasnes are to be traced back to a very distant day, and it has ever since maintained its proud superiority over every other monastery in England. It is a splendidly grand and unique building, altogether realizing Lord Byron's glowing description of Norman Abbey:

"An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion, of a rich and rare
Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare."

Its classic front extends to near 300 feet. The order of

architecture is in the Tudor style, and may be dated about the time of Henry VIII.; but to describe it as it deserves is felt to be far beyond the reach of the limited capacity of the composer, and even much wiser heads would be puzzled in the attempt to do it justice—it is indeed the great Leviathan of the West. Its fame has been held in the highest veneration from generation to generation, and it is now avowed to have no successful rival amidst the vast variety of monasteries to be found throughout the country. The first impression on beholding this ancient pile the writer feels can never be obliterated from his memory; his mind on the instant seemed to be subdued into a most devout and religious state, one of absolute wonder, mixed up with boundless admiration; it was a joyous spectacle, but Mr. Robins can not too earnestly invoke all those who possess a soul congenial with objects of antiquity to go to the abbey, and then judge for themselves; they will, with one accord, proclaim how absolutely impossible it is to convey in suitable terms the panegyric which would be awarded to it. The county in which the abbey is placed will not yield to any other. The reader needs not to be reminded that, in days of yore, the taste of the monks in the selection of their lands was never questioned, and amidst all the good things of this world, they were remarkable for the accuracy of their judgment. In selecting the best of every thing, even the fat of the land was not accounted too good for their refined taste. This princely property is all freehold of inheritance, surrounded by lawns and pleasure-grounds, with graveled walks between rows of umbrageous trees of great size and stateliness, intercepted with ornamental waters, cascades, and waterfalls sparkling with foam, and here and there a statue to diversify the scene. The park, which is one of great beauty, is stocked with deer, whose venison has obtained the highest celebrity for its fatness and fine flavor, while the soft, undulating foliage of its magnificent and time-honored trees is perpetually deluding the eye into a belief that it was of boundless extent, and imparting just such an air of tempered wildness as would gratify the lover of scenery, without offense to those who are inclined to look rather for the evidences of the superintending hand of care and cultivation. Indeed, every thing seems to increase the charms of a spot so rich in nature's beauties. Of the ornamental waters in front of the abbey we find it thus recorded:

"Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep and freshly fed
By a river, which its softened way did take
In currents through the calmer waters spread.

The river Axe, so renowned by the disciples of Izaak Walton for its piscatory pleasures and delicious trout, winds in serpentine beauty through the fair demesne,

"Lost for a space through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing."

It was here that

"The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird."

It may still be asked, "What more can mortals now desire?" The sporting qualities extend to every thing a gentleman's heart can contemplate. By-the-way, the monks' celebrated walk is in high preservation, and to omit a panegyric upon the ancient tapestry that adorns the state rooms would approach sacrilege. It really and truly may be accounted the wonder and admiration of the world. It fearlessly challenges a rival; and the writer is exceedingly desirous that the reader should not for one moment charge this description of being too vivid. He may rest assured here is no flight of fancy, but a veritable and unassuming report. This description, it is perceived, has already extended beyond the limits prescribed, and therefore (with lament) the writer ends this very imperfect recital, merely observing that the terms used by the foundress of the abbey when she tendered to the holy fathers her manor of Thorncombe, in exchange for the barren lands of Brightley, stating it to be "well wooded and fertile," are trebly appropriate in the present day.

We are hereby reminded of a difficulty into which Mr. Robins got a few years since on account of bestowing such lavish praise upon some estate which he was engaged to sell. A gentle-

man in France, seeing the advertisement, was attracted to England to be present at the sale. But lo, and behold! when he came, he found that the picture of truth had been so entirely overdrawn as to render it altogether a piece of deception. Instead of the picturesque and sublime, the whole thing was simply ridiculous. The Frenchman immediately brought an action for damages against George Robins and gained his suit by recovering his expenses—our auctioneer becoming thus, for once, a loser by his special genius.

We will now "conquer a close" by "improving the whole subject" and adding words of advice:

I. TO MERCHANTS.—(1.) *Advertise.* (2.) *Advertise liberally.* (3.) *Advertise courageously.*

II. TO THE PEOPLE AT LARGE.—(1.) *Read the Advertisements.* (2.) *Study them, and verily they shall be for your profit.*

LOOKING UNDER THE BED.

IT is the habit of many persons to take a look under the bed before retiring for the night. Mrs. Evergreen, my beloved wife, indulges, if indulgence it can be called, in this peculiar practice. I do not object to it in the least so long as she does not enforce the performance upon myself; but when, as is sometimes the case, she forgets it until she has put out the light and ensconced herself under the comforter, then it is hard that I, who am not troubled with nervous apprehensiveness, should have to get out in the cold and do it for her. I have often remarked to Mrs. Evergreen, when I have seen her prying under the bed, that it was a silly habit, and that the sooner she gave it up the better. To this gentle admonition my better-half invariably rejoins:

"La, Evergreen! what harm does it do? It's a kind of satisfaction to know that nobody's under there, and then I don't think of such a horrible thing after I'm in bed."

"I think, my dear, you might just as well pursue your investigations further and look into the bureau drawers and the clothes-basket."

"Evergreen," she will rejoin, "don't mention the idea, or I shall certainly do so. Come to think of it, a man could very easily get into the clothes-basket!"

"Certainly he could, my dear, quite as easily as Falstaff. You should certainly include the clothes-basket, and by-the-by, there's the chimney; why not look up that as well?"

"Now, Evergreen, you're laughing at me. But I can't leave off the habit, and I never will. It's a comfort for me to know that there's nothing wrong about it, and I don't see why you should deprive me of it."

So under the bed goes the candle, and, no signs of humanity being discovered, Mrs. Evergreen is able to repose in peace. But, as already observed, this precautionary act is sometimes forgotten, and I am myself obliged to rise, light the

lamp, and report. I've done it rather more frequently of late than is agreeable, and have intimated as much to Mrs. E. She says:

"Very well, Evergreen, I'll do it myself."

But this procedure is almost as bad, for she invariably lets the cold in on me both in getting out and getting in. If it were not for increasing this mental idiosyncrasy on the part of Mrs. Evergreen, by giving her some good reason to apprehend danger, I should relate to her what I am about to lay before the reader. In this narration, therefore, I ask the public most particularly to bear in mind that Mrs. Evergreen is of a sensitive nature, rather apprehensive and slightly superstitious, and that what I have to say must under no circumstances be imparted to that lady. If for two-and-twenty years (that is the period of our wedded life, and happy years have they been)—if, I say, I have for this long period refrained from imparting the matter to the beloved sharer of my joys and partaker of my sorrows, surely the public (which, as we know, always does keep a secret) will keep mine.

All young men, I suppose, have love-affairs before they eventually fix their affections on the one who is to bless their lot in life. I know that I had, and I don't regret it. Regret it? far from it. Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and therefore I have no hesitation in saying that if I had my life to live over again I'd like to go through with the same sentimental experience, particularly if it was to be succeeded by again leading to the hymeneal altar the present Mrs. Evergreen.

I was not bad-looking when I was in my twenties. I think I may go further, and confidently say that "Gus Evergreen" was a decided favorite among the girls of Oakville, and I really believed that I could have had any of them "for the asking." As I before remarked, Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and I indulge my thoughts somewhat more freely than would otherwise be the case. I don't think that I cared particularly for any of the Oakville girls, however, and I might have kept my heart whole to this day if it had not been for the circumstance which I am about to relate.

Fred Evans, who had been my chum at school, came to make me a visit at Oakville for "a day or two," as he said, when he came; but he made it a week or two easily enough after I'd taken him about a little among the "young ladies." When that time had expired Fred said he really must go, as he didn't know what his father and mother would think of his long absence; but it ended in his relieving their anxiety by a letter and sending for his trunks. I knew how the matter was perfectly well, and that Belle Bronson had bewitched him out of his five senses. Fred tried to put it on to the "country air and the quiet which was benefiting his health, etc.," but it was no use trying to deceive me, and I told him so. Then he owned up frankly, and I promised to help him all I could, if he required any help in the prosecution of his suit. I never thought Belle a flirt, or that she would willingly

distress any human being; but she had a way of looking in one's eyes as if to captivate them, for her mere personal amusement. At any rate she had a larger share of beaux than the other girls, but all their attentions came to nothing. I feared it might be so with Fred Evans, and warned him accordingly; but Fred said he'd "have her if he tried all his life;" that "without her life was naught to him;" that "she was the only living being who had ever awakened a real emotion in his breast," etc., etc. After that I said no more, but closely observed the lovers, and soon came to the conclusion that Fred was by no means disagreeable to her. Things went on in this way without any definite result until Fred received a sudden summons home on account of his mother's illness. When he came back to renew his visit he insisted upon staying at the Oakville Hotel rather than wear out his welcome at our house, and finding remonstrance unavailing, there he went. The landlord (honest old Downsbury—I wonder if he yet lives) gave Fred, at my suggestion, his best bedroom, "No. 20"—I am particular in mentioning the number. "He shall have No. 20," said Downsbury. "Any friend of yours, Master Augustus, shall have the best I have to give as long's I'm landlord." It was a pleasant room, looking out on the distant hills and the beautiful winding branch of the Blackwater; but what cared Fred for scenery? he was in the hands of the blind god, and could not see even as far as his nose, except in the direction of Belle's cottage. I used to go over to Fred's room and smoke my cigar, while he, poor wretch, expatiated on his sufferings, doubts, and solitudes. Did she love him? that was the question which disturbed every moment of his existence, and to which, with the closest reasoning, he could not bring himself a satisfactory reply. Sometimes he thought a word or a sign settled the point beyond a doubt in his favor; at others he fancied he read a coolness and indifference in her eyes. In this condition of uncertainty he dared not press the question lest a hasty step might bring him to grief.

At Fred's earnest solicitation I promised to sound Belle as to her sentiments, if a favorable opportunity presented itself, or at any rate to let her know, in an indirect way, that Fred was languishing in distress on her account, and thus give her no excuse for unnecessarily prolonging his misery. It so happened, however, that my services were not called into requisition. Belle Bronson, because of the sudden arrival at her house of some country cousins, was obliged to give up her room—her mother's cottage being a small one—and to occupy for a single night a room at the hotel. We would cheerfully have offered her guests accommodation at our house, but we were in the same predicament. An agricultural fair in the village had brought many strangers into the place, and our own guests were so numerous that I had given up my room to two of them, and had intended asking Fred Evans to let me pass the night with him.

For this purpose I went to the hotel at a late hour, and proceeded at once to Fred's room, but to my surprise found no one there. I did not even notice that his trunk was gone, or suspect the fact, which afterward became apparent, that "to oblige some lady guests for this night only," as the landlord expressed it, Fred had consented to give up "No. 20" and occupy a small room in the rear of the building. The gas being turned up I took a book to await his return, and hearing at last what appeared to be steps approaching the room, and supposing it to be Fred, in a momentary impulse to play a joke upon him I slipped under the bed, a large and high one, intending to imitate a cat (of which animal I knew he had a detestation) so soon as he entered the room. The door opened, and I was on the point of indulging in my ventriloquial faculty by giving a long-drawn *mieuw*, when from my hiding-place I beheld Belle Bronson take quiet possession of the apartment!

My astonishment was so great, and the sense of mortification so intense, that I did not, as I should have done, make myself immediately known to her. Thus the opportunity for discovery and explanation was lost. I dared not move a hair, but hoped sincerely that some excuse might take her out of the room for a moment, and so facilitate my escape. She, however, locked the door, removed the key, and, as I knew by the sound, prepared to retire. Finally she knelt down beside the bed, and clasping her hands and bowing her head (so fearfully near to mine that I could hear the soft words in my very ear), she offered up her evening prayer in a manner so full of feeling, and with such sweet accents of womanly tenderness and devotion, that I felt as if she was an angel bending over the vilest of mortals. That prayer went to my heart; but one portion of it went *through* it and held it captive. Never shall I forget my feelings of surprise and my deep emotion when I heard her utter these words: "Bless my dear mother, sisters, and friends; bless all around me, and, O God! bless him I love, Augustus Evergreen, and shower down thy mercies over him. Amen."—"Ah, Augustus," said my divinity to herself, as she arose from her devotional attitude, "if you but knew that I named your very name in my prayers, you would be less indifferent to me!"

If I breathed short before, after this my breath seemed to desert me entirely, and I verily thought that the beating of my heart would betray me. Belle, pure as an angel to me then, and white as a snow-flake, proceeded to turn off the gas and to get into bed. I felt her soft pressure over my head, and shrunk closer and closer to the hard floor upon which I was extended. What thoughts rushed through my brain! Above me lay a young and unsophisticated girl wholly unconscious that the one she loved lay so closely to her, and who had for the first time been made aware of her interest in him, by hearing words which she supposed went only to Heaven! I knew then that the night must pass away, and

the morning come, and that Belle must first leave the apartment before I could venture to change even my position.

Belle had lain perfectly motionless for several minutes and was, I flattered myself, losing herself in sleep, when suddenly she exclaimed to herself, "There—I haven't looked under the bed!" A horror ran through me; all is lost; what should I do? Belle rose and I heard her feeling for the matches. She struck one and was moving toward the gas-light, when the lucifer went out, leaving all darkness again. Blessed relief; but how brief! Again I heard her feeling for the matches and try to light one after another, as they failed to ignite; then an "Oh dear, there are no more!" escaped from her lips. "Safe! safe!" whispered my soul to me, and I thanked God in silence for my deliverance. Belle groped back to the bed, but did not immediately get in; she stooped and lifted the curtains which hung around the bottom and cautiously passed her arm under and around as far as it could reach. I almost felt her fingers graze my face as I held myself fearfully and silently back against the wall, too far, just too far for her reach. Apparently satisfied that no danger was near her, she lay down in the bed again and I counted her respirations till she was lost in slumber.

As for myself, sleep was utterly out of the question. I never was so wide-awake in my life. How I lay upon that hard carpet and thought the night out!—thought of her, and her love for me; thought of myself, and my love for her. Yes, I was convinced from that moment that the hand of destiny was in it, and that a benign and all-wise Providence had seen fit in this extraordinary way to open my eyes to the path of happiness and peace.

With the morning light fresh fears came upon me lest my unconscious room-mate might yet peer beneath the bed for robbers before she left the room; but my fears were groundless. She rose and dressed expeditiously, for she was to join her cousins at an early breakfast, and she had overslept herself. When at last she took the key, unlocked the door, and departed, I lost no time in slipping out of my shameful place of concealment and escaping from the hotel. On the stairs I met Fred coming out of his room, who exclaimed:

"Why, what's the matter with you, old fellow! You look like the last days of an ill-spent life. And your coat, too—why, it's all over feathers and dust. Where *have* you been?"

"Why, I slept—slept *out* last night; that's all. Our house is full, and so I had to find quarters elsewhere. I'm just going home to dress."

"I should say so, decidedly. I see it all, old fellow! You've been on a lark, and had to put up in the watch-house; come now, own up and tell us all about it."

"No lark at all, Fred; nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"Well, if not a *lark* what kind of a bird was

it? From the looks of the feathers I should say it was a *goose*."

"You're the goose, Fred. But, seriously, I've a word to say to you of a most important nature. Be a man, Fred, and make up your mind to hear something excessively disagreeable. It must be told you sooner or later, and I may as well tell it now."

"Good Heavens, Gus! how earnest you look at me; you don't mean to say that—that any thing has happened to Belle Bronson?"

"Don't mention her name again, Fred, or think of her any more, for she'll never be any thing to you. I have it from one who knows all about it, that she has long been attached to somebody else, and that somebody else means to marry her. There's no mistake about it; so bear up and try your luck elsewhere."

But Fred Evans was not to be discouraged by

mere hearsay. That very day he went to see Belle, determined to know his fate from her own lips. Soon after he left Oakville and I did not see him again for several years, when, meeting him in town one day, I insisted on bringing him home with me and presenting him to his old flame, Belle Bronson—the present Mrs. Evergreen.

"Ah, Fred!" said he, after dinner, when my wife and the little Evergreens had left us to ourselves—"Ah, Fred, you served me a shabby trick when you allowed me to lose my heart to the girl you were all along intending to marry yourself—a very shabby trick, one of which I never suspected you!"

So I had to tell him (in strict confidence, of course, as I tell you reader) all about the bedroom affair at the Oakville Hotel, and the love that grew out of it.

THE SWEETEST DAYS.

THE clouds in many a windy rack
Are sailing east and west,
And sober suns are bringing back
The days I love the best.

The poet, as he will, may go
To Summer's golden prime,
And set the roses in a row
Along his fragrant rhyme;

But as for me, I sing the praise
Of fading flowers and trees,
For to my mind the sweetest days
Of all the year are these:

When stubbly hills and hazy skies
Proclaim the harvest done,
And Labor wipes his brow, and lies
A-dreaming in the sun:

And idly hangs the spider on
Her broken silver stair,
And ghosts of thistles, dead and gone,
Slide slow along the air.

Where all is still, unless perhaps
The cricket makes ado,
Or when the dry-billed heron snaps
Some little reed in two;

Or school-boy tramples through the burs
His tangled path to keep,
Or ripe mast, rustling downward, stirs
The shadows from their sleep.

Ay, he that wills it so may praise
The lilies and the bees;
But as for me, the sweetest days
Of all the year are these.

My darling, in the woodland glen
One hour with me apart,
And let us walk and talk as when
I gave you all my heart.

Ah! wrap you with your veil so thin,
And let us wander slow
To that delicious bower, wherein
We courted long ago.

Where dying violets scent the air,
And faint the ground-stars burn;

And where I gave my heart, and where
You gave your heart in turn.

We had a quarrel—do you mind?
About the daisies' eyes;
Whether they closed because the wind
Was singing lullabies.

And you said Yes, and I said No,
And you got vexed and cried;
At that I gave it up, and lo!
You took the other side.

And you said No, and I said Yes;
The bosoms of the flowers
Were sensitive no whit the less,
Nor tender less than ours.

And you, as I remember yet,
Said that might well be true,
If you against them only set
My tenderness for you!

And I said—being sorely stung
That you my love should slight—
A woman always had a tongue
To make the wrong seem right!

So then your brows you darkly bent,
And killed me with a frown;
And I grew softly penitent,
And to my knees went down;

And where that willow of the glen
Shut out the insolent light,
I took you in my arms, and then
I kissed you just for spite!

Ay, just for very spite, I said,
But when your sweet cheek grew
So painfully and proudly red,
I said it was for true.

And brushing from your face the tear,
You gave me back my kiss,
Nor have we quarreled once, my dear,
From that glad day to this.

Therefore I leave who will to praise
The lilies and the bees,
For, love of mine, the sweetest days
Of all the year are these.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

WHO among us, having attained manhood or womanhood, does not sometimes indulge in the regretful pleasure of retrospection? Who is there so happy in the present that old times, old friends, old memories furnish not the greater part of his holiday musings? Pope's often-quoted line—

"Man never is, but always to be blest,"

is pertinent only to forward-looking youth; after middle age past blessings occupy a larger share of our attention than the events of the apathetic present or the illusions of the promissory future. Popular slang, in its adolescence, petted the phrase, "There's a good time coming!" but we are not all Micawbers; and you and I, dear Paterfamilias, learned long ago that Time in the Future is an arch trickster—a hoary black-leg—who stakes in the Game of Life against our very heart's-blood only his promises to pay—notes of hand which no one will discount now, and which, when they arrive at maturity, are sure to be protested—the only result of our investigations concerning the affairs of the insolvent valetudinarian being the conventional plea of "no effects." The Future is to us a fundless speculator; the Present a commercial bankrupt; but we have still our investment with the Past at compound interest, yielding us a steady income of kindly reminiscences.

Perhaps our preference for things of yore may arise in part from causes within ourselves. First impressions are more vivid than the hackneyed repetitions of after-life. We sip our sparkling "Carte d'or" to-day with critical fastidiousness, but with less enjoyment than our indiscriminating palates found in the spurious, cloying Heidsieck of our boyhood. The beauty of last season's blooming ball-room debutantes pales before our recollection of the belles of our time. It may be that in some respects we deserve the supercilious sneer with which our new-fledged supplanters quote at us, "*Laudatores temporis acti*;" but let us comfort ourselves, O respectable contemporary! in the conservative conviction that alterations are not always improvements; let us thank God that, with regard to many dear old customs, though the times have changed, we have not changed with them! However beneficial "modern improvements" may be in the matters of domestic architecture, gas, water-works, and abstract science, the continual remodeling of our social institutions has resulted, possibly in a higher external polish, but certainly in deterioration of the original fabric.

Are there such parents nowadays as those of our childhood? I think not. Mothers there are in plenty, Heaven be praised! who fondly love their little ones, and who would willingly fulfill their maternal duties if they only knew how; but the delectable system of modern education which has fostered them is vastly different from that which gave our mothers fewer ornamental accomplishments, perhaps, but more

practical knowledge of woman's mission. They can "execute" miraculous "fantasies" upon "eight octave" grand pianos (modern monstrosities of indiscriminable bass and unattainable treble). They can glibly run over the list of the most approved "modistes" here or abroad. They can display sylphide grace and prodigious endurance in the "German Cotillion." But, with the best intentions in the world, they can not efficiently supervise their nurseries and store-rooms. When Canal Street was the uppermost boundary of our good city of Manhattan, dames of the highest fashion were deeply versed in household lore—had penetrated all the occult mysteries of culinary alchemy—possessed vast knowledge concerning remedies for infantile ailments, and could and did find time to direct in person the operations of their domestics; to embody in palatable palpability sundry prized recipes for cake and confectionery; to administer chastisement to refractory inmates of the nursery; to do all that should or could be done in a well-ordered, cheerful home, and yet to keep up outside social intercourse. Now the exigencies of an interminable visiting list and a constantly-to-be-replenished wardrobe leave but little leisure for housewifery; and if a modern matron see her children twice a day, and be able to tell her husband what there is for dinner, it is about as much as can be expected of her.

And we ourselves, male reader! are we to our wives, our sons, and daughters, what our fathers were to theirs? or do our business affairs monopolize our days, and our clubs absorb our nights, until home and family have become mere empty words, which touch no pleasurable chord within us? Do you remember when the busiest merchants came home to dinner at three o'clock, and, save perhaps on "mail nights" (less frequent then than in these days of steam), spent their afternoon and evenings in the happy circle around the crackling wood-fire?—when there were but two theatres, one gambling-hell, and no club in Gotham?—when bar-rooms were but few and far between, and, in their stead, great bins of centennarian Madeira furnished private cellars? We have liquid conveniences now on every block, and "the Tiger" claims his jungles on every hand; but are we the better in morals or pockets? Clubs and theatres abound in our thoroughfares, but are our real enjoyments enhanced thereby? Hot-air furnaces and anthracite coal have banished wood-fires; but what we have gained in warmth we have lost in cheerfulness. Our incomes are larger than those of our progenitors, to be sure; but all the wealth for which we toil so hard can not purchase for us a tithe of their genuine comfort—can not compensate us for the estrangement from family ties entailed upon its pursuit. Solomon's apophthegm of the dinner of herbs and the stalled ox will thrust its antithesis upon us some day when we have become millionaires and confirmed dyspeptics; when our sons are irreclaimable rakes and gamblers, and our daughters shining lights of "fast" watering-

place cliques, conscience will whisper a few tardy hints concerning the natural guardianship of youth.

By nature's usual rule of compensation, as parental care diminishes some other influence should intervene to protect infancy and childhood; but, alas! such is not the case. Where is the nurse of our earlier days?—the matronly old soul whose kindly but strict discipline preserved order among her half dozen unruly nursery subjects; who held us entranced for hours together with marvelous recitals of faerie; who mended our habiliments and our morals with equal assiduity; whose unyielding grasp subdued our struggles when, supine in her broad lap, nauseous doses gurgled down our protesting throats. What has become of her Bible, her silver spectacles, her snowy cap, her dear old self? She has passed away, and in her place modern Fashion allots to each child a separate attendant in the person of a slatternly, semi-idiotic Irishwoman, whose chief characteristics are utter ignorance of the care of children combined with general negligence, mendacity, and a misplaced attachment for tawdry finery; whose numerous retinue of "cousins" encumber our kitchens, devour our viands, drink our wines, and smoke our cigars; whom you may see at any time absorbed in amatory colloquy with some loutish compatriot on the benches of our parks, while her luckless charge rolls unheeded on the damp grass to the serious detriment of its health and clothing; whose religious fervor and "evenings out" place her mistress at most inconvenient times in the position of a subordinate menial.

But if the nurses of this degenerate era are deserving of reprobation, what shall we say of the other members of our "kitchen cabinets?" Of a verity, if all the outcry about "down-trodden Celts" and "Saxon oppressors" were true, the wrongs of Erin would be amply redressed—ay, and a heavy balance accredited to the other side by the exactions of our Hibernian domestic tyrants! John Leech, in his "Flunkeyania" and "Servantgalism," has portrayed minor phases of the insolence of servitude; but transatlantic pictures sink into utter insignificance compared with the utter, abject enslavement of our New York households under Irish despotism. Time was when no fictitious gloss of varnish shone upon the mahogany of our fathers, but wax and sturdy "elbow grease" were applied each day until the table's surface mirrored the well-washed glass pendants of the chandelier above; when the brass mountings of the grates and fire-irons must be burnished into dazzling brightness; when oil-lamps were to be trimmed and filled, and water, whether for potation or ablution, to be fetched from the pump at the corner; and all these and other multifarious duties were performed by two, or at most three, servants for a large family. Under the new régime we are assailed by each and every applicant for exorbitant wages, with a formal routine of questions somewhat in this fashion: "How many of yes

in the family? Have ye gas and stationary tubs, and hot and cold water? I'll not do the nurse's washin'. I have every other Sunday mornin', an' Sunday an' Wednesday evenin's every week. Do ye keep a girrul to wash up the kitchen things afther me? Is the kitchen light an' airy? Do ye have airy dinner o' Sundays, be-kase I likes to have me afthernoons to myself?" Three new-fangled "domestics" are required for half the work performed in former times by one, and, bad as they are, Materfamilias has learned by sad experience that each change makes matters worse, and is afraid to find fault or demur to their exactions, in dread of their conventional "Very well, ma'am, then if ye please ye'll suit yerself wid another girrul an' I'll lave whin me month's up." In good sooth, if "Ireland for the Irish" imply the re-emigration of all be-hooped iconoclasts from our intelligence offices back to their own verdant isle, the Fenian cause has no more sincere well-wisher than the present writer.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF NEW YORK.*

THE CENTRAL PARK of New York is the most thoroughly National Institution in the land. The Report of the Board to whom is intrusted its charge and management shows that during the year ending with December 31, 1865, there were more than seven and a half millions of visits made to the Park.† This number represents *visits*, not individual visitors. Not a few persons, like the writer of this, went scores of times, and were so often counted. Very many went more than once, and large numbers only a single time. Few persons now come to New York for business or pleasure who do not visit the Park. In the absence of all positive data on this point we judge that a million separate individuals visited the Park during the year 1865. Of these we suppose about one-half were residents of the metropolis and its immediate environs; the other half came from other parts of the country, and from abroad.

Before touching upon the many interesting

* *Ninth Annual Report of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park, for the Year ending with December 31, 1865.*

† The pedestrians and equestrians are counted individually; the vehicles are counted, and an average of three persons is allowed to each. The following is the exact number of visits to the Park, as thus made out:

<i>Pedestrians</i> , individually counted.....	3,219,056
<i>Equestrians</i> , individually counted.....	98,360
<i>Vehicles</i> , 1,425,241, three persons to each..	4,275,723
<i>Total visits</i> in 1865.....	7,593,139

But we think the estimate of three persons to a vehicle is too low. We should give the average at fully four. On the other hand, as we shall have occasion to notice, about 400,000 vehicles passed into the Park at its lower entrances, went through and beyond it, and again re-entered, and so were counted twice. Many persons also came into the Park outside of the regular entrances. The incidental errors on one side will about balance those on the other; so that we may safely say that during the year 1865 there were between seven and eight millions—nearer eight than seven—visits to the Central Park.

points involved in the Report of the Board of Commissioners we must say a few words concerning the Board itself. Charges of corruption or incompetency have been brought against almost every other body of men having in trust the municipal affairs of the city of New-York. Not a few of these charges are proved or provable; many—we wish we could say the majority—are, we trust, unfounded. But from first to last the administration of the Central Park Commissioners has been not only pure, but unsuspected, and to them has been confided the charge of laying out and controlling the streets above the Park, and constructing the grand Boulevard which will form its appropriate adjunct. The present Board consists of Charles H. Russell, J. F. Butterworth, Waldo Hutchins, Thomas C. Fields, Andrew H. Green, Henry G. Stebbins, R. M. Blatchford, M. H. Grinnell. Few residents of the metropolis need be told how much private worth and public spirit are embodied in these eight names. Mr. Green, as Treasurer and Comptroller, is the executive officer of the Board; and in ascribing to him the chief credit of the admirable manner in which the affairs of the Park have been managed, we no more detract from the merits of his associates and subordinates than, in ascribing to Grant the merit of conducting the closing campaign of the war, we undervalue the services of Sherman and Thomas, of Sheridan and Meade, or of the thousands and hundreds of thousands, from General to Private, who, each in his sphere, performed the duty laid upon him.

We think we perceive in the honest and capable administration of the Park promise of the inauguration of something like it in other departments of our municipal affairs. Thus, when people pass from the filthy streets around into the well-kept roads within the Park, and learn from actual statistics how much less good management costs than bad, they may imagine that the system of capacity and honesty is capable of being somewhat extended. It may occur to them, for example, that the proper business of the Street Department is not so much to provide sinecures for politicians, or to secure votes for "our party," whatever that may be, as to put and keep the streets in good order. If "evil communications corrupt good manners," good communications should amend evil manners. Who knows but that some day we may even come to have an honest Common Council?

To one who looks upon the map of the city as it now exists the name "Central Park" will seem a misnomer; a generation ago it would have been an absurdity; a generation hence it will have become exact truth. Manhattan Island is a tongue of land thrust southward toward the Atlantic; or rather into the deep bay which opens into the ocean by the strait throat known as "the Narrows." The island is $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, coming to a point at its southern extremity, and increasing irregularly northward, having usually a breadth of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, occasionally contracting to half that distance. On the west it is

bounded by the Hudson, here called the "North River," a name given by the early explorers to distinguish it from the Delaware or "South River;" on the east by the "East River," which is no river at all, but an arm of the sea opening into Long Island Sound, and thence into the broad Atlantic. The lower end of the island, for about five miles, originally consisted of a succession of low sand-hills, swamps, ponds, and creeks. But the hills have been leveled, the swamps, ponds, and creeks filled up, and now the whole presents the aspect of an ascending plane sloping off on either side to the rivers, and entirely covered by buildings and streets. At the lower edge of the Park, $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles from the "Battery," the general elevation is about 80 feet above high-water mark. A little below this, however, ridges of bare solid rock begin to crop out; these, within the Park, in the space of a mile reach the utmost height of 135 feet, then within another mile and a half the land sinks down again almost to water-level, at the upper end of the Park. Then again it rises sharply into the picturesque ridge known as Washington Heights, whence it slopes down again to water-level at Harlem River, the upper portion of which, known as "Spuyten Duyvel Creek," is merely a passage through which a small portion of the waters of the Hudson make their way through a narrow gorge into the Harlem River, itself an offset of the East River. Flurries of wind are apt to sweep through this narrow gorge, to the detriment of small craft plying on the Hudson. According to the veracious Diedrich Knickerbocker, one of the old Dutch worthies—if we remember rightly it was Anthony Van Corlear—baffled by these gusts, swore that he would pass the point, *Spuyt den Duyvel*—"in spite of the Devil." Another legend says that this gorge was held by the Dutch settlers to be the abode of a "Spitting Devil," who blew wind-flaws from his big mouth. Between these two possible etymologies one may find a satisfactory explanation of the present appellation of the northern boundary of the Island of Manhattan.

The lower part of the island is laid out with no special regard for regularity; the streets, running in every conceivable direction, being mainly named in honor of some notable person or family of the olden time. As we go up town the endeavor for regularity becomes more and more decided. At Fourteenth Street, $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles from the Battery, the regular system fairly ousts the old one. Above this line, and partially a little below, all the streets running lengthwise are known as "Avenues," numbered from First to Twelfth, with several shorter ones, rendered necessary by the conformation of the island. These Avenues run parallel, in straight lines for miles. The streets which cross them are numbered from First Street upward, Fourteenth Street being the lowest which completely crosses the breadth of the island. This rectangular arrangement continues to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, nearly ten miles from the Battery;

beyond which it is assumed that the plan of the streets will conform to the irregular surface of the ground. For many years this extreme upper portion of the island will constitute a suburb of the metropolis.

The Central Park is bounded on the south by Fifty-ninth Street; on the north by One Hundred and Tenth Street; on the east by Fifth Avenue; on the west by Eighth Avenue. Its lower end is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Battery; its upper end $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Spuyten Duyvel Creek. It lies almost exactly midway between the East and North rivers, and thus occupies nearly the geographical centre of the island. Its form is a rectangle, the longer sides being nearly $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles (13,508 feet); the shorter sides something more than half a mile (2718 feet). It covers 862 acres, of which the New Croton Reservoir occupies 107 acres, the Old Reservoir 35 acres; ornamental waters take up 44 acres, the principal being the Lake 20 acres, Harlem Lake 13 acres, the Pond 5 acres: in all, 151 acres of water. Of the 711 acres of land, 115 are occupied by roads and walks, 24 by rock, 524 are laid out in trees, shrubbery, and lawns. There are $25\frac{1}{2}$ miles of walks, $9\frac{1}{2}$ of carriage road, $5\frac{1}{2}$ of bridle road; or $40\frac{1}{2}$ miles of roads and paths. There are 43 bridges and archways of various forms and materials, wood, brick, stone, and iron.

With the exception of the exterior wall, now in progress, and the eighteen gateways—four at each end, and five on each side—the work of the construction of the Park is essentially completed. When this was begun, nine years ago, a more forbidding, and, except for its proximity to a great city, a more worthless piece of ground, could hardly be found than the greater part of that now covered by the lower half of the Park. What are now ornamental waters were filthy mud-holes and swamps; the remainder was mainly bare rock and tangled brushwood. The few inhabitable spots were squatted upon by rag-pickers, bone-gatherers, and pig-breeders, whose extinct shanties still find their counterparts in many places hard by. By what laborious draining and blasting, digging down and filling up, this unsightly patch of ground has been transformed into the Ramble, the Mall, the lakes and lawns, the paths and drives, can be appreciated only by one who has from year to year watched the progress of the work. Nature had indeed done more for the upper half of the ground; but throughout the guiding principle has been kept in view, to preserve every beauty and remove every defect which Nature had left. With what skill and taste this has been done becomes more and more apparent from year to year, almost from week to week, as the growth of trees and shrubbery harmonizes the work of Art with that of Nature. Four years ago the design of the Park was criticised, and justly if one saw it only as it then was, as an artificial collection of bridges and bare winding roads. We who now see it in a good measure as it existed in the mind of the architects, and note how the purely artificial has assumed its appropriate place in

the natural, will not be disposed to repeat the criticism.

All told, the Park has, up to January 1, 1866, cost the city a little more than nine and three-quarter millions of dollars; five millions for the ground itself, and four and three-quarter millions for construction.* Never, even in a mere pecuniary point of view, was money more profitably expended. The interest paid on the bonds issued to defray this cost amounts to \$581,400; the maintenance of the Park cost last year \$221,166: the entire annual expense of the Park is therefore \$802,566; say, in round numbers, eight hundred thousand dollars. The assessed value of the property of the three wards which immediately surround the Park was, in 1856, \$26,400,000; in 1865, \$61,000,000: an increase of \$34,600,000. The taxes paid to the city upon this increased valuation amount to \$1,034,000. It is true that a part of this increased valuation would have occurred had the Park not been established; but, on the other hand, the Park has greatly increased the value of property not lying within these three wards. It is quite safe to say, that the city received last year one million of dollars in taxes which it would not have received had the Park not been established. That is, the city during the last year paid out eight hundred thousand dollars on account of the Park, and received from it, in the way of increased taxes, a full million. Thus, the direct income to the city, as a corporation, derived from the Park exceeded its expenditures on account of it by two hundred thousand dollars.

We dare not attempt to estimate the present actual value of the Park as a property; the sum, that is, for which it might now be sold in open market. But it is safe to say that, should the city so choose, it could within a year sell enough land within the Park to pay every dollar of the debt incurred on account of it, and that this would hardly be missed. Thus: cut off 130 feet from the lower end, fronting upon Fifty-ninth Street. This would make about 100 "lots" of 25×130 feet, each one of which would be worth to-day \$40,000—four million dollars in all. Yet this piece of ground would be less than $\frac{1}{100}$ th part of the Park. Of course no such sale should or will be made; but the actual value of the Park, or any part of it, is not diminished from the fact that it is worth more to keep than to sell.

A series of tables in this Report furnishes some curious statistics as to the visitors to the Park. Four persons come in carriages for three who come on foot. There is one equestrian for every thirty-four pedestrians. The average number of visitors for every day, fair and foul, is a little more than 20,000. The largest number was on the 4th of July, when there were 75,000 pedestrians; on that day there were probably not less than 120,000 visitors. The smallest number was the stormy 21st of November, when there were but 74 pedestrians; but about 100

* Precisely \$9,763,695 98: of which \$5,023,844 10 were for ground, \$4,739,851 88 for construction.

sleighs ventured out, so that there were about 400 people in the Park. The largest number of pedestrians in any one month was in January, when there were 658,000. The greater part of these were attracted by the skating, the ball being up almost every day. In January, 1863, there were but two days skating, and only 51,000 pedestrians entered. The largest number of visitors on foot, in carriages, and on horseback, was in August, when there were 950,000. Then come July, 914,000; January, 891,000; September, 890,000. The smallest number in any month was December, 282,000; in this month the carriage people outnumbered the foot folks more than three to one. More than one-third of the pedestrians come on Sundays, the Sunday average being nearly four times that of any week-day except Saturday. The Sunday attendance of carriages and equestrians is considerably above the week-day average. The entire number of Sunday visitors of all classes is about twice the week-day average.

No account is kept of visitors between 11 at night and 5 in the morning. Hardly a person enters between these hours. From 5 to 6, during nine months of the year, from October till June, only two pedestrians appeared; during the other three months 2000 pedestrians, 500 equestrians, and 5000 people in carriages came. From 6 to 7 the equestrians come out to the number of 10,000, almost as many as during any other hour of the day. They keep up this number till 9, when there is a sudden falling off of half or two-thirds, which lasts until 3, when they again begin to appear in force, reaching 13,000 between 4 and 5. The horsemen thus are men of business, mainly engaged from 9 till 3.

The pedestrians, during the year, increase from hour to hour, thus: From 6 to 7, 10,000; 7 to 8, 22,000; 8 to 9, 41,000; 9 to 10, 79,000; 10 to 11, 113,000; 11 to 12, 140,000; 12 to 1, 165,000; 1 to 2, 267,000; 2 to 3, 479,000; 3 to 4, 586,000. Here it reaches its maximum, and begins to decrease thus: From 4 to 5, 501,000; 5 to 6, 290,000; 6 to 7, 135,000; 7 to 8, 107,000; 8 to 9, 60,000; 9 to 10, 16,000; 10 to 11, 3000. The largest number during a single hour in any month was 112,000, between 2 and 3, in January.

The rush of vehicles comes on later. They increase thus: From 5 to 6, 2000; 6 to 7, 12,000; 7 to 8, 22,000; 8 to 9, 30,000; 9 to 10, 38,000. Up to this hour there have been more carriages than pedestrians in the Park; and thus three or four times as many persons have entered in vehicles than on foot. From 10 to 11, 43,000; 11 to 12, 38,000; 1 to 2, 56,000; 2 to 3, 120,000; 3 to 4, 212,000. The next two hours are the great driving time: From 4 to 5, 301,000; 5 to 6, 305,000. Then the carriages fall off rapidly: From 6 to 7, 171,000; 7 to 8, 90,000; 8 to 9, 25,000; 9 to 10, 7000; 10 to 11, 2000.

The points at which visitors enter the Park present some curious considerations.

Of the pedestrians two and a quarter millions

—two-thirds of the whole—go in by the four entrances on Fifty-ninth Street, at the lower end of the Park. By the Fifth Avenue entrance 368,000 go in; as there is no railroad in this avenue these may all be assumed to have come on foot from various distances. By the Sixth Avenue entrance 761,000 go in; by the Seventh Avenue, 450,000; by the Eighth Avenue, 671,000. It may be safely assumed that two-thirds of these come to and go from the Park by the railroads in these avenues. Moreover, 237,000 enter at various points on the Eighth Avenue; most of these come up by that railroad. And nearly 650,000 come in by the entrances on Fifth Avenue; most of these have come up by the Second and Third Avenue railroads. Putting these probable railroad passengers together, we think that not less than a million and a half of passengers are brought to and carried from the Park by these railroads. Hardly 50,000 pedestrians enter the Park at its upper end, on One Hundred and Tenth Street.

The Fifth Avenue is the favorite approach to the Park for vehicles and equestrians. More than one-half of these (716,000 carriages and 56,000 equestrians) passed through the entrance on Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue. In all, not less than two and a half millions of visits were made through this one entrance. One notable fact deserves mention and explanation. The main upper entrance at present is at the Sixth Avenue, on One Hundred and Tenth Street. Through this only 2300 equestrians and 36,000 pedestrians passed, while there were 450,000 vehicles, conveying fully a million and a half of individuals. In this neighborhood, but beyond the limits of the Park, are several rather noted hostelries. It is quite common for those who ride through the Park to pass out here, stop for "refreshments" at these hostelries, and then re-enter the Park on their homeward way. Those also who rejoice in fast "teams," which they wish to drive at greater speed than the decorous rate to which they are necessarily restricted in the Park, take a "spin" on the smooth roads in the upper part of the island, and, returning, enter the Park by this gate. Probably 300,000 vehicles, conveying a million of persons, re-entered here, and so are counted twice in the record of visitors. A noteworthy fact in regard to the entrances here is that they are slightly affected by the season. In no one month were there less than 16,000, in only two were there less than 30,000, and in only two more than 50,000.

We have thus far spoken of the value of the Park to the city of New York as a corporation. It brought last year into the treasury of the city a quarter more than it cost for interest upon capital invested and for current expenses. This profit will increase from year to year, for the annual expenditures have nearly reached their ultimate maximum, while the value of the surrounding property, and consequently of its taxation—that is, the revenue derived by the city therefrom—must go on increasing from year to

by a pent-house coping, about four feet high, and only broken at intervals of half a mile by gateways. This formal boundary is utterly out of harmony with every other part and portion of the design. Nothing can ever prevent it from giving to the exterior line of the Park the aspect of a prison rather than that of a pleasure. It will shut off the view into the Park from those without, and the view out of the Park from those within. This defect will become glaringly apparent a few years hence, when the shaded avenue all around is completed. Then we shall have a double line of forest trees bounded on one side by the street, on the other by a heavy, unornamented stone-wall. The gateways will not break this unpleasant monotony, for they will stand so far apart that even the tops of no two of them along the sides can be taken in at a glance.

Unless there be some special reason to the contrary, connected with the police and maintenance of the Park, there should, in our judgment, be no exterior wall or fence. Had it been possible to have given a varied outline, it would have been far better; but as we are shut up to the rectangular outline it should be made as graceful as may be. To our mind the double avenue of elms is the appropriate boundary of the Park. But if a stricter line is for any reason necessary, we would have a low iron fence of graceful design, and so open as to present the least possible obstruction to the view from within outward, or from without inward.

The present condition of the streets and avenues around the Park is simply disgraceful. With the exception of the half mile on Fifty-ninth Street, not one of those which immediately touch it, and few of those which approach it, are decently passable. For this the Board of Commissioners is nowise responsible. The control of these streets is in the hands of the Street Department. The ground over which pass the Eighth Avenue, and most of the streets leading to the Park from the west, is so broken and rocky that a long time must necessarily elapse before they can be properly regulated. But there is no possible excuse for the condition of the Fifth Avenue, where it bounds the Park. The grade is fixed, and it would require but little time or expense to place it in a passable condition. For years this avenue will not in any case be used as a means of transit for heavy vehicles. Were it now built up continuously, it would be used mainly as a drive. To fit it for this purpose it need not be paved, or even macadamized. A well-constructed earth-road would answer all present requirements better than any other. This avenue is so intimately connected with the Park

that it is to be regretted that its management was not placed in the hands of the Commissioners as well as that of the Sixth and Seventh avenues above the Park. It is not now too late to do this. Let it be done, and we venture to say that the work involved in the trust would be well and speedily accomplished.

DAS MEERMÄDCHEN.

OH spring is blithe and summer gay,
The autumn golden and winter gray.

But the seasons come and the seasons go,
All alike to me in their ebb and flow,
Since the day I rode by the cheating sea
And one of its maidens had speech with me.

Her skin was whiter than words can speak,
The blush of the sea-shell lit her cheek:

Her lips had ripened in coral caves,
Her eyes were blue as the deeper waves;

And her fair yellow hair floated far and free
In curls of amber upon the sea.

"Knight, gallant knight, a boon I pray:
Give me to ride thy charger gray."

"Oh, ships for the sea but steeds for the shore,
I'll give thee a boat with a golden oar!"

"Nay, gallant knight, no charm has the sea;
I would dwell on the green earth ever with thee."

For her speech was fair as her face was fair;
Had she asked my soul it was hers, I swear.

And I led her as light as sea-birds flit
Where my steed stood champing his golden bit.

The stirrups of silver were wrought in Spain,
My hand into hers put the silken rein.

And that is the last, though the stars are old,
I saw of my steed with its housings of gold.

Was ever such folly in all the world wide,
But who would have thought a mermaid could ride?

Or a maiden of earth, of air, or the wave,
Should fly from her love with the wings he gave?

Faithless and loveless I walk by the shore,
Never a maiden has speech with me more.

But this brings not back my charger gray,
Nor the false, false love who rode him away.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is an entertaining book which describes in detail the progresses of various English monarchs through their realms in other days; and in Scott's "Kenilworth" there is a brilliant picture of an episode in a progress of Queen Elizabeth. There is a great deal of medieval splendor described, which was not very splendid; there are faithful and prolonged accounts of the allegories and masques to which yawning royalty was obliged to listen in patient submission, and there is the true story of the stupid adulation at full length to which our respectable and honorable ancestors condescended to prostitute themselves. Yet if at the Kenilworth revels some daring wight of a poet had proposed to display a historic vision or prophecy for the delectation of her sublime and sacred Majesty, and had then raised the curtain upon the spectacle which this country contemplated at the beginning of the autumn, he would have been laughed at as a foolish fellow and admonished to observe the decencies of probability in his inventions.

For there is a difference between a progress of Elizabeth Tudor and of Andrew Johnson, and no better measure of the advance of real civilization and of the identity of human nature could be found than a comparison of the two. To the vulgar the queen looked doubtless the goddess which she tried to appear. The old divinity still hedged the king, and the immense pageant, the genuflexion, the exaggeration, and clumsy conceit, all had a solemn significance which is to us incredible. It was supposed to be necessary to impress naughty human nature with the overpowering grandeur of authority. But it was precisely in the ages when the Beadle carried the biggest pole, and of the most elaborately swelled and splendid head, that the sense of authority was weakest and the law most infirm. If the Earl of Leicester had not been a lover and a favorite of Elizabeth he knew that he could be her rival. He was brother-in-law of Guildford Dudley and kinsman of the Duke of Northumberland. He had more retainers than Elizabeth had soldiers. Peace was a fruce either of force or of fear among the great lords of whom the sovereign was only the greatest. The people in our sense, as a political power, did not exist. Their spirit muttered in Elizabeth's Parliaments, but it did not thunder until her second successor was in her seat.

But the tour of the President from Washington to Chicago and St. Louis, and thence back across the country to Louisville and Cincinnati and home again, by the common conveyance, without a guard, stopping at public houses, and differing from the tour of any other person in the country only by the greater interest that attended it, reveals the utterly new time and new spirit upon which we have entered. The interest which invests the President is, of course, partly personal, for there is always a great popular desire to see any man of whom much has been said, whether in praise or censure; but the chief interest to the people is to see the man whom they have chosen to represent their own power and authority; and the true sublimity of the spectacle is that they respect in him that authority which springs solely from themselves; which he holds under conditions which they prescribe, and yet an authority which resides in no one citizen nor in any part of the mass of citizens, but only in the whole body.

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If the holder of so great a dignity forgets or despises it, he still can not evade it. The Pope may be a vicious sinner, but to the heart of faith he is still the vicegerent of God. The President may angrily quarrel with a crowd, may publicly renounce in words and acts all respect for his dignity, but the people can not and do not, without renouncing respect for themselves. It is, indeed, purely impersonal. It has none of that quality of loyalty to a family which, of necessity, soon ceases to regard them as merely representative, and honors them as separate and superior—a confusion which makes at once the poetry and the folly of Toryism. As it is a dignity independent of himself the holder may become ridiculous while the office remains unimpaired in public respect and regard. Respect will be offered to the office long after regard for the incumbent has ceased; for it must never be forgotten that it is not the man, whether worthy or unworthy, to whom the honor attaches—it is to the authority and will of the people. If the man be loved also, it is because of his private virtues, which would secure the same regard in his private circle, and which are known in the officer only because of his conspicuous position.

The late progress of the President has served chiefly to show how well the American people understand themselves. In a very few places there were disturbances which every thoughtful and patriotic man sincerely regretted. For the first and final test of a truly free civilization is the perfect protection instinctively afforded to every expression of opinion every where. As long as there is any part of this country in which any sentiments whatever may not be expressed, not only without disturbance but without fear of it, so long that part is still barbarous. There is no proper conception of a free government until this is fully understood. And every man can see that if in any part of the land there be customs or laws which will not be discussed, they are the very things that ought not to be tolerated. When the surgeon passes his hand over the body he knows that the spot upon which pressure makes the patient wince is the sore spot and the seat of the disease. Those people who did not wish to hear the President certainly had no right to prevent others from hearing him. It is a truth so plain that it ought not to require repetition. But it is surely pleasant to reflect that what-

by a pent-house coping, about four feet high, and only broken at intervals of half a mile by gateways. This formal boundary is utterly out of harmony with every other part and portion of the design. Nothing can ever prevent it from giving to the exterior line of the Park the aspect of a prison rather than that of a pleasure. It will shut off the view into the Park from those without, and the view out of the Park from those within. This defect will become glaringly apparent a few years hence, when the shaded avenue all around is completed. Then we shall have a double line of forest trees bounded on one side by the street, on the other by a heavy, unornamented stone-wall. The gateways will not break this unpleasant monotony, for they will stand so far apart that even the tops of no two of them along the sides can be taken in at a glance.

Unless there be some special reason to the contrary, connected with the police and maintenance of the Park, there should, in our judgment, be no exterior wall or fence. Had it been possible to have given a varied outline, it would have been far better; but as we are shut up to the rectangular outline it should be made as graceful as may be. To our mind the double avenue of elms is the appropriate boundary of the Park. But if a stricter line is for any reason necessary, we would have a low iron fence of graceful design, and so open as to present the least possible obstruction to the view from within outward, or from without inward.

The present condition of the streets and avenues around the Park is simply disgraceful. With the exception of the half mile on Fifty-ninth Street, not one of those which immediately touch it, and few of those which approach it, are decently passable. For this the Board of Commissioners is nowise responsible. The control of these streets is in the hands of the Street Department. The ground over which pass the Eighth Avenue, and most of the streets leading to the Park from the west, is so broken and rocky that a long time must necessarily elapse before they can be properly regulated. But there is no possible excuse for the condition of the Fifth Avenue, where it bounds the Park. The grade is fixed, and it would require but little time or expense to place it in a passable condition. For years this avenue will not in any case be used as a means of transit for heavy vehicles. Were it now built up continuously, it would be used mainly as a drive. To fit it for this purpose it need not be paved, or even macadamized. A well-constructed earth-road would answer all present requirements better than any other. This avenue is so intimately connected with the Park

that it is to be regretted that its management was not placed in the hands of the Commissioners as well as that of the Sixth and Seventh avenues above the Park. It is not now too late to do this. Let it be done, and we venture to say that the work involved in the trust would be well and speedily accomplished.

DAS MEERMÄDCHEN.

Oh spring is blithe and summer gay,
The autumn golden and winter gray.

But the seasons come and the seasons go,
All alike to me in their ebb and flow,

Since the day I rode by the cheating sea
And one of its maidens had speech with me.

Her skin was whiter than words can speak,
The blush of the sea-shell lit her cheek:

Her lips had ripened in coral caves,
Her eyes were blue as the deeper waves;

And her fair yellow hair floated far and free
In curls of amber upon the sea.

"Knight, gallant knight, a boon I pray:
Give me to ride thy charger gray."

"Oh, ships for the sea but steeds for the shore,
I'll give thee a boat with a golden oar!"

"Nay, gallant knight, no charm has the sea;
I would dwell on the green earth ever with thee."

For her speech was fair as her face was fair;
Had she asked my soul it was hers, I swear.

And I led her as light as sea-birds flit
Where my steed stood champing his golden bit.

The stirrups of silver were wrought in Spain,
My hand into hers put the silken rein.

And that is the last, though the stars are old,
I saw of my steed with its housings of gold.

Was ever such folly in all the world wide,
But who would have thought a mermaid could ride?

Or a maiden of earth, of air, or the wave,
Should fly from her love with the wings he gave?

Faithless and loveless I walk by the shore,
Never a maiden has speech with me more.

But this brings not back my charger gray,
Nor the false, false love who rode him away.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE is an entertaining book which describes in detail the progresses of various English monarchs through their realms in other days; and in Scott's "Kenilworth" there is a brilliant picture of an episode in a progress of Queen Elizabeth. There is a great deal of medieval splendor described, which was not very splendid; there are faithful and prolonged accounts of the allegories and masques to which yawning royalty was obliged to listen in patient submission, and there is the true story of the stupid adulation at full length to which our respectable and honorable ancestors condescended to prostitute themselves. Yet if at the Kenilworth revels some daring wight of a poet had proposed to display a historic vision or prophecy for the delectation of her sublime and sacred Majesty, and had then raised the curtain upon the spectacle which this country contemplated at the beginning of the autumn, he would have been laughed at as a foolish fellow and admonished to observe the decencies of probability in his inventions.

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ever the ludicrous or painful incidents of a Presidential progress may be, the respect of the people for the august office remains unimpaired.

PUBLIC affairs at home are sufficiently engrossing, but it is impossible not to look with interest upon those of other countries across the sea. The war in Europe is for the present over, but in England the great Reform excitement, which shook the country to the verge of civil war, is beginning anew, with more than its old majesty. Even with us there are not often popular meetings of such enormous numbers as those in England; and the late great assembly at Birmingham, the centre of the popular movements and the constituency of John Bright, was one of the most imposing ever known. This was strictly in accordance with the local traditions, for Birmingham was the scene of the Reform meeting of the 7th May, 1832, which was supposed to be the largest ever held in Great Britain up to that time. The number present was estimated at 150,000. The platform was erected at the foot of a huge hill, so that the voices of the speakers were readily heard to the edges of the vast throng. When the hour for the meeting had arrived a bugle-call rang through the air, and was followed by profound silence, and after a few introductory words from the chairman a hundred thousand voices sang the Union Hymn; and then following one of the speakers, who bade them, in the face of heaven and the God of Justice and Mercy, to repeat his words, the assembly, with bared heads, slowly uttered the vow: "With unbroken faith, through every peril and privation, we here devote ourselves and our children to our country's cause." Against such a spirit it was folly to struggle, and the House of Peers reluctantly assented to the bill.

This great contest has been, as we said, renewed, and on the 27th of August of this year a meeting, greater by a hundred thousand persons, was held at Birmingham. "A quarter of a million of people came," says an eye-witness, "people who can't vote, but only think—people who pay taxes, but who have no political rights which the privileged classes have hitherto felt bound to respect." The particular attraction was the meeting in the Town Hall in the evening, at which an address was to be presented to John Bright and Mr. Scholefield, his fellow-member of Parliament for Birmingham. The hall was full—that is to say, six thousand persons were wedged into it—a larger number, we suppose, than could stand in any room in this country. The Birmingham Hall is one of the most famous in the world. It is 145 feet long by 65 feet broad and 65 high. Its decorations are very brilliant, and the organ is not surpassed by any other. In this bright theatre the eager crowd gathered in the evening to see and hear the one Englishman whom of all Englishmen Americans would most gladly hear and see.

When John Bright came forward the audience rose in a body. "The cheering was as continuous as Niagara, and was caught up and rolled back into the hall in great waves of sound by the 20,000 outside." This acclamation lasted for six minutes by the watch, during which Mr. Bright stood quietly gazing at the roaring multitude, but without making a sign. He is a strongly-built man of about five feet ten inches in height, with straight, thick, gray hair, and broad brow overhanging prominent eyes, with tightly-closed lips, and the lower half of the face too long for symmetry. His eyes alone

tenderly replied to the ardor of the immense salutation. When the thunder of applause died away he began to speak very slowly and deliberately, with notes before him, to which he seldom recurred. Yet one who knows him well says that his habit is to prepare long before and thoroughly to elaborate any important speech like that of this occasion. The American to whose published letter in the *Tribune* we are indebted for this personal description of the orator was most impressed by his power—the mental and moral force of the man. Yet the tone of his speech was most moderate, making the invective and sarcasm only the more effective. The drollery was not less fine; and although the orator's voice was almost gone during the last half-hour, the art with which the disability was made to serve his purpose was consummate. Gathering himself at the very close he said: "The address which has been presented to me referred to the time of 1832. I remember the time well. My young heart was then stirred with the trumpet-blast that sounded from your midst. There was no part of this kingdom where your voice was not heard. *Let it sound again!*" And the cry of the multitude rang through the hall and far out into the night, as if literally to arouse the kingdom.

John Bright is the living leader of the English people. No man of equal power and popularity ever spoke directly for and to them so persuasively as he. There have been champions of the nobility, champions of the House of Commons, but no orator of the great multitude of the population before John Bright; and the tone of the speech of Mr. Lowe, in Parliament, which Mr. Bright quoted at Birmingham, inevitably reminds the reader of Macaulay's remark that the next struggle in England would be between the House of Commons and the people. "I ask," cried Mr. Lowe, "if you want venality, ignorance, drunkenness, and the means of intimidation—if you want impulsive, unreflecting, and violent people, where will you go to look for them—to the top or to the bottom?" And speaking of those who paid a rent between seven and ten pounds, he added: "It would be a good thing if they were disfranchised altogether." John Bright's reply to this was simply a defiance in the name of the English workingmen. He said that the accession of Lord Derby to office was a declaration of war against them, and the workingmen thundered in reply that they accepted it.

In his *Letters from England* Louis Blanc describes Mr. Bright in a few vigorous touches which will be new to our readers, and will leave upon their minds a most vivid portrait of this remarkable leader. "A sonorous voice, flashing eyes, a flow of words that gushes forth like a torrent, and the ardor of an indomitable conviction—this is what constitutes the talents of Mr. Bright. He is aggressive, vehement, intrepid—intrepid to a fault. Looking at the air with which he attacks the aristocracy, in the classic land of aristocracy, one feels that he is one of those great wrestlers who require great obstacles and great adversaries. Looking at the air with which he braves public opinion, in a country where the despotism of public opinion forms the counterpoise to liberty, one feels that he believes himself capable of mastering the people while in the very act of arming them against himself. In the midst of the patriotic enthusiasm excited by the battles of the Alma and Inkermann he was to be heard thundering against the Crimean War, and calling it a blood-stained folly. At the height of the irritation

produced by the affair of the *Trent* he was to be heard extolling the Republic of the United States, proposing it to the world as a model, and rushing forward with a sort of savage pride to affront the reproach of not having an English heart. At once austere and violent, Mr. Bright is half a Quaker, half a tribune. Beneath every one of the figures employed by his eloquence, always substantial though always animated, passion is heard growling. Statistics are brandished by him as a club would be by a muscular arm. When he recommends peace at any price he does so in words which seem to sound the charge. In Rome he would have been the man of the Forum; in England he is before all the man of the Hustings. But for that very reason he is ill at ease in the House of Commons, where a portion of his strength sometimes abandons him, and the atmosphere of which is evidently unsuited to his stormy eloquence."

On the other hand, the observer at Birmingham of whom we have spoken says: "To judge him rightly, and to give him full credit, one ought to hear Mr. Bright in the House of Commons, where he speaks to an audience not friendly, but critical and hostile, disliking equally the speaker and his cause, and feeling or affecting a contempt for any talent not nurtured in its classical schools. That John Bright commands the attention and compels the admiration, delighted against its own will, of such a House, is probably the best evidence of his marvelous powers as an orator."

If any passenger in the streets of New York could be supposed to have time enough to stop and read the ballads which are strung along the railing of St. Paul's in Vesey Street, or sometimes along the Park railing, or on a smaller scale and a shorter line, in a few other public places, he would find a curious mixture of the sheerest sentimentality, broad farce, and indecency, although to the credit of the town the last is the least frequent element. There is always some allusion to the chief current topics of the time. The heroes of the hour are duly honored. The jokes and slang of the newspapers, the theatres, and the street, are all reflected upon these little sheets, and the songs which are every where suddenly sung, and which come from nobody knows where, and the words of which are generally unknown to the singers of the melody, are very sure to be found tranquilly flapping in the gusts upon these iron railings.

Despite the steady and generous influx of Germans we remain still an unmusical people, so that there are no places in which you are sure to hear the songs of the day. The music cellars and concert saloons upon Broadway and elsewhere are of another kind than the retreats in London of which Thackeray is so fond of telling, and to which young Clive Newcome repairs in the ingenuous hope of seeing the world. The London cider-cellars offer a very coarse refreshment, but it is very characteristic. There the searcher after truth may study the people in the songs they love to hear; and he will probably hear nothing worse than those which the gay circles of Paris assemble to hear *Thérèse* sing. Indeed, the songs of the cellar in London are by no means uniformly or even generally offensive on the score of morality. There are enough of such, but they are not the staple. The most popular are songs of a certain kind of sentimental and even moral commonplace, with plentiful nonsense and

coarse comedy which is not in the least comical. Much of the humor is in the local method and allusion which are meaningless to a stranger. But a writer in a late number of *All the Year Round*, who speaks of the decline and fall of the popular song, and who is appalled that Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic" should have given place to "Coster-monger Joe," seems to us to confuse facts. The naval songs of Campbell are succeeded by Tennyson's Charge at Balaklava; and "My Pretty Jane" and the "Rose of Allandale" by "Annie Laurie," while "Coster-monger Joe," like our negro minstrelsy, is a new thing under the sun.

Besides, more than half of the popularity of a song is in the melody, and the words are taken as they come. The difference of popularity, for instance, between "Jim Crow" and any comparatively unknown negro song is due chiefly to the fact that "Jim Crow" was one of the earliest of the kind, and by far the most striking in tune. So with Mr. Foster's song, "Old Folks at Home," and others, the melody was sung, played, and ground until we expected to hear the calves low it and the cocks crow it, but the words were known to very few. Then there is often a vague but recognizable humor in the broad farce of many of the songs which justifies their popularity. It seems that the "German Band" was an immensely popular song in London. It described the woes of the husband of Susannah, who fell in love with the player of the flageolet in a German band, who ultimately "went for a sojer" in America and was shot. But there is something comical in such lines as these:

"The French horn was in C, and the flageolet in G,
And the rest of them all out of tune;
But amid this awful row there was somehow
One who won the heart of Susannah,
Who stood laughing at the window, while the German
flageolet
Winked at her in a most reckless manner."

This is simply the humor of folly and high spirits, but it is not altogether contemptible. The song of the Six Magnificent Bricks undoubtedly requires the melody to explain its popularity. It is merely jolly nonsense; but there is something genuinely comical in the picture of hundreds of people attentively listening to it and pealing out the chorus:

"Myself and some friends once thinking there would be
no harm
Went for a walk, a row, walking arm in arm,
The night it was dark, the streets were very calm
When we went out for a spree;
Said Jones, now what do I tell you, my boys,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Louder, for that isn't half a noise,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Then we struck up the bag-pipes once again
To let the people see
That we, six magnificent bricks,
Had made up our minds for a spree.
Fal de loodle, fal de ral doodleum,
Argh! argh! there's Sal and Methusalem,
Argh! argh! they're gone to Jerusalem,
Doodleum, doodleum day."

Such things are certainly very trivial and foolish when we gravely read them. But there is a free-masonry of youth which explains and justifies this nonsense and all other. The man who has no nonsense in his soul is fit—well, he certainly is not fit society for a rainy day in the country, nor for any of those many happy times when, like the President at Cleveland, we wish to — our dignity and be rollicking children again. The baby in arms is

to be pitied whose parent does not rattle off baby-talk; and he who holds that the nursery library is complete without Mother Goose is capable of furnishing it with a copy of the Dairyman's Daughter. What—let us ask the boy of fifteen and sixteen—what is more imposing and awe-inspiring than the College Senior; that paragon of men who conquers wherever he comes, and who is fondly and far-off copied by the admiring crew of the high school? Yet unquestionably superior among mortals as he is, the College Senior is also human. He has been known to smile, to shout, to roar, to rattle. Indeed, it is a touching illustration of the fraternity of our common human nature that if the College Senior should arrive in London he would probably go to the cider-cellar and the concert saloon before he went to court. He would be gladly and enthusiastically one of that distinguished company of respectable and middle-aged people, who are described by our friend in *All the Year Round* as declaring at the top of their voices that they were "Coster-monger Joe." If the energy of his performance should draw the attention of the hall to him, and the College Senior should be called upon to favor the company with a song, he would probably throw them into an ecstasy with a song which beats the cider-cellar with its own weapons:

"Right in the middle of the boom-jing-jing,
The boom-jing-jing, the boom-jing-jing,
Right in the middle of the boom-jing-jing—
All on a summer's day.
I dee, I da, the boom-jing-jing, the boom-jing-jing,
I dee, I da, the boom-jing-jing, I oh!
So sal lul lul la, so sal lul lul la,
So sal lul lul la, I ho!
Rip, slap, set him up again—set him up again,
Set him up again, rip, slap, set him up again,
All on a summer's day."

Here is a beautiful blending of dignity, precision, and solemn mystery to the rapturous encore which would be sure to follow this effusion from those who are delighted with the celebrated ditty of the London cellar circles:

"Jog along, jog along, jog along, boys!
Jog along, boys, with a rattle and noise
Jog along, jog along, jog along, boys,
Jog along, boys, hurrah!"

The College Senior would probably gravely respond with "The Taylor No. 1:"

"It's on the Russ, or on the pave, or on the cobble-stones,
We strike right into a 2.40 gait and rattle out I's dry bones;
And we'll show what we can do if we ever get into a tussle;
For we'll off with our coats, and roll up our sleeves, and get right on our muscle."

Chorus.

She is a gay bird, a night-owl, a wide-awake old soul—
The pride of old Buffalo as every body knows,
The pride of old Buffalo, as I have sung for fun;
And they call her the bloody hose-carriage—the Taylor No. 1."

Indeed, the merely superficial student of the College Senior knows little of the hidden springs of the secret songs of his life; and a traveler fresh from the London concert saloons, or from a faithful investigation of their lyric literature, would be amazed to find identically the same kind of humor in the relaxations of the Senior upon this side of the water. Many of the college comic songs are merely adaptations of the cider-cellar favorites, and one of the most striking characteristics of such fa-

vorites is their celebration of the loves of our fellow-creatures who drive butcher-carts, or preside over cooking ranges, or make the snowy bed, or follow some other necessary and reputable business which the Muse has hitherto disdained to sing. Thus one of the favorites of the year in "swell" circles within the sound of the great bell of Bow is "Sal and Methuselah," of which this is one stanza:

"You must know that Sal was a smart young gal,
And her fame had traveled far;
And an oyster-stand she kept in the Strand
Not a mile from Temple Bar.
Her lover rose up each morning at five,
And he dress'd by the light of a star;
He was a dog-destroyer at a sausage machine,
This young Methuselah."

Chorus.

"The lady was fair, let me declare,
The gent tall and muscular;
And held in respect by one and all
Werè Sal and Methuselah."

This is in the same vein as "Polly Perkins" of the college circles:

"I'm a broken-hearted milkman, in grief I'm array'd,
Thro' keeping of the company of a young servant-maid
Who lived on board-wages, the house to keep clean,
In a gentleman's family near Abingdon Green."

Chorus.

Oh, she was beautiful as a butterfly and as proud as a queen,
Was pretty little Polly Perkins of Abingdon Green!"

The ballad relates the hopelessness of the milkman's suit by reason of the lofty pride of his Dulcinea:

"Oh the man that has me must have silver and gold,
Must have a chariot to ride in, must be handsome and bold;
His hair must be curly as any watch-spring,
And his whiskers as big as a brush for clothing!"

The final catastrophe introduces a probable friend of the gay young dog-destroyer at a sausage machine:

"In six months she was married, this hard-hearted girl.
But it wasn't a viscount, and it wasn't an earl,
It wasn't a baronite; 'twas a shade or two wuss;
'Twas a bow-legged conductor of a two-penny 'bus!"

In all this kind of song there is a sly vein of satire, which seems to escape the observation of those who deplore that the ballads of Phillis and Chloe have disappeared before those of Sal and Polly Ann. These songs ridicule in the most joyous manner the high-stepping sorrows and romance of the operatic-pastoral divinities, and at the same time gently remind us that Polly down stairs has very much the same humanity as Lady Wilhelmina Dorothea in the parlor. Half of the sentimental ballads that lie upon pianos and are sung "so sweetly" by the domestic *prime donne* are not half so genuine as this ditty called "Mince-meat:"

"My sweet-heart was not a beauty bright,
Nor yet outright a perfect fright;
She was only cook to a barrownite,
And her name was Polly Ann.
When her onions she peeled I could almost cry,
As adoring before her I knelt;
But when she chopp'd mince-meat at Christmas time,
What tranquil enjoyment I felt!
While her mince-meat knife went
Chop chop chop, chop chop chop, chop chop chop,
Chop chop chop, chopety chopety chop."

Sometimes the satire is more subtle, as in the

Harvard College song of G. Washington, which tells an old story in an entirely new style:

There livèd once a plantier,
With a son, his only love;
To whom, upon his birthday,
A bran-new axe he guv.

The planter had a garding,
All filled with appel-trees,
Which for the city market
He was trying for to reeze.

The boy he takes the hatchet,
Quite jolly and jocund;
And going to the appel-trees
He chops them to the grund.

The father called his servants
And ranged them in a row;
"Who has chopped down my appel-trees
And killed them root and bow?"

The servants stand amazèd,
All drawn up in a line;
Then comes a-running up to him
His young and youthful sine.

"I can not tell a lie, pa,"
The youthful boy began;
"'Twas I that chopped the appel-trees,
'Twas I, your little san."

Now who, then, was this father,
And who his filial kin?
It was the noble Bushrod,
And young G. Washington.

MORIAL.

Then whoso takes a hatchet
And appel-trees chops down,
If he lives long enough will be
A great and pious mown.

There is a breezy fun in this which is delicious, and the moral improvement of young G. Washington's story is not less edifying than that of more solemn versions. Our friend in *All the Year Round* says that "very many of the popular songs of the present day are destitute of sentiment, destitute of sense, destitute of humor. They are only tolerable because their vulgarly nonsensical words are smothered in pleasing music. We need not search far in order to discover that the public to whom they are addressed tolerate them because they have no choice. One summer's day lately I was present at a bean feast. After dinner when conviviality began, the gay young apprentices favored us with some songs of the Music-Hall class and in the Music-Hall style. They were well received; but when a gentleman present, one of the old school, sang Tom Bowling the greatest enthusiasm was aroused."

Tom Bowling is one of the fine old songs undoubtedly of the sentimental heroic style. Let us hear it still and often. But because of virtue shall there be no cakes and ale? Not less delightful and humorous in its way is the remembrance of dear old Thackeray intoning in his rich, racy voice, and in the truest and best key of the "Cave of Harmony" his delicious ditty:

There were three sailors in Bristol city,
Who took a boat and went to sea.

And first with beef and captain's biscuit
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was guzzling Jack and gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billie.

Now very soon they were so greedy,
They didn't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungarie."

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
"We've no pervisions, some must eat we."

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"Oh Jim, what a great big fool ye be!

"There's little Bill which is young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"Oh, Bill, we are going for to kill and eat ye,
So undo the collar of your chimie."

When Bill received this information
He pullèd out his handkerchie.

"Oh! let me say my catechism
As my poor mammy taught to me."

"Make haste! make haste!" says guzzling Jacky,
While Jim pulled out his snick-er-sucee.

So Billy went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment,
When up he jumps—"There's land I see!

There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:

There's the British fleet a-riding at anchor,
And Admiral Nelson, K.C.B."

And when they came to the Admiral's vessel
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmie.

But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

A PLEASANT fact has lately come to our knowledge which, as a just tribute to an American scholar, we are very glad to record. All lovers of good old English poetry know the skill and learning of Professor F. J. Child, of Harvard University, whose monograph upon the language of Chaucer is one of the most thorough and satisfactory works of scholarly research in contemporary literature. Professor Child's edition of the old Ballads is not less admirable, and is accepted by scholars in England as well as here as the standard edition. Now to Professor Child, as to all lovers of the old ballads, it has been long known that the original manuscript of Percy's *Reliques* had disappeared apparently beyond recovery; and yet the fact which the Bishop mentions, that the ballads were not printed literally from his manuscript, has naturally aroused the liveliest curiosity to know in what respects the original differed from the copy.

It is now nearly a century since the *Reliques* were published, and the English scholars had abandoned all hope of ever seeing the manuscript. But Professor Child, confident that it was not one of the things which easily perish, made through many correspondents the most strenuous and sagacious inquiries, until at last some trace of the probable possessors among Bishop Percy's descendants was obtained. Tenaciously following the clew, the Professor at last ascertained that the manuscript, in good condition, was still in existence in a remote part of England, and was owned in common by certain members of the family. Establishing communication with them, he finally obtained their assent, for a moderate sum, to a new and exact publication of the work from the manuscript itself. This will be undertaken by the Society for the Restoration of Original Texts; and that Society, composed of the most accomplished men in England in this department, have confided the editorship to Professor Child. The first truly accurate and complete edition of Percy's *Reliques* will thus be due to the tenacity and accomplishment of an American scholar.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 29th of September. At home the principal events of public interest are confined to movements looking to the coming political campaign.

POLITICAL CONVENTIONS.

A "Southern Loyalists' Convention" met at Philadelphia on the 3d of September. The number of delegates was large. Among the prominent names were Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee; Mr. Speed, of Kentucky, late Attorney-General of the United States; Mr. Hamilton, late Provisional Governor of Texas; Governor Boreman, of West Virginia; Thomas L. Durant, of Louisiana. Mr. Speed was appointed Chairman. A Convention of Northern Republicans was assembled in the city, consisting of many prominent men, among whom were Governors Andrew, Morton, Hawley, Ward; Senators Lane, Chandler, Sprague, Wade, Wilson; Generals Butler, Burnside, Garfield, Geary, Schurz; and Frederick Douglas, the colored orator. This body accepted an invitation to join the Southern Convention, and the members took part in its proceedings. The proceedings of the joint Convention were marked by speeches in strong denunciation of the course pursued by President Johnson. This was especially notable in the Address, in which the President was charged with grave political crimes, and in the Resolutions which were passed. Among the Resolutions originally prepared by the Committee was one in favor of universal suffrage for blacks as well as whites; this was withdrawn, in compliance with the wish of the delegates from the Border States. The "Committee on the Unreconstructed States" presented an address, in which universal suffrage was demanded; this was adopted by a large majority, the delegates from these States only voting upon it. This assemblage was in effect rather a mass meeting than a formal Convention. Several members of the Convention have been traveling through the Northern States, making violent speeches in opposition to the Administration.

The "Republican Union" State Convention of New York met at Syracuse on the 5th of September. For Governor Mr. Fenton was nominated by acclamation for re-election, and Colonel Stewart L. Woodford for Lieutenant-Governor. The Resolutions adopted by the Convention are in the main a statement and indorsement of the general line of policy advocated by the majority in Congress in opposition to that of the Administration. The following sentences, extracted and abridged from the Resolutions, embody the most essential principles:

"The Union of the United States is perpetual, and no power exists in the Federal Government or in the several States rightly to dissolve or destroy it." The right of jurisdiction of the General Government over a State and its inhabitants can not be lost by the rebellion of a State or of its people. But a State may by rebellion "so far in fact rupture its relations to the Union as to suspend its power to exercise the rights and privileges which it possessed under the Constitution." In such case the Federal Government may wage war for its subjection, "using for that purpose all the powers of the laws of war, as recognized by the laws of nations;" and when that end has been accomplished it belongs to the Legislative power of the Government to determine at what time the State may safely resume the exercise of its rights and privileges under the Constitution, "which have been suspended by its own wrong; and the doctrine that such State has kept

perfect and unimpaired all its rights and privileges while in rebellion and war, to be used at its option, and is in itself to judge when it is in proper condition to resume their enjoyment, is false and pernicious; and the other doctrine, that the President is alone sole judge of the period when such suspension shall be at an end, and the State permitted to resume its power in the Union, is equally unsound.—The pending Amendment to the Constitution, proposed by Congress... commends itself by its justice, humanity, and moderation to every patriotic heart; and when any of the late insurgent States shall adopt that Amendment such State should at once, by its loyal Representatives, be permitted to resume its place in Congress." The Resolutions further declare, in substance, that the continual absence of ten of the late insurgent States in Congress is a refusal to recognize the change growing out of late events, and that "their claim to enter Congress before that change is acknowledged is a demand that a bloody attempt to dissolve the Union shall be rewarded with increased representation of political power." Another Resolution charges that "the President of the United States, in denouncing as unconstitutionally incompetent the Congress whose authority he has officially recognized, convicts himself of usurpation of power;" and that the massacres at Memphis and New Orleans "should admonish him that his policy encourages a spirit fatal to tranquillity, and which indefinitely delays the restoration of the Union."

A Convention of the "National Union" party of New York met at Albany on the 11th of September. This party is composed of those who, irrespective of former political affiliations, propose to support the policy of the President, as opposed to that of Congress, set forth in the action of the Philadelphia Convention of August 14. The Convention was, however, really one of the Democratic party, although there were many members who had formerly acted with the Republican party. The "platform" adopted declares that "the Democratic and National Union electors of the State of New York reaffirm the principles set forth by the Convention held in Philadelphia on the 14th of August last;" and that they hold inviolate the faith of the nation "pledged at various times, and finally by President Johnson in his proclamation of amnesty of May 29, 1865, which fully, lawfully, and finally restored to all the rights and privileges of citizenship the great mass of the people of the Southern States, who in their State Conventions and Legislatures fulfilled every required condition, and who by their delegations in the Philadelphia Convention gave every needful pledge of the sincerity of their renewed acceptance of the issues of the war." Mr. John T. Hoffman, Democrat, now Mayor of the city of New York, was nominated for Governor; and Mr. Robert H. Pruyn, formerly Whig, for Lieutenant-Governor.

The autumn elections thus far held give some indications of the result of the pending political campaign.—In Vermont the whole Republican ticket succeeded by even more than the usual large majority.—In Maine, where some doubts had been entertained as to the result, and where the vote was very full, the Republican candidate for Governor had a majority of about 28,000, a large increase upon the former preponderance; and the party elected its entire list of Members of Congress.—In New Jersey the Legislature being convened in special session, Mr. A. G. Cattell, Republican, was chosen Senator in Congress to fill the seat declared void by the declared irregularity in the election of Mr. Stockton, Democrat; and the Constitutional Amendment proposed by Congress was ratified on

the 11th of September, in the House of Assembly by 34 to 24, and in the Senate by 11 to 10. New Jersey is thus the first State to ratify the proposed Amendment.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

The tour of the President, undertaken ostensibly merely to do honor to the memory of Stephen A. Douglas, assumed in the end the aspect of a political journey, the President taking occasion at almost every point to speak in advocacy of his own policy, and in condemnation of that proposed by Congress. At many places the reception accorded to him was rather that to be expected by a candidate for political favor than that due to the Chief Magistrate of the nation. This tendency was only slightly apparent until after the party had passed beyond the limits of the State of New York, and entered upon the region of the West. The general purport of the President's speeches, which were sometimes brief and sometimes elaborated, was that he had been faithful to the principles held by the party which elected him, and that he had endeavored to carry out the policy inaugurated by President Lincoln, that policy being, in brief, to restore to the Union as soon as possible all the States, with all their rights as such unimpaired. Mr. Seward also spoke frequently, and to the same general purport.

After passing into Ohio some insults were at various places offered to the President, to which he responded in kind. At Detroit the interruption to his speech was marked, and was replied to with extreme sharpness, the President speaking with unusual bitterness of Congress. A strong disposition had in the mean while been manifested to show honor to General Grant and Admiral Farragut. The party reached Chicago on the 5th of September, several disgraceful scenes having occurred at various intermediate points. For example, at Battle Creek the President was met with hootings from a portion of the crowd. He said, as reported, "I know some who have not civility enough to receive a fellow-citizen passing through your town. I know there are some so far lost to duty and propriety that they can not receive a fellow-citizen at their own home. There are some among you who have not respect enough for themselves to hear respectfully the Chief Magistrate of the Nation."

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Douglas Monument was performed on the 6th of September. General John A. Dix pronounced a laudatory oration upon the life and career of Mr. Douglas. The President spoke briefly in praise of Mr. Douglas, but making no definite political allusion. Mr. Seward also spoke, stating that he had been asked to pronounce the oration this day. He had not been able to comply with this request. He was glad that he had declined, and that the task had fallen to the hands of one so capable, and whose oration "would live long after those who heard it had perished, and the corner-stone of the monument had crumbled into dust." He believed that "Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln would live in the memory and homage of mankind equally with the Washingtons and the Hamiltons of the Revolutionary age;" and for himself he asked no higher commendation than that when in future ages mankind "should mark and read the trials of this our beloved country under the administrations of Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, that they may find that with Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A.

Douglas I was in true association with Ulysses S. Grant and David G. Farragut, and with all the great heroes and all the great statesmen who have given to the American people a new lease of life—a life that I now feel able to defy faction, sedition, and powerful enemies to destroy now or hereafter."

On the 7th the party left for St. Louis. The journey through Illinois was marked by several instances of insult offered to the President, to which he sometimes replied. At St. Louis, on the 8th, the reception was altogether enthusiastic. Here he received an invitation, signed by Mayor Monroe of New Orleans, and many others, requesting him to visit that city, and expressing the thanks of the people for the "consummate ability" with which he had advocated "the permanent reconstruction of the Union and the salvation of constitutional liberty on this continent, at the North as well as the South, so that the Southern Commonwealths may be saved and their people gather affectionately around your august administration, encouraging alike by their councils and support." This invitation was declined. At St. Louis the President made the longest speech which he delivered after leaving New York. He was especially severe upon the action of Congress, dwelling particularly upon the increase of pay which the members had voted to themselves.

St. Louis being the proposed limit of the tour, the party commenced their return on the 10th. At Indianapolis a scene of great tumult occurred, and in the *melée* several persons were wounded by pistol shots and beaten. The Common Council of Cincinnati, by a large majority, refused to tender to the President the hospitalities of the City. A brilliant reception was, however, given by a committee of citizens. The Common Council of Pittsburgh refused to give a formal invitation to the President to visit the place. Mr. McCarthy, the Mayor, wrote in reply to a request to be present: "I should be pleased to assist in doing honor to the Chief Magistrate of the United States if I had a reasonable expectation that he would refrain upon the occasion referred to from stigmatizing those whose views of reconstruction coincide with my own as traitors on the Northern side of the line. The speeches made by Andrew Johnson in other cities will prevent me from believing that he will. I am therefore constrained, by self-respect, to decline your invitation." The speech of the President was interrupted by shouts and cries for Grant and Farragut, and he was unable to finish it. The party returned by way of Harrisburg and Baltimore, where they were warmly received, and arrived at Washington on the 15th of September, the tour having occupied eighteen days.

PRUSSIA AND HER ACQUISITIONS.

The full text of the treaty between Prussia and Austria has been published. It is in effect the same as noted in our Record for October. The treaty between Prussia and Bavaria provides that Bavaria shall pay 20,000,000 florins (about \$8,000,000) as indemnity for war expenses; and shall recognize the stipulation of the treaty with Austria; and, in order to rectify the frontier, shall cede certain districts to Prussia. Provision is made for the settlement of custom-house regulations, it being expressly stipulated that the levy of navigation duties on the Rhine shall be suppressed.

The motives and policy of Prussia in making the recent additions to her territory are set forth in a

speech by the King in the Chamber of Deputies. He says that the "Governments of the Kingdom of Hanover, the Electorate of Hesse, the Duchy of Nassau, and the Free City of Frankfort, by their participation in the hostile attitude of the late Diet, placed themselves in a state of open war against Prussia;" they declined neutrality and alliance offered by Prussia, and "took an active part in the war of Austria against Prussia," appealing to arms, and the decision has been against them. Political necessity forced Prussia not to restore to these Governments the power of which they had been deprived, for they could, in case their independence was maintained, cause difficulties to the policy and military action of Prussia; hence it was necessary to unite these states with Prussia. The King was aware that only a part of the population of these states shared in the conviction of this necessity; but while he respected the attachment of these people to their ancient dynasties, he believed that they would soon become reconciled to the change. The decree of annexation is brief. It reads:

"(1.) We take for ourselves and our successors, in virtue of Article 55 of the Prussian Constitution, the Governments of the Kingdom of Hanover, of the Electorate of Hesse, the Duchy of Nassau, and the Free City of Frankfort.—(2.) The definitive settlement of the relations of those countries with the Prussian territory, according to Article 2 of the Constitution, will be fixed by a special law.—(3.) The Minister of State is charged with the execution of the present measure."

On the 1st of September a deputation from Hanover received an audience from the King of Prussia. By whom this deputation was appointed does not appear; but it consisted of several high official functionaries. Their object was to induce the King of Prussia to forego his determination to annex the kingdom of Hanover. They admitted that the result of the war had decided that Prussia was called upon to become the leading Power of the new Germanic Confederation, and that she must have all the power and authority requisite for "the effective execution of her historic mission." But they urged that for this it was not necessary to destroy the separate political existence of Hanover. They urged that the military authority conceded to Prussia would prevent the possibility that Hanover should ever become "an unreliable neighbor to the crown of Prussia;" and, moreover, if the King of Prussia objected to the present King of Hanover, he was ready to renounce the crown to his son and heir. The question, they thought, was whether it would be better to acquire "two millions of faithful allies or as many unwilling subjects." It could not, they added, be agreeable to the King of Prussia "to dethrone a prince whose dynasty, which has been connected with the country for a thousand years, and who equally wears his crown by the Grace of God," because, taking a different view of Federal law, he considered himself not at liberty to adopt the policy of the Prussian King, and was forced "by an unfortunate concatenation of circumstances" to employ his troops against those of Prussia. They reminded King William that his predecessor had promised faithful support to the father of the King of Hanover, and hoped that he would redeem the promise; thus gaining, "in the irrevocable conquest of many thousands of true and thankful hearts, far more imperishable laurels than the subjection of a weak enemy can ever afford."

The King replied that he appreciated the sentiment of loyalty which had prompted the petition of this deputation; but it could not be granted. He went on to explain the motives by which he was

governed. He said that the conduct of the "Bund" had been marked by hostility to Prussia; that Hanover especially had maintained an "unfriendly attitude toward Prussia—interrupted almost exclusively during the reign of King Ernest Augustus—by more intimate relations, which, during the political complications of recent years, has often become hostile without any cause being given on the part of Prussia." The conclusion of the whole matter was, that "The most mature examination, all the more painful because of my relationship to the House of Hanover, has induced me to determine upon the annexation as a duty to relieve my Prussia from the heavy sacrifices it has brought, and the probable return of the dangers to be in future apprehended from the unfriendly attitude of Hanover. I trust," concluded the King, "that mutual confidence will ultimately lead to content."

The spokesman of the deputation replied that the King's reply had taken from them "the last hope of the preservation of any sort of independence." This hope had been based mainly upon the anticipation that "the remembrance of the unvarying and faithful devotion of the lamented King Ernest Augustus to the Royal House of Prussia might hold back your Majesty's mighty hand from striking his Majesty's son and grandson from the roll of German Sovereigns. From this day forth," the deputation say in conclusion, "provided your Majesty's determination remains irrevocable, no other resource remains for the loyal and reasonable Hanoverians than the endeavor to convert the bitterness and excitement partially created by the intention of annexation into the sentiment of hopeless resignation to the unavoidable decrees of Providence."

The Emperor Napoleon has issued a circular to the various Governments, of which we have only a telegraphic abstract. He says that the recent changes in Europe are favorable to France; Prussia and Italy are drawn nearer together in ideas and interest; Austria has no hostile intent; the Convention with Rome will be loyally carried out. The navies of the second-class Powers assure the freedom of the Baltic and the Mediterranean. He justifies his offer of mediation between Austria and Prussia and Italy; and intimates the advisability of the annexation of the people having the same language and interests to any of the Powers of Europe. He affirms the necessity of the maintenance by France of a state of perfect military organization, not as a menace, but as a means of securing the lasting peace of Europe.

An insurrection has broken out among the Christian inhabitants of Candia, the ancient Crete, against the Turkish power. This appears to have been suppressed for the moment; but the people have made earnest appeals for succor to the Christian Powers of the world, especially to the United States.

From the La Plata we have accounts up to August 25, which report more fighting, but with no definite result, between the Allies and Paraguay. The secret treaty between Brazil and her Allies has been brought to light. It provides that the present Government of Paraguay shall be overthrown; that the country shall be stripped of arms and munitions of war, the forts on the river destroyed and never rebuilt, and the navigation of the river be free. It also not only strips Paraguay of a considerable tract of territory for the benefit of Brazil, but assigns to the Argentine Confederation a large tract claimed by Bolivia. This treaty has called forth threatening remonstrances from Chili and other South American States.

Editor's Drawer.

A DUTCHMAN at Decatur married a second wife in about a week after the loss of wife No. 1. The Sabbath following the bride asked her lord to take her riding, and was duly "cut up" with the following response: "You tink I ride out mit anoder voman so soon after the death of mine frau? No, no."

OLD Dr. B——, of St. Lawrence County, New York, practiced medicine in the early settlement of the country there, and was noted as well for his kindness of heart as his oddity. Being aroused one stormy night by a man after "the Doctor," he said to his wife, "Now I am too tired to go out. You tell him I am not at home, and if it is very necessary I can go after he is gone." Not without some scruples Mrs. B—— announced to the man that the Doctor was not at home. The fellow then proceeded to tell a most pitiful story, when the Doctor, forgetting every thing but sympathy for the case, sang out: "I guess I'll go, Mary;" and at the top of his voice to the man: "I'll go right along." Mrs. B—— never lied for him after that.

LITTLE Willie Northrup, of Oswego, had been bitten by mosquitoes, while visiting in the country, till his arms were red and swollen. Shortly after his mother called him to the door to see the August sun setting very red and fiery. He looked at it a while and said: "Sketer bit it, mamma!"

THE following comes from Tuolumne County, California:

In your June Number the Drawer tells a good one of a soldier who spoke of General Burnside as an "old synagogue," which reminds me of "another of the same," which we have all laughed over repeatedly. Last fall Jim M—— was the Copperhead candidate for State Senator for this county, and although without the least chance of being elected, the party made a great noise about him, and among the loudest was a half-witted Irishman named John Jackson, who lives in our neighborhood. This Jackson is an inveterate talker, and repudiates Lindley Murray and Noah Webster on every occasion, for, as he says himself, he "niver heard tell on them." So a few days before the election, when nothing but politics was talked of, a Unionist asked Jackson if M—— had any trade, calling, or profession.

"Faix an' he has that," said Jackson, "for whin he lived in Yark State he wuz a dimagog, so he wuz."

"Oh no, not so bad as that," said the other.

"Be me sowl an' he wuz, thin, for he towld me so hisself, so he did."

"You are mistaken," said a third party; "it was 'pedagogue,' not 'demagogue,' which he said."

At this Jackson commenced thinking to himself, and at last said: "Well, it's meself's not jist sure, now, whether it's a dimagog or a padygog he is, but you can bet your pile he's some kind of a gog." And ever since Jim answers to the name of "Old Gog."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following warning to dead men not to come back by Spiritualism or otherwise, in order to hear what is said about them:

Some years since an eccentric old genius, called

Barns, was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot River, Maine, to dig a well. The soil and stratum being mostly of sand, old Barns, after having progressed downward about forty feet, found one morning upon going to work that the well had essentially caved in, and was full nearly to the top. So, having the desire which men have of knowing what will be said of them after they are dead, and no one being yet astir, he concealed himself in a rank growth of burdock by the side of a board fence, near the mouth of the well, having first left his frock and hat upon the windlass over the well. At length, breakfast being ready, a boy was dispatched to call him to his meal, when, lo! and behold! it was seen that Barns was buried in the grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm was given and the family assembled. It was decided to first eat breakfast, and then send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such apathy did not flatter Barns's self-esteem a bit. He waited patiently, determined to hear what would be said and see what was to be seen.

Presently all parties arrived and began "prospecting" the scene of the catastrophe, as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave it as his opinion that they had better level up the well and let Barns remain; "for," he said, "he is now beyond the temptation of sin, and in the day of judgment it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet under the ground or fifty, for he is bound to come forth in either case." The coroner likewise agreed that it would be a needless expense to his family or the town to disinter him when he was effectually buried, and therefore coincided with the minister. His wife thought that as "he had left his hat and frock it would hardly be worth while to dig him out for the rest of his clothes." And so it was decided to let him remain.

But poor old Barns, who had no breakfast, and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, lay quiet until the shades of evening stole over the landscape, when he departed to parts unknown. After remaining incognito for about three years, one morning he suddenly appeared (hatless and flockless as he went) at the door of the old farmer for whom he had agreed to dig the unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions was rained upon him as to his mysterious reappearance, etc., would convey but a feeble idea of the excitement which his bodily presence created. But the old man bore it all quietly, and at length informed them that, finding himself buried, he waited to be dug out again, until all his patience was exhausted, when he sat to work to dig himself out, and only the day before succeeded, for his ideas being very much confused, he had dug very much at random, and instead of coming directly to the surface he came out in the town of Holden, six miles east of the Penobscot River.

No further explanations were asked for by those who were so distressed and sorrowful over his supposed final resting-place.

AN Oregon correspondent sends the following:

In a certain county the Chinamen had learned to know the tax-collector, and paid without suspicion

whenever he came round; but knowing that attempts were made to impose upon them, of course regarded every body else as a swindler. An election resulted in another official being chosen, and when he attempted to collect they refused to pay. He was rather peremptory, whereupon they seized him, tied his wrists and ankles together, and, thrusting a pole between them, several of the Celestials lifted the pole, and carrying him thus, as they would a dressed pig, brought their captive up to town and handed him over to the proper authorities, with a self-satisfied "much catchee wobber," conscious of having at the same time rid themselves of an enemy and rendered good service to the community. The joke was such a good one, and was so mercilessly kept alive by the friends of the victim, that the poor fellow was obliged, in self-defense, to resign his office and quit the neighborhood.

THE readers of the *Drawer* no doubt remember the sad catastrophe of the *Von-Phul*, a Mississippi steamer, that snagged and went down on "Yazoo Cut-off," below "Milliken's Bend." On board the ill-fated boat was a detachment of the Tenth Missouri Cavalry, half of whom were drowned, together with two-thirds of the cabin passengers. We were at the scene of the accident within half an hour after its occurrence, and sent out our "gig" and "yawls" to pick up survivors. Among others saved was an Irishman, a member of the Tenth, whom we found floating on a piece of "bulk-head," as naked as when born, with the exception of a "Colt's army revolver" and a sabre belt buckled tightly around him. When asked why he encumbered himself with his "arms," he responded, in true Irish style: "Do you suppose I'd be payin' forty dollars for anither pistil?" The reader will better appreciate it when informed that the price of a "Colt's army" was but twenty dollars, but from frequent sales of the weapon by enlisted men who were "hard up," forty dollars were charged on the muster-roll to the delinquent.

A LITTLE gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, doing business in Philadelphia, and knowing as little of machinery as a man can well know, was compelled to go to the water-cooler one of those hot days in July for a glass of ice-water. The faucet was one that opened with a screw thread. Joseph turned the screw, and soon had the glass running over with the cooling draught, for having entirely withdrawn the screw he became confused, and failed, after several attempts, to stop the copious supply. After calling in vain upon each of the young men to come to his aid—for they were convulsed with laughter—a new idea seemed to strike our Hebrew friend. He caught the cooler in his arms and turned it bottom up, at the same time dropping the glass and its contents. The new position was no improvement on the first, for of course the lid came off, and out went ice and ice-water, thoroughly saturating the nice linen suit of our unfortunate, and of course the situation brought down the house, aided by our friend's impatient exclamation: "What for you laugh? You tink I vill laugh ven you do dis ting? No!"

RHODE ISLAND sends the two following:

There lives in one of our towns a man who sometimes becomes so much intoxicated as to be unable to walk. He owns a large dog, which has the reputation of being a savage animal. One evening

this individual having imbibed so freely as to be unable to walk, some of his neighbors kindly carried him to his residence. As they approached his house they heard the deep growls of the dog, and hesitated to go on, at which the drunken man roused up and exclaimed: "You ne-needn't be afraid; he knows my step!"

YEARS ago two sons of the well-known Jacob Barker, Abram and Sigourney, were on a shooting expedition off the "Glen." Abram, who was about nine years old, had the helm; and Sigourney, gun in hand, stood near by. Suddenly the boom jibed over, and striking Sigourney knocked him into the water. As Abram assisted his brother into the boat, he exclaimed: "Never mind, Sig; if you didn't shoot you got a duck!"

WE have heard of the man who was so stingy that he put green goggles upon his horse and fed him on shavings, and we have heard of many other instances of meanness, but this one beats them all, we think:

At a school in Connecticut there was a janitor who took care of the school buildings, and he also kept boarders. One of the boarders owed him \$20, and as a receipt for \$20 or over requires a two-cent stamp, the man gave the boy a receipt for \$19 99, and gave him back one penny, thus saving one cent. If any body can beat that at meanness let's hear of it.

A TRAVELER writes: While in Buffalo, a few days ago, I got on board the 6 P.M. express for New York. Just as I had taken my seat a woman accosted me with, "Where can I get a stamp?" I answered I couldn't tell her. "But I must have one," says she; "my ticket"—showing me the ticket—"says, 'not good unless stamped by receiver,' and I have no stamp." The remainder of the passengers immediately began to smile, and the woman took her seat quite indignant.

At the great fire in Mayaguez, Porto Rico, on the 26th May last, the crew of the United States steamer *Bienville* assisted very materially in extinguishing the flames, and of course the inhabitants were very grateful for the assistance, and plied upon the wearied sailors refreshments of all kinds. Liquor was plentiful, and one of the crew, a native of the Emerald Isle, became so helplessly intoxicated as to be taken to the landing in a wheelbarrow. On the way down the jolting of the "mashheen" partially aroused him, when he inquired:

"What is the matter? and where are you taking me?"

"We're taking you to the grave-yard to bury you; you're dead."

"When did I die, shure?"

"Last night at the fire."

"Och, Jasus! thin let me see the praste before I'm buried!"

IN the course of the Tariff debate, in the House of Representatives, the following attempt was made to enliven its dullness by a bit of waggery:

Mr. Ross moved to increase the duty on apples, garden fruit, and vegetables from 10 to 50 per cent.

Mr. Thayer, of Pennsylvania, suggested that if the gentleman's amendment included "small potatoes" he might go for it. [Laughter.]

The Philadelphia *Age* remarks upon this that it

is the first instance on record of a member of Congress proposing a tax upon himself!

The joke is old, but good. A good many years ago, when General Cass was a leader among Democrats, and consequently an object of dislike to the Whigs, it was moved in the Legislature of a Western State to bestow the name of Cass on a new county. A Whig, meaning to be sarcastic, rose and moved as an amendment that the first letter of the proposed name be struck out! The laugh was on his side hugely until the Democrat retorted that he might not have any objection, but that it was very unusual for a member to rise and propose that a county in the State should be named after himself! and then the other side had the laugh.

DEAR DRAWER,—Allow me to send you an apothecary's joke, which happened in our store the other night. A little girl entered and asked me "if I had any thing for a *good sour stomach*?" The laughter that greeted this request was immense.

ANOTHER: A little friend of mine, aged about three years, whose name is Nellie, had a present of a big doll. She called at our house one day with the doll enveloped in a number of blankets, and we asked her what was the matter with "dolly." "Oh, she sick." "What is the matter with dolly?" we asked. "Oh, I tink *she bowels is bad*!" We immediately collapsed and were disinfected.

WE leave it for our readers to guess where the good lady can live of whom a friend writes as follows:

A day or two after the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable, while selling goods to a lady from the country, I thought it would be news to her to inform her of the fact; and accordingly told her that Mr. Field had laid the cable across the Atlantic all right. She looked at me, and innocently remarked: "What did they lay it across for?" My desire for giving further information was entirely gone.

It is related of Rev. Mr. Robin, of F——, that he once entered a store and bought, among other things, some eggs. One of the by-standers observing him put them in his pocket, told him to be careful not to sit on them. "Yes," said the divine; "but did you never know a robin to sit on hen's eggs without hurting them?"

SOME experiences of a new clerk are contributed to the Drawer by one of his friends:

A new firm recently set up business in our town as grocers and dry-goods merchants. The senior partner took his son (an eighteen-year-old boy) in as clerk. This was a new thing for John, and he had much to learn relative to his new position. On one occasion a woman came in and inquired if they had any *scarlet-green*. After having looked over the goods he informed her that they were just out, but would have some more in a few days.

At another time a lady came into the store and asked for cotton thread, No. 40. After examining several spools John came to one No. 46, when he addressed the purchaser as follows: "Here's one only six yards more, and I'll give it to you for the same price."

DEAR DRAWER,—It is a long time since "any thing of mine" has found its way into the Drawer. Here are two incidents relating to Oregon lads, some way below their teens. One of them is by my sec-

ond son, and the other by that of a near neighbor and dear friend. To begin with the latter: This frolicsome urchin, like Socrates, is distinguished for asking questions. At the table he sat opposite his grandfather, who before eating always said grace. Observing the old gentleman's deliberate utterances as he bent his head forward and cast his eyes upon the table, the grandson asked: "Grandpa, do you read that off the table-cloth?"

THE second arose in this way: In the long days of June the boy was allowed to go across the river into the wood-country and gather wild strawberries. He returned quite successful; and as we consumed the delicious fruit after the regular course my young hopeful, feeling proud of his first foray upon the world, asked me if I had ever gathered wild strawberries when a little boy like him. I answered "No," and excused my want of adventure or enterprise by adding that "I was not allowed to go so far from home when a child." With a look compounded of incredulity and fun, he quickly answered: "I guess you didn't know the way."

THE Pine-Tree State sends the three following:

In one of the sea-port towns resides Uncle George P——, whose ready humor ever furnishes a fitting reply to any one of high or low degree. Late one fall Uncle George was plying his vocation of shipwright for a citizen who required all the hours of labor the daylight would admit. Coming tardily to work one morning he was accosted by the employer with, "George, this is a little late; you know the days are very short now." "Yes, yes," was the reply, "and the nights are mere nothings!"

DURING a severe storm a raft of choice lumber was broken up by wind and sea, and driven up the harbor, where a large portion was stranded on the shores belonging to a citizen who was new to the locality, and perhaps unacquainted with the laws and customs relating to estrays of the kind. Straightway he applied his beasts of burden to the prize, and having hauled it into his field betook himself to his noonday refreshment. Meantime the proprietor of the lumber appeared with his men, and in a short time had the material in the form of a raft, which they were propelling through the water when the owner of the land appeared upon the bank. Surprised at the turn affairs had taken he paced the strand for a while, and then raised his voice. "Mr. P——," said he, "what is the custom here regarding lumber that comes to a man's shore?" "Well," said P——, applying himself vigorously to his setting-pole, "the custom appears to be to steal it!"

WHEN Colonel J—— ran for Congress in this District, some eight years since, the vote was exceedingly close. On the night of election the Colonel's friends were assembled anxiously awaiting a telegraphic dispatch from a few distant towns that would determine the result. It so chanced that a dealer in fish had sent a cargo of his commodity to Boston, with instructions to the captain to telegraph when his freight was discharged. There was a confusion of dispatches at the telegraph-office, so that when the message was opened and read at headquarters the astonished listeners heard these words: "Dear Sir, your fish are landed!" And, sure enough, the returns, when they came in less questionable shape, showed the Colonel's fish to be high and dry. But the country lost the services of one

of the clearest heads and best-informed commercial minds in the State. It may be added that the honest fish-monger was a good deal surprised, and not a little alarmed, to read in his dispatch that there was an attempt to send him to Congress.

A BUFFALONIAN sends the following:

Some time since the wife of one of our adopted citizens came to the office of the Assessor of this District for the purpose of making a return of income for her husband, he being out of the city at the time. She was directed to the desk of the Assistant-Assessor for her Division—who, by-the-way, is quite an elderly gentleman, an ex-Supervisor, and a great favorite in the office. The officer referred to propounded to her the usual questions and received the usual answers, which he recorded on the return (in dollars and cents), and upon deducting the amount exempt by law, discovered that the gentleman referred to was not liable. He thereupon handed the document to the fair one, saying: "Please sign that, Madam; Murphy has nothing to pay." But you can imagine his astonishment when he read in the place of the signature the words:

"Murphy has nothing to pay!"

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Drawer writes:

I have a little brother who was last winter somewhat hard of hearing, which caused several amusing mistakes. One day I went with a friend and my little brother "Sam" to the St. Aloysius Church to hear the music, which is very fine. During the service Sam, with ears and eyes wide open, saw and heard every thing. When the incense-bearers came out he asked me what it was, and on being informed was quiet. Upon reaching home he gave a minute and graphic description of what he saw, and wound up by saying: "And two little boys were standing by the priest swinging *nonsense* around!"

DEAR DRAWER,—As a great many of those who search through your pages for entertainment are ruralists, the following incident may not be out of place, and also prove interesting to many, particularly those who so well remember the old horse "Ben," with his white face, dignified carriage, and steady trot, so repeatedly performed on the most popular avenue leading from Cincinnati, for ten successive years. Ben was known the country over for his faithfulness, instinct, and affection (particularly for his oats). We bought Ben out of a dray, and in him found a treasure unknown. He had a wonderfully sagacious head; never seemed to forget his groom, or any stopping-place on the road where there was good water—particularly at the Mill Creek House, for here he seemed to know his driver could always be regaled with the cool beverage, and always insisted on stopping. Ben lived with us for ten long years, making him nineteen years old, when it was suddenly concluded that he might die on our hands, and after a little discussion it was resolved to sell him to "an honest Dutchman," who lived some ten miles away, for the sum of fifty dollars. This was done four years since, and all remembrance of old Ben had passed from memory, when lo! a few mornings ago, bright and early, Ben's *best friend* thought she saw him coming down the road. We all laughed at such an impossibility, when soon a loud and familiar nickering was heard. And sure enough, there stood the faithful old horse, with his head over the front

gate, looking straight up at the house, evidently calling for his old friends. This was after an absence of four years, making him now in his twenty-fourth year. A rush was made to let him in the gate and give him welcome; and it was a wonderful sight to watch his conduct. He deliberately walked along the carriage-way, stopped at his old watering-bucket, taking a survey of all things, then proceeded up past the house on toward the barn, and directly into the old stall, where he had lived so long. Of course he was given the freedom of the place. But during the day his owner came for him, and we all took an affectionate farewell of old Ben. This incident shows the wonderful sagacity of the horse, and proves that kind treatment is not easily forgotten even by dumb animals.

THE article entitled "Newspaperiana," in the August Number of the Magazine, reminds me of the following editorial effusion which appeared some years ago in connection with the announcement:

MARRIED—Mr. Ebenezer Sweet to Miss Jane Lemmons.

"How happily extremes do meet,
In Jane and Ebenezer;
She's no longer sour, but sweet,
And he's a lemon-squeezer."

FEELING a special interest in the *good things* of the Drawer, and particularly some of those contributed by brother soldiers, I send you what I call a good one:

Being in one of the Western hospitals I met an old acquaintance, Pat Brady. Pat was one of those patriotic Irishmen, of which we had so many, that responded to the first call for troops. He was very loth to go into the hospital, and always willing to do a "good turn for his counthree." But a fever got hold of Pat and brought him to death's door—in fact, he was supposed to have already entered, and was carried to the dead-house. The guard, upon going in shortly after, saw Pat in a sitting posture on the bench that he had been laid out on only a short time before. In great surprise the guard asked what Pat was there for? "It's wathin transportation to the grave I am!" was the doleful reply.

FROM the very far West we have a number of good things. Let us have more from the same source and the same pen:

Did you ever hear of Y—, in —? He was a pompous little fellow, and practiced law there. Judge R— was Justice of the Peace, and detested Y—. On one occasion court was in session when Y— bustled in and addressed the Judge: "Your Honor, is there any thing before the Court?" Judge R— leaned back in his chair and *included* his questioner in one glance, then replied, slowly; "Yes, Mr. Y—, there's a *thing* before the Court." Y— came again: "Your Honor is disposed to be facetious; I meant was there any thing of *importance* before the Court?" "The *thing*, Mr. Y—," said his Honor, gravely, "is of *no importance whatever!*" Y— subsided.

DEAR DRAWER,—We have a volunteer cavalry organization of many years' standing in the city of P—, called the First City Troop. It has had, and still has many honored and worthy names on its roll, and we take a just pride in its handsome and soldierly appearance. The uniform is showy, the lower limbs being encased in spotless buckskin

breeches and cavalry boots. Some time ago we had a public ceremonial, or reception, in which this troop led the line, and as it was passing our house, and we were clustered about the windows watching the pageant, one of the youngsters asked, "What soldiers are these?" "The First City troop," we replied; "don't you admire them?" "Well, I don't know," was the reply, glancing with a critical eye down the file of plump buckskins bestriding the saddles; "they look to me as if they had been melted and poured into their trowsers!"

"LARRY," said a coquettish young lady to her cousin, prematurely bald, "why is your head like heaven?" "Don't know, I'm sure," replied the swell; "unless, indeed, because it has a shining crown." "Good, but not correct. Because there is no more *dying* or *parting* there!"

GOON Deacon Tupper lived in the town of J—, in one of the lower counties of Maine. He belonged to the Baptist denomination, and took great delight in attending the annual meetings of their association. Here he met the ministers and delegated brethren from all the churches in the district, and there was a happy reunion. But most of all did he enjoy the good things prepared on these occasions to feast upon. On his return, at one time, one of his neighbors meeting him accosted him with: "Well, Deacon, did you have a good time at the Association?" "Oh yes; look here! do you see—God bless you, yes! glorious! glorious! *Oh what puddings!*"

THE band of the 4th Artillery is justly celebrated for the excellence of its music. The present head-quarters of the regiment is at Fort M'Henry, Maryland. The daily evening concerts are a most delightful entertainment to the residents of the post and visitors from the city. A few evenings since some friends of the Colonel commanding visiting the post were being regaled with very choice selections of music, when the Colonel, being desirous to know the name of a particular piece which had just been played, sent his orderly, one George, a sergeant of colored troops, to inquire. Being told by Professor Spittichi, the leader, that it was a selection from the opera of "Nebuchadnezzar," George returned and complaisantly informed the Colonel it was a selection from "de opera of Next-door-neighbor!"

GENERAL J. M. TUTTLE, of Second Iowa memory, tells a good story with as much vigor as he manifested in "moving upon the enemy's works" at Fort Donelson. Of the many good things in his reminiscences of army life is the following:

The General, while in command of a division at Shiloh, had in his command an inveterate old *bohemian bummer*, whom we will call B—, and who got maudlin on every possible occasion. The General, in going the rounds on inspection-day, found B—, for perhaps the fiftieth time, undergoing the usual punishment for drunkenness—lashed to the fifth wheel of the caisson. The day was intensely hot; B— lashed as aforesaid at an angle of 45°, gazing intently into the muzzle of a 6-pounder which pointed directly toward him. The General, on discovering "the situation," hailed him:

"Hello, B—! what are you doing there?"

B—, with as much dignity as it was possible to muster, having in view the surroundings, re-

plied, in a deep, tragic voice: "General, I am seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth!" It is perhaps needless to add that B— was immediately released.

DEAR DRAWER,—I have a friend whose name is Frost, and he has a little son, three years old, whom all the family acquaintances call "Jack Frost."

Now Jack is a right smart little fellow, and had often heard his father and others talk about the butcher killing the little innocent calves for people to eat, and Jack thought this cruel, and so he used to be on the look-out for every wagon that appeared, lest it should be the butcher after his calf. But one day when the man went out to milk Jack followed, and the man had not been long at his duty before he heard Jack crying at a furious rate, and upon going to him he found him lying on the barn-floor in great distress. He explained his situation by saying that he thought "if a man could milk a cow a boy could milk a calf," and having tried the experiment he got kicked heels over head. Jack ran to the house and told his father what had happened, closing with the remark that "he did not care how quick the butcher came and got that calf!"

WAY up in California a friend who receives the Magazine writes:

DEAR DRAWER,—I send a draft for at least part of my indebtedness to you for the many side-splitters which I have enjoyed since I have been reading the Magazine, which has been about five years.

The good folks of this far-off country are addicted to something more than digging gold—yea, even to getting married. And such was the case in the family of Colonel P—, not long since, when his daughter, in the presence of a large and select company, was joined in the holy bonds of matrimony to a Mr. Cannon. Now let it be understood that the Colonel likes a joke about as well as any man living, and as soon as the ceremony was over he arose and thus addressed the company: "I have seen double-barreled pistols, double-barreled shot-guns, and even double-barreled rifles; but," said he, pointing to the happy pair, "this is the first time in my life that I ever saw a double-barreled *cannon!*"

THE following comes from very near the Canada line, and was perhaps as fearful to the subject of the story as the great Fenian scare was to the Canucks:

A few years ago some efforts were made to convert the people of Ireland to Protestantism. Missionaries went abroad to collect funds for that object; tracts, books, etc., were supplied, and the missionaries started on their errand. One of the missionaries, while traveling through Ireland, called at the cabin of an Irishman, and asked "if the man of the house was in?" Patrick, jumping up from his low seat, quickly replied, "I'm the man, your Honor!" "Patrick, I have some very good books and papers I desire to leave you, but with the understanding that you will not let any one have them only your family till I return." "Never a one will see them, your Honor, but Biddy and the children." Not long after the departure of the missionary the parish priest, hearing of the affair, repaired to the house of Patrick, and accosted him as follows: "Patrick, I am told you have some books, tracts, etc., and I wish to see them." "I have, your rivalence, and very nice ones they are indeed, but I told the gentleman that I would not let any one see them but Biddy and the children until he returned,

and sure your riverance would not have me tell a lie." "If you do not give me up those books, Patrick," replied the priest, "I will turn you into a rat!" The priest immediately departed, supposing the terror of being turned into a rat would induce Patrick to give up the books. Patrick did not do so, however; but, calling Biddy, he sighingly said: "Biddy, haven't I always loved you and our dear children dearly?" "You have, Patrick; and why do you ask these questions?" "Oh, Biddy, it's all day wid me now; the priest has jist gone, and I will have two little ears on me, hair all over me back, and a great long tail sticking out of me; and, if you have any love for your dear husband, for God's sake kill all the cats about the place!"

A TRAVELER gives a cool bit of his experience for the readers of the Drawer:

I was returning from New Orleans the other day on one of those magnificent steamers of the Morgan line. The sea was calm as a lake, the weather delightful, and we were progressing at the rate of about fourteen knots an hour. The delightful weather and smooth sea brought all the passengers together at dinner. Near me sat a long, lank, green-looking specimen of the genus *homo*, sub-genus *rusticus*, and directly opposite Rusticus sat Colonel G——, of Texas. Rusticus devoured all the eatables within reach of his lengthy arms in an incredibly short space of time, then reaching over, he seized Colonel G——'s glass of water, and it disappeared at one gulp, whereupon Colonel G—— remarked: "Stranger, that's decidedly cool." Upon which the stranger, smiling pleasantly, replied: "Yes; guess it had ice in it."

Had there chanced to be a ship within a hundred miles the passengers thereon would doubtless have been terrified at the explosion.

WHEN Beriah Magoffin was Governor of Kentucky J. H. Johnson was editing the *Frankfort Commonwealth*. Although violently opposed in politics, the Governor was personally a great favorite with the editor, and *vice versa*. While the Legislature was in session a New York man stopped at the Capitol Hotel, and in due time became fashionably drunk. He was anxious to become acquainted with the Governor. The Governor happened to be in No. 20, with various Senators and Representatives, and New York finding it out, besought divers persons to introduce him; but seeing his condition, all declined. He finally asked Mr. Johnson to do him that favor. "Certainly; come with me. Governor, allow, etc., Mr. —, who will represent the State of New York in the coming tobacco fair." The usual civilities having been passed, New York, steadying himself upon his heels, took a long, inebriated stare at the Governor, and abruptly waddled out of the room.

"Jake," said the Governor, turning to Johnson, "don't you think your friend was a *leetle* too drunk to be introduced to me to-night?"

"Not at all, Governor. If he hadn't been so drunk he never would have sought an introduction."

A FEW days since we accompanied some friends who were making a pilgrimage to the "graves of their ancestors," in a stroll through an old burial-ground in "ye ancientie citie" of Middletown, Connecticut; and while they were engaged, apparently, in the usual solemn meditation upon such of the virtues as a century or more had left still legible

upon the stones, we amused ourselves in deciphering some of the literary eccentricities among the inscriptions. Here are a few of those worthy of repetition:

Upon a stone dated "1682:"

"Beneathe thys stonne
Death's pris'ner lyes;
The stonne shalle move,
The pris'ner ryse."

Another, dated "1691:"

"Here lyes our Deaconne Hall,
Whoe studyd peace with alle,
Was uprighte inne hys lyfe,
Voide of malygnante stryfe
Gonne toe hys restte,
Left us inne sorrowe;
Doubtlesse hys goode
Works wylle hym followe."

Two, dated "1711" and "1807," tell the same story:

"A loving wife
And tender mother
Left this base world
T' enjoy the other."

Another takes up the lament after this fashion:

"Beautiful flower of Middletown!
How art thou cutted down! cutted down!"

One of "1753" gives this brief bit of family history:

"This lovely, pleasant child—
He was our only one,
Altho' we've buried three before—
Two daughters and a son."

And a rare instance of juvenile precocity is recorded in the following:

"Sacred to the Memory of
Charley and Varley,
Sons of loving parents who died in infancy."

LINES

TO HER WHO CAN BEST UNDERSTAND THEM.

I've wooed thee by starlight, by moonlight, by day;
I've wooed thee with sweetmeats and fragrant bouquet;
I've wooed thee in sonnet, in passionate rhyme;
I've wooed thee with music, oh! many a time.

I've coaxed thee with kisses (of sugar, of course);
I've coaxed thee in carriage, and too upon horse;
I've coaxed thee in railway, and too in street cars,
Imploring the aid of fair Pallas and Mars.

I ask'd for your hand, and you gave me your shoe—
I ask'd, for you had some good bank-stock I knew;
I ask'd for your kerchief, for ah! I was smitten;
I ask'd for your glove, and you gave me the mitten.

DEAR DRAWER,—I find some amusing anecdotes on milking cows in the last Number of *Harper's*. I shall tell one which I think will amuse many. We had in our employ some time ago a Frenchman whose knowledge of the English language was rather limited, but who nevertheless was never at a loss to express himself. He had occasion to go to a relative of mine in the country, at which place a younger brother of mine was staying. On his return I asked him was my brother making himself useful on the farm? His reply was: "Oh yes; he can now pull down ze milk from ze cow!"

THEY use decided language and express their opinions freely in Texas, if the following is a fair sample:

A few days since a conversation took place, not

many miles from here, which I consider is too good to be kept: Lieutenant—— presented his accounts to the Paymaster—who, by-the-way, was in a bad temper—who, after examining them for a few seconds, assumed as fierce an expression as possible, and in a thundering voice exclaimed, "Do you think, Sir, I am a fool?" "I don't know," said the Lieutenant, with the greatest composure; "but I've heard some people say you was!" It is perhaps needless to add that the accounts were paid without further discussion.

THE three following are from one who always reads the Drawer, and does not forget to contribute a few odds and ends occasionally:

Two Irishmen and myself occupied the same room. I found them asleep one Sunday afternoon, and returning to the room again soon after I found Patrick by himself snoring away at a great rate. I awoke him, with the remark that he had a fine nap. "Yes," said he; "the only thing I remember is Johnny [the room-mate] getting up and leaving without me knowing any thing about it!"

LAST fall, on the train from Indianapolis to Lafayette, I fell in conversation with a discharged soldier and his North Carolina bride. In answer to my question how she liked Hoosierdom, she replied: "Why, just as soon as we crossed the Ohiers I saw that the climate got to be much leveler!"

ONE day, on our trip to Atlanta with General Sherman, two teamsters belonging to different trains got into a big fuss. The day was a dark, gloomy, miserable one, and it appeared to me that they had saved up all their "cuss words" for use on just such a day as that. One of them was a loud-mouthed fellow, who, having elaborated some thousand or so of his seventeen-syllabled imprecations to the other, had stopped to rest, when the other exclaimed: "Shut up your mouth, or the sun will warp your ribs!"

DEAR DRAWER,—Your contents affording me much pleasure at home and abroad, I thought I would try and repay, in part, by stating the facts in reference to a friend who formerly was subject to fits of absence of mind. Ed F—— had courted, proposed, and was soon to lead Miss J—— to the altar. One evening, shortly before their marriage, he had made an engagement to go with her to spend the evening. To appear properly before her he thought it necessary to don a clean shirt. So, in his usual systematic way, he laid a nicely-ironed one out, ready to put on as soon as the other parts of his toilet had been completed. He was soon ready to assume this most useful article, when, much to his dismay, it was not to be found! He looked every where that he could possibly think of, he swore, and he stamped, but all of no avail. Finally, after sundry evolutions around the room, he came in front of a large looking-glass, and was greatly surprised to find the shirt (which he had been hunting for) hanging in graceful folds upon what was supposed to be (from the reflection) himself! He says since he got married he has never put his shirt on and then gone to look in his trunk for it.

A RECTOR of the Episcopal Church has picked up the following scraps and sends them to the Drawer:

In the town of J——, in Western New York, a sign hangs suspended from the front of a saloon,

facing the Erie Canal, bearing the following inscription:

"This gate hangs high
And hinders none;
Refresh and pay,
And then pass on."

One of my parishioners gave me something similar, which is conspicuously displayed on a black-board with white chalk, in a village of New Hampshire:

"Call and eat and drink with me,
And very welcome you shall be—
For the money, though, mind ye."

The last line is the saving clause.

COUSIN CHARLEY is the most precocious youngster that it was ever my lot to know. Last summer he and his little sister paid me a visit at my farm in Orange County. One day when I was taking them out for a drive a robin red-breast flew past and alighted on a fence near at hand.

"Oh, what a beautiful little bird!" exclaimed Jennie.

"Yes," I said; "but it's a very naughty bird; it eats up all the cherries."

"What is its name?" asked Jennie.

Charley, who had been listening attentively to what had been said, turned toward me with a self-satisfied expression on his little face and shouted out: "I know; it's cherry pec(k)toral; isn't it, cousin?"

WE think this too good to be lost:

Do you know Colonel Jack Hines of North Carolina? If you don't I do, and I intend to give the Drawer some knowledge of him. Jack was a valiant Colonel in the Confederate service, and fought bravely through the whole war. What he fought for he was never able exactly to discover; but Jack was happy, and would sometimes imbibe a little of the ardent, just to please surrounding friends. Upon one occasion, Jack being somewhat replenished, sat half asleep in a chair at the village tavern. General Williams entered, and soon got into an argument with Colonel Jack about the results of the late war, claiming that the South ought to have been victorious, as it was always admitted that one Southern man was equal to five full-bred Yankees. "You are right, General [hiccup]; you are right—just exactly right, I reckon [hiccup]: one Southern man is equal to five [hiccup] Yankees. You always said that [hiccup], and I am just the man to prove that you are [hiccup] right. Now, General, you see, if our people had staid in Congress it would have taken the Y-Y-Yankees, with all their population and wealth, at least twenty years to have freed the [hiccup] niggers; and even then we would have obliged them to pay for them their full value in good solid gold; but, you see [hiccup], General, we took hold of the matter, and have freed the darkeys in just about four years, and haven't got a cent for them either. You were right, General—you were right. Ah, don't go! Well, if you will, good-morning!"

THERE lives in the city of L——, in the State of Kansas, a middle-aged gentleman, Colonel——. The Colonel has been a Captain in the Regular Army, was a soldier in the Mexican War, and a Colonel in the Volunteer service during the late rebellion. He is now an attorney-at-law in the

city of L——, and is a good lawyer, highly respected, and liberally patronized. The Colonel loves to tell yarns, and loves to tell none better than those connected with his own exploits. Out of many others I select the following as deserving a place in the Drawer:

"During the Mexican War," the Colonel says, "I was one day ordered to carry dispatches from General Scott's head-quarters to General ——'s head-quarters, at a distant part of the field. My way led right through the enemy's country, but the General thought that by being cautious there would be little danger. I had got about half-way on my journey when, turning a sharp point in the road, I came right upon seventeen Mexicans, mounted and armed to the teeth. I thought I was in for it, but remembered just then that the Mexicans always shut their eyes before shooting. I was on my guard. The Mexicans all drew up their pieces at once. I watched until I saw their eyes shut; then I knew what was coming. I stooped down; the bullets passed over my head; I rushed into their midst; and in ten seconds had killed the whole seventeen with my sabre. Fact, sure as Gospel, I did it."

Who but Harry Gilmor could match such an exploit?

At our school-feast, writes the Superintendent, every body had exhibited a tolerable appetite, but one boy had eaten to repletion, so that when I saw him suddenly turn very pale, and attempt to rise from the table, I began to fear that he had made himself ill.

"What's the matter, my good boy?" inquired I, while a sympathizing throng of philanthropic ladies, who had been acting as waiters upon the company, gathered around the sufferer. "Do you feel unwell?"

"My stomach aches, Sir," replied the boy, with great distinctness.

"Dear me!" said I, almost suffocated with my endeavors to repress laughter; "don't you think you had better go home?"

"No, no, Sir," replied the lad, with determination. "It will ache a precious sight more *afore* I *ha' done wi' him!*"

And I am bound to say that he did not submit to the threatened dictation, but devoured two slices of cold pudding in addition to his previous supplies, as well as an enormous hunch of bread and cheese.

DEAR DRAWER,—In early life I was elected to the office of Inspector of Common Schools in a town not a thousand miles from the head of Cayuga Lake. In the discharge of my official duties I was once visiting a school in the centre of the town, said to be superior to all others in my jurisdiction, when, bestowing my attention upon the specimens of penmanship submitted to me, I saw one the copy of which was this:

"Whatever is right, says the Pope."

Writing was taught in those days by the teacher writing in a fair hand and with his best grace some short sentence like the above, excepting the last three words. This short sentence was called the copy, and this the pupil was to imitate, or write after, to the best of his ability. How often has my writing-book had "Many men of many minds," or "Command you may your mind from play," or some other profound proposition, with each word arrayed

upon a page in martial order, and in exact rank and file arrangement, as copies!

"Well, Mr. Editor, in this instance, anxious to do my duty, I whispered to the man with the birch and ferule my profound conviction that the copy was calculated to implant in the mind of the hopeful young scholar an untruth not warranted in history, and the idea thence shooting forth would be erroneous, and perhaps an exposition of ignorance damaging both him and his teacher, for, whatever might be the opinion of the world in regard to the ethics of the question, I doubted that the Pope had ever said any thing of the kind.

"What, Mr. Inspector, do you go for to say the Pope—him as burnt John Rogers at the stake—didn't say that are?"

"Yes, I say it."

"Wa'al, now, I can prove it to your eyes."

"Do so."

I saw victory and triumph in every feature. "Now, Mr. Inspector, you jest be generous and just. You wouldn't give me a certifikit to teach this 'ere school last fall jest 'cause I miss'd a single question; now if I am right in this 'ere, and can prove it in a book, will you give me one?"

"I will, indeed."

"Honor bright?"

"Honor bright."

"Malvina Ann Terry, come right here to onst and bring yer English Reader with ye. I s'pose the English Reader is good enough proof, ain't it?"

"Any book will do."

Malvina Ann Terry was duly informed of the dispute, and bidden to open it at an extract from Pope's Essay on Man, and there I read:

"In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is is right."

POPE.

"Will ye give it up now—will ye give it up now, Mr. Inspector? Ha! ha! ha! Oh, I was sartin I had ye. You college-larnt folks don't know every thing yet. I'll jest drop in to-night, and you be sure to have my certifikit ready; and jest look here, I say; don't you tell I couldn't git a certifikit of ye, and I won't tell a single word nor nothin' else about your mistake here to-day. Nor Malvina Ann won't tell neither, 'cause she's a little sweet on me, and I'm a little mite sweet on her. You're a rising young doctor, and I'm a rising young schoolmaster, and so, you see, we can be friends."

What could I do but say nothing? Nine-tenths of that community would have believed me vanquished by the schoolmaster. By-the-by, I found before a day had passed that Malvina Ann Terry was *very* "sweet" on the schoolmaster, for I heard her telling her mother (I had a room at her father's) that the schoolmaster had proved to her entire satisfaction, out of her English Reader, that the Doctor was a very ignorant, pretentious person—in fact, no better than he should be.

OUR little four-year-old Carrie went with her aunt to a revival meeting. The preacher was very earnest in his delivery, and she was very much interested. "Mother," said she, when she came home, "I have heard such a smart minister—he stamped, and pounded, and made *such* a noise! and, by-and-by, he got so *mad* he came out of the pulpit and shook his fists at the folks, and there *wasn't any body* dared to go up and fight him!"

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